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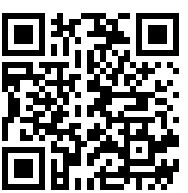

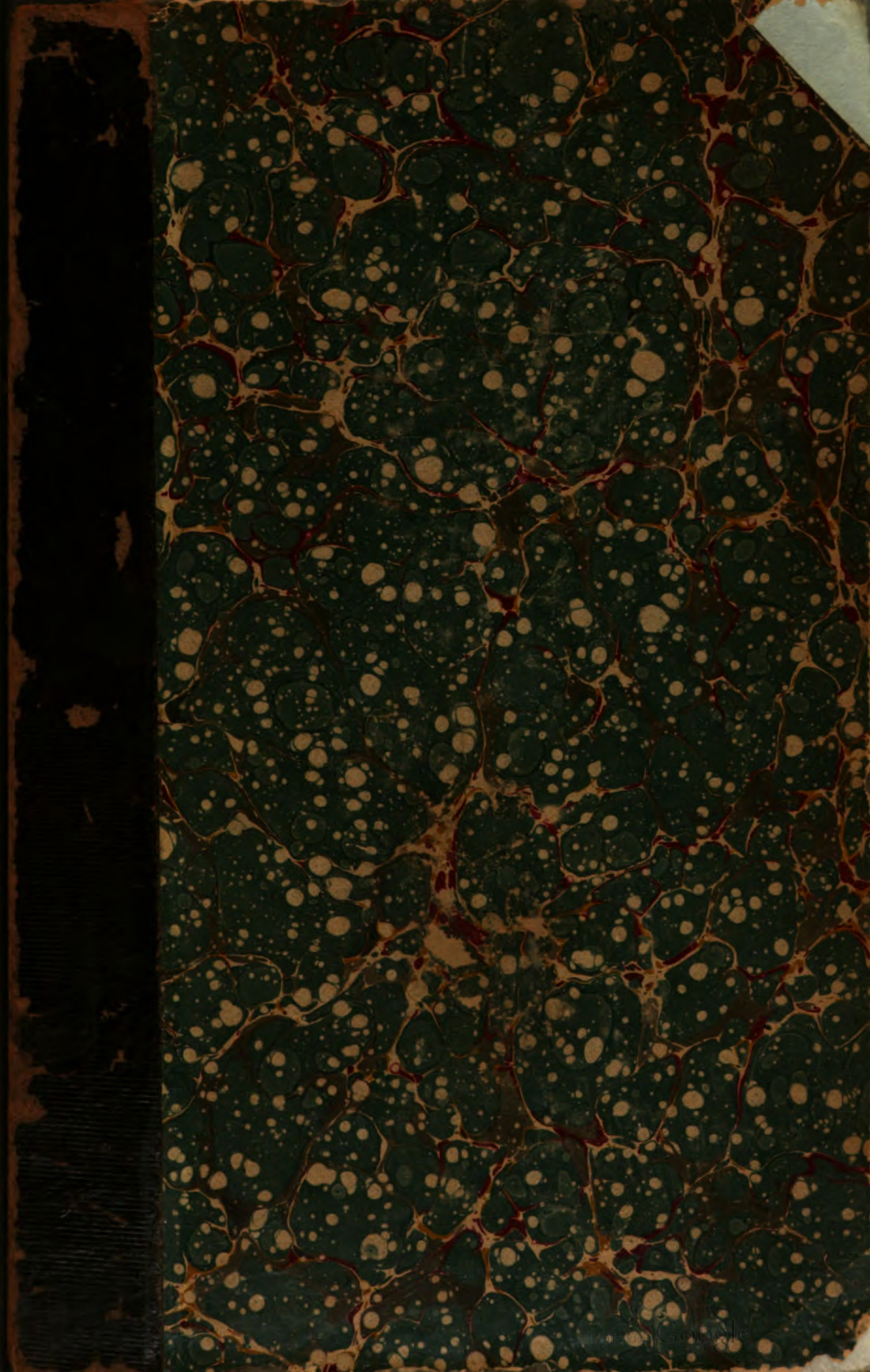

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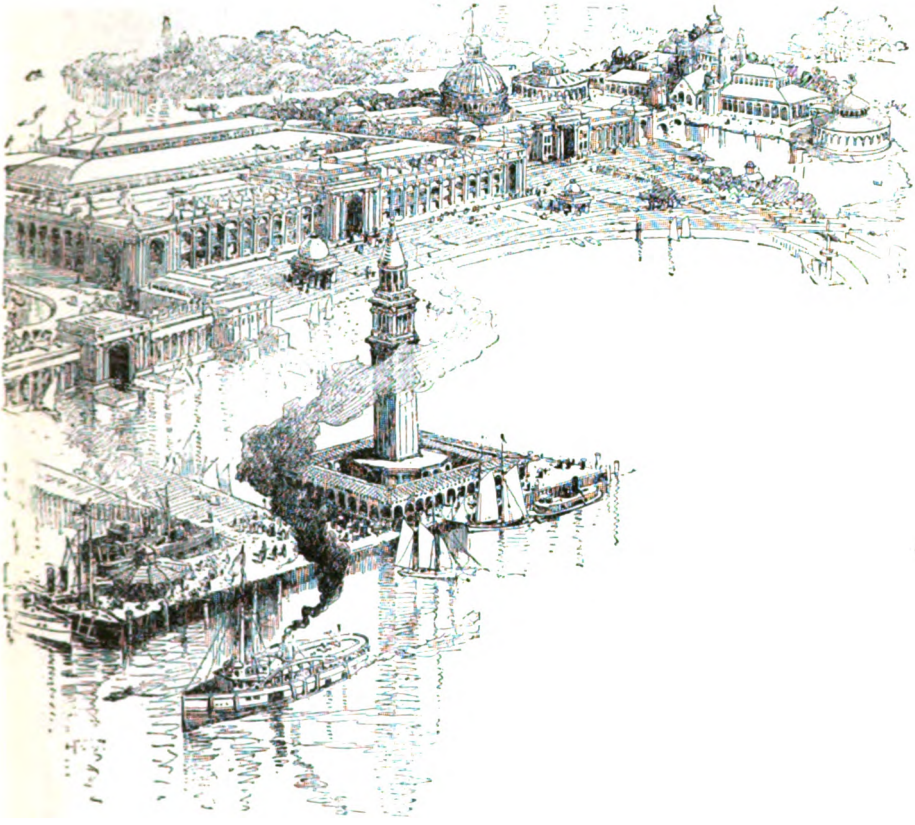

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVIII. OCTOBER, 1893. NO. 343.

THE NEEDS OF HUMANITY SUPPLIED BY THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

WE live and move and have our being in the midst of a civilization which is the legitimate offspring of the Catholic religion. The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and so abundantly on the intellectual, moral, and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise except to those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known. In order to realize adequately our favored situation, we should transport ourselves in spirit to ante-Christian times and contrast the condition of the pagan world with our own.

Before the advent of Christ, the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Every striking object in nature had its tutelary divinities. Men worshipped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshipped their very passions. They worshipped everything except God only, to whom alone divine homage is due. In the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the corruptible man, and of birds and beasts and creeping things. They

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worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator who is blessed for ever."

But at last the great light for which the prophets of Israel had sighed and prayed, and toward which even the pagan sages had stretched forth their hands with eager longing, arose and shone unto them "that sat in darkness and the shadow of death." The truth concerning our Creator, which had hitherto been hidden in Judæa, that there it might be sheltered from the world-wide idolatry, was now proclaimed, and in far greater clearness and fulness, unto the whole world. Jesus Christ taught all mankind to know the one, true God: a God existing from eternity unto eternity, a God who created all things by his power, who governs all things by his wisdom, and whose superintending providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, "without whom not even a bird falls to the ground." He proclaimed a God infinitely holy, just, and merciful. This idea of the Deity, so consonant to our rational conceptions, was in striking contrast with the low and sensual notions which the pagan world had formed of its divinities.

The religion of Christ imparts to us, not only a sublime conception of God, but also a rational idea of man and of his relations to his Creator. Before the coming of Christ, man was a riddle and a mystery to himself. He knew not whence he came or whither he was going. He was groping in the dark. All he knew for certain was, that he was passing through a brief phase of existence. The past and the future were enveloped in a mist which the light of philosophy was unable to penetrate. Our Redeemer has dispelled the cloud, and enlightened us regarding our origin and destiny and the means of attaining it. He has rescued man from the frightful labyrinth of error in which paganism had involved him.

The Gospel of Christ as propounded by the Catholic Church has brought not only light to the intellect, but comfort also to the heart. It has given us "that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding"; the peace which springs from the conscious possession of truth. It has taught us how to enjoy that triple peace which constitutes true happiness as far as it is attainable in this life: peace with God by the observance of his commandments, peace with our neighbor by the exercise of charity and justice toward him, and peace with ourselves by repressing our inordinate appetites, and keeping our passions subject to the law of reason and our reason illumined and controlled by the law of God.

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All other religious systems prior to the advent of Christ were national like Judaism, or state-religions like paganism. The Catholic religion alone is world-wide and cosmopolitan, embracing all races and nations and peoples and tongues.

Christ alone of all religious founders had the courage to say to his disciples: "Go, teach all nations." "Preach the Gospel to every creature." "You shall be witnesses to me in Judæa and Samaria, and even to the uttermost bounds of the earth." Be not restrained in your mission by national or State lines. Let my Gospel be as free and universal as the air of heaven. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." All mankind are the children of my Father and my brethren. I have died for all, and embrace all in my charity. Let the whole human race be your audience, and the world be the theatre of your labors.

It is this recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ that has inspired the Catholic Church in her mission of love and benevolence. That is the secret of her all-pervading charity. This idea has been her impelling motive in her work of the social regeneration of mankind. I behold, she says, in every human creature a child of God and a brother or sister of Christ, and therefore I will protect helpless infancy and decrepit old age. I will feed the orphan and nurse the sick. I will strike the shackles from the feet of the slave, and will rescue degraded woman from the moral bondage and degradation to which her own frailty and the passions of the stronger sex had consigned her.

Montesquieu has well said that the religion of Christ, which was instituted to lead men to eternal life, has contributed more than any other institution to promote the temporal and social happiness of mankind. The object of this Parliament of Religions is to present to thoughtful, earnest, and inquiring minds the respective claims of the various religions, with the view that they would "prove all things, and hold that which is good," by embracing that religion which above all others commends itself to their judgment and conscience. I am not engaged in this search for the truth; for, by the grace of God, I am conscious that I have found it, and instead of hiding this treasure in my own breast, I long to share it with others, especially as I am none the poorer in making others the richer.

But for my part, were I occupied in this investigation, much as I would be drawn towards the Catholic Church by her admirable unity of faith, which binds together in a common worship two hundred and fifty millions of souls; much as I would be

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attracted towards her by her sublime moral code, by her world-wide catholicity, and by that unbroken chain of apostolic succession which connects her indissolubly with apostolic times, I would be drawn still more forcibly towards her by that wonderful system of organized benevolence which she has established for the alleviation and comfort of suffering humanity.

Let us briefly review what the Catholic Church has done for the elevation and betterment of society.

1. The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie by saying, with her Founder, that "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Wives and mothers, never forget that the inviolability of the marriage contract is the palladium of your womanly dignity and of your Christian liberty. And if you are no longer the slaves of man and the toy of his caprice, like the wives of Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of your husbands; if you are no longer tenants at will, like the wives of pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistresses of your household; if you are no longer confronted by usurping rivals, like Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but the queens of the domestic kingdom, you are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient church, and particularly to the Roman pontiffs, who inflexibly upheld the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of kings, the lust of nobles, and the lax and pernicious legislation of civil governments.

2. The Catholic religion has proclaimed the sanctity of human life as soon as the body is animated by the vital spark. Infanticide was a dark stain on pagan civilization. It was universal in Greece, with the possible exception of Thebes. It was sanctioned, and even sometimes enjoined, by such eminent Greeks as Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Lycurgus. The destruction of infants was also very common among the Romans. Nor was there any legal check to this inhuman crime except at rare intervals. The father had the power of life and death over his child. And as an evidence that human nature does not improve with time, and is everywhere the same unless it is fermented with the leaven of Christianity, the wanton sacrifice of infant life is probably as general to-day in China and other heathen countries as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. The Catholic Church has sternly set her face against this exposure and murder of innocent babes. She has denounced it as a crime more revolting than that of Herod, because committed

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against one's own flesh and blood. She has condemned with equal energy the atrocious doctrine of Malthus, who suggested unnatural methods for diminishing the population of the human family. Were I not restrained by the fear of offending modesty, and of imparting knowledge where "ignorance is bliss," I would dwell more at length on the social plague of ante-natal infanticide which is insidiously and systematically spreading among us in defiance of civil penalties and of the divine law which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

3. There is no phase of human misery for which the church does not provide some remedy or alleviation. She has established infant asylums for the shelter of helpless babes who have been cruelly abandoned by their own parents, or bereft of them in the mysterious dispensations of Providence before they could know and feel a mother's love. These little waifs, like the infant Moses drifting in the turbid Nile, are rescued from an untimely death and are tenderly raised by the daughters of the great King, those consecrated virgins who become nursing mothers to them. And I have known more than one such motherless babe who, like Israel's lawgiver, in after years became a leader among his people.

4. As the church provides homes for those yet on the threshold of life, so too does she secure retreats for those on the threshold of death. She has asylums in which the aged, men and women, find at one and the same time a refuge in their old age from the storms of life, and a novitiate to prepare them for eternity. Thus from the cradle to the grave she is a nursing mother. She rocks her children in the cradle of infancy, and she soothes them to rest on the couch of death.

Louis XIV. erected in Paris the famous Hôtel des Invalides for the veteran soldiers of France who had fought in the service of their country. And so has the Catholic religion provided for those who have been disabled in the battle of life a home in which they are tenderly nursed to their declining years by devoted sisters.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, whose congregation was founded in 1840, have now charge of two hundred and fifty establishments in different parts of the globe; the aged inmates of those houses numbering thirty thousand, upwards of seventy thousand having died under their care up to 1889. To these asylums are welcomed, not only the members of the Catholic religion, but those also of every form of Christian faith, and even those without any faith at all. The sisters make no dis-

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tinction of person or nationality or color or creed; for true charity embraces all. The only question proposed by the sisters to the applicant for shelter is this: "Are you oppressed by age and penury? If so, come to us and we will provide for you."

5. She has orphan asylums where children of both sexes are reared and taught to become useful and worthy members of society.

6. Hospitals were unknown to the pagan world before the coming of Christ. The copious vocabularies of Greece and Rome had no word even to express that term.

The Catholic Church has hospitals for the treatment and cure of every form of disease. She sends her daughters of Charity and of Mercy to the battle-field and to the plague-stricken city. During the Crimean War I remember to have read of a sister who was struck dead by a ball while she was in the act of stooping down and bandaging the wound of a fallen soldier. Much praise was then deservedly bestowed on Florence Nightingale for her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers. Her name resounded in both hemispheres. But in every sister you have a Florence Nightingale with this difference, that like ministering angels they move without noise along the path of duty, and like the Angel Raphael, who concealed his name from Tobias, the sister hides her name from the world.

Several years ago I accompanied to New Orleans eight Sisters of Charity who were sent from Baltimore to reinforce the ranks of their heroic companions, or to supply the places of their devoted associates who had fallen at the post of duty, in the fever-stricken cities of the South. Their departure for the scene of their labors was neither announced by the press nor heralded by public applause. They rushed calmly into the jaws of death, not bent on deeds of destruction like the famous six hundred, but on deeds of mercy. They had no Tennyson to sound their praises. Their only ambition was—and how lofty is that ambition!—that the recording angel might be their biographer, that their names might be inscribed in the Book of Life, and that they might receive their recompense from Him who has said: "I was sick, and ye visited me; for as often as ye did it to one of the least of my brethren, ye did it to me." Within a few months after their arrival six of the eight sisters died victims to the epidemic.

These are a few of the many other instances of heroic charity that have fallen under my own observation. Here are examples of sublime heroism not culled from the musty pages of ancient

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martyrologies, or books of chivalry, but happening in our own day and under our own eyes. Here is a heroism not aroused by the emulation of brave comrades on the battle-field, or by the clash of arms or the strains of martial hymns, or by the love for earthly fame, but inspired only by a sense of Christian duty, and by the love of God and her fellow-beings.

7. The Catholic religion labors not only to assuage the physical distempers of humanity, but also to reclaim the victims of moral disease. The redemption of fallen women from a life of infamy was never included in the scope of heathen philanthropy, and man's unregenerate nature is the same now as before the birth of Christ.

He worships woman as long as she has charms to fascinate; but she is spurned and trampled upon as soon as she has ceased to please. It was reserved for Him who knew no sin to throw the mantle of protection over sinning woman. There is no page in the Gospel more touching than that which records our Saviour's merciful judgment on the adulterous woman. The Scribes and Pharisees, who had perhaps participated in her guilt, asked our Lord to pronounce sentence of death upon her in accordance with the Mosaic law. "Hath no one condemned thee?" asked our Saviour. "No one, Lord," she answered. "Then," said he, "neither will I condemn thee. Go, sin no more."

Inspired by this divine example, the Catholic Church shelters erring females in homes not inappropriately called Magdalen Asylums and Houses of the Good Shepherd. Not to speak of other institutions established for the moral reformation of women, the Congregation of the Good Shepherd at Angers, founded in 1836, has charge to-day of one hundred and fifty houses, in which upwards of four thousand sisters devote themselves to the care of over twenty thousand females who have yielded to temptation or were rescued from impending danger.

8. The Christian religion has been the unvarying friend and advocate of the bondmen. Before the dawn of Christianity slavery was universal in civilized as well as in barbarous nations. The apostles were everywhere confronted by the children of oppression. Their first task was to mitigate the horrors and alleviate the miseries of human bondage. They cheered the slave by holding up to him the example of Christ, who voluntarily became a slave that we might enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God. The bondman had an equal participation with his master in the Sacraments of the church, and in the priceless consolation which religion affords.

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Slave-owners were admonished to be kind and humane to their slaves, by being reminded with apostolic freedom that they and their servants had the same Master in heaven, who had no respect of persons. The ministers of the Catholic religion down the ages sought to lighten the burden and improve the condition of the slave, as far as social prejudices would permit, till at length the chains fell from their feet.

Human slavery has at last, thank God! melted away before the noon-day sun of the Gospel. No Christian country contains to-day a solitary slave. To paraphrase the words of a distinguished Irish jurist: as soon as the bondman puts his foot on a Christian land he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled on the sacred soil of Christendom.

9. The Saviour of mankind never conferred a greater temporal boon on mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which had been branded upon it. Before Christ appeared among men, manual and even mechanical work was regarded as servile and degrading to the freemen of pagan Rome, and was consequently relegated to slaves. Christ is ushered into the world, not amid the pomp and splendor of imperial majesty, but amid the environments of an humble child of toil. He is the reputed son of an artisan, and his early manhood is spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" The primeval curse attached to labor is obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. Ever since he pursued his trade as a carpenter, he has lightened the mechanic's tools and has shed a halo around the workshop.

If the profession of a general, a jurist, and a statesman is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, and a Burke, how much more is the calling of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ! What De Tocqueville said sixty years ago of the United States is true to-day, that with us every honest labor is laudable, thanks to the example and teaching of Jesus Christ.

To sum up: The Catholic Church has taught man the knowledge of God and of himself; she has brought comfort to his heart by instructing him to bear the ills of life with Christian philosophy; she has sanctified the marriage bond; she has proclaimed the sanctity and inviolability of human life from the moment that the body is animated by the spark of life till its extinction; she has founded asylums for the training of children of both sexes, and for the support of the aged poor; she has established hospitals for the sick and homes for the redemption

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of fallen women; she has exerted her influence towards the mitigation and abolition of human slavery; she has been the unwavering friend of the sons of toil. These are some of the blessings which the Catholic Church has conferred on society.

I will not deny, on the contrary I am happy to avow, that the various Christian bodies outside the Catholic Church have been and are to-day zealous promoters of most of those works of Christian benevolence which I have enumerated. Not to speak of the innumerable humanitarian houses established by our non-Catholic brethren throughout the land, I bear cheerful testimony to the philanthropic institutions founded by Wilson and Shepherd, by Johns Hopkins, Enoch Pratt, and George Peabody in the city of Baltimore.

But will not our separated brethren have the candor to acknowledge that we had first possession of the field, that these beneficent movements have been inaugurated by us, and that the other Christian communities in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration of mankind, have in no small measure been stimulated by the example and emulation of the ancient church?

Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow-being. Though we differ in faith, thank God there is one platform on which we stand united, and that is the platform of charity and benevolence! We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb and strength to the paralyzed limb; but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and of gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before. "Religion," says the Apostle, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father, is this—to visit the fatherless and the widow in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world." Or to borrow the words of the pagan Cicero: "*Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando*"—"There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-creatures."

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

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AN OCTOBER ROSARY.

I. JOY.

THE waiting hours creep silently across the shining skies;
Beneath their soft and dusky shade a deeper mystery lies:
Beneath the stars of Bethlehem, lo! other Lights arise.

"Glory to God in heaven above; on earth good-will to men!"
Hark! all about the sleeping world the angels sing again.
How joyful now the Mother kneels, heaven in her happy eyes,
Under the stars on Bethlehem, beneath the open skies!

II. PAIN.

If thou hadst known, when on thy heart the Babe of Bethlehem lay,
How sharp the pang thou shouldst be called to bear one woeful day;
For all thy blessedness gone by—alas, O Mother true!
When on the cross His heart was pierced, thine own was riven too!

III. GLORY.

The heavens beneath her feet are spread, the suns die dim before;
Love hath been given to love again, and Grief hath died of its own pain:
Above the starry skies
The Mother, glorious, reigneth o'er the courts of Paradise.

M. J. MALLOY.

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INTEMPERANCE: THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.

O congress of earnest men in our time and country can justly consult the best interests of their fellow-men and ignore a thoughtful consideration of the drink evil. Many honest and conservative men hesitate to enter upon a discussion of the evils of intemperance, and to openly ally themselves with temperance workers, lest they be accused of fanaticism, or misunderstood by those whose good opinion they highly esteem.

In the treatment of no social problem have graver mistakes, perhaps, been made than in dealing with this perplexing social evil. No doubt it is because of the errors committed by some honest and earnest advocates of temperance, or because of the insincerity of other temperance agitators, who found a popular cause a convenient shelter for their selfish ends, that many who hate the odious vice of intemperance, and who love the attractive virtue of sobriety and temperance, have been deterred from publicly proclaiming their hearts' convictions and have not given their support and active encouragement to temperance work. But neither the indiscreet zeal of virtue's friends, nor the hypocrisy of the champions of any good cause, should deter the honest man from doing an honest man's earnest duty. Every great and noble work in the history of human progress has suffered from the intemperate zeal of its friends and from the hypocrisy of its avowed advocates. But the temperance cause has suffered more, I imagine, from the apathy of timid friends than it has from either hypocrisy or fanaticism. It is a cause that in a special manner needs the support of honest, conservative, and thoughtful men.

Intemperance is a crying sin of our land, and with marvellous ingenuity has kept pace in its onward march with our unrivalled prosperity and progress. Something over nine times as much intoxicating drink is consumed in the United States today as there was forty years ago, and we have only about three times as many people as we had then within our borders.

No evil existing among us menaces so boldly the peace, prosperity, happiness, and moral and religious welfare of our people as the evil of excessive drinking. Like a river of fire it rolls through the land, destroying the vital air and extending around an atmosphere of death.

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The family is the corner-stone of our social fabric. Civil and social life springs from and is controlled by the domestic life of mankind. No other social evil disturbs the family relation, and renders the domestic life of men, women, and children so inhuman and hopeless, as the evil of excessive and habitual indulgence in strong drink. Intemperance unfits husband and wife for the duties of parentage, the most sacred and solemn in the entire catalogue of human obligations. It destroys the sense of decency and honor, silences conscience and deadens the best instincts of the human heart. There is no bright side to the picture of strong drink in the home. Wherever it touches human life it leaves the awful shadows of disease, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and sorrow. We should not marvel, then, that heart-broken women, orphaned children, desolate mothers, sorrowing wives, and grief-burdened fathers, bending under a load of shame, of want and of sorrow, cry out in wild accents of bitterness against an evil that has so pitilessly blighted their hopes and mocked at their anguish.

No wonder that harsh words have been spoken against strong drink, and those who invite weak and unfortunate men to consume it, when so much desolation and sorrow bear testimony to its cruel and fiendish work. This hideous and brutalizing vice cannot be condemned too severely, and those who have experienced much suffering from its influence may be pardoned if they are unsparing against every effort that tends to widen the way for the spread of habitual drinking among us.

Society has but little to fear from the fanaticism of those who oppose intemperance and all that causes it, but there is good ground for apprehension when we remember the frenzied and fanatical hatred of certain classes against all kinds of temperance legislation and temperance work.

The intemperate words of the total abstainers are harmless when compared with the fanatical hatred of the friends of the liquor-traffic against total-abstinence work and restrictive legislation.

There exists a lamentable apathy among our Catholic people, in our beloved country to-day, concerning this dreadful evil. Catholic public opinion is not as outspoken and vigorous as it should be against the saloon and the drink-curse. While great improvement has taken place, there is still a crying need for action among our Catholic people. During the past twenty-one years the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has done noble and heroic work in the cause of sobriety and public de-

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cency. But with our ten millions of Catholics this grand association should number, instead of sixty thousand, six hundred thousand members. If our church councils are to be heeded, if the utterances of the Sovereign Pontiff are to be respected, if we will not turn a deaf ear to the repeated appeals of our best and wisest prelates, there must be a new awakening among our Catholic people against the withering curse of drink.

While the church does not rely for the success of its efforts in the cause of virtue on the strength or support of legal enactments, but hopes to win its way by conquering the hearts of men, by appeals to their intelligence, and by arousing their consciences lead them to realize their own best interests, yet our Catholic people expect too much from the church if they entertain the delusive notion that the church can save weak men from ruin while her own children by their voices or their ballots do not aid in diminishing or in removing the occasions of sin.

There is not much edifying consistency in applauding the decrees and admonitions of our church councils in theory, and in practical life withholding our support from the influences that make for the realization of what the church inculcates.

The church, by the united voice of our bishops assembled in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, warns its members against the dangers of the drink habit and the temptations of the saloon.

The same council warns our Catholic people against the business of saloon-keeping as "an unbecoming way of making a living." A man cannot be a good Catholic, a loyal follower of the teachings of the church in this country, and be a good friend of the saloon. Much less can a Catholic be a saloon-keeper and a dutiful child of the church. We should have at least the courage to follow where our chief pastors lead, and our Catholic loyalty is not above suspicion if we are not as ready to condemn the drink evil as our bishops who have been placed over us "to rule the Church of God." Unless the mighty influence which the saloon exerts for evil upon the masses of the people in this country can be overcome, the church will lose a far greater number of her children through the debasing influence of drink, and the corrupting power of saloon politics, than all our zealous missionaries can gain converts to a full knowledge of the sweet truths of the Gospel. It is a fact, a sad, disheartening fact, well known to every priest in charge of souls, that the demoralizing influence of the saloon

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undermines the moral and material well-being of our people more every year than all other evil influences combined. We are false to the best interests of the people if we do not heed the admonitions of the church and lend our aid in combating the drink evil and the blighting, debasing influence of the saloon.

NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

In dealing with the drink problem as it confronts us in our own country, it is not amiss to bear in mind that we are not to be controlled by the national customs of other lands. If in other lands much drinking of intoxicants does no injury to the people, that circumstance does not diminish intemperance here. If frequent and generous potations have contributed to the peace, prosperity, happiness, and plenty of other nations, this circumstance is a poor consolation for us, who know that nine-tenths of our poverty and seven-tenths of our crime are traceable directly to the curse of excessive drinking. If the temple of Bacchus is enshrined in the affections of the people of other countries, it is no gratification for us to be obliged to acknowledge the humiliating fact that in this, our country, "universal suffrage is a sham where rum rules our large cities." We are not governed by the customs of other lands or other times. The drinking customs of this country inflict only injury upon our people; the liquor-saloons of this country endanger our free institutions by their corrupting influence in the political life of our nation. We Americans are conscious of no blessing that has visited us through the active agency of saloon influences.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION.

A certain class of Catholics, imbued with erroneous ideas of Christian ethics, appear to assume that a man cannot be a good Catholic, free from the suspicion of heresy, and ally himself with the advocates of prohibition of the liquor-traffic. It is not a part of my duty to advocate the cause of prohibitory legislation, and I make no plea on this occasion in behalf of prohibition. But to assert that a man cannot be a consistent Catholic and an earnest prohibitionist is to misrepresent the claims of the Catholic faith on the loyalty of its adherents. It may or may not be good public policy to advocate prohibition of the liquor business. It may not be the best means of suppressing intemperance to prohibit the saloon, but it certainly is not contrary to Catholic teachings for an American citizen to cast his

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ballot and lift up his voice against the existence of such an "unbecoming business" anywhere in our midst.

I think no honest man will assert that the Catholic who exerts his influence against what his church terms "a dangerous business" is not on the safer side for the public good, than the man who votes and talks in favor of the "personal liberty" of endangering the public welfare by permitting the saloon-power to rule over us. The saloon does not exist as a public necessity; its prosperity is an evidence of the people's poverty and sin. How often the elegant equipment of the palace of King Alcohol mocks at the poverty and wretchedness of the weak and unfortunate creatures whose morbid appetites for drink conquer their better natures, and in the presence of the fascinating charms of the gilded abode of intemperance they surrender themselves completely and are deaf to every appeal of affection or duty. It is the duty of good citizenship to remove temptation as far as we are able from the weak and the erring. We are not true to our duties as good Catholics if we, by our action or negligence, place pitfalls of sin in our fellow-men's pathway.

CATHOLICS AND THE LABORING CLASSES.

It is the crowning glory of the Catholic Church that, true to the spirit of her Divine Founder, she has never become the church of any special class, as also she has not permitted herself to be narrowed down as the church of any particular nation or generation of men. She is the church of all times, all nations, and all classes and conditions of men. She is the living voice of God to cheer, instruct, and comfort all the people. But in this country, owing to the mighty waves of immigration from less fortunate lands, during the past half-century, bearing a noble army of toilers to our hospitable shores, the great body of the wage-earners, the wealth-producers of this country, the masses of the people, crowd around our altars, and with loyal, honest hearts appeal to our church to devote her best efforts to their moral and spiritual welfare. The great army of labor, the bone and sinew of the nation, acknowledges a loyal allegiance to the Catholic Church. The debasing, brutalizing influence of excessive drinking, and saloon environment, falls upon the laboring classes of our people with more disastrous effect than upon those better favored by fortune. The dreadful vice of intemperance has made frightful havoc among our hard-working Catholic people. What else but this spendthrift vice could afflict a large portion of our people with poverty so hopeless as to be

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like an incurable disease—a people to whom countless millions are yearly paid? What else huddles so many of them into the swarming tenement-houses of our cities? I make no odious comparison between the intemperance of the wealthy and the intemperance of the poor. The heathenish vice of drunkenness is an abomination wherever its foul presence is known. I only state a fact which cannot be set aside; a fact which the philanthropist and the statesman cannot ignore, namely, that the greatest curse blighting the lives and desecrating the homes of the poor in this country to-day is the curse of drink. The homes of comfort and luxury are, alas! too often blighted by the presence of the demon of intemperance, and drunkenness among the wealthier classes of the people is equally odious and even more disgraceful than among the poor. But the poor are greater sufferers, and hence enlist our deeper sympathy when intemperance blights their lives, for in addition to the heart-ache and sorrow which the vice entails equally upon rich and poor, it adds the horrors of penury, beggary, and hopeless degradation to the lives of the children of toil.

An inspection of the poor quarters of any city in the land will reveal tenement-houses crammed from cellar to roof with human beings whose deplorable condition excludes from them good and wholesome influences. Most of these wretched people are besotted with drink and corrupted with every ugly form of depravity. Such people do not become intemperate because they live in such dwellings; they abhor such dwellings until drink has robbed them of the sense of decency and shame. Better dwellings will never cure intemperance. Drunkenness revels in the stately mansion as well as in the tenement row. Poverty and misfortune sometimes consign sober and virtuous people to close contact with vice, but sobriety and thrift will soon relieve the industrious from vicious environment.

REMEDIES AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

The Catholic Church is the most powerful and effective institution in the world for the moral elevation of the people. To find practical remedies for the emancipation of the masses from the slavery of drink, we Catholics need only to apply the moral means at our disposal.

Great and long-standing evils are not remedied in an hour. When we have to deal with human passion and human weakness, when we must conquer bad habits and cure diseased appetites, our progress will not be rapid, and discouragement and

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failure will often be our reward. Evil there will always be in the world, and human energy must not slumber because wickedness and sin remain. The people look with longing and hope to the Catholic Church to lead them away from the bondage of drink. The church that civilized the savage, and that preserved the civilization which it erected on the ruins of barbarism, is able to rescue the masses of the people in this country to-day from the cruel thraldom of drink. The drink-curse is intrenched in custom, hence we must follow it into society. At all social assemblages of Catholics, let them deny themselves the indulgence in intoxicating liquors, and thus publicly proclaim their recognition of the principle of self-denial. At the reunions of friends and family connections, whether occasions of joy or of sorrow, let Catholics show their horror of drunkenness by denying themselves the use of strong drink. There is no gratification worthy of a Christian that cannot be enjoyed without the use of intoxicating liquors. As an act of reparation for what our religion has suffered from intemperance, let our Catholic people proscribe intoxicants at all their public gatherings. Let there be such an earnest and potent public sentiment among our Catholic people that no liquor-saloon can crowd itself right up to the doors of our churches, and thus by its foul presence tempt weak and unwary men to wickedness, under the very shadow of the cross. Let there be a sound, healthy, public conviction among our Catholic people that it is not much credit to them, and will not advance their interests among right-thinking men, to permit the saloon-keeper to be their representative, politically or socially.

Our Catholic people should cast their ballots and exert their political privileges for the enforcement of just and wise laws against the abuses and the dangers of the liquor business, and for the protection of the young and the habitually intemperate.

The drink-curse shields itself behind false theories of science, and many have been deluded by the false notion that alcohol is beneficial to health. Thirty-six States of this Union have, by law, made the teaching of true principles of temperance compulsory in our common schools. Too much importance cannot be attached to the practice of inculcating habits of total abstinence among children, and our boys and girls during the dangerous and trying period of youth.

If our prelates, priests, and people join hands together to work in harmony and strength for the realization of the admonitions of our plenary councils, the awful curse of intemperance

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can be almost entirely eradicated from among us. We must encourage, then, our total-abstinence societies by every means at our command. We priests, mindful of Pope Leo's words, must "shine as models of abstinence," and by exhortation and preaching avert the many calamities with which this vice threatens church and state.

In those sanctuaries of affection and virtue, the Christian homes of our people, let the sophistries of the advocates of alcohol be exposed by sound reasoning; the temptations and dangers of the saloon be carefully exposed; and let fathers and mothers merit for themselves the reward and consolation of sober sons and daughters by showing a noble example of self-control and sobriety.

Let there be a general and generous distribution of temperance literature, tracts, lectures, statistics, and good reading among our people. And this work and agitation in favor of sobriety and temperance must be constant and active. The allurements of drink are ever thrusting themselves in the pathway of men. Near to the house of prayer the working-man finds the drinking-saloon, cheerful, enticing, and hospitable, as he goes to worship God on Sunday morning. Close to the gates of the factory or mill the agents of alcohol ply their trade, and tempt the weary toiler to spend for a moment's gratification his hard-earned money that is much needed in his humble home. Surrounded thus by attractive temptations, men need constant warnings, repeated admonitions, and such wholesome influences as will strengthen and safeguard them against the overpowering spell of drink.

Hundreds of our homeless young men, living in lodging or boarding houses, strangers often in a large city, are allured to the saloon and fall into habits of dissipation and drink on account of the loneliness of their lives and the craving for human companionship. We Catholics need some lessons in Christian sociability and fraternal charity. By extending a little sympathy and kindness, by cultivating better social relations among our fellow-Catholics, and by inspiring our young men with noble ambitions, and enticing them away from liquor-saloons, thousands can be saved from lives of dissipation, recklessness, and sin.

JAMES M. CLEARY.

Minneapolis, Minn.

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STATUE OF THE LATE FATHER DRUMGOOLE.

THE GREAT MONUMENT AT MOUNT LORETTO.

THOSE who see with the eyes of the flesh behold with wonder and delight the great Statue of Liberty, whose electric torch, reaching toward heaven, flings its white searching rays afar over the waters of our noble New York harbor. It is a splendid figure, typical at once of the might and majesty, the grace and intellect of the giant motherland. But there is a still prouder monument, invisible to the voyager, away beyond there on Staten Island, whose torch is fed by "that light that never was on sea or shore,"

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the light of the charity of God glowing and thrilling and distending all the pulses of a great human heart, even when the life-blood that fed it had ceased to flow, and suffusing all the place with a halo of imperishable glory. Mount Loretto is that monument styled, and its pharos is the soul of the saintly Father Drumgoole.

An earthly grave, it is true, holds all that was earthly of this marvellous follower of the Divine Master, and his immortal essence has returned to its everlasting source. But, in something more than a metaphysical sense, that ardent soul of his, filled with the consuming love which he bore to God's poor, reigns all over the place, and guards the nest which he built there for the callow birdlings of this city, whom the hawks of vice and misery have orphaned and left parentless and destitute.

No, there never was a monument like to this. The pyramids of Ghizeh may look down upon the wreck of empires with stony mystery until the days of the earth are done; but they guard only the ashes of forgotten despots. Even though the homes on Staten Island moulder away in lapse of time, or give place to the works of a later civilization, the name of the man who founded Mount Loretto will go down to the last syllable of recorded time in the great bead-roll of that church which is to last, by God's irrevocable decree, ay, even to the very consummation of the world.

Pillars and obelisks and arches we freely raise to those who save or serve their country on the purple field of war. Deeds at which the angels weep are sometimes perpetuated, too, in letters of gold on the tall shaft which soars unblushingly in the face of heaven. Even perjured infamy has its blazon,

> "Where London's Monument, towering to the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

But even if the name and work of Father Drumgoole were not writ large in the great phalanstery which he raised on Staten Island, it will be engraven indelibly here on earth, upon the grateful hearts of the thousands whom he has rescued from ruin, moral and physical, to the welfare of the state and the greater glory of God.

There is no more striking distinction of the flowing tide of Catholicism we are now witnessing than the seeming unfitness and incongruity of the selected instruments. It bears a startling likeness to the very beginning of the New Dispensation. Men

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are called to the Apostolate whose outset in life and early training have been wide as the poles asunder from all ideas of a sacer-

MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN, GREAT JONES ST. AND LAFAYETTE PLACE.

dotal life. Take the case of the eminent founder of the Paulist House. What beginning could possibly have been more unpromising? Father Drumgoole's is a still more astonishing instance of

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a divinely-aided development from an unexpected origin to a state of ministerial potency capable of achieving any great work on which the mind was set. An invisible finger, an inaudible voice would appear to have summoned such men as unmistakably as the Saviour's own human voice did his chosen ones when he walked by the Sea of Galilee.

The believers in the doctrine of "environment" might advantageously study the early life of this great priest before they put forth any new instances to buttress up their hypotheses. The keystone of their philosophy is that the man is the outcome of his surroundings, and at one with them. The very contrary was the case with Father Drumgoole. His birth was not illustrious; he was only cradled in virtue and honest independence; and his lot was cast amongst the poor. Examples of how the poor are easily converted into the vicious were constantly before his eyes. He saw the children of the poor living as outcasts on the streets, apt pupils for the school of Satan, and familiarity did not breed within him indifference. Environment in him brought no assimilation. He could not pass by with a shrug of the shoulders when he saw some famished Arab looking for a chance to violate the seventh commandment, or heard the ribald or profane vocabulary of the gutter from infantile lips. No; it was these things which made his heart beat fast and his eyes grow dim, from fear and sorrow. To succor and befriend the elfish *gamins* of the street was his delight from the days he began to think, and keep them from sin and mischief as far as he could.

Some other pen must write Father Drumgoole's biography, however; here it is only glanced at for the purpose of showing how unexpectedly he found himself in later life not only able to fulfil his cherished dream of entering God's priesthood, but of founding the greatest juvenile home which is known. In all probability he had never contemplated the extension of his philanthropic work over such a vast area as it now covers, else perhaps he might have shrunk back in hopeless discouragement from its difficulties. It began in a very modest way indeed, but little by little, as his devotion became known, and the blessings of his labors began to be apparent, he found his hands strengthened as if by supernatural aid; and it was vouchsafed that he should not close his eyes for ever until he had beheld the tiny seed he had sown burst from the soil a mighty tree whose sheltering arms and luxuriant foliage were ample to cover all that he dared to hope.

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It was at a small home founded by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in Warren Street, New York, that he was enabled to make a beginning with his long-cherished project. This was in 1873, two years after his ordination. In this house were packed all the homeless boys that he could pick up, but so great was the number that kept on applying for its shelter day by

FATHER DOUGHERTY.

day that the community were soon obliged to rent the adjoining house for a similar purpose. Those boys who were big enough to work were found situations, their board and bed and religious instruction being provided in the house, with school and recreation in the evenings. Lord Rosebery, the present English minister for foreign affairs, paid a visit to this establishment soon after it was started, and having first seen the tiny chapel and then the theatre and gymnasium, remarked to Father Drumgoole that it was in the chapel that he caught the souls of the children, and then entrapped their bodies by means of the recrea-

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tion hall. But this was only a superficial view of the matter. It was by means more directly touching than these that Father Drumgoole gained that marvellous hold over the army of boys whom he called his own which bound him to their hearts as with hoops of steel. He became not only their vicarious parent, their nurse, their mentor, their playmate, their provider, but of a verity their body-slave. He toiled incessantly in their behalf all the time, day and night, that he could spare from his priestly duties, and was often known to do even menial work to minister to their necessities and their comfort. He played with them as one of themselves, and never was so happy as when in their midst, the younger gambolling about him and playing little elfish tricks with him. Little wonder, then, that he was the idol of his very extensive family. Two rules for his home were always insisted upon by Father Drumgoole. The child who was absolutely destitute, applying for admission, must never be refused; the child who, though not destitute, was in a position where his faith was endangered, must not be refused. A home for such must be provided, though he were to beg the city for them. And from these two cardinal principles he never deviated. They remain in force still, the unwritten law, if not really the *lex scripta*, of the two houses of "St. Joseph's Union."

The spiritual welfare of his boys was the one great primary object with Father Drumgoole. To prepare them by due instruction for the reception of the Sacraments, he labored with an unflagging earnestness that often raised fears for the stability of his own physical constitution. In his letters about the home in Warren Street he used to dwell with delight upon the numbers of lads whom he had brought into the fold of grace during the year, and the growing proportion of those who approached the Sacraments at Eastertide and Christmas. But these letters were likewise filled with laments of the inadequacy of his home for the ever-increasing needs of the poor. It was not alone that all his beds were filled; the benches, tables, and chairs throughout the building were likewise requisitioned now. It was for thousands of boys, he saw now, it was necessary to provide, not hundreds merely. And those who clamored for help were not confined to boys; he made it a rule to relieve the hunger of all who asked food, even though he were to go hungry himself.

To St. Joseph and his blessed spouse he always had recourse when his perplexities were most troublous. They, who had the care of the Divine Child, knew how his heart went out to the

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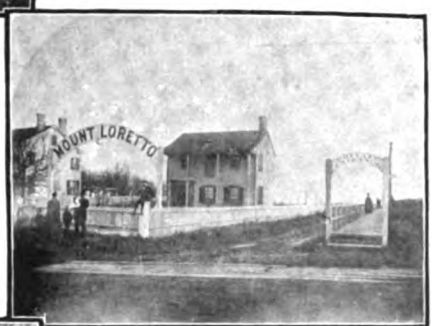
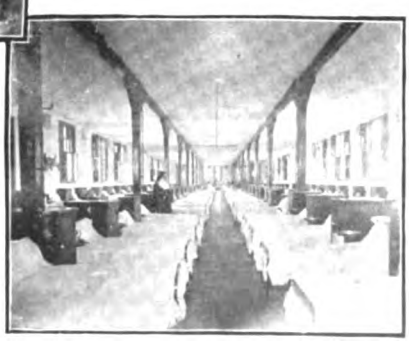
homeless children of this great city, and they seemed to him to enter into his feelings. Day by day the vision of a great home for them all grew in his mind's eye, until at last it began to take bodily shape. The idea of founding a great institution, which he was determined to call St. Joseph's Union, at last became a concrete fact; and with the approbation and

the blessing of the late Cardinal McCloskey he began the practical work of founding a boys' home. Friends came to his assistance with generous help; the proceeds



of a remarkably successful bazaar formed a substantial nucleus; the starting of a magazine called *The Homeless Child and Messenger of St. Joseph*, and the enroll-

ment of many thousand members of St. Joseph's Union, in all parts of the world, insured a permanent source of revenue; so that in about four years after the initiation of his project he was able to open the fine



(1) HOME OF FRANCISCAN SISTERS, MOUNT LORETTO; (2) GATEWAY OF MOUNT LORETTO; (3) ORIGINAL FARM-BUILDINGS AT PLEASANT PLAINS; (4) A DORMITORY AT MOUNT LORETTO.

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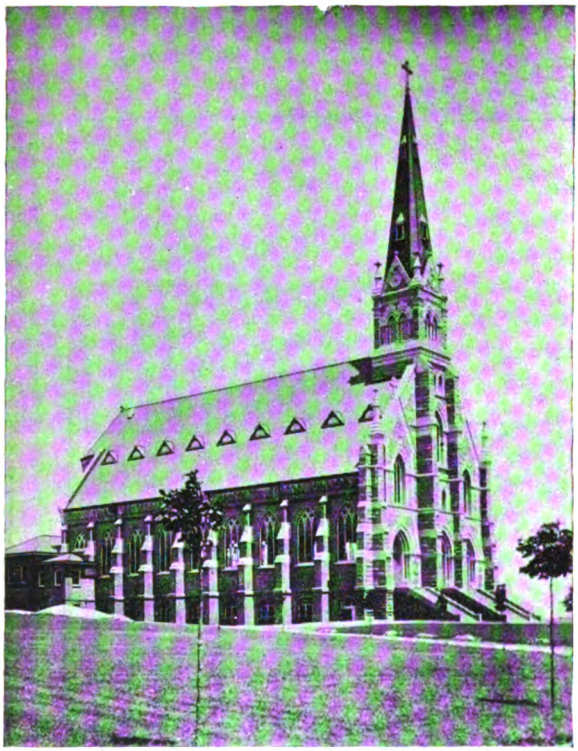
building on Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street with which his name is indissolubly identified. This edifice stands on ground formerly occupied by the old Protestant church of St. Bartholomew, and its price was nearly seventy thousand dollars. Its consecration was performed by the cardinal-archbishop, and his Holiness Leo XIII. sent, through Cardinal Jacobini, his blessing on the work.

Soon afterward the home removed from the old house in Warren Street to its new and magnificent quarters. Thenceforward the work of Father Drumgoole seemed to prosper and extend with a volume which denoted something more than an earthly impulse within it. Before long he saw the need of a branch house, and the branch house was soon forthcoming, and on a scale which dwarfed the parent one into the dimensions of a mere auxiliary. Three large vacant farms on Staten Island were purchased, and, consolidated into one great holding, with a field farm one mile square, were named Mount Loretto, and solemnly dedicated. It is with the methods and achievements of this remarkable institution that one would be tempted to deal at some length proportionate to their importance. But, in truth, so great an undertaking as this would deserve a chronicle all to itself; the most that a single magazine article can aspire to do is to let the outside world have a glimpse of the great educational and moral work going on there from day to day.



MOUNT LORETTO CHURCH.

It does not give any clear idea of Mount Loretto to say it is

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a place where a couple of thousand young persons find a home all the year round. The bare buildings and accommodations for these must indeed be extensive and imposing. But when one seeks to realize it as a place where every equipment, not merely for *vivâ voce* and object-lesson instruction has to be provided for many hundreds of children, but for the practical work of young mechanics like those serving their apprenticeships in great commercial workshops and factories, and where many branches of useful handicraft are systematically taught, and every modern mechanical appliance utilized in the teaching, so that the young workman when he goes out upon the world of trade shall not find himself a novice dealing with new and strange machinery and methods of production—it is no small task, even with the advantage of a "personally-conducted" tour through the maze of buildings, to grasp the meaning of such an institution as Mount Loretto. If some idea of all this can be got at length from an inspection of the ranges of workshops and other buildings, some dim notion may then be formed of the herculean task which Father Drumgoole faced in getting this vast scheme of beneficence organized, established, and planted there on Staten Island in practical operation. Of course it would be physically impossible for one man to do all this. He had the help of other devoted priests, such as Father Dougherty, the present head of the institution; Father McNicholl, and Father Cassidy. The administration of the whole is under the care of forty-nine Sisters of the Order of St. Francis. It is upon their shoulders that the task of keeping this mighty engine in motion now devolves. To Father Drumgoole belongs the honor of originating and planning this noble offering to God and humanity.

Our illustrations will give some notion of the vastness and variety of the workshops and industrial buildings which are scattered over the extent of "Pleasant Plains," as the holdings in their entirety are called. Still, in order to gain a real knowledge of their wide extent and amazing variety a personal progress over Mount Loretto is necessary. It will be perceived at once that the task of constantly feeding, clothing, bedding, and instructing in field and workshop the legion of youthful pupils and toilers congregated there is approached in an intelligent way. Adequacy and method are the two leading principles in the application of means. The working of the farm subserves the double purpose of furnishing agricultural instruction and food for the producers—an object-lesson of the most practical kind. Those who cultivate small kitchen-gardens at their homes

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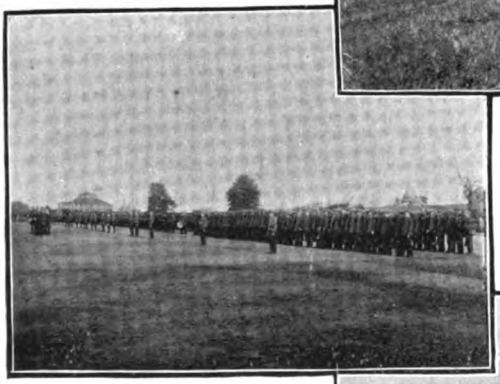
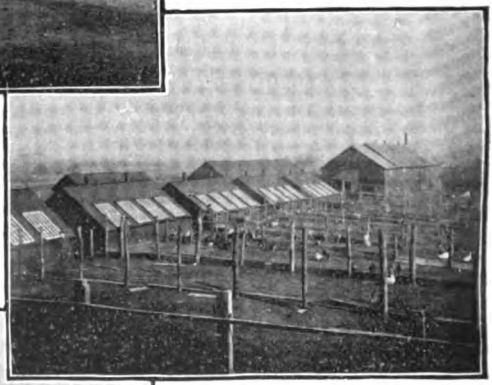
can comprehend the pleasure which the sight of what one sows and watches over from the budding to the maturing gives the cultivator. The raising of live stock is also attended to on the farm, and the necessary supplies of milk and fresh meat are drawn to a considerable extent from this native source. The farm-stock,





machinery, and mills needed for the working of this agricultural school are on a large scale; and the working of this branch of the institution forms a great industry in itself.

(1) BARN AT MOUNT LORETTO; (2) PARADE OF BOYS AT MOUNT LORETTO; (3) AND (4) STOCK-YARD AND FARM-BUILDINGS AT MOUNT LORETTO.

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There is a huge barn, sufficient, one would think, to form a granary for an army; and the number of farm-buildings of other kinds scattered all over the place make a very imposing display. The great dairy is a model of brightness, and is furnished with the most improved appliances for the making of butter and cheese.

Then, the bakery. No sinecure the office of commissariat-master where there are so many mouths to feed, and the baker's department is not the least considerable in this huge hive. It is a large building, and filled with the latest make of machinery for the production of the "staff of life." It is by machinery that the process of kneading is performed, instead of the human knuckles and sometimes—*horresco referens!*—the human feet. From thirteen hundred to fifteen hundred loaves are turned out of this bakehouse every day. The bread is exquisitely white and fine, and the baking unexceptionable.

Amongst the curiosities of the place are a great hennery, with a steam incubator which hatches a thousand chickens at a time; four artesian wells, from whence is derived the water which furnishes the steam-power, and a model kitchen-garden and flower-garden. These supply all the culinary and floral needs of the establishment and the magnificent church which ministers to its spiritual wants. The engraving of the exterior of this building which is given enables the reader to form some idea of its style, if not of its proportions. Its size may be estimated from the fact that it easily accommodates all the denizens of Mount Loretto. A model was selected for this church by his Holiness the present Pope, of whom it is a memorial.

The Trades' School is a conspicuous piece of architecture at the north side of the main quadrangle. Its dimensions are ample, and the number of mechanical arts taught here by no means inconsiderable. The lower story is devoted to the sawing, planing, moulding, and carving of timber; and it will be noted that some of the hand-carving here shown is exceedingly fine. On another story is a great shoe-factory, wherein are made all the shoon required for the boys, and in the manufacture of which machinery alone is employed—save in the case of some half-dozen old men who find refuge here, regular old shoemakers of the classic-pattern who sew their work and hammer it out in the way which dates from the Flood. All the clothes for the boys are similarly made in another great workshop; another is devoted to knitting socks and vests, the machines again coming into play in either case. Engineering, printing, upholstering, and butchering are likewise

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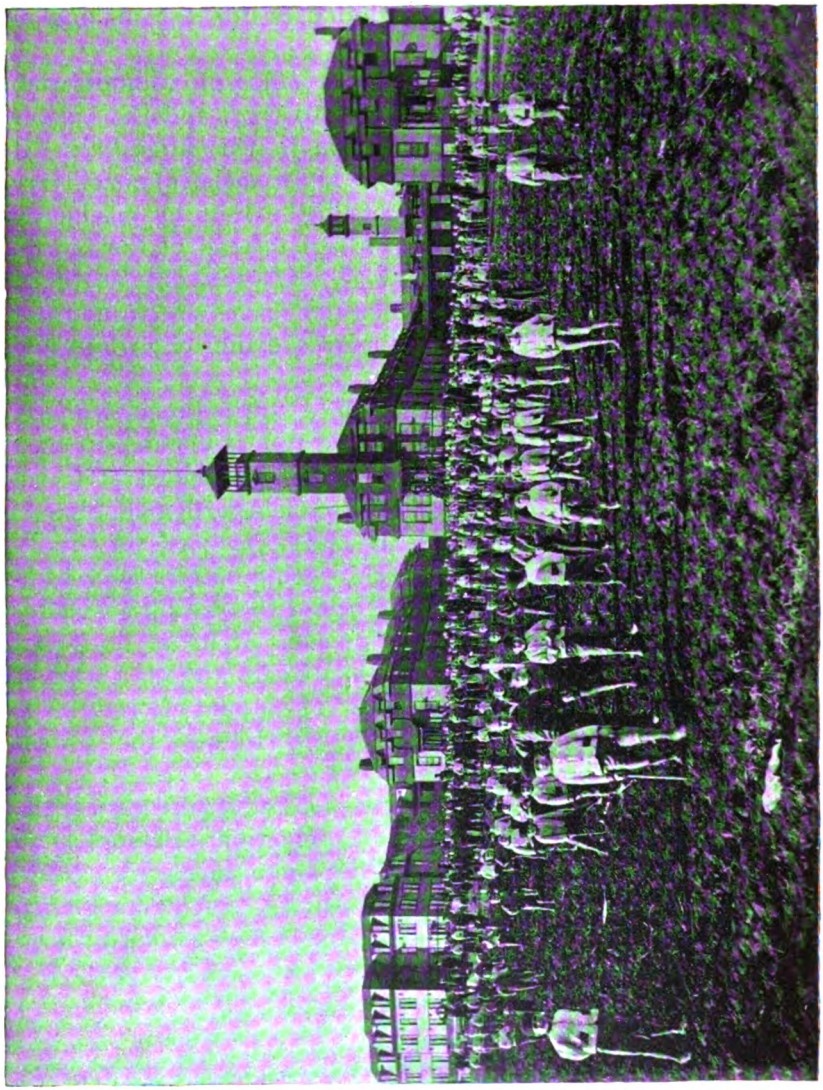
taught in this building, and all by the most experienced instructors that money can procure. Stenography and typewriting have likewise their classes. The class for music is also held in



BOYS ON THE PLAYGROUND AT MOUNT LORETTO.

this building, and it contains a library and reading-room, and a couple of excellent billiard-tables for the recreation of the older lads.

A walk through the spotlessly clean dormitories of Mount Loretto makes no trifling promenade in itself, but it is a pleas-

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ant one. The mode in which the beds are arranged, the neatness and airiness of the whole place, give one an idea at once of cheerfulness, health, and pleasant rest for the well-cared young fellows who inhabit the ranges. These buildings are all only one story each above the ground-floor, so that in case of fire there could be little danger of loss of life, from the great number of the windows and their slight elevation.

A dining-hall which easily accommodates seven or eight hundred diners forms an imposing feature in the Mount Loretto main building, and the kitchen which supplies such an enormous table is not the least interesting object. All the cooking here is done by steam. It is wonderful to see the rows of great joints of meat which are treated, and the deft mechanical contrivances for the various processes of cooking. As all the inmates, as a rule, possess robust appetites, the care of the larder at Mount Loretto is no trifling responsibility.

Military drill forms part of the course for the bigger boys. At tuck of drum they come from the playground and form in battalions on the parade-square, where they are put through their evolutions by skilful veterans. Patriotism is a feeling which is sedulously cultivated; they are taught to look with pride on the flag of the Union, as well as prepared to do their part as men in defence of it, should the grim necessity unhappily ever arise. The martial strains of their fine bands would do credit to many a crack *corps* of musicians.

The sheltering wings of Mount Loretto cover many more, the more in need of their shelter because the more helpless. There is a Blind Asylum for destitute girls, and there is a Home for Girls, dedicated to St. Elizabeth; where from three to four hundred little ones are maintained and brought up as Catholic girls should be, under the gentle care of the Franciscan sisterhood. In the instruction of these little ones the kindergarten system is largely utilized. No pleasure could be to many minds greater than that afforded by the spectacle of these bright and happy little girls going through their pretty exercises. There is such a droll mixture of the wise and the elfish about their playful evolutions and their quaint singing and recitation, that one is insensibly reminded of the old tales of the gnomes and the fairies of the old country.

The merely material achievements of this work of Father Drumgoole's since its foundation are immense in their significance. In round numbers, already about twenty thousand children have been provided for by the mission, and sent out

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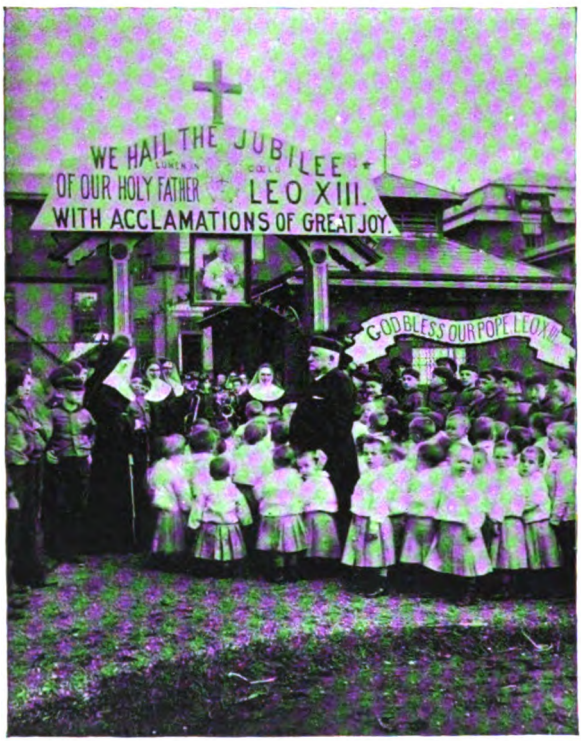
to fight life's battle fortified with the armor of faith and the self-reliance begotten of skill in manly labor. But this is not all. The outdoor relief dispensed by his charities has been on an enormous scale. Over two hundred thousand persons are fed and helped with clothes and necessaries every year. On each of the great feasts of the church the poor are given an excellent dinner. As many as fourteen hundred persons have on some of these days been fed at these generous tables. The parent house in Lafayette Place, besides training between six and seven hundred boys constantly, provides those who have gone out upon the world as young workmen with a splendid home, where they are free from the dangers and temptations of a great city, and at a minimum cost.



JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT FEMALE ORPHANAGE, MOUNT LORETTO.

It will at once be recognized that an undertaking so vast and all-embracing as this needs a great revenue to maintain it in a state of efficiency. Whence does it derive its funds? Nothing, it should be borne in mind, is looked for as a result of the boys' labor as mechanics; all the substantial results are applied to the boys' own advantage. The bulk of the revenue, wonderful to say, is obtained by means of the press. On the premises at Mount Loretto is printed a yearly magazine entitled *The Messenger of St. Joseph.* It is the mouthpiece of an organization founded by Father Drumgoole and named St. Joseph's Union. The ramifications of this organization extend all

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over the globe, and the subscriptions to the magazine and the bounty of friends of the institution furnish its mainstay.

One more light in which this wonderful institution rivets our attention. It is the one great effectual shield and breastwork against the miasmatic evils of proselytism. Hunger and want have been at all times the allies upon whom the insidious oily proselytizer relied, knowing well the ordinary weakness of frail humanity when the wolf is at the door. The number of human souls which Father Drumgoole's interposition has been able to save for God, only the ledgers of heaven can tell—the task was impossible for human book-keeping.

A trinity of great names represents in especial the active and all-pitying charity of the church in our own day. They are those of Dom Bosco, Father Damien, and Father Drumgoole. All three were very great friends in life, and much correspondence passed between them. Those names are now immortal and ineffaceable.

In his quiet grave at Mount Loretto, in a sweet sequestered spot chosen by himself, the founder of the noble institution rests in his last earthly sleep. But the fragrance of his memory floats as a sweet perfume ever about the place, and the light of his spirit ever guides the way of those who have taken up the work which he in Heaven's good time laid down.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

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THE MAJOR.

THE principal street in Pequod began at the foot of a hill and meandered leisurely past the post-office and general store, the bakery, two saloons, a dozen cottages of unequal size and varied architecture, until it reached a larger hill. There it made a wide detour, appearing again on its upward way broadened and smoothed and gravelled, with a plank walk at one side and a rocky path on the other, shaded by large elms, and hedged in by a general air of prosperity and exclusiveness as befitted its rising fortunes. At the top of the hill it ended abruptly at the entrance to the Pequod Grand Hotel, an imposing and very modern structure, with its verandas and turrets and balconies dazzling with fresh paint. The flag of the country waved and flapped, or hung pensively idle, from the pole reaching to dignified heights above the tower, proclaiming to the world that for three months of the year the Grand Hotel was the home of the brave, if they were able to afford it, in the land of the free.

The equality of the people who found rest and presumable recreation under its much-gabled expanse of roof was doubtful. Their status in the eyes of the landlord was determined by the totals of their weekly bills. From the point of view of the guests it depended on the amount of money or its collateral possessed by the payers of the bills, and on the way in which the money was made. On the first and second counts Major Hawkins was invulnerable; his totals were large and so was his fortune. In addition to occupying the best suite of rooms in the house, he tipped liberally and on all occasions; but on the third count he was lamentably lacking. As this conviction was slowly borne in upon his inner consciousness about the second week of his stay, he indulged in some angry imprecations *sotto voce*, and used language that a Georgetown professor of rhetoric would have pronounced shocking.

He had made his money, he told himself, by the exercise of brains and pluck of the finest kind; he paid his debts, kept his word, was true to his friends, and generally managed to get even with his enemies; and what more could be expected of a man who began life at fourteen with twenty-five cents capital,

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and a pair of shoes, to be worn on Sundays and state occasions, that were not mates? He owed his present success in life, he was not backward in asserting, to the rule of doing as well as it could be done whatever fell to his lot to do. His first position—job he called it—was that of taking the horses from a livery stable to water at a little creek which ran through his native village. He watered those horses at the regular time, despite all the seductions of a dog-fight or of a circus-wagon. Then he became attached to the fortunes of a celebrated race-horse; from that he speedily attained to the coveted honor of being a jockey. His horse generally won, so that his employers and the book-makers began to regard him as a sort of a mascot; their rivals offered sundry and tempting inducements to get the youth into their service, but he was loyal to his master. Through varied stages, all inseparably connected with the race-course, he rose to his enviable position as owner and book-maker—one of the magnates that contributed so largely to the national amusement. There was nothing in all the world that he loved so dearly as he loved a horse. Until this unlucky summer, when a threatened breakdown and the imperative orders of his physician banished him from all excitement, he had not realized that money made on horses was not quite a fit associate for money made in another kind of stock watered on Wall Street. He had selected Pequod because a favorite racer was, like himself, in need of repairs, and was undergoing them at a famous horse-farm in the neighborhood—a sort of equine hospital—and to be near this interesting invalid, which he had raised from a frisky colt, he was recuperating at the Pequod Grand Hotel.

Major Hawkins was naturally of a social turn of mind, and nothing would have delighted him more than to take part in the quiet little games of cards which went on in the parlor, or to bear his proportion of the expenses of the picnics and excursions around the country. But he never was invited. At first he thought it was on account of his being a stranger; but when he saw other strangers received into the inner circles of the coterie, he began to examine himself to discover the cause of his exclusion. He could not see that any one had better clothes than he, or spent money more freely. He wore the shiniest of silk hats and the jauntiest of sack-coats, and carried the whitest of diamond scarf-pins on his expansive bosom. Not having a mind capable of descending to petty details, he did not perceive that his combinations of attire were somewhat

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original. He saw no reason why a man should not wear a cap and a frock-coat, or a silk hat and a flannel suit, or a beloved scarf-pin with all costumes. Had he thought of the matter at all, he would have explained the absence of diamonds on the forms of the men he saw by the abundance of them on the forms of their wives. He had never before spent a summer at a quiet country hotel, given over to the wants of pater and mater familias, with their numerous olive branches; to maiden ladies with side curls and hobbies, and to beardless youths being speedily developed into pronounced cephalologians from the amount of feminine adulation bestowed on their lightest word —and some of their words were extremely light, thought the major contemptuously.

Major Hawkins had spent his summers, since reaching years of affluence, at Long Branch or Saratoga, or other popular resorts, where he was never at a loss for plenty of friends—men of his own sort, and women too. He did not care anything about women as women; long ago he had married, and the marriage had not been happy, so that when death left him free from connubial bonds he gave no thought to ever renewing them.

But he pined for companionship—for some one with whom to talk over the races, the political situation, to go driving and play poker, and linger over the old wines he ordered down from New York. Life at Pequod was not altogether happy, although the air was fine, and the regular hours he was forced to keep were undeniably doing him good. And as for Creole Beauty, she was positively growing more bewitching every day. So he decided to endure his loneliness for the prescribed period.

In regard to his title, no one knew less than he did himself as to its origin. He had been rejected during the war on account of supposed weak lungs, and he had never stayed in one place long enough to belong to a militia company. But he had a luxuriant moustache which drooped in the inimitable military way, and an air which insured obedience from his subordinates; so a major he became and a major he remained.

It was this involuntary isolation from his fellow-men that opened the way to the major's intimacy with the village children, who during the long, hot summer days came to play at the spring. The spring was on land still in dispute between the hotel people and the trustees of a proposed church; the matter was to be settled by that mysterious power called the law, but in the meantime children from the village and children from

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the hotel met on what would probably be the only common ground of their lives. The major revenged himself on hotel parents by refusing to have anything to do with the hotel children; but for the little ones of the village he proved a veritable Prince Charming. Never had they revelled in such quantities of stale candy and weak lemonade and foaming soda-water and pink ice-cream; never had the little old woman who kept the bakery, and sold thread and needles and postage-stamps and candy, made money so rapidly and so continuously. The hotel people had an unaccountable prejudice against village commerce as represented by the bakery woman, and their darlings only ate the candy which came direct from the big city. Among the children in the major's train was one little dark-eyed girl, with tangled hair inclined to curl, a freckle on her nose, and two front teeth in the process of coming through her red gums —a little girl who lisped on account of the missing teeth, and said "Yeth, ma'am," "Yeth, thir," "If you please, thir," in the most captivating, childlike way to the major's witticisms. Her name was Nell, and she lived with her grandmother in the smallest of the cottages.

Nell's mother had been the village beauty until she disappeared one day with a young man named Durand, who had spent a month at the hotel in the interests, he claimed, of a proposed land company. Three year later she returned in the last stages of consumption, bringing her baby with her, and wearing a faded widow's cap. Then she died, and nothing more was ever learned by the villagers of her history. They resented this secrecy as an infringement on their rights to know all about each other's affairs, but they were good to the baby, who played in the lonely cottage and pattered about among the chickens her grandmother raised for the early spring market.

"Well, Nellie, what shall it be to-day—chocolate-drops or taffy?" called the major cheerily as he met his favorite at the post-office.

"If you pleath, thir, I like pink ith-cream, thir," said the little girl, looking up with a smile of bon-comradeship into the honest, kindly face of the major. Then with her small, dirty hand clasped in the major's big, clean one, she trotted along chatting confidently about the chickens, and a doll that was sick, until the bakery was reached, and the pink ice-cream rose like an enchanted pyramid before her; then she relapsed into a sphinx-like silence until the pyramid was no more.

This appetite for pink ice-cream, so out of proportion to

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the rest of the diminutive personage, was a constant puzzle to the major. But girls were a puzzle anyhow, he thought.

The days wore away pleasantly enough for him now, until a day came when Nellie was not at the spring. On inquiry he learned that Nell's grandmother was ill, and a week later the news was brought to him by a dozen awe-struck little urchins that the grandmother was dead.

After the bustle of the old woman's funeral had subsided the question which agitated the Pequod natives was the question of Nell's future. The Baptist minister's wife, a motherly soul with nine blessings of her own, took the orphan to her heart and home until it could be determined what was to be her fate. But this arrangement obviously could not be permanent; another mouth to feed, another pair of feet to keep in shoes, another little body to clothe—it was simply impossible; but for a few days she was glad to give the child a shelter.

Soon it was rumored in the village that there was to be a sale to dispose of the grandmother's effects, the money to go to Nell, after the outstanding debts, should there be any, were paid. No one apprehended any debts, however; the old woman was not the kind to make debts. The money for the funeral had been found in a broken pitcher, painted all over with fat little shepherdesses, and filled with a bunch of paper flowers. No one would have dreamed of looking there for money, but Nell, when asked where her grandmother kept her pocket-book, marched to the pitcher and handed Mrs. Burt a roll of bills enough, and more than enough, for the modest funeral.

Mrs. Hart said that she would buy the silver spoons out of pure charity for the orphan, provided they sold them cheap; the spoons had been used a long while, and they never had weighed a great deal; besides everybody knew spoons always went for a mere song at a sale; not but what she hoped everything would bring a good price for the sake of that poor child who didn't have a relative or a soul on earth belonging to her, unless her pa, that nobody knew anything about, had some folks. Mrs. Jinks said she might buy the parlor table and the carpet; the table was real nice, and the carpet almost as good as new, although nobody ought ever to buy a carpet at a sale unless out of charity.

And the other neighbors, presuming on the report of the sale, made it an excuse for tramping through the poor little cottage, strangely silent and uncanny in its desertion; there was the old clock ticking away steadily; the queer orna-

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ments all dust-covered; the faded ingrain carpet still showing the marks of a muddy shoe which would never have been allowed on its bright surface during the lifetime of the owner; on the table coveted by Mrs. Jinks was the family Bible between two upright candlesticks, keeping guard like sentinels; over the mantel were chromos of Washington and the Three Graces, and some faded photographs framed in straw. The kitchen seemed more hospitable, with the sun streaming through its chintz curtains, the rows of pots and pans shining in orderly array on the shelf. Everything was humble and plain and cheap, but it had been a home with its little joys and sorrows, its placid, peaceful existence, and twice in a decade it had witnessed the supreme tragedy of every life—the falling of the curtain in death. Outside the geraniums, the hardy roses, the phlox, and the marigolds were drooping and thirsty for their daily supply of water. The chickens were cared for tenderly by a neighboring widow, who thought she might buy them if the price were not too great.

Gradually the question of Nell's future made its way to the great hotel, and a half-dozen ladies who headed committees for all sorts of charities in their city homes banded together to do something for the child; all the while deprecating the fate which forced charity work on them during the hottest days in August. One of them wrote to an orphan asylum in which she was interested, but the answer came back promptly that there were too many applicants already, and that Pequod should be made to understand that it must take care of its own orphans. Then a subscription list was thought of; and on the first night of the major's return from a business trip to New York he was approached by Mrs. Van Horton Brown, a lady who had hitherto ignored his very existence, and solicited to attach his signature to a sum more or less liberal for the orphan. He refused with more force than politeness, and left the worthy matron wondering at the hypocrisy of human nature as exemplified by questionable widowers, who pretended a fondness for children and would not give even five dollars to keep the wolf from an orphan's door.

After dinner the major donned his silk hat as being more in keeping with the solemn occasion, since he could not forego a seersucker coat with the thermometer at ninety, and made his way to the minister's, where he was told he would find Nell.

The visit was eminently satisfactory to all concerned; good Mrs. Harlan, with a roll of the major's bank-notes in her hand,

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was only too willing to keep the child indefinitely. And when Nell put her arms around his neck and cried, he vowed by all the most binding vows he knew that she should never want for anything while he had a dollar, nor go to that insufferable Mrs. Brown's orphan asylum either.

In a day or two the major was off again. The fall racing was nearing its season, and there were many things to be looked after. This time the object of his journey was to see the directors of a fair association in a little hamlet on his way to New York, and decide whether their fair would be worthy of a trotting match for Creole Beauty. In a suburb of this thriving town there was a modest brick building hedged in with rows of maples and slender willows, and with a smooth, sloping lawn dotted with bright flower-beds; the major had long known in a vague way that this was a boarding-school for girls in charge of sisters, but the matter had never concerned him; he knew nothing about girls, and was not interested in nuns; they were good women sacrificing their lives for a world that lacked a great deal, in his estimation, of being worthy of the sacrifice; but that was their affair, not his. Now it suddenly occurred to him that this was the very place for Nellie Durand. After deciding a plan he did not usually lose any time in acting upon it, so on his way to the depot from the fair grounds he stopped at the cross-surmounted gate. He liked the looks of the place, and he liked better the looks of the superior who entered the parlor in response to his summons.

After an interview, short but very much to the point, the sisters agreed to receive the little girl as a pupil, to give her a home during the vacations or as long as it would be required. The compensation asked seemed so ridiculously small in the eyes of the major that he got reckless and said: "Put in all the extra fixings, Mother, music and singing and painting, and all the frills your girls learn; I don't know anything about such things myself, but I believe girls and women like them, and I like a song myself if it's got any tune to it. And get her whatever clothes she needs, and I'll pay the bills. She's a 'cute sort of a youngster, and I ain't got anybody of my own that's got any claims on me, and I'll take care of this little one."

And thus, by a propitious turn in the wheel of her fortune, Nellie Durand found herself domiciled as the youngest pupil in this pleasant convent-school. On the second day after her arrival she wrote, with much painstaking, a letter which was preserved for years in a pigeon-hole of the major's desk:

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"deer mager; i like it Hear; i like mother josuf and i like the girls wun naimed mari give me some candy i like her i like you moar than eny body i can play kroka

yore Loving littel girl
Nellie Durand."

The next missive showed a decided improvement over this one, and the major suspected that such rapid strides in spelling and the use of capitals were only brought about by the judicious assistance of a teacher.

Every week a letter came telling of the simple joys and ambitions of the convent; of her studies and her teachers and her schoolmates. Occasionally he answered one, and two or three times a year, when he happened to be in the neighborhood—anything under a hundred miles was the neighborhood to the major—he paid the child a visit. At Christmas he ordered a box sent to her with candy and fruit and cake enough to banquet the school. He would have bought her jewelry and furs and hats, only that the mother superior told him that such things were forbidden to the pupils, and that they were not becoming for children, and that he had better leave Nell's wardrobe to the sister, which he did accordingly.

The years went by uneventfully enough, judged by the hurrying standards of the world, but marked by the usual happenings of growing girlhood for Nell. She had the mumps and the measles and the whooping-cough, and the other complaints of a well-regulated childhood; she won prizes, and sometimes got into trouble and was put in penance; she was the champion tennis-player; the best pianist, the poorest scientist in the school.

And before the major realized the number of summers that were passing over his head, his girl—he always thought of Nell as "my girl"—wrote that she had been promoted to the graduating class and would finish the following year.

"Bless my soul! is it possible?" said the major, looking at the letter. "Well, time don't stand still, nor girls neither, and I guess she's thinking herself a woman; bless me! I don't know what to do with her when she gets out of school; she might study medicine or something, or go to Europe." As a reward for her promotion Nellie was given permission to spend a part of her vacation with a schoolmate who lived in Brooklyn.

The summer burst upon the world, outwardly as beautiful as ever, but with terror in its train; the terrible scourge of the cholera was upon the land; an infected ship from a foreign

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port had brought the fatal germ, and whilst it was held in leash by the watch-dogs of science and self-sacrifice, every heart was trembling. Business was at a standstill; the rich hied away to the mountains and the pure air of the country; the poor huddled together on their door-steps or in the streets, and talked with bated breath of the monster whose approach was daily dreaded. There were some who scoffed at the idea of the cholera getting a foothold in a land so well guarded; with physicians so able, health commissioners so alert, sanitary precautions so many; and among these was the major. He was rushing hither and thither over the country making engagements for his horses, and securing investments just as if the cholera were some far-off myth of the Middle Ages, that could not touch this decade of science and progress, of care and of common sense.

The exigencies of his calling took him to a little hamlet in the interior of the State off the main line of travel, and reached only by a local train making one leisurely trip a day. He was not feeling very well, and tired and hungry, and not especially amiable—he never was when he was hungry—he went to a vine-embowered inn, dignified with the name of the Continental Hotel, and ordered his supper sent to his room.

After smoking a cigar he tumbled heavily into bed, wondering vaguely if he were getting another confounded bilious attack, all unconscious of the hoarse murmur that was gathering on the evening air. A negro was reported dying in one of the alley-ways, and it was whispered with white lips that cholera was the disease.

About ten o'clock that night, as the men were gathered in excited groups on the hotel veranda, the report came that the negro was dead. Then terror broke loose. The cholera was upon them. A panic ensued differing from other panics only in size; there were not people enough to endanger life and limb when they all rushed into the streets, the soberest for the time demented. Flight was the thought uppermost in every mind; the little train would come up in the early morning, perhaps on its last trip; for who could tell what regulations the quarantine officers would impose, and then escape would be impossible; to the mountains, to the very top where it was always cold, they would go—camp out or beg or borrow or steal their way, it mattered not when life was at stake.

The waiters in the Continental Hotel threw down their aprons and prepared their little belongings; the cook deserted

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the kitchen, the maids vanished, and when the major, about midnight, rang his bell long and loudly there was no response. He was burning with thirst and his head ached; he got up; he must have water, but he was so dizzy he could hardly stand. A death-like silence was about the place; he shouted, but only the corridor brought back the echo; then he swore, but not with his usual vim, for he was feeling strangely ill, and then he staggered back to bed. It seemed an eternity he lay there, longing for, dreaming of water. Towards morning, when the faint red streaks of an approaching day came through the blinds, footsteps were heard going rapidly through the halls; he shouted with all his might, and after a few moments the landlord, then locking up his house and preparing for flight, came to the door of his forgotten guest. He turned the knob and stepped into the room, but one glance at the ghastly-looking occupant of the bed, and he turned and fled as if the very air bred contagion.

Hastily he gathered his needed effects, locked his hotel, and left the sick man to die. What else could he do? The cholera made short work of its victims, and why should he risk his life for a man he never saw until yesterday?

When the morning train came steaming into the rough brown station every person in the village able to raise the funds for transportation was waiting to be carried away anywhere out of the stricken town. In an hour the telegraph wires flashed the news of the cholera, and the afternoon papers reproduced it with startling head-lines. There was one paragraph tucked away among the sporting items telling to the world, which cared so little for him, that Major Hawkins, the popular book-maker and connoisseur in race-horses, had been stricken with the dread scourge, and was dying or dead in the deserted village.

Dead!—yes he was surely dead. He had died and gone to some infernal region where all the torments he had ever heard of were concentrated in one terrible thirst. Water! only water! He was faint from loss of food, but he was not even conscious of that. His thoughts went back to the spring which bubbled up so clearly, near the Pequod Hotel, and with that image before him he nearly went mad. Was heaven a land bubbling over with just such springs? Heaven!—he had not thought much of heaven; religion had not been in his line, he said to himself. And was this the end of his life, to lie here and die all alone, not one friend near? Then a great wave of self-pity swept over his heart—he had not had a fair chance; life had

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been a struggle, a weary struggle for money; then for more money, because he knew nothing else. There had been enjoyments—or he had called them enjoyments at the time—banquets to celebrate a great victory on the race-course, when the popping of champagne corks mingled with the loud laughter of his companions, and when the heavy, heated air reeked with the odors of costly havanas, and the jokes, not always the cleanest, went round. There had been envyings and jealousies, and that one little domestic episode too stormy to cause regret. For the most part he had been homeless, living in hotels and boarding-houses; running about the country, making acquaintances in plenty, but hardly one friend who would miss him three weeks after he was gone. Was this life? Was this the best he could have done with the chances which for good or bad were now over? What good to others, what good to himself, had they brought? Then he thought of Nell—the one being in all the world who would miss him, and she would not miss him for long, he had seen so little of her since she grew up; but at least he had taken care of her when she had no other protector, and that was something to be glad of when he faced that unknown gulf between the Whence and the Whither now slowly and relentlessly closing about him; that was one meritorious act, at least, when he would stand before the God he had almost forgotten, to meet the judgment of each thought and word and deed. The cold drops started from his brow; he was so cold and yet so intolerably hot at the same time. Was this death? Ah! the cholera was surely upon him—had he been buried alive? Then his senses cleared, and again he thought of Nell. What would become of the child when he was gone? She would be penniless; for he remembered with much poignant regret that he had made no will; he had meant to make one; he wanted to provide for the girl; but he had put it off, and now some distant cousins, whom he had never even seen, would come into his property, leaving the child, who really loved him, penniless.

Oh, for one day! just one day of active potent life; he would do so much! Was he dreaming? Was that a noise in the house? Had the landlord come back? Was he dead? Was he crazy? Surely there was somebody coming. "My God, send me help!"

Quick, rapid footsteps, the sound of opening and closing doors, as of one in search of something, then the footsteps approached his own door; he tried to call, but the words stuck in

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his throat, then the door opened— Had an angel come down from heaven in answer to his prayer, or was it Nellie bending over him?

Quickly the girl brought water, sparkling in a crystal pitcher, that seemed nectar from Paradise. She went unchallenged through the deserted and silent house, foraging in pantry and kitchen, and returned with a broth which she forced between the parched lips. Nor had she come empty-handed; some medicines, and a book of directions, had been hastily secured; but of one thing she was positive, the major did not have the cholera; the symptoms were not what her book called for, and she was puzzled as to what to do. But she fell on her knees and prayed with all the fervor of her desolate soul for help and guidance.

"Nellie—little girl—my good angel!" gasped the sick man, "you have risked your life for me, and I am leaving you penniless. I neglected to make a will, and now it is too late."

"Dear major, don't think of me! Don't think of money, or anything like that; you are very, very ill—perhaps you will die —and you must think of God and of your soul. You have been so good to me our Lord will reward you for it I am sure, but we all have our sins, and you must be sorry now with all your heart for everything that offended God; you didn't mean to offend him I know."

She stroked his clammy brow and chafed his hands, talking to him with simple earnestness, repeating the truths of her little catechism and the counsels of her beloved teachers.

But the major did not die. The doctor who was summoned from New York said he had malarial fever, and that the negro had probably died from any one of a hundred things excluding cholera. After a week the patient was able to be moved, and the doctor's certificate enabled him to enter again the land of the living. His convalescence was rapid under the devoted nursing of Nell; but long before he was able to sit up he sent for a lawyer and had the papers drawn up for a formal adoption of the girl. He declared that he owed, not only his life to her, but the deliverance from such a hell that no man could ever go through a second time without becoming crazy. He regretted that the adoption had not been made earlier, but then the child was young, scarcely seventeen, and she would soon get accustomed to a change which, after all, would practically be only a change of name.

After graduating with highest honors in the following June,

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delivering a tearful valedictory, and bearing away an armful of prizes, Nellie went to a finishing school—for the simple reason that there seemed to be no other place to go. The major had some little trouble in entering her at a suitable school; applications to several well-known institutions resulted in a polite regret that they were full, after the antecedents and present vocation of the major were investigated.

Another year passed when business called him West, and, as Nell had never been beyond the Alleghanies, he resolved to take her with him.

She now called him papa, with the prettiest accent in public, but in private she still clung to the old title of major. They stopped off at Ovington to see a famous stock-farm where rivals of the blue grass region were said to thrive.

The major was delighted with Ovington. A place which began with forty inhabitants, a baker's dozen of houses and three saloons, and grew in twenty-one years into a regular city with forty thousand inhabitants, electric lights, street railways, magnificent private mansions, represented an achievement which appealed to his love of enterprise; there was a certain analogy, he was not slow in thinking, between Ovington and his own life. Nell shared his enthusiasm, and her enthusiasm took a practical turn; she had acquired from the major the way of doing a thing quickly, and doing it well, that appealed to her sense or her inclination. She explored the residence quarter of Ovington during the major's visits to the stock-farm, and at the end of the second day she said in her most persuasive tones:

"Major, you like Ovington, and I like Ovington; there is the loveliest house for sale up on Ray Avenue, awfully cheap; suppose we buy it and settle down. You could get a stock-farm and have all the horses you like; maybe they would sell the Horton farm—they say it is mortgaged; you have no ties in the East, and everything is charming here."

The proposition figuratively, if not actually, took the major's breath away.

"Why, Nellie, what an idea!" he ejaculated, adjusting his spectacles to see if she were really in earnest. "Who would have thought of such a thing? But then you always were a master-hand at planning; but it is absurd, my dear, perfectly absurd —of course it is."

At noon the following day he announced that it was not a bad idea, not a bad idea at all, about that house, but not to be thought of. At night he admitted that he had been up to see

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the place; that it was a grand house, going for a song, and that he might buy it as a speculation. In the meantime an enterprising reporter had heard of Major Hawkins and his contemplated purchase of Ovington real estate. The real estate men heard of him about the same time. A half-column article in the *Herald* described him as a capitalist from the East; he was interviewed and his opinions solicited on all things pertaining to the West; together with the opinions, there appeared a eulogy of himself which made him glow with satisfaction. It was gratifying to be a keen, alert capitalist, eminently a man of affairs, combining the shrewdness of the East with the breezy, off-hand, cordial manner of the West.

"You can cut that piece out, Nell, for your scrap-book. That reporter is an enterprising chap, and a mighty fine fellow."

At the end of the week the major had purchased the Ray Street house, the Horton stock-farm; had been introduced at the Valhalla Club, and invited to dinner by the ex-owner of the house. He had paid cash for his purchases, and a man capable of doing that needed no other recommendation. A year after Major Hawkins and Nell had taken up their abode in Ovington the city was called upon to receive and entertain a party of distinguished visitors from the East. They were business men with their wives and daughters, who were travelling in a special car on a leisurely tour to the Pacific coast. They were to be the guests of the Board of Trade, and a prominent feature of their entertainment was to be a reception and ball at the Valhalla Club. Heading the reception committee of leading citizens was the name of Major Hawkins, and notable among the bevy of matrons and maids delegated to do the honors of the club was Miss Helen Durand-Hawkins.

Such was the name engraved on her visiting cards. The major had smiled humorously when he first saw the cards with the hyphenated and imposing name, but the smile had a touch of fond pride.

There was one little ripple that disturbed the serenity of this young lady, and that was the major's persistence in wearing his flashing pin on all occasions. Not for all the diamonds in the State would she hurt the feelings of the kind old man to whom she owed everything; but, being a person of some inventive genius and of a well-developed determination, she believed that the obnoxious pin, for this auspicious occasion, could be gotten rid of in some way.

On the evening of the reception she emerged from her blue-

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and-gold room resplendent in a gown which had made the major stare when the bill was presented, but he was not displeased. On the contrary, he seemed to take a sort of pride in the fact that this girl could spend money about as liberally as any girl in the city.

"I don't know what these gimcracks cost, Nell, but get the best. I want Miss Helen Durand-Hawkins to be the belle of the ball. There ain't anything too good for a girl with such a name as that," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes.

She knocked at the major's door, and found that gentleman trying earnestly to get his tie into the proper loop. After demanding and receiving the admiration due her gown, she with deft fingers adjusted the tie.

"Really, major, you are quite too irresistible in your new dress clothes; I am afraid Mrs. Dawson already has designs on you, and I don't want a step-mother coming in here."

The major chuckled; the question of marriage was as foreign to him as the question of becoming king of England, but nevertheless it gratified his vanity to be teased about the prettiest and most attractive widow in Ovington. And still talking, Nell adroitly possessed herself of the pin. The major did not miss his treasure until he was already at the club. Among the visitors was Mrs Van Horton Brown, and with her Major Hawkins went into supper. That lady peered over her lorgnette at the tall, beautiful girl with the receiving party, trying to recall where she had seen that face or whom it resembled, but her memory played her false. The major remembered her perfectly, although he gave no sign; but her presence recalled old memories. His thoughts were a complex mingling of the past and the present; the wandering, unsatisfactory life he had led, and the new era which had come to him in his declining years. It was something to be a "leading citizen"—the phrase gave him vivid pleasure—of a thriving city like Ovington, and to have a beautiful, happy home.

And he owed everything, life and all, so he told himself, to Nell—to a little barefooted girl, with a freckle on her nose, who liked "pink ith-cream, if you pleath, thir."

It was in pursuance of this train of thought that he confided to Mrs. Dawson: "I'll bet a Nancy Hanks against a mule that there ain't a finer girl between New York and Frisco than my Nell."

LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE JEWS IN SPAIN.

THE situation in Spain when the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, ascended their thrones called for their closest attention. What policy should then be adopted by them to repair the ravages of preceding reigns and give to the nation the stability needed as a basis for its aggrandizement in the future, was the problem presenting itself for solution. It was their desire to establish a national unity founded on the creation of three other unities; to wit, of territory, of religion, and of government.

To bring about territorial unity it was indispensable to drive the Arab power out of Spain, and thereby complete the work of the Reconquest and put an end to causes likely to provoke new invasions or break up in any way the nation's territory.

To accomplish religious unity the only way was to discourage the religious contentions which kept the nation in disturbance and led to frequent scenes of bloodshed.

The purpose of political unity required the establishment of permanent tribunals to assist the crown in the government of its realms, and, moreover, the co-operation of competent men in the different branches of public administration.

The reforms and undertakings of Doña Isabel of Castile and Don Ferdinand of Aragon had for their aim to satisfy those three needs.

The capture of Granada, which crowned with brilliant success the national struggle for the Reconquest, made an end of Moorish dominion, but the fall of the last bulwark of Islamism in Spain could not be regarded as complete unless the causes which had promoted the Saracenic invasion were also removed for ever.

The insidious endeavors of the Jews to get possession of the stronghold of Gibraltar gave unmistakable evidence of new perils for the national integrality. Should it be a matter of surprise if, under these circumstances, the Catholic sovereigns viewed the expulsion of the Jews as necessary to complete the Reconquest and a guarantee of the independence of Spain?

In order to arrive at religious unity, disturbed by Judaism, which, Proteus-like, ever kept changing its form, was it not in-

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dispensable to get rid of what was left of the Hebrew race, having no element of political vitality left except what served as a leaven of conspiracy?

But the situation was complicated by the presence of the converts from Judaism, for, while it was against justice to implicate all these in the reprobation incurred by the Crypto-Jews, it was not permissible to allow the latter, under cover of a false conversion, to plot against the safety of the state and to provoke popular tumult.

Hence it seemed fit to establish a high tribunal, thoroughly competent to take cognizance of questions of a religious character, and which, strictly impartial in dealing with proceedings of so delicate a nature, was to attend solely and exclusively to the maintenance of purity in the faith. This idea gave rise to the establishment of the Royal Supreme Council of the Inquisition as a permanent tribunal.

The judicious historian Colmenares, in giving an account of the creation of the supreme councils of state and of finance of Castile and of Aragon, states: "There was besides wanting a tribunal or council having in charge, specially and closely, to investigate causes involving religion and to serve as a firm foundation for peace in the realms. The monarchs desired it and were instigated to accomplish the purpose by the great cardinal of Spain. It was accordingly carried out in the Cortes,* which established a council entitled 'the General Supreme Inquisition.' "†

It is not opportune here to pass judgment either on the proceedings or the abuses of this much calumniated institution; we confine ourselves to narrating how it originated, not accompanied with arbitrary action nor violence of any sort, but, on the contrary, motived by a desire to prevent disorder by not allowing any private citizen to take upon himself to pass judgment in religious matters. This was an important and delicate judicial function requiring authority and ability, both of which the Catholic monarchs proposed that this new tribunal, created by a bull of Sixtus V. in 1482,‡ should duly possess.

While seeking a solution of the questions touching converts from Judaism, that of the scant population of publicly professed Jews remained unsettled. They were wretched, everywhere

* Toledo, in 1480. † *Historia de Segovia*, chap. 34, p. 18.

‡ The following books are reliable works of reference in regard to the institution above named: *La Inquisicion*, by Don Juan Manuel Orti y Lara. *Historia verdadera de la Inquisicion*, by Don Francisco Xavier Garcia Rodrigo. *La Inquisicion Española*, by Rev. Father Ricardo Cappa.

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looked upon with aversion, subject to nefarious attempts to waylay them, and were objects of violence from every quarter. Judging from the habitually benevolent disposition evinced by the Catholic monarchs, they must no doubt have been very solicitous in regard to disposing of the case of their Jewish subjects; but things had reached such an extremity that their permanent stay in Spain had become utterly impossible. While their case was, so to speak, on the *tapis*, the complaints alleged against them were aggravated by a most dreadful incident. We refer to the murder or martyrdom of Juan de Pasamonte, more commonly known under the name of *El santo niño de la Guardia* (the holy boy of la Guardia), perpetrated in Holy Week of 1490.* The circumstances attendant on this crime, in which the scenes of the Passion of our Blessed Redeemer were parodied with revolting mimicry, aroused furious protestations, which, had the murder taken place previous to the reforms carried out by the Catholic monarchs, would assuredly have caused the spilling of much blood. After the surrender of Granada, on January 2, 1492, there remained for the victorious sovereigns, in order to complete their work, to pronounce final sentence in the trial, set on foot several centuries before, of the Hebrew race. The sentence was not delayed. On the 31st of March of that same year that famous edict was promulgated in Granada by virtue of which all unbaptized Jews were ordered to leave the realms within a period of four months.

This edict, if examined impartially, deserves to rank as a memorable document because of the spirit of rectitude resplendent in it, by which the Catholic monarchs were animated throughout their proceedings. They set out in it by deploring the evils resulting from the intercourse of Christians with Jews which had led, in the Cortes of Toledo, to an enactment ordering Jews in all towns, cities, and other places to be separated from Christians, and that Jewries and localities for separate habitation be assigned to them, "in which they were to dwell in their sin, and in their segregation be led to remorse."

This enactment not having sufficed to put a stop to the evil, the Inquisition was established, by means of which it was ascertained that the evil resulting to Christians from intercourse with Jews was indeed very great. It was averred against the latter "that they boasted of unceasingly trying to corrupt the faithful

* The original trial records are in existence and preserved at Alcala, and the subject of this murder has been treated by Tepes, in his *Historia del Santo Niño de la Guardia* (Madrid, 1582); also by Don Adolfo de Castro in *Vidas de Niños celebres* (Cadiz, 1865).

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in order to entice them into their eternally reprobated belief or opinion." The monarchs having concluded that "the true remedy for all these evils and difficulties lay in a complete cutting off of intercourse between Christians and Jews," by expelling the latter from the kingdoms, even went so far in their lenient spirit as to confine the order of expulsion to the cities and places of Andalusia "where it appears they have done most detriment, believing that thereby their coreligionists in other towns, cities, and places in the kingdom would cease doing and committing the evil practices aforesaid." But as neither measures formerly taken, nor the punishments inflicted on certain Jews "who have been found most guilty of said crimes and transgressions," have availed "for a thorough cure," the monarchs, counselled by the prelates, grandees, and gentry of their realms, and by personages of science and conscience, "after having given the matter much deliberation," decreed the entire expulsion of the Jews, to take place in the term of four months, during which "they might arrange for the best disposition of their persons and property." To this end their majesties took and received them under their care and protection to enable them in the period aforesaid "to go about in safety and attend to realizing, by sale or barter, all their personal and real property, and to disposing of them freely as they pleased." Finally their majesties, moved by feelings of most elevated justice, granted "permission and privilege for the removal, by sea or by land, from their realms and dependencies, of the emigrants' goods and chattels; provided, however, that these last be not such as are prohibited by the laws of the kingdom."

The measure determined on by royal authority was certainly rigorous, but their majesties tried, through really paternal solicitude, to mitigate its severity. They aimed at making it quite patent that their resolve had not been actuated by hatred of the Jewish race, but through their love of their Christian subjects and their duty to insure the welfare of their dominions.

At the expiration of the time appointed the emigration of the Jews in Castile and Aragon began. Many moved into Portugal, some into Navarre; such as lived in the Basque provinces embarked at Santander and Laredo; residents of Toledo, Murcia, and La Mancha left by way of Cadiz, Malaga, and Carthagena; those belonging to Aragon by way of Valencia, Tortosa, Tarragona, and Barcelona; some directed their steps to Africa, others to Naples, Venice, Greece, and Roumania; a few even went as far as the Turkish Empire.

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They met nowhere with violence; but rather, on the contrary, wherever they passed they were treated with great benignity, and "were constantly," as an ocular witness states, "invited to be baptized; some were converted and journeyed no further." *

How numerous were these expelled subjects the learned Señor Amador de los Rios, whose good will towards the Jews is shown particularly in the third volume of his work, states various figures from 400,000 down to as low as 90,000, and then, yielding to the force of truth, exclaims: "The amount apparently most reliable is open to fluctuation; hence, with such a diversity of figures, it is impossible at the present day to name a number which can be accepted as the certain one."

It may be inferred from the fact that Jewish writers have quoted on this question the highest figures—that, as was natural, they have sought to exaggerate. The chronicler of the Catholic monarchs, commonly known as *El Cura de los Palacios*, relates that a Jew from Vittoria, whom he baptized, told him that there were in Spain when the edict of expulsion was promulgated over 160,000 Hebrews.

These figures, which some accept as authentic, indicate, not the number of Jews who left Spain, but the total in the country at the time. If we subtract therefrom a part representing the convert's probable exaggeration, and deduct also the number who, sincerely or otherwise, received baptism in order to avoid leaving Spain, we are led to the conclusion that the aggregate number of banished Jews cannot have been other than relatively insignificant.

The charges brought against the Catholic sovereigns because of the measure of expulsion are the following:

1. That their action in the matter was despotic, and had been taken without consulting the Cortes of the kingdom.

2. That they showed themselves ungrateful and disloyal towards the Jews, who had rendered them important services.

3. That the expulsion resulted disastrously for the commerce, agriculture, and productive industry of the kingdom.

4. That it led to the depopulation of Spain.

If the edict be considered in connection with the above points of accusation, and if all the historic facts which brought

* Cura de los Palacios, *Cronica de los Reyes Catolicos*, chap. 112. This same chronicler relates that the women and lads were made by the rabbis to sing and play on timbrels and tambourines, to cheer up their coreligionists, and were made to believe that God designed to free them from captivity and lead them to the promised land (chap. 110).

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the measure about be recalled, the rejoinder is as plain and categorical as can be desired.

All historians, including even those most severe in their judgment of the expulsion, concede that it was a measure "demanded by public feeling."* Even Amador feels himself constrained to admit that the measure was entered upon neither prematurely nor precipitately, but, on the contrary, as a natural effect of an unmistakable and uncompromising public opinion. The chroniclers of that period declared the measure to have been highly popular and that warm poetic praise was awarded it in verse. On what grounds, then, can the measure be claimed to have been an arbitrary one? If the Cortes reflected public sentiment, and during entire centuries had been calling for rigorous measures against the Hebrew flock, where does the dictatorial feature appear?

The charge of ungrateful and disloyal treatment of the Jews does not need to be dwelt upon. For whatever service rendered by them to the cause of the Reconquest they got paid in return; they are not folks to render services for nothing.† To suppose that what they did was out of love and loyalty to their adopted country would be indeed an egregious misconception.

It is a proven fact that no act of disloyalty, treachery, or conspiracy took place in which they were not involved as parties to it. Was their closing attempt to get possession of Gibraltar deserving of much gratitude?

The expulsion was not disastrous either to agriculture or trade, because it can be proved that the Jews expelled were in general poor, of scant culture, engaged in small trade, the inferior remains of a broken-up population of which the rich and most influential part had at that time become converts.

But setting the above view aside, if the Jews compelled to

* Don Modesto Lafuenta, *Historia general de España*, book iv. chapter 8.

† Señor Amador, in order to prove the ungratefulness of Ferdinand and Isabella towards the Jews, goes so far as to attribute to a convert, Luis de Santangel, no less than the discovery of the New World because he lent seventeen thousand ducats for Columbus's undertaking; "a native of Aragon," he says, "of Hebrew stock, carried away by an enthusiasm as great as that of Isabella, and taking a part equally active, intelligent, and glorious in the project, offered cheerfully to lend to the monarchs," etc., etc. History has recently thrown light on this fact, and reveals that Santangel was not a Jew, but of Hebrew stock; he acted in this matter as if he were the former, for the money he lent brought him good increase when returned, and documents are in existence showing that the amount lent by him was repaid with accrued interest. He neither participated in the noble enthusiasm of the queen, nor is his intervention in Columbus's enterprise deserving to be ranked as glorious (*Coleccion de documentos ineditos relativos al descubrimiento, conquista y organisacion de los antiguos posesiones Españoles de Ultramar*—Collection of unpublished documents relative to the discovery, conquest, and organization of Spanish ultramarine possessions.)

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leave were so prominent in agriculture and productive industry, how came it to pass that the countries in which they afterwards established themselves did not become resplendent with the fruits of Jewish intelligence, activity, and culture? The industry marvellously exploited by that race was dealing in money, which does not make nations either prosperous or happy.* In this view, Barcia, a modern writer and free-thinker, after having published statistics about the Jewish population of Europe, adds: "This statistical table shows that the greater or lesser amount of Jewish population is proportionate with the higher or lower degree of civilization of the countries in which they reside. Russia is to-day the European nation having the largest number of Jewish inhabitants."†

Neither Spanish culture nor national wealth suffered loss as a consequence of the expulsion of 1492. This is sufficiently demonstrated by facts. Our golden era began at even time with the disappearance of the Hebrew population from Spain. During the very days when the Jews were quitting Spain Columbus sailed from the port of Palos to discover a new world and thereby to greatly extend the dominions of Spain.

The population of Spain was, numerically, little affected by the departure of the foreign element above mentioned. The Hebrews were, in fact, ever strangers in our country, which on the other hand was enlarged and became mightier by the conquest of the splendid kingdom of Granada, and was benefited by the country's peace due to the Catholic sovereigns and by their judicious statesmanship. The depopulation of Spain was caused mainly by the discovery of the American continent. That event is open neither to lamentation nor condemnation, because great deeds are achieved at the price of the heroes' blood who achieve them; the glories and grandeurs of nations cost heavy and dolorous sacrifices. "The pelican was formerly supposed to exhaust and weaken itself by feeding its progeny with blood from its own breast; Spain, the mother country, was America's pelican."‡

* Zurita, the reliable chronicler of Aragon, states: "Usury and gains constituted the law most reverenced and adored by that nation (the Hebrew) and in which it most sincerely believes." The truthful Curate of los Palacios says: "None of them was ever known to till the earth, nor earn a living as a laborer, carpenter, or mason; all of them were on the lookout for soft offices and ways to make money by little work; they were a very subtle folk, usually living by many gains and usuries got out of the Christians, and in a short time such of them as began poor became rich" (chap. 112).

† *Nuevo diccionario etimologico de la lengua Castillana.*

‡ *La Edad media comparada con los tiempos modernos*, by the Right Rev. Father Jacinto Martinez, Bishop of Havana, vol. ii. p. 125, Madrid, 1873.

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We have stated already that the expulsion of the Jews formed the completion of the Reconquest, and the following question properly comes up: When, in 1568, the Moriscos, assisted by their brethren in Africa, revolted in the Alpujarras Mountains, resolved to re-establish the Mohammedan dominion, what would likely have been the conduct of such domestic foes as the Jews if they had remained in Spain? And during the religious wars which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries inundated Europe with blood, to what great danger would not the peace of Spain have been exposed, "threatened by the Calvinists of France on one side, and by the Lutherans of England on the other, if both of these could have relied on such efficacious allies as the Jews in the interior and on the coasts?"

It remains for us to prove that the expulsion was a gain for the Hebrews themselves. The learned academician, Señor Menendez Pelayo, furnishes us with the evidence of this proposition in brief and eloquent words. "The edict of expulsion," he says, "was *necessary* in order to save that unfortunate race from the unceasing and fierce menaces of popular uprisings." It is very easy to assert, as does a certain writer, "that the Catholic monarchs should have opposed a barrier to the current of intolerance," but who will undertake to resist a sentiment prevailing through an entire nation? With the passions of the multitude excited to the highest point who could have prevented a repetition of the massacres of 1391? "The decision come to by the Catholic monarchs," says, in conclusion, this historian, "was the *only* one to be taken, and was the completion of a historic law."

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL.

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THE SUPREME END AND OFFICE OF RELIGION.

THE end and office of religion is to direct the aspirations of the soul towards an infinite good, and to secure a perfect fruition. Man's longings for perfect wisdom, love, and joy are not aberrations of the intelligence, or morbid conditions of any kind; they are not purely subjective, blind reachings forth towards nothing. They are most real life, excited into activity by the infinite reality of the Supreme Being, the most loving God, calling his creature to union with himself. In studying the office of religion we therefore engage in the investigation of the highest order of facts, and weigh and measure the most precious products of human conduct—man's endeavors to approach his ideal condition.

Reason, if well directed, dedicates our best efforts to progress towards perfect life; and if religion be of the right kind, under its influence all human life becomes sensitive to the touch of the divine life from which it sprung. The definition of perfect religious life is, therefore, equivalent to that of most real life; the human spirit moving towards perfect wisdom and joy by instinct of the divine Spirit acting upon it both in the inner and outer order of existence.

REGENERATION.

But man's ideal is more than human. Man would never be content to strive after what is no better than his own best self. The longing towards virtue and happiness is for the reception of a superior, a divine existence. The end of religion is regeneration.

Otherwise stated, religion has not done its work with the effacement of sin and the restoration of the integrity of nature. It has indeed this remedial office, but its highest power is transformative: it is the elixir of a new and divine life. The supreme office of religion is regeneration.

To remit actual sin is not the main purpose of religion, but rather to remedy that first evil by which our race lost its supernatural and divine dignity—the evil called original sin. And this is the meaning of Christianity's great word, Regeneration. It is not only said "Unless ye repent," but also "Unless ye are born

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again, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God"; "born of water and of the Holy Ghost"; "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

The supreme end of religion is not emancipation, but regeneration. As among the Romans, when a citizen emancipated his slave he by that act conferred citizenship on him, so the pardon of sin by Christ is not only remission, but also adoption among the sons of God.

That gift from above known as the grace of Christ does not simply break the fetters of sin, it ennobles the slave with the dynastic dignity of God. Thus the value of grace is essential in its transforming power, accidental in its cleansing power, or its power of reconciliation.

The final end of all created existence is the glory of God in his office of Creator. As man is a micro-cosmos, so the human nature of the God-man, Jesus Christ, is the culminating point at which the creative act attains to its summit and receives its last perfection. In that humanity, and through it in the Deity with which it is one person, we all are called to share. The supreme end and office of religion is to bring about that union and to make it perfect.

THE NEW LIFE.

"The justification of a wicked man is his translation from the state in which man is born as a son of the first Adam, into the state of grace and adoption of the sons of God by the second Adam, Jesus Christ our Saviour." These words of the Council of Trent affirm that the boon of God's favor is not merely restoration to humanity's natural innocence. God's friendship for man is elevation to a state higher than nature's highest, and infinitely so, and yet a dignity towards which all men are drawn by the unseen attraction of divine grace, and towards which in their better moments they consciously strive, however feebly and blindly.

Religion, as understood by Christianity, means new life for man, different life, additional life. "He breathed into his face the breath of life." What life? What life did Christ mean when he said, "I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly"? Is it merely the fulness of the natural life of man? No, but a superior and transcendent life, which is nothing less than the natural life of God, given to man to elevate him to a participation in the Deity—into a plane of existence which naturally belongs to God alone.

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In the breathing forth in Eden, the Holy Spirit, God's life and breath, passed into man. Mark the second breathing: "Breathing upon them, he said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'" And this is what St. Paul means when he says, "For us, we have the mind of Christ" (I. Cor. ii. 16). The Christian mind is thus to be discovered and tested by comparison with the highest standard: "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Before coming to the ways and means and processes of acquiring this divine life, we must consider

ATONEMENT FOR SIN.

It may be asked, Why does Christ elevate us to union with his Father through suffering? The answer is that God is dealing with a race which has degraded itself with rebellion and with crime, which naturally involve suffering.

God's purpose is now just what it was in the beginning, to communicate himself to each human being, and to do it personally, elevating men to brotherhood with his own divine Son, making them partakers of the same grace which dwells in the soul of Christ, and shares hereafter in the same blessedness which he possesses with the Father. To accomplish this purpose God originally constituted man in a supernatural condition of divine favor. That lost by sin, God, by an act of grace yet more signal, places his Son in the circumstances of humiliation and suffering due to sin. This is the order of atonement, a word which has come to signify a mediation through suffering, although the etymological meaning of it is bringing together into one. Mediation is now, as ever before, the constant and final purpose of God's loving dealing with us. We are saved, not only by Christ's death, but, says the Apostle, "being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life" (Rom. v. 10).

Understand atonement thus, and you know as a sinner should what mediation means. Understand mediation thus, and you know as a child of God should what a calamity sin is.

In the present order of things atonement is first, but originally mediation, as it was the primary need of imperfect nature, was likewise God's initial work. As things are, too, the gift of righteousness through sharing the cross of Christ elevates man to a degree of merit impossible if the gift were purely and simply a boon.

A mistaken view of this matter of atonement is to be guarded against. For if there is any calamity surpassing the loss of

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consciousness of sin, it is the loss of consciousness of human dignity. If I must believe a lie, I had rather not choose the monstrous one that I am totally depraved. I had rather be a Pelagian than a Predestinarian. But neither of these is right. Christ and his church are right, and they insist that the divine life and light are communicated to us as being sinners, and in an order of things both painful to nature and superior to it, and yet will allow no one to say that any man is or can be totally depraved.

Hence St. Paul: "I rejoice in my infirmity." Not that sorrow is joy, or is in itself anything but misfortune; but that in the order of atonement it is turned into joy by restoring us to the divine sonship.

Religion is positive. It makes me good with Christ's goodness. Religion does essentially more than rid me of evil. In the mansions of the Father, Sorrow opens the outer door of the atrium in which I am pardoned, and Love leads to the throne-room. If forgiveness and union be distinct, it is only as we think of them, for to God they are one. And this is to be noted: all infants who pass into Heaven through the laver of regeneration have had no conscious experience of pardon of any kind, and yet will consciously enjoy the union of filiation for ever. Nor can it be denied that there are multitudes of adults whose sanctification has had no conscious process of the remission of grave sin, for many such have never been guilty of it. To excite them to a fictitious sense of sinfulness is untruthful, unjust, and unchristian. Hounding innocent souls into the company of demons is false zeal and is cruel. Yet with some it seems the supreme end and office of religion. This explains the revolt of many, and their bitter resentment against the ministers and ordinances of religion, sometimes extending to the God whose caricature has been seated before their eyes on the throne of false judgment. No order of life needs truthfulness, strict and exact in every detail, so much as that known as the religious. The church is the pillar and ground of truth. The supreme end and office of religion is not the expiation of sin, but elevation to union with God.

PARDON AND LOVE.

The expiation of sin is the removal of an obstacle to our union with God. Nothing hinders the progress of guileless or repentant souls, even their peace of mind, more than prevalent misconceptions on this point. Freed from sin, many fall under

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the delusion that all is done; not to commit sin is assumed to be the end of religion. In reality pardon is but the initial work of grace, and even pardon is not possible without the gift of love.

The sufferings of Christ, as well as whatever is of a penitential influence in his religion, is not in the nature of merely paying a penalty, but is chiefly an offering of love. Atonement is related to mediation as its condition and not as its essence. Thus viewed the sufferings of the King of Martyrs manifest in an indescribably pathetic manner the holiness of God's law, the evil of sin, and the divine compassion for the sinner.

Pardon, we repeat, considered solely by itself, is the removal of an obstacle to our advancement into the divine order. The completion of man's being is his glorification in the Godhead: this is the answer to those who are shocked at the thought that Christ came into the world as a mere sin victim. Christ's sorrow is indeed our atonement, but the end he had in view is the ecstatic joy of the union of human nature with the divine nature. We are washed in the Redeemer's blood, but that blood does not remain on the surface; it penetrates us and sanctifies our own blood, mingling with it. We are not ransomed only but ennobled.

THE PROCESS.

The process, on man's part, of union with God is free and loving acceptance of all his invitations, inner and outer, natural and revealed, organic and personal. This is affirmed by the dogma of Trent: "Justification is not solely the remission of sins, but is the sanctification and renewal of the inner man *by the voluntary reception of grace and gifts.*" The main practical lesson of which is that love, the unitive virtue, reigns supreme in Christian life, which is the union of the divine and human. Love is a virtue as supremely necessary for pardon as for perfection. And if obedience be required it should be perfect or instinctive obedience. The instinct of rational obedience is love. Who obeys—who keeps the commandments? "He that loveth me, keepeth my words." "I ran in the way of thy commandments when thou didst enlarge my heart" (Ps. 118).

And love is the full meaning of the word spiritual, when used in description of religious character: "filled with the Holy Spirit," "born of the Holy Spirit," "led by the Spirit of God."

Loving God is the practical element in our reception of the Holy Spirit. The fruition of love is union with the beloved. If to be regenerated means to be born of God, then what is to

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be sought after is newness of life by the immediate contact with life's source and centre in love. The perfection of any finite being is the closest possible identity with its ideal. The supreme end and office of religion is to cause men by love personally to approximate to the ideal, not merely of humanity, but of humanity made one with the Deity.

The carrying out of this process by a dual nature such as man's is menaced by one of two dangers: either divorce from the bodily and external life of man, or slavery to it and divorce from the spiritual. The former is false mysticism, and the latter is formalism. The one endeavors to etherealize a being who is part of, if monarch of, a visible realm; and this leads to delusions, not seldom ending in the wild dream that one is irresponsible for deeds done in the flesh—a spectral man. The other is degeneration into externalism, and absorbs the soul in thoughts of the outward means rather than the spiritual ends of religion, forming an unspiritual character.

But Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Man, is the synthesis. His union of the inner and outer life was made into the harmony of inspired speech when the angel said to Mary, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee"; the Incarnation, the becoming man, of essentially spiritual being.

As a method or process of human betterment, religion is the fulness of all outer and inner, visible and invisible aids to bring the mind and heart of man under the immediate influence of the divine Spirit in the union of love. Organizations, and authorities and discipline, sacraments and worship, are external channels, helps, and incitements to love, instituted by the Son of God, as the extension of his own external divine life. Their end is to convey to the soul his inner divine life, and bring it into participation in his immediate union with the Father and the Holy Ghost. His external order or church serves him everywhere and for all time, as his body served him while on earth, continuing and completing by a visible means the spiritual end, man's deification through divine love.

The effect of this on character is obvious, for it forms a character integral in the supernatural sense.

CHARACTER.

Let me quote in amplification of this a description of the character produced by the "voluntary reception of grace and gifts": "The age, we are told, calls for men worthy of that

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name. Who are those worthy to be called men? Men assuredly whose intelligences and wills are divinely illuminated and strengthened. This is precisely what is produced by the gifts of the Holy Spirit; they enlarge all the faculties of the soul at once. The age is superficial; it needs the gift of Wisdom, which enables the soul to contemplate truth in its ultimate cause. The age is materialistic; it needs the gift of Intelligence, by the light of which the intellect penetrates into the essence of things. The age is captivated by a false and one-sided science; it needs the gift of Science, by the light of which is seen each order of truth in its true relations to other orders and in a divine unity. The age is in disorder, and is ignorant of the way to true progress; it needs the gift of Counsel, which teaches how to choose the proper means to attain an object. The age is impious; it needs the gift of Piety, which leads the soul to look up to God as the Heavenly Father, and to adore him with feelings of filial affection and love. The age is sensual and effeminate; it needs the gift of Fortitude, which imparts to the will the strength to bear the heaviest burdens, and to prosecute the greatest enterprises with ease and heroism. The age has lost and forgotten God; it needs the gift of Fear, to bring the soul again to God, and make it feel conscious of its responsibility and of its destiny. Men endowed with these gifts are the men for whom, if it but knew it, the age calls. Men whose minds are enlightened and whose wills are strengthened by an increased action of the Holy Spirit. Men whose souls are actuated by the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Men whose countenances are lit up with a heavenly joy; who breathe an air of inward peace, and act with a holy liberty and a resistless energy. One such soul does more to advance the kingdom of God than tens of thousands without those gifts. These are the men and this is the way, if the age could be only made to see and believe it, to universal restoration, universal reconciliation, and universal progress, as far as such boons are attainable."*

Religion taken, then, at the highest development, which is Christianity, is the elevation of man to union with God, in an order of life transcending the natural. It attains this end by elevating the soul to heavenly wisdom in divine faith, heavenly life in divine love. This attests itself not only by the outward criterion of unity with Christ's Church, but also by the inner wit-

* *The Church and the Age.* By Very Rev. I. T. Hecker. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

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ness of the spirit; it exalts and extends the consciousness of God; it pervades daily life and transforms it with Christ's heroism; it infuses into the soul the fullest confidence in God's fatherly oversight; it imparts deep tranquillity; and bestows the most joyous sense of loving intercourse with that benign power which alone can secure us the victory over death and hell.

It will be seen that the ideal religious character is not formed by constant absorption in thoughts of the Deity's attributes of sovereignty, but rather by meditation on all the attributes, loving kindness being supreme. For the same reason it is not obedience that holds the place of honor among the virtues; in forming the filial character love is supreme. Love outranks all virtues. The greatest of these is charity. It is not the spirit of conformity, but that of union, which rules the conduct of a son. "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba!—Father!" (Romans viii. 15).

It never can be said that it is by reason of obedience that men love, but it must always be said of obedience that it is by reason of love that it is made perfect. Obedience generates conformity, but love has a fecundity which generates every virtue, for it alone is wholly unitive. The highest boast of obedience is that it is the first-born of love. As the Humanity said of the Divinity, "I go to the Father, because the Father is greater than I," so obedience says of love, "I go to my parent-virtue, for love is greater than I."

Hence not the least fault we find with the religious Separation of the last three hundred years is, that it has unduly accentuated the sovereignty of God.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

Paulist Convent, New York.

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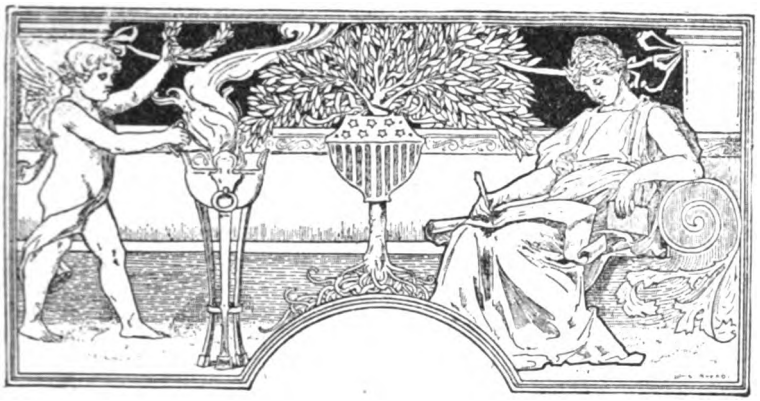

AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

AT a time when American art, as represented by the present generation of artists, is in what might be called a purely experimental and imitative condition, the critic and the art-lover can well hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of a talent so individual and so creative that it does not offer a mere technical reflection of the methods of the foreign schools, but presents itself with an original style of thought and of expression. It is such a gift which we find in James E. Kelly. He is one of the few men among our artists, whether they be painters or sculptors, whose works bear the impress of a distinct personality, and do not convey a suggestion of some inspiration, or at least some motive force, acquired from a stronger mind.

That an artist should disdain to profit by the experience of men of greater or more mature powers than himself, it would be folly to demand. Indeed, if he did not, he would be guilty of an act of injustice to himself. But to study the methods of the masters, and create out of them a method of his own, is a vastly different matter from falling into a facile imitation of any man or any school, and becoming but the thin shadow of the substance—a reflection of a reality. It does not constitute a man an artist that he paints or models like somebody else, no matter how cleverly he may do it. He is an artist only when he creates like himself, and like himself alone: when he not only reproduces, but produces.

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It is the fulfilment of this condition which has gained for Mr. Kelly the place which he occupies, among the altogether too few men in the art world of America, upon whom the honor of originality, in the sense of thought and style of expression, as well as technical merit, may be conferred.

The circumstances of Mr. Kelly's birth, and the character of his education, hold in them the secret of the development of that forceful artistic personality which distinguishes him. The artist is born, not made, it has been truly said; but from the very fact that he is born with the sensitive artistic temperament, he must be, after all, in his art itself, the product of the environment by which his intrinsic or natural gifts are influenced and modelled.

THE CALL TO ARMS (Troy Monument).

Born in New York City on July 30, 1855, of a Scotch father and an Irish mother, James E. Kelly thus comes of a stock in which inventiveness, energy, determination, and poetic feeling are natural traits. His mother, wiser than many mothers are under such circumstances, appreciated his childish love of pictures, and encouraged it. When he became a pupil in the public schools, an observant instructor noted the bent of his mind and advanced him even beyond his grade, in order to place him in a class where drawing was taught. When an application was made at the school, by an engraver of jewelry, for a boy to learn his trade, this same kindly and clear-sighted

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teacher recommended young Kelly for the place. So his first serious artistic efforts were devoted to the embellishment of watch-cases and trinkets.

His service at this employment was of very brief duration, and he returned to school for another year; after which he

commenced the study of wood engraving, in the establishment of the once famous old firm of Meeder & Chubb. Here he acquired considerable facility with the burin, but his active and creative talent demanded something more than a mechanical outlet. This came to him by an accident not unusual in the careers of artists.

NOTE.—Sittings were given for the above in 1880.

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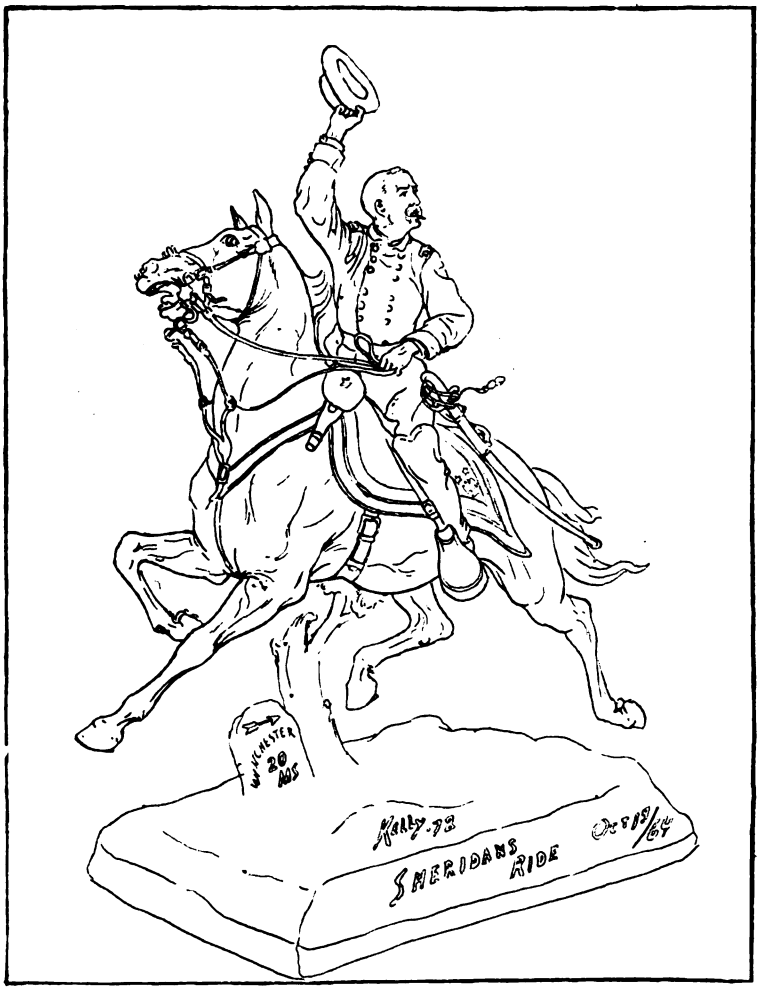
J. D. Woodward, an artist of great ability and one of the earliest in this country to make a specialty of landscape drawing on wood, was attracted to the young engraver, who was continually making sketches on his own account, and gave him some instructions as to the manner of drawing on the boxwood



block the designs which the engraver had to reproduce. At this time the process of photographing upon wood, by which the artist of the present is enabled to execute a design on paper, which is then photographed on the block, was not perfected, and the drawings were made directly on the boxwood, sometimes entirely with the pencil or pen and ink, but gener-

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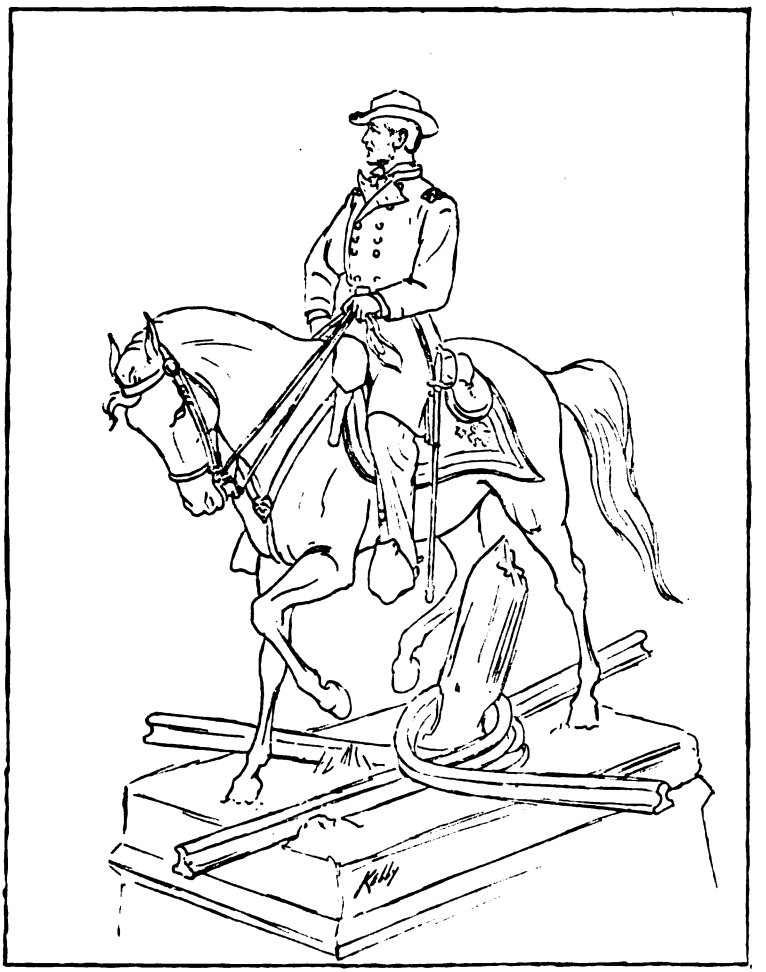
ally in a combination of washes of indian ink finished with pencil or pen. With the friendly suggestions of Woodward young Kelly, who had already cultivated considerable facility in sketching from nature, was soon in a position to exchange his place in the wood-engraver's studio for one in the art department of the great Harper's publishing house in Franklin Square.

Here he was given every encouragement by Mr. Charles



SHERMAN.

Parsons, himself an artist and the chief of the art department, and had among his associates C. S. Reinhart and E. A. Abbey. The former, who had already spent a couple of years of study abroad, was then probably the leading designer, and certainly

NOTE.—Studies for Gen. Sherman's head were made in 1879.

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the strongest draughtsman on wood, of this country. Abbey, like Kelly, was also a graduate from a wood-engraver's establishment in Philadelphia, of which city he is a native. It was a period when a great change was coming over graphic art in the United States. The methods of wood engraving were on the eve of a complete revolution, as were those of the art which provided the engraver with a foundation for his work. A new spirit and fresh blood were, in fact, being injected into an art which had grown mannered by long practice along fixed systems, and these young men, perhaps even without their own consciousness, were among the leaders in the movement.

Leaving the Harper's, Kelly and Abbey had for some time a studio in association, working independently for the publishers. Kelly, while continuing his studies at the Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, the latter of which he, Theodore Robinson, and Carl Hirschberg, both the latter now well-known painters, were, in a manner, the founders, had commenced to paint and exhibit his pictures, and also experimented in the use of distemper for illustrative work. He was never idle. Every phase of picturesque city life and character came within the scope of his quick pencil, and his collection of sketch-books already formed an extensive working library.

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In 1876 began that period of his career which may be considered to have first established his reputation before the public. The appearance, in the *St. Nicholas* magazine, of an article illustrated by him called "A Horse Hotel," and relating to the enormous stables of one of the local street-car companies, heralded a long series of pictures from his pencil in *Scribner's Monthly*, the progenitor of the present *Century*. These pictures, for spirit, dash, ready grasp of character and sense of the picturesque, even in the simplest and rudest material, stood alone. The most hopelessly unpictorial subjects became picturesque in his hands; and in every sketch and drawing the imprint of its origin stood boldly forth. The eye singled them out at once, and they left no one under the necessity of inquiring who the artist was, for their identity proclaimed itself.

In two details he drove the engravers to despair. He not only made the simple outline, with its precise, firm touch, expressive of finish by its various inflections of thickness and strength, but in his more finished drawings on the small magazine scale he introduced the massive breadth and large treatment of cartoons of great size. The engravers, who at that time to a certain extent dominated the artists, accustomed to handle the carefully rounded-off and elaborated drawings of the older school, declared it impossible to produce effects from these, where the thickness or delicacy of a line, or the variations

NOTE.—Gen. Parker was Gen. Grant's military secretary.

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of masses of shade laid on with a flat brush constituted color, texture, and modelling. Here his old experience as an engraver stood him in good stead. After he had grown weary of seeing his drawings butchered by ignorant or careless hands, he deliberately and in detail laid down directions as to how they should be cut, and the engravers found that the impossible was possible after all.

JULIA FRANCIS AND PATRICK PAUL KELLY.

Since that time many men have worked upon the same principle, and have had their drawings translated with brilliant success, thanks, largely, to the resolute stand made by this one man in defence of his idea. It may be stated that his methods were violently attacked by the veteran artist and wood-engraver W. J. Linton, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but Mr. Linton, one of the greatest men in his art whom the world has produced, belonged distinctly to the old school, although it was a school of his own which he created out of the old lines. He subsequently modified his opinions upon this and many other matters, when his logical intelligence completely comprehended the tendency of the time, for he was too great an artist and too honest a critic to permit prejudice to blind him to justice. Meanwhile his attack had the result of doing its victim more good than harm.

The productiveness of Mr. Kelly as a draughtsman continued, and, indeed, has never been entirely suspended to this day. But his restless and experimental spirit, that spirit of the artist in whom creativeness is ever active and ambition grows but more eager by conquest, led him into a field in which he found his true vocation, and in which he occupies a unique position in American art.

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From boyhood he had been a diligent student of American history, and especially of the military history of this country. He had gone deeply into the details of our great wars, and had sought out and located many relics hitherto decaying in obscurity. Without being aware of it, he had gathered a great mass of material for reference, both artistic and literary, in the course of his general employment: notes and memoranda made simply because they interested him, and without a special view to any future application of them to practical use. The time arrived when this special direction of his taste, and this accumulation of information and knowledge, decided the turning point of his career.

He had painted a portrait of General Sheridan from life, the general having given him sittings for it. The portrait, treated with great vigor, and with a strong grasp of character, had gained the approval of the original, and of his circle of friends and associates. The artist's father, while viewing it, dropped a remark as to who would be likely some day to make a statue of the general. It was only a casual observation, but it produced important results.

Mr. Kelly had not only no practical knowledge of the methods of modelling or sculpture, but had not even considered the possibility of ever acquiring them. But the suggestion made by his father's remark set him thinking. He pondered over a plan by which he might convert his Sheridan portrait into a statue, and made studies of it from various standpoints, erecting on paper, as it might be, the elevation, at different stations of view, of a sculptured work. The farther he advanced with these studies, the greater grew the fascination of that new possibility which rested in them. But to make drawings was one thing. To build up a plastic work, in a medium entirely novel to

NOTE.—The above is an altar-panel in the Paulist Church, N. Y.

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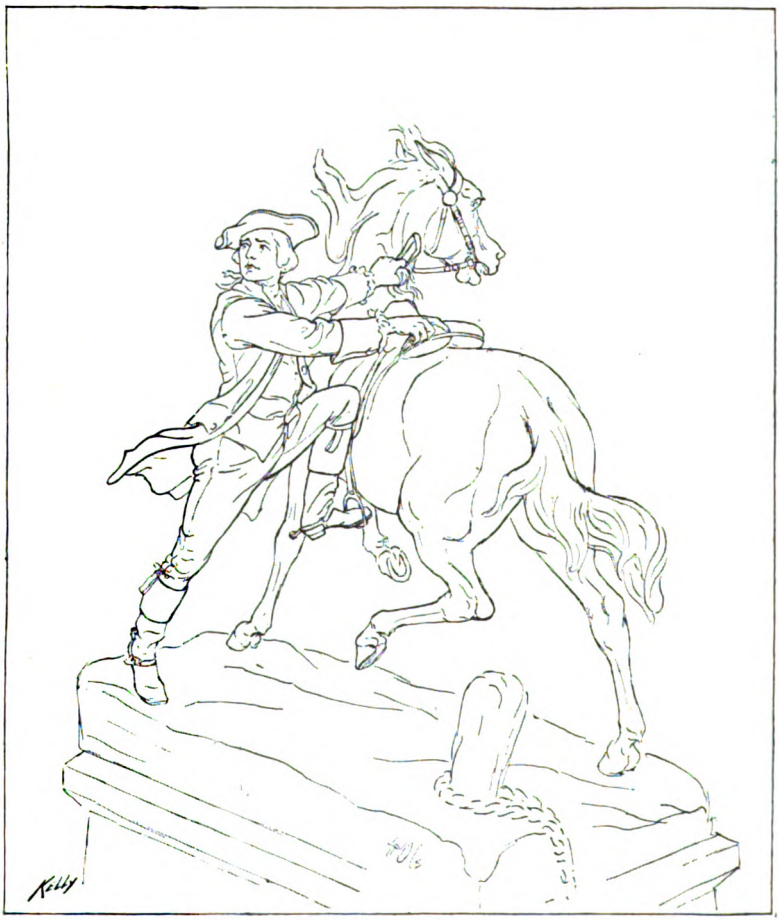
him, was quite another. The very difficulties the work presented, however, were with him an incitement to its accomplishment.

He applied to his friend, Mr. Jonathan Scott Hartley, the sculptor, for advice. Mr. Hartley provided him with a recipe for the composition of hard wax for modelling, as well as with such technical suggestions as were necessary. His mother prepared the wax according to the formula, and the statuette, or, more properly speaking, the present small model for what should



PAUL REVERE.

some day be a grand public monument to one of the greatest of American soldiers, was completed. The artist wished to exhibit it at the National Academy of Design, but it would be necessary to cover it with a glass case in order to do so. He hesitated to incur the expense, his means being restricted, not

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knowing whether it would be accepted by the jury of admission; but, fortunately for him, he showed the work to Mr. J. G. Brown. This noble veteran, to whom true talent never appealed in vain, said simply: "Buy the glass." He bought the glass. The statuette appeared in the Academy exhibition of 1879.

At that time Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, was president

MOLLY PITCHER AT MONMOUTH.

of the Academy. He noticed the work, and called General Sheridan's attention to it. The general had not been aware that it was in progress at all. He had sat for a painting, not a statue. He visited the Academy, and, enthusiastic as he was by nature, the rest came naturally. The composition, in spite of trifling dilettante criticism against it, must be accepted, upon the positively expressed approbation of the original,* as the authoritative statue of Fighting Phil. Sheridan, for all time, and in fact as the only one in existence.

*CHICAGO, February 27, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. KELLY: A short time ago, just before I started for New Mexico, I received your letter, notifying me of the completion of the statuette, and that you would send me a copy. Yesterday it was sent home, and myself and friends had an opportunity of seeing it, and one and all expressed their admiration of your spirited work. The action is marvellously good, the accuracy of detail and likeness of myself is wonderful in so small a work. In addition to all this there is a spirit in the entire work of both horse and man which cannot well be equalled. I am greatly pleased at your success, and will to-morrow place the statuette where it can be seen by the public. I shall want one in bronze as soon as you put it in metal, which I understood was your intention.

With kind regards and thanks, I am yours truly, P. H. SHERIDAN.

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Of the artist's works in sculpture since the Sheridan statue much more might be said than the reasonable limitations of an article of this character render possible. To allude to but a few of them will be sufficient to give an idea of the extent and character of all.

He has on the battle monument at Monmouth, N. J., five

ARNOLD WOUNDED AT SARATOGA.

bronze panels, representing scenes associated with this memorable field. On the battle monument at Saratoga are two. On the field of Gettysburg is his monument to the Sixth New York Cavalry. His colossal figure of Columbia, calling the nation to arms, caps the column of the Volunteer's monument at Troy, N. Y. He has now in hand another important statue, of Zebulon M. Pike, the discoverer of Pike's Peak, which is to be presented to the City of Manitou, Colorado, by Col. Jerome B.

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Wheeler, for whom he has also executed a monument at Woodlawn Cemetery. His model for a statue of Paul Revere, for the city of Boston, secured the first prize in competition, but was never executed *in extenso*, as the subscription was not completed. Of his Sheridan I have already spoken. He has also modelled a noble and characteristic figure of General Grant, at the lines at Fort Donelson, for which he had sittings from the general. Among a number of panels which he has executed may be justly singled out a portrait of Thomas A. Edison, and one of Admiral Worden, who commanded the *Monitor* in her

RAMSAY DEFENDING HIS GUNS AT MONMOUTH.

fight with the *Merrimac*, that fight which revolutionized the methods of marine warfare of the whole world.

In these subjects, which are an index to the others which have not been enumerated, the national tendency of Mr. Kelly's creativeness is abundantly illustrated. He is an American artist, dealing with American subjects, as well, above all, as dealing with them in his own way. The same originality of treatment reveals itself in them as in his illustrations and his pictures. They reflect neither the Italians of the Renaissance nor the Frenchmen of the present; they reflect the artist himself.

The characteristics of his imaginative compositions are picturesqueness of conception and arrangement, and boldness and

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breadth of treatment. At the same time historical details are closely adhered to, both in the compositions themselves and in the minor accessories. The artist's fund of information, gathered as it were by mere accident, here comes into play. He brings to his task the knowledge of an archæologist, and, without obtruding it upon the observer, gives to his works a permanent historical value. In the course of his researches for these works he has assembled a mass of material of a literary and historic importance entirely independent of the artistic results to which they were contributory. The pictorial effect of a composition is, naturally, first with him. But there must come accuracy of detail, in costume and the like, down to its minutest items. These things may not be observed by every one; in fact they are not designed to be observed. They are only portions of the whole. But the artist is only satisfied when he has acquired them. As long as he knows that they are there, he is satisfied that he has, at least, done the best for his composition that circumstances permitted.

There is a singular fascination about tracing the career of a gifted man through its various stages of development. The fascination becomes greater when this development is independent of all conventional assistance, when the man, in fact, makes himself, and when his individuality and force of character render him the conqueror of success against all possible difficulties. Had James E. Kelly undergone the course of European training, by the rules of masters and of schools, which has filled the country with artists who work like their masters and

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their schools, his personality would probably have been lost. At any rate its vigor would have been impaired. But studying and working at home, in his own manner, seeking knowledge, not waiting to be taught it, and analyzing it, not accepting it as a lesson, he has grown and expanded in healthy soil: in soil so fertile that it warms and enriches his talent to ever higher and riper fructification.

His most recently completed work, and one of the most important of all of his productions, is an illustration of this. It is the reredos for the beautiful altar of the Church of the Paulist Fathers, in this city. This reredos has for its subject the apotheosis of St. Justinus, the martyr whose story is one of the only partially unveiled mysteries of the history of the early Christian faith. Justinus, according to the meagre facts of history, was a pagan, born in one of the Roman cities of ancient Samaria. The date of his birth is obscure, but the fact that he was converted to Christianity and became an earnest and eloquent advocate of the faith is assured. He is supposed to have been beheaded about the year 165 A.D., in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, in consequence of his refusal to conform to the rites of Roman paganism. The relics of his martyrdom, found in the catacombs, now rest within the altar erected to his honor in this city, and for which Mr. Kelly has provided one of the most noteworthy pieces of ecclesiastical sculpture in the United States.

The reredos represents St. Justinus, with two supporting angels, in about half the size of life. The conception of the work, its composition and characterization, are thoroughly original, and its execution is as refined as its sentiment is noble. Justinus is a heroic manly figure, the type of the fearless expounders of the faith of his day, who went forth upon their missions knowing that their termination must be a cruel death at the hands of their foes. The suggestion of upward movement in this figure is subtly conveyed by the graceful arrangement of the lines. The supporting angels, graceful female forms, are mere accessories to the composition. The artist, by a bold but thoroughly commendable innovation upon the conventional rules, has made them to appear rather as wafting than raising the martyr upwards, towards his celestial crown.

I might write much more about this artist, whose career I have watched with unvarying interest for many years. It would be a pleasure to me to do so, as an act of recognition to him-

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self. But exhaustive biographies belong to books, not to periodical literature. The time will come when some pen, more eloquent perhaps, but certainly not more appreciative, than mine, will do full justice to him, for out of the current contentions of schools and fads in American art he is destined to arise as one of a group that might almost be counted on the fingers of one's hands as American artists in fact, not merely in name.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

OCTOBER.

AIREST month of all the year!
Bright October, brown and sere!
Genial sunshine, freshen'd air,
Summer heats and storms repair.
Ling'ring flowers love to rest
On thy verdure-mantled breast.
Bird, and bee, and butterfly
Revel, ere they say good-by.
Festal garb thy woods have donn'd,
Where the green yet lingers fond
Blent with scarlet, crown'd with gold.
Be it warm or be it cold,
Give me October!

ALBA.

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GLADSTONE.

"Who broke no promise, served no private end;
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

THE figure that looms largest in the public life of Great Britain at the present moment is undoubtedly that of the great old statesman of eighty-three years, whose eyes have not been dimmed by the mists that oftentimes cloud the vision of old age, and whose elastic step still keeps pace with the spirit of progress and reform. His powers of life at such an age are the marvel of his contemporaries, and his public spirit and patriotism have been aptly likened to Tennyson's picture of the feelings of Ulysses on his return home from his lengthened wanderings after the siege of Troy. He was a man well stricken in years, laden with honors, outworn with toil; he was entitled to his rest, but he could not rest. Rest did not belong to that spirit with which Heaven had inspired him. His indomitable will, his undying energy, drove him to more heroic deeds, and to still greater labors. So has it been with Gladstone. Six years ago the Tory party, to quote Mr. Gladstone's own words, were "running a race with an old man's life," and many of their leading men were not ashamed to avow the brutal sentiment; but their ungenerous hopes have been disappointed, and the old man has lived to form another ministry.

It is more than twelve years since his own countrymen began to gaze in amazement at the industry and mental capacity of their venerable statesman. In 1880, when he had already passed years three score and ten, he entered on his historic campaign in denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities, and hurled Beaconsfield from office. In 1885 he sounded the tocsin of war once more, and again led his party to victory; and on the defeat—the temporary defeat—of his Home-Rule Bill, in 1886, he faced the country again, and received his dismissal with the same equanimity that had characterized his previous triumphs. History, surely, affords no sublimer spectacle than that presented in the last years of his life, in which, at a time when nature calls imperatively for repose, he undertakes the gigantic task of making peace between two angry nations that have battled

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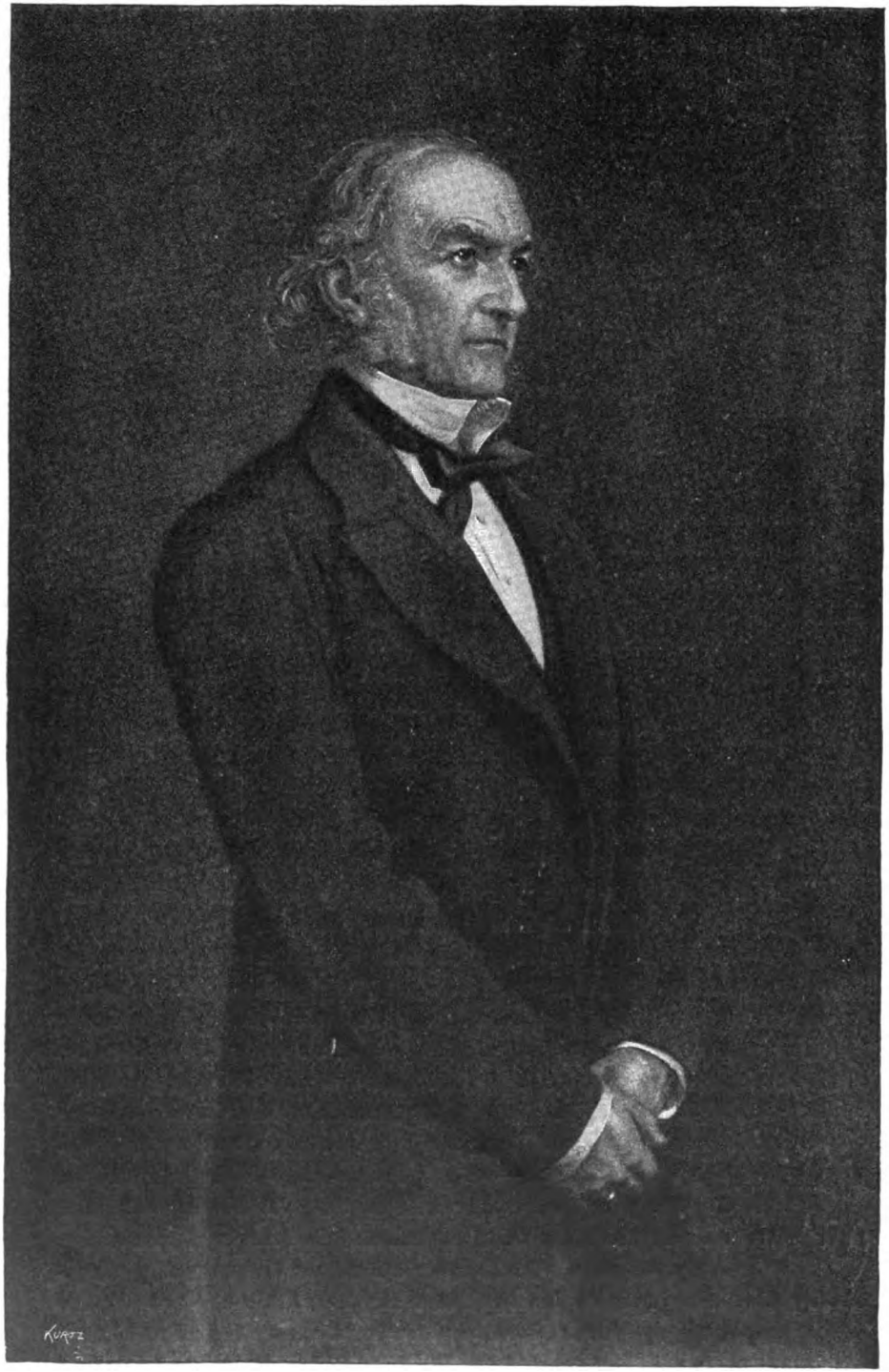

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relentlessly for centuries, and seeks to crown a wonderful career by arousing the conscience of his countrymen in regard to the system of government under which Ireland has for so long suffered.

What a wonderful career his has been, and how many striking achievements have been crowded into it! He was the first to promulgate the habit of thrift amongst the people, and to give them the facilities for saving their pence and shillings. His Railway Act of 1844 legalized the claim of the masses to cheap locomotion, and settled the pretensions of the railway corporations to monopolies; and by the Corn Laws and the Navigation Laws he also left his mark in history. His first budget, in 1853, abolished the duty on over one hundred articles, and relieved the people of taxation to the amount of five millions of pounds; so that there is not a householder in Great Britain to-day who has not directly and largely benefited by his legislation. He abolished the prohibitive tax on newspapers, despite the most virulent opposition of the Conservative party and the House of Lords; and in 1869, in face of enormous difficulties, he triumphantly carried his disestablishment of the Irish Church Act, by virtue of which the Irish people—devout Catholics as the enormous majority of them are—were relieved of the monstrous injustice of having to support a church with which less than a tenth of them were in sympathy. That measure of justice was supplemented by an Irish Land Act which considerably clipped the claws of the Irish landlords; but his great achievement in that respect was passed into law in 1880, when, by a further measure, he established in Ireland judicial tribunals to determine the rents which tenants should fairly pay, and at the same time asserted their rights to free sale and fixity of tenure. His Franchise Bill in 1884 added no less than two million householders to the electorate, and enabled the Irish people, for the first time in their history, to return to Parliament eighty-six pledged supporters of the Irish demand. These are but a few of his many striking reforms; but they are sufficient to make one wonder what, if it be true that Mirabeau was the incarnation of an epoch, should be said of Gladstone, for his is a career pregnant with changes that once seemed revolutionary, and almost monotonous in the recurrence of triumphs over obstacles that ninety men in every hundred would at first sight declare insuperable. And—best of all—as Longfellow wrote of Burns:

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"*Still* the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master chords
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

"And now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough.
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough."

As the greatest British orator of his generation, Gladstone's position is unchallenged. The rich, silvery tones, the delightful modulation and soft resonance of his voice, the natural gestures which he employs, the deliberation, and withal the earnestness, of his words, and the succinct reasoning with which he step by step unfolds his arguments—all strike the listener with admiration. True, old age has somewhat weakened his splendid powers of elocution, and there is betimes more huskiness in his voice than his admirers like to admit; but behind the enfeebled power of lungs there is the same old spirit, the same sprightly vigor, the same enthusiasm that for half a century has enchanted his countrymen, and made even some of his political opponents confess that as an Englishman they are proud of him.

Not the least striking feature of his personality is the extraordinary versatility of his genius. "He unites cotton with culture and Manchester with Oxford," was the figure employed by a critic who wished to emphasize his many-sided accomplishments. Yesterday it was a masterly oration on current politics; to-day it is a magazine article on some question of ancient classics, or, mayhap, on the ecclesiastical architecture of the twelfth century; to-morrow it will be a practical discourse on jam-making; and so from day to day. Once he sat for Oxford in the imperial Parliament, and as its representative reflected more credit upon that city than it ever reflected upon him; but the time came when Oxford treated Gladstone as Edinburgh treated Macaulay and bade him "never more be officer of hers." The world has long ago passed the verdict that the loss was Oxford's; and were the opportunity now afforded to its electors they would probably endorse the judgment.

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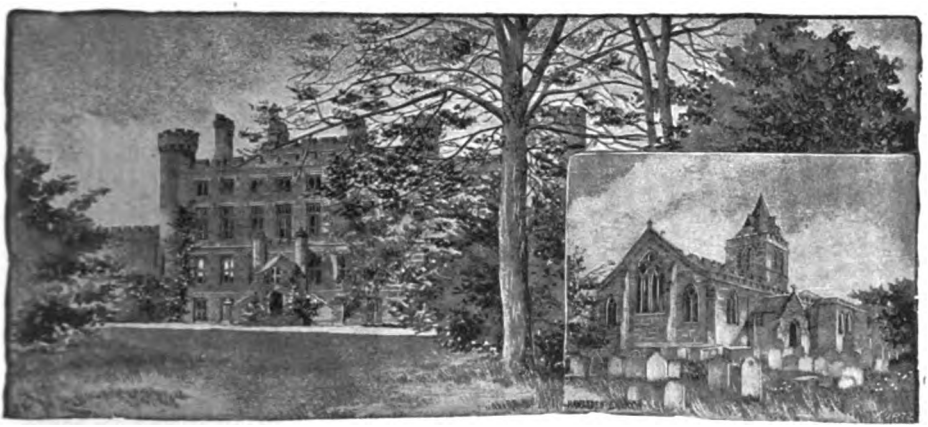
He differs, too, from most English statesmen in that he does not think England the world, or his own country the only one in which liberty can really flourish; and he therefore watches the contemporary history and struggles of all lands as closely as he studies their past records. Freedom is as dear to him in Bulgaria or in Ireland as it is in America or in Britain, and tyranny as odious in St. Petersburg as in London. His mind is cast in a deeply religious mould, and his love of religion and things religious is as old as himself; but he tempers his devotion to the church of his childhood and his old age with an equal devotion to the principle of religious equality, and his identification with the dominant sect has not been allowed to inter-



HAWARDEN.

pose between him and Irish disestablishment, or to prevent him from declaring his sympathy with the movement to effect a similar operation on the state churches of Scotland and of Wales.

But his Liberalism has in it a touch of conservatism, and his opponents will perhaps begin to realize how conservative he really is only when he will have passed beyond the reach of their heartless gibes and vindictive personal abuse. Many, indeed, of his political admirers do not hesitate to dub him the greatest Conservative of the time, for he exerts the most conservative of influences on the most radical of political parties. Revolutionary doctrines and methods are to him "the abomination of desolation"; and he has more than once severely tried the loyalty of his followers by his scrupulous regard for established prerogatives and for the interests of others. The favorite charge with his opponents is what they affect to regard as his "unscrupulous

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inconsistency." He entered political life as a member of one party, and became the leader of another, say his critics. But so did the "patron saint of Toryism"—Beaconsfield—who was in earlier days "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Radicals." Parnell, too, began as a Tory; and the late Conservative leader, Mr. W. H. Smith, turned his back on Liberalism only after being blackballed at a London Liberal Club. Political prejudice is generally inherited; and it is nothing to a man's discredit if reflection and experience dispel those prejudices. It was Sydney Smith, I think, who defined the man with unalterable opinions as an unalterable jackass, and Gladstone does not claim the distinction that the witty Englishman was willing to confer upon those who would turn consistency into a fad. He has toned down some of his old theories; he has expanded and developed others; for, to quote from one of his own speeches, "he has been all his life a learner, and is a learner still." "I was educated," said the Liberal leader, on another occasion—"I was educated to regard liberty as an evil; I have learnt to regard it as a good. That is a formula which sufficiently explains all the changes of my political convictions. Except in that particular I am not conscious of having changed much. . . . I have never been a lover of change, nor do I regard it as a good in itself. Liberty, however, *is* good in itself, and the growing recognition of that is the key to all those changes of which you speak." Nor have those changes been time-serving. In not one of them has he bent before a popular storm, but, on the contrary, has had in every case to educate up to his ideas the majority of the electorate. The passing of such a simple act of justice as the disestablishment of the Irish Church shook the faith of "Anglican England," and roused enormous hostility before the people could be induced to view the position from the stand-point of their leader; and his recognition of the Irish demand for legislative autonomy entailed, as he had reckoned, a crushing defeat in Parliament and an equally crushing defeat at the polls. But confident in the righteousness of the cause, he was content to wait till the seeds he was sowing would take root and bring forth fruit. Through six dreary years he appealed to the consciences of his countrymen to cast aside their anti-Irish prejudices, and recognize Irishmen, not as their inferiors, but as their equals; and his brilliant victory at the elections one year ago showed that his lessons had been learned, and that the people had once more admitted the greater prudence and foresight of their grand old leader. His changes have

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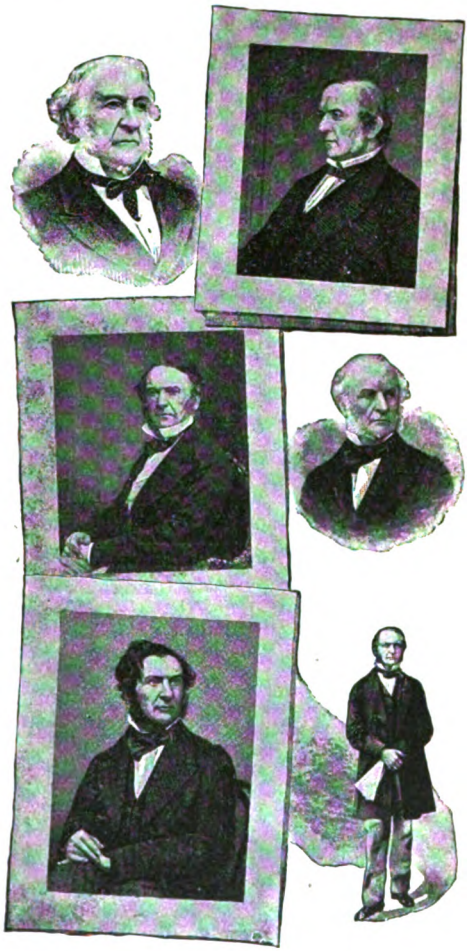
been part of the process of evolution, born of experience; and in every case the nation has, sooner or later, signified its approval—and signified it with emphasis.

The veteran statesman is often taunted with the allegation that he only espoused Home Rule in 1886, but of that charge he has already been acquitted by his quondam colleague, the Duke of Devonshire, who declared in a speech delivered after the introduction of the Home-Rule Bill that no one who had followed Mr. Gladstone's recent career, or had lately been associated with him in the management of public affairs, could feel honest surprise at his adoption of Home Rule. Moreover, until the Franchise Bill of 1884 was passed, the Irish Nationalist party was but a fraction of the Irish representation, and it was only at the elections of 1885 that the Irish people were enabled to demonstrate in a constitutional manner that the enormous majority of them was unanimous in the demand for the restoration of their national rights. It was by Gladstone's efforts that the franchise was extended to Ireland, and the inevitable corollary—a Home-Rule Bill—was introduced after the subsequent elections.



"How cruelly do those men," said Mrs. Gladstone to an interviewer some months ago, "misunderstand my husband when they say that his passionate interest in Ireland is but a thing of yesterday. Well do I remember the day when he received his first ministerial appointment, in 1841, from the hands of the great Sir Robert Peel. It was two years after our marriage, and

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I remember that the day of which I am now speaking was that on which my niece, poor Lady Frederick Cavendish, was born. My husband came home and threw himself into a chair, looking quite depressed. 'What have they given you?' I asked. 'The Board of Trade,' he replied, 'and I wanted above all things to have the Irish secretaryship, which they have given to Lord Eliot, together with a seat in the cabinet. I did not want a seat in the cabinet, but I did want to follow Thomas Drummond, and to assist in governing Ireland according to his ideas and principles.' They thought my husband would be a good man for the Board of Trade because he is a merchant's son; but from the outset of his political career it was his darling ambition to take hold of the Irish question."

Few of his political pamphlets have attracted so much attention and comment as his pronouncement on "Vaticanism," the vigor of his attack on the Papacy and Catholicity—especially coming from the defender of the Oxford movement—causing no small surprise to students of his public career. His maturer judgment has led him to retract much of what he wrote in the hurry and energy of youth; and only a few months ago he availed himself of a fitting opportunity to recant the charges of Catholic disloyalty—or rather the incompatibility of loyalty to the pope and to the queen—and the impossibility of good Catholics being good citizens; for practice and experience in public affairs had taught him that his theoretical deductions were illusive. The occasion was the introduction into Parliament by Mr. Gladstone last year, during the *régime* of the Conservative government, of a bill to revoke and annul all acts of Parliament which exclude Catholics from the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland and the lord-chancellorship of England, they, with the throne, being the only offices from which Catholics are still debarred. His scheme was defeated by the Conservative majority in the House of Commons; but any bill if once introduced, and unanimously adopted, by the Liberal party is certain of early enactment, and here again, therefore, we find the Liberal leader educating his party and his countrymen, even at the expense of defeat and passing unpopularity. "A Jesuit in disguise," "A truckler to Rome," "A Papist at heart," are terms ethereal in their mildness compared with others which the introduction of the Disabilities Removal Bill provoked; but the alarmist bigots have found Gladstone's power too strong for them, and make to-day no secret of their conviction that Gladstone's defeat last year on the measure is but the prelude to its early success.

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"How comes it so?
He used no magic and he owned no spell,
But with keen glance, strong will, and weighty blow
Did one thing at a time and did it well;
And sought no praise from men, but in God's eye
Nobly to live content, or nobly die."

In his home life this great Englishman is an object of love to all around him. His habits are simplicity itself, and austere

MR. GLADSTONE'S DAUGHTER AND GRANDCHILD.

only in their regularity. Retiring to bed about midnight, he is called at half-past seven every morning, and always rises instantly; and be the weather what it may, an hour later finds him at church, three-quarters of a mile off. And to see the religious devotion of the old statesman is an event not soon to be forgotten, for all through prayers he kneels, with an endur-

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ance that many of his juniors must envy, on the hard stone floor. To hear him "read the lessons" during service is the ambition of most visitors to Hawarden, and the devotion he breathes into every word is characteristic of the earnestness of his life. On his return from morning service he breakfasts, and then proceeds to deal with his correspondence, which, as might be expected, is of a very heterogeneous nature, and always entails, even when he is aided by a corps of secretaries, several hours' attention. Two o'clock finds him at luncheon, after which he spends a few hours in his library; and when he has taken his evening walk or drive, dinner-time has come upon him. The interval between that hour and bed-time is also devoted to study, so that altogether this octogenarian leads a wonderfully busy life. That life's race, however, is all but run; and though his illustrious physician, Sir Andrew Clarke, jocularly insists that his patient is possessed of such extraordinary vitality that there is "no apparent reason why he should not go on living for ever," his admirers—and they are numbered by the million—fear that his time amongst them must be reckoned by months. But be that as it may, he has lived long enough to establish his position as the greatest statesman of his time, and the greatest in the range of English history.

JEREMIAH MACVEAGH.

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AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM TARSUS IN CILICIA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ST. PAUL.

THE Letter of the Bishop of Tarsus, of which I present below a translation, was sent to me through the venerable Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington, with a letter from himself, which is a sufficient attestation of the genuine and trustworthy nature of the Oriental prelate's communication and appeal. All our readers will be charmed with the description of the native country of St. Paul, and edified by the account which the modern Paul of Tarsus gives of his apostolic labors in the very footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. The fortitude, courage, and hopefulness with which the missionary bishop struggles against poverty, hardships, and opposition awaken our admiration and sympathy. The narrative is like an appendix to the Acts of the Apostles, or a postscript to one of St. Paul's Epistles. Of course, the bishop's *naïve* confidence that the Congregation of St. Paul will build a church in Tarsus to his honor must be disappointed. It is only a modest contribution which is within our power, besides the publication of the bishop's appeal in this magazine.

The apathy and parsimony toward Catholic Foreign Missions which prevail generally are lamentable, although in part excusable. They are becoming, however, always less and less excusable, so far as our own most flourishing provinces are concerned; as the wealth of Catholics increases, their own religious wants are more amply provided for, and attention is more distinctly called to the great needs and the promising outlook of our missionary enterprises.

The great zeal of our Holy Father Leo XIII. for missions to the Eastern schismatics is well known. The newspapers and occasional visits of Eastern missionaries have lately made us acquainted with the existence of a deep and widely-spread movement of return to unity in the bosom of the separated communions. There are three *great* divisions of Eastern schismatics: the Greeks, whose separation dates from the eleventh century; the Nestorians, and the Eutychians, whose schism originated in heresy respecting the dogma of the Incarnation, as defined by the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, and dates from the

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fifth century. When their minds and consciences are awakened to the sin and the blighting misery of their state of schism, their return to unity is much facilitated by the fact that they have not wandered so far away from their original Catholicism as the Protestants of the West. Retaining an episcopate of a valid consecration, and such a large amount of Catholic doctrine and ritual, corporate reunion can be effected whenever bishops, with their clergy and people, submit to the Holy See. Single conversions of individual priests and laymen require less change than in the case of Protestants. A general reconciliation of these Eastern Christians is devoutly to be hoped for, and earnestly to be labored for. Western Christians owe their Christianity to the East. Now that it is flourishing and powerful in the West, decayed, blighted, and down-trodden in the East, under the baleful influence of schism and Mohammedanism, the West owes to Eastern Christendom, to the memory of the apostles and the great fathers of the church, to Jesus Christ and his Cross, a great debt of gratitude. The East sent missionaries to the West, and the West is bound to send missionaries to the East.

To the memory of St. Paul a special debt of gratitude is due, and there cannot be a better way of paying it than by sending help to the destitute and struggling Catholics of his native country, who are in want of churches, of schools, of priests—of the most necessary means of practising their religion. To build a church in honor of St. Paul in Tarsus seems to me a work to which every one who is sensible of the gratitude which we owe to that great apostle should gladly contribute, according to his ability. The apostolic bishop who is charged with the pastoral care of the few and poor Catholics of Cilicia, cannot hope to erect in Tarsus a St. Paul's Cathedral which shall equal the Roman Basilica, or even St. Paul's Church in New York. His expectations are moderate, and will be satisfied by the erection of a church sufficient for the religious needs of his people. It is evident that a bishop whose annual revenue is only $500 will thankfully receive even a small contribution, and it will be a shame if there are not enough of these from different quarters, coming in little rills into his treasury, to enable him to provide for the immediate and pressing wants of his diocese.

I will gladly receive and securely transmit any donations, large or small, which may be sent to me, for St. Paul's Church in Tarsus; and I will be greatly obliged to any editors of

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Catholic papers who will communicate the contents of the present article to their readers, through their columns.

In my translation there may be some errors in proper names, since it is not always easy to ascertain correctly what they are from a French manuscript.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

THE BISHOP OF BURLINGTON'S LETTER.

CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT, July 24, 1893.

Very Rev. Father Hewit, C.S.P.:

DEAR FATHER: Whilst attending the Eucharistic Congress in Jerusalem I became intimately acquainted with Right Rev. P. Terzian, Bishop of Tarsus. Like all the Catholic prelates of different rites in the East, he is a learned, very exemplary bishop; but like all the prelates of the Levant, extremely poor. I was rather pleased when, of himself, he spoke to me about the Congregation of St. Paul in America, and of his idea of writing to you. I could but encourage him to do so, knowing your charity and your power to do good.

I returned from Jerusalem with the conviction that the harvest indeed is ripe in that country.

So write to *Paul of Tarsus* and help him if you can.

God bless you and all your works. I have the honor to be respectfully and truly yours,

L. DE GOESBRIAND,
Bp. of Burlington, Vt.

THE LETTER OF BISHOP PAUL OF TARSUS.

ADANA, ASIATIC TURKEY,
June 29, 1893.

Very Rev. Father Hewit, C.S.P.:

Having been informed of the interest which you take, Very Rev. Father, in all works for the honor of St. Paul, I take the liberty of sending you this relation concerning my diocese of Adana and Tarsus, the country of St. Paul, of which I was consecrated bishop one year ago.

My diocese, which embraces the greater part of ancient Cilicia, is situated on the Mediterranean, confronting on the south-west the island of Cyprus. It is bounded on the east by the pre-

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fecture of Aleppo and the territory of Marash, on the north by the province of Cæsarea, from which it is separated by the lofty chains of Mt. Taurus. On its southern coast it has the port of Mersina.

These missions were commenced about forty years ago, and at present we count 3,000 souls, converts from the Armenian schism. In all the province there are above 100,000 schismatics. Our Catholics are at Tarsus, Adana, and other towns in the vilayet of Adana. There is one priest in each of the four missions of Adana, Tarsus, Sis, and Hadjine, who work with an admirable zeal, but are too few for the amount of labor required in missions scattered over such an extensive territory.

Tarsus, a city celebrated from time immemorial, as is attested by coins marked with Phœnician and Greek characters which have been discovered, is built on slightly elevated ground. Alexander the Great conquered it. It was illustrious as the chief seat of learning after Athens, and its Academy and colleges sometimes even surpassed those of Athens. The rivers Calycadmus, Sarus, and Pyramus water this delicious and fertile land, flowing down from mountains covered with an almost perpetual snow. The Cydnus, celebrated in history, flows by Tarsus, and in ancient times was navigable, and famous for the rapidity of its current and the coldness of its waters, in which Alexander had a narrow escape from drowning. Tarsus was the birthplace of some distinguished personages. Rome was indebted to her for the brilliant professors Antipater, Archelaus, Nestor, the rhetorician Hermogenes, and the two Athenodori, Stoic philosophers, the latter of whom was the preceptor of Augustus. The physician Arius, also, was from Tarsus. It was subject to the Roman empire; Antony made it a free city as a reward for its friendly sentiments towards Julius Cæsar, and in his honor it demanded that it should receive the name of Juliopolis. In the time of our Lord Jesus Christ Tarsus was the metropolis of Cilicia. The greatest glory of this city consists in its having been the birthplace of the great Apostle St. Paul, the model of the apostolate, the vessel of election, whose charity and zeal never recoiled before any difficulty in spreading everywhere the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ. The first bishop of Tarsus was Jason, a relative of St. Paul. His successors were Urban, consecrated by St. Paul Athanasius, martyred under Valerian; Helenus, who assisted at the Council of Antioch in 268, and Clinus, who baptized St. Pelagia, the Virgin-Martyr of Tarsus. There are more than

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five mosques which were formerly churches, dedicated to St. Sophia, St. Peter, St. Theodore, St. Paul, St. Stephen, the Holy Apostles, St. John Baptist, St. Sergius, St. Mary; of which the last mentioned is now in the possession of the Armenian schismatics. The remaining antiquities are the Deunuk-Tach, generally regarded as the tomb of Sardanapalus, some walls, and two ancient gates. Medals and other objects appertaining to tombs are often found by making excavations in certain places.

Until about A.D. 1100 Tarsus was very flourishing, and presided over five metropolitan and eighteen suffragan sees. Unhappily, at the present time, the Christians of Cilicia, numbering above 100,000, are separated from the communion of the church, and in a state of deplorable ignorance. Twenty-five years ago a small number of Armenians returned to the fold of the church, in Tarsus, and there are many others disposed to do likewise, but up to the present time we have not been able to build a church for our converts; and these Armenians, who are generally very pious and take great delight in assisting at the ceremonies of the church, after having given up their beautiful and magnificent monumental churches, have no suitable place for celebrating the sacred rites of religion; and thus, when they become Catholics are in a deplorable state of deprivation, and an object of derision to the Protestants. In this place we have a zealous and pious priest, who gathers our Catholics in a miserable chapel. We have a parochial school under the name of St. Paul; but the girls, for the want of a Catholic female school, attend the schools of the schismatics and Protestants. These last have a temple, three ministers educated in America, three well-appointed schools, one of which is a night-school for boys; the two others are for children of both sexes. Hundreds of children frequent these schools, many of whom are from all parts of Cilicia, so that the youth of the province receive an anti-Catholic education, to our prejudice. American societies have occupied the important centres throughout all Cilicia; Tarsus, Adana, Sis, Hadjine, Chiar, Mopsuestia, Pajas, Mersina, Djebel; they have everywhere sumptuous establishments, schools, temples, colleges, orphanages; and while our works remain stationary on account of our poverty, the Protestants are gaining ground. Within forty years they have won over more than 20,000 souls in all Cilicia. But the Armenians, attached by their nature to the ceremonies of the church, are never content to remain Protestants; they come to me from time to time, begging me to build churches and schools, and promising to become Catholics. Unhappily,

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for the want of the necessary means, I can do nothing. My Very Rev. Father, during a year past, I run here and there, to hinder Protestant proselytism; and not having priests enough, I go myself everywhere, to baptize infants, administer to the sick, bury the dead, and teach the catechism, so that I am often obliged to interrupt my ministry in one place in order to hasten to others. American societies lavish their gold and silver in Cilicia to seduce the Armenians, while I can build neither churches nor schools to confirm my neophytes in the holy faith.

At Adana, the place of my residence, there is a church in a lamentable condition, the roof of which being of common earth, when it rains all the altars become wet; so that prompt and thorough repairs are absolutely necessary. [I should think so, indeed!] There are some hundreds of Catholics here; there is a school for girls conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception which is doing good, and I have lately myself commenced a school for boys; but, unhappily, both schools are too small.

Sis, a very interesting city of Cilicia, is the residence of the schismatical patriarch of the Armenians, who are very numerous in that place. We have there a chapel, a school, lately opened under the direction of the zealous priest in charge of the mission, and about one hundred recently converted Catholics.

Hadjine is the principal mission of the diocese. It was begun twelve years ago, with five Catholic converts, who have increased to the number of above 2,000, which is being daily augmented. If we had a church, I am confident that the entire population of the city, which amounts to 30,000, would be converted. There is but one missionary there, a very devoted and zealous priest. I have opened a school which has 200 pupils. My heart bleeds for the 300 girls, who for the want of a Catholic school attend that of the Protestants. I hope that Providence will furnish the means of opening a school for these little girls.

At Chiar, a village founded on the ruins of the ancient city of Gomana, a mission has existed during the last four years, embracing 45 families, to whom new converts are daily added, although there is no resident priest. I have commenced a school at this mission. Besides these localities, there are several other cities and villages which demand missionaries. I am obliged to visit them often, and to encourage the converts, who are exposed to the danger of becoming entirely discouraged and losing the faith, on account of the apparent and involuntary neg-

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lect of them on our part. In order to furnish a supply of missionaries for this vast diocese, I have received a number of young men to be instructed and trained for the ministry under my personal supervision. But for all these works I have only the moderate sum of 2,400 francs yearly, which I receive from the Propagation of the Faith. You can judge, my Very Rev. Father, of my precarious condition. How is it possible to meet the expenses of so many necessary works: visits to make, schools to support, chapels and presbyteries to build, and these poor Armenians to defend against an anti-Catholic propaganda?

Having come to this diocese after my consecration, one year ago, I made an apostolic visitation which lasted five months, amid many difficulties and dangers. I have traversed, during this journey, repeatedly, Mount Taurus, dangerous forests and valleys, exposed to the inclemency of the weather without a shelter, and often obliged to sleep on the mountains in the open air. Although suffering much, I was nevertheless content, relying on the grace of God, which enables his servants to endure all things for the salvation of souls. But to this contentment succeeded a profound sentiment of sadness when I saw everywhere newly-converted Catholics without priests, churches, or schools. I reflected, besides, that if I had sufficient resources at my disposal, the number of conversions would be greatly increased. I preached everywhere, always having a numerous audience. Where there was no chapel, I used to erect an altar in a cemetery; but when it rained I was obliged to resort to some miserable shelter, insufficient to contain half of the people, and constantly threatening to fall down on our heads. Indeed, I admired the constancy and devotion of these neophytes, and the great sacrifice which they have made, in abandoning their large and beautiful churches, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice in a wretched stable, enduring, moreover, a continual persecution from schismatics and Protestants. On account of this admirable constancy, I cannot doubt that a happy future for religion will dawn in this diocese. On my part, I will continue to labor for it, hoping for success.

At the outset, we ought to build a church in honor of St. Paul, at Tarsus. This project was formed by my worthy predecessor, who obtained a sufficiently spacious site, upon which stands our present chapel. It has not been possible to erect the church thus far, and I believe that the accomplishment and the glory of this good work has been reserved by Divine Providence for the Congregation of St. Paul in America. It would

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be a strong blow against the anti-Catholic efforts which profane this blessed soil, by false and dangerous teachings. American Catholics, noble athletes of our holy religion, by erecting a worthy monument to the name of him who is their Patron, will compensate the evils and the desolation which have invaded this poor, unfortunate country!

This sanctuary will proclaim better than any words of mine your generosity, your lively faith, and your ardent charity. Your Congregation, which does so much good at home, will obtain also many conversions in this foreign and distant land, drawing down upon its members the benediction of God, for which the Pastor and people of this poor diocese will always pray with tears of joy and gratitude.

Awaiting a favorable answer from you, my Very Rev. Father, I pray you to accept the assurance of the sentiments of profound respect and cordial affection, with which I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your Reverence's very devoted and affectionate in our Lord,

✠ PAUL TERZIAN,
Bishop of Adana and Tarsus.

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COLONEL DONN PIATT.*

Beloved by some, misunderstood by more,
His birth a blunder, and all life a bore,
He lived a dual nature to the end,
Puzzling alike to enemy and friend;
With heart as tender as the world e'er found,
He had the will to strike, the skill to hound;
Longing for love the paths of peace adorn,
Fighting he passed in battle and in storm;
'Twas more to shield the weak than serve the right
That moved his heart to feel, his hand to smite,
And gained the name, unjust, of Ishmaelite.

MR. CHARLES GRANT MILLER, without writing a biography, has given us more than a biographical sketch of the brilliant Colonel Donn Piatt. Piatt came of that Kentucky-Virginia stock which has peopled southern Ohio, a hardy race of planters with brain and brawn—farmers indeed, but cultured gentlemen; alumni of the University of Virginia, William and Mary's, and old Bishop Chase's school at Gambier, in Ohio, Kenyon College; ready and equipped, if occasion occurred, to serve the country in field of battle or halls of legislature; otherwise content to cultivate their fields and enjoy life midst the glories of that perfect rural scenery which so abounds in beautiful southern Ohio. To Piatt there came occasion, and so he was prominent in politics and literature. We congratulate Mr. Miller on his study—if we may translate the French word *étude* thus—of Colonel Piatt's life.

There is much that is remarkable in his boyhood. Mr. Miller quaintly tells us why his studies at the Athenæum in Cincinnati were interrupted. He threw the professor of mathematics out of the window. Most lads are content to throw the text-book out, being satisfied with a strong desire to throw the professor after it. Not so with Donn—both professor and book suffered the indignity. Mr. Miller remarks that "this precluded the possibility of his attending the Athenæum longer." We should judge so! The lad was precocious and bright. He had as intimates and companions—and mind you, Donn was only a

* *Donn Piatt: His Works and Ways.* By Charles Grant Miller. *Poems and Plays.* By Donn Piatt. *Sunday Meditations and Selected Prose Sketches.* By Donn Piatt. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1893.

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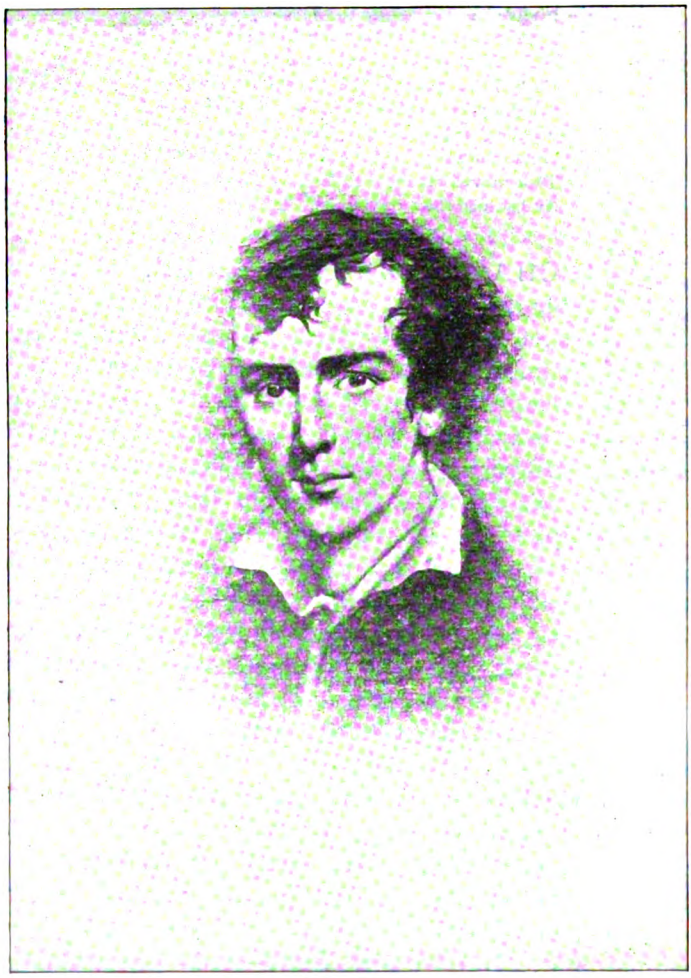
lad in his early teens—Hiram Power, the sculptor; J. Q. A. Ward; the painter Frankensteine, Tucker, and Clevenger, well-known artists.

We can fancy him in the studio of Power, or beside the easel of Ward, talking art and politics to those eminent men,



DONN PIATT AT FIFTEEN.

tolerated because of his brightness and quick wit, and loved because of his affectionate manner and gentle bearing. The man was in the boy. Journalist as a mere lad, and famous as the editor of the *Mac-o-chee Press*—an obscure country-town paper, but yet so brilliantly edited as to gain recognition the

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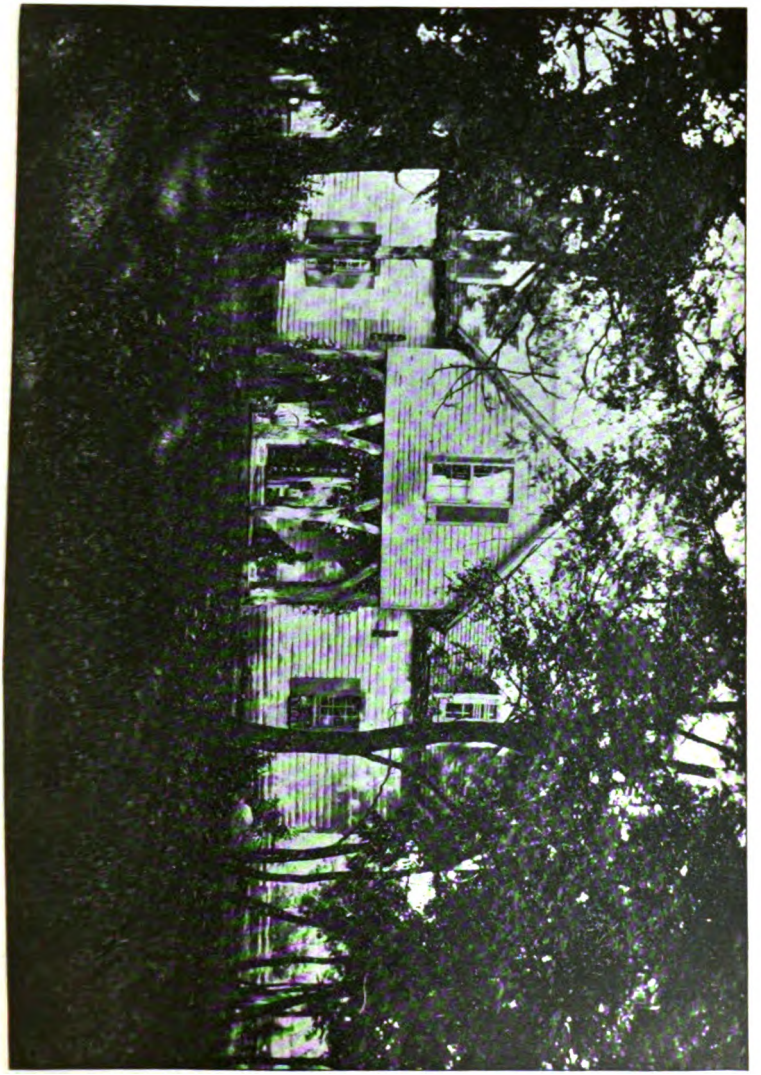
country over. Soon into politics, and as soon into the halls of the legislature of Ohio as a member. Then came the years of his earnest literary work as a newspaper writer, and finally the establishment of the Washington *Capital*, together with George



MAC-O-CHEEK.

Alfred Townsend. We were at college in New Jersey in 1871–72, and one of our companions used to receive the *Capital*, sent from home. Four of us—one from Kentucky, two from Washington, and one from Ohio—were accustomed to get to-

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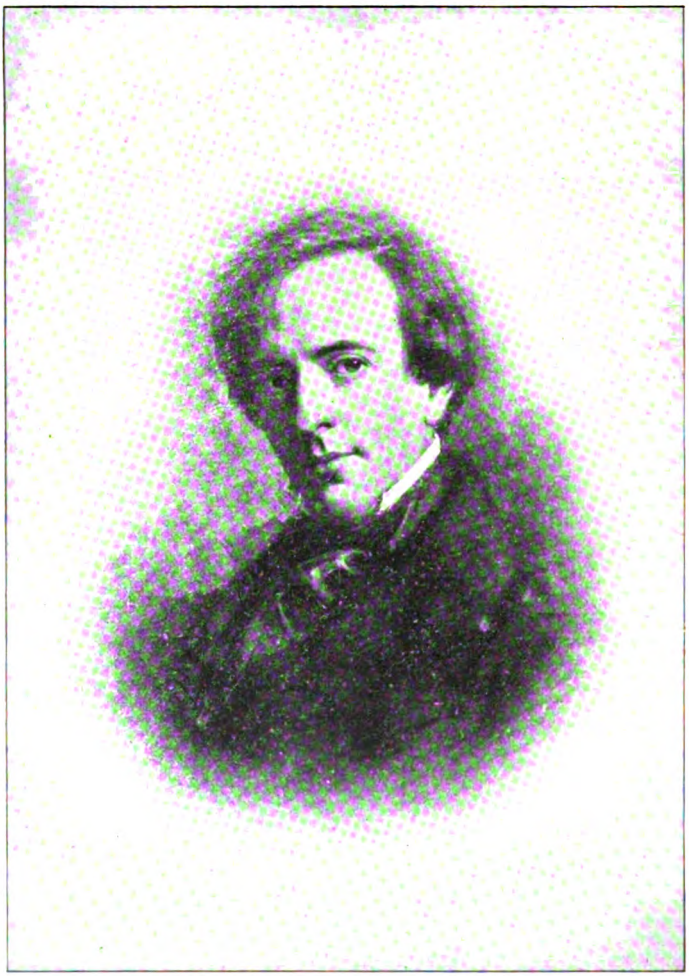
gether and read the *Capital* out loud. Not an unremarkable fact that college boys were deeply interested in what Colonel Piatt would have to say about politics, society, and literature. So it was, too, the country over. The *Capital* was read and quoted far and wide. His retirement to Mac-o-chee followed his career



DONN PIATT AT THIRTY-FIVE.

as a journalist, but Piatt had as a maxim "Labor is health. It develops, strengthens, and contents the toiler, while it sweetens life." Those years of retirement at Mac-o-chee were busy years, and were fruitful in the production of two of his books, and his work as editor of *Belford's Magazine*. Mr. Miller makes this strange survey of Colonel Piatt's character in his final chapter:

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"No two men looked at him alike. One was captivated by his sparkling wit, another interested in his bold thought, another touched by his tender sentiment, and another shocked at his keen, remorseless sarcasm. Different to every one, he was ever the same to each. A composite of the sternest, coldest Puritan and the most ardent Southern chivalry; the ceaseless conflict between the two elements made him an enigma to his friends, a wonder to his enemies, and a mystery to himself." We do not think this just to Colonel Piatt or true in itself, though we take it as Mr. Miller's honest estimate of his subject's character. The volume is enjoyable reading and most interesting to the end. To Catholics it is interesting to note that Piatt was toward the end of his life a devout Catholic. He hardly was a convert. His mother, a very remarkable woman and of distinguished ancestry, was a convert, and it is likely that Donn was baptized in the church as a boy. However no record of his baptism was ever found, and so Donn was conditionally baptized when he was formally received into the church. Of the other two books we need but add a word. Regarding his poetry, one may judge it from the first poem printed in the volume before us:

> "The bloom was on the alder
> And the tassel on the corn."

We think it his best; we think it beautiful in sentiment, and we rank it as good poetry. Doubtless it was the reading of this that led Whitcomb Riley a pilgrim to Mac-o-chee, and inspired his verse-tribute to Piatt, which ends:

> "Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee:
> What a darling destiny
> Has been mine! To meet him there—
> Lolling in an easy chair
> On the terrace, while he told
> Reminiscences of old—
> Letting my cigar die out
> Hearing poems talked about,
> And entranced to hear him say
> Gentle things of Thackeray,
> Dickens, Hawthorne, and the rest,
> Known to him as host and guest—
> Known to him as he to me,
> Donn Piatt of Mac-o-chee!"

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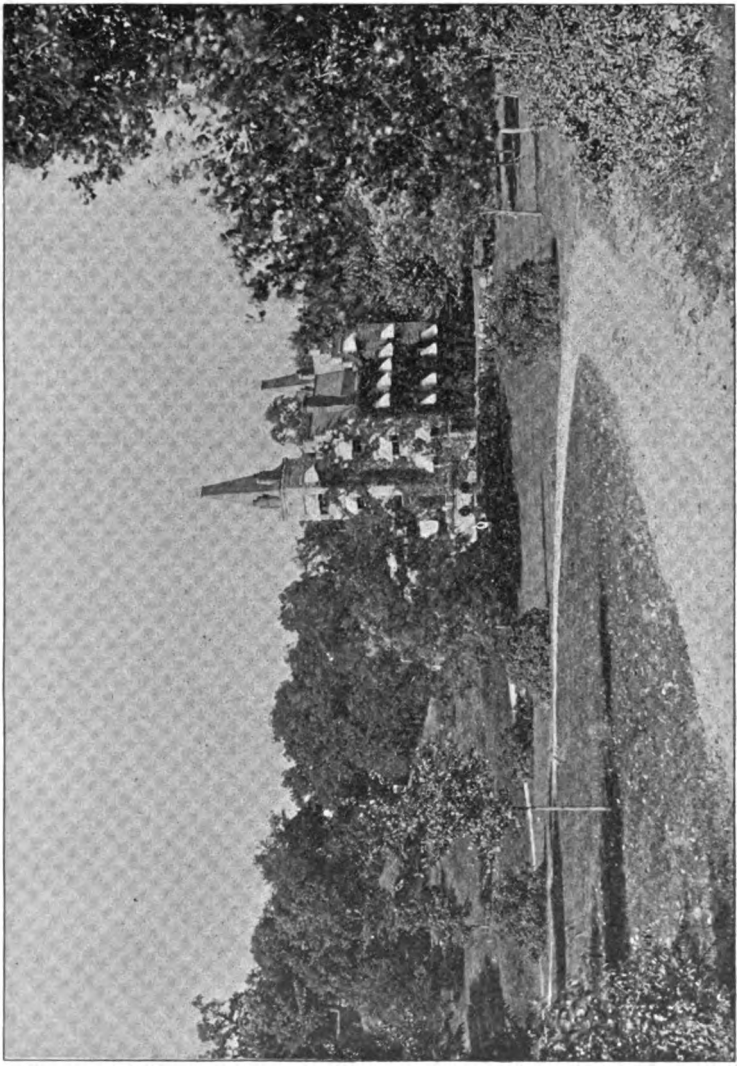
In regard to the plays, we may state that so talented an actress as Clara Morris, and careful staging and a fair company, did not save one of them from utter failure in New York, where it was produced. They all read well enough, are full of that



MAC-O-CHEE.

dry wit for which Donn Piatt was famous, but they "act" badly. Those who know Donn Piatt as soldier, journalist, and statesman will be astonished to learn that he is the author of a libretto for a comic opera. No one could be found to buy

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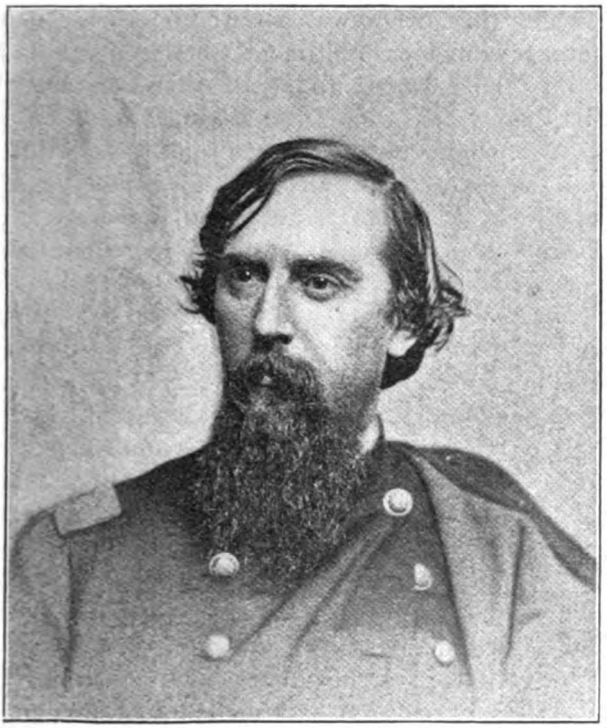
it, though the music is said to be good and has a well-known composer for author. It cost Colonel Piatt no small amount of labor to write the book of this opera, and he was somewhat in conceit with the work. Yet he had that world-philosophy which understands a failure and acknowledges it.

The third volume, *Sunday Meditations and Selected Prose Writings*, is the refined gold of Colonel Piatt's literary work, only not a little of the dross adheres to the gold in the form of selected prose.

We deem it would have been better not to have published



COLONEL DONN PIATT.

some of the "selected prose sketches," as they are termed. They are purely "newspaper" writing in kind and matter. Mr. Miller has aptly said of a journalist that "while he lives he moulds public opinion after his own judgment; he marks out the destiny of nations; he stands as if with his hand on the pulse of the world, and measures the throb of every event in the universe; and when he dies, not a line that he has written lives longer than the conditions that called it forth and gave it meaning."

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Then why put these newspaper sketches forth in a printed volume? The conditions that gave them meaning and called them forth have passed away; and too many of the conditions were purely local. To one who knew not the conditions some of them must seem positively vulgar. It grates on our sense of the "eternal fitness of things" that they should be found side by side with noble sentiments to be found in the "Sunday Meditations." Perhaps Mr. Miller intended them as specimens of Colonel Piatt's wit. If so they are too numerous and more fittingly placed in the volume "Works and Ways."

We believe the "Sunday Meditations" were written recently, and hence while the author was a Catholic. They demonstrate what an intense religious sentiment Colonel Piatt had. If the theologian may be inclined to think that now and then they limp in doctrine, let him consider the author. The wonder is they are so true. They are lofty and noble, and will inspire a love of truth and God, and all we understand by religion, in those who may read them. It is a pity they were not published by themselves, for they fill one hundred and seventy-nine pages.

His literary style was of the highest in journalistic art. Scintillating, witty, with the keen edge of sarcasm. Writing with him was an inspiration. It was not that labored perfection that comes from long practice. Many a journalist becomes such by gradual gradation from printer's devil to the editorial sanctum. Not so Piatt. He wrote as he thought, and his thought was gem-studded from the start. His was a power that made him envied by every newspaper man the country over. His too was a bravery that knew no fear. Hunted in his very home by men whose object was to kill him on sight; sought for on the streets of Washington by legislators whose *Credit Mobilier* rascalities were day by day ruthlessly shown up in his paper, the *Capital;* beaten on the very floor of the Senate chamber, he never flinched in his task. He poured shot and shell into the enemy's camp, utterly routing them. And it was during these days that he manifested what a power was in his pen.

If Mr. Miller is the author of the preface to this volume, for it is unsigned, and, indeed, we state that he has edited the books only on hearsay, we think that he fails to fully appreciate the doctrine of the Meditations. How thoroughly Donn Piatt knew and how intensely he loved his creed, we know from long conversations with him during his many visits to this city. We came across him one night in the darkened hallway of a friend's house devoutly telling his beads. "Will be with you in a minute,"

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he said, "after I have finished this petition to the Blessed Mother. Have been so busy all day I have not had time to say my morning prayers till now." It was 9 P.M. His faith

MAC-O-CHEE LIBRARY.

was simple and pure and holy. He loved his religion because he loved God and truth.

Just a word here of Donn Piatt's conversion. He came through darkness to the light of faith after a long, weary march.

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We conceive that he was always what is termed a God-fearing man. But his notions were vague, restless, unsatisfying. His religion was like that of many a noble-minded non-Catholic, bringing him only a longing that neither consoled nor sanctified.

LOUISE KIRBY PIATT.

But a nature such as his could not and did not rest satisfied with a mere longing. When at last a defined creed was presented to his intellect, when the objects on which faith is exercised took hold of his mind and remained mirrored on his soul, he said the word "credo." With faith and prayer, and participation of the consoling and sweet, life-giving Sacrament,

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there came to him the joy which God gives to every earnest-minded believer, and that peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

Donn Piatt is best known as an author by his book, *Memories of the Men who saved the Union.* He will be better known, we think, by his forthcoming volume, *Life of General Thomas.* We hope Robert Clarke & Co. will publish the former work in unison with these volumes and the *Life of General Thomas.*

In the prose sketches there is one among the "Celebrated Men of the Day" on Garfield. We re-read it with pleasure, especially the sentence: "There is but one act of his life that appears in strange contradiction to his character, and that is his letter to Secretary Chase in regard to Rosecrans's campaign, while he, Garfield, was Rosecrans's chief of staff. In common with his other true friends, I shrink from it, and can only hope that some circumstance, to the world unknown, existed then to justify the writing." We say that we have re-read this with pleasure because it gives us a glimpse of one of Donn Piatt's characteristics—his outspoken frankness. His was a high estimate of General Garfield's brilliant qualities of mind, and he loved him for his great generosity of heart, and that something magnetic which makes a friend and keeps him. Certainly Piatt was Garfield's friend. Yet his love and his friendship did not induce silence when he wrote of Garfield, and, with a note of sadness, indeed, he speaks of what most men look upon as Garfield's great shame.

Reverting now to his mother and his tender affection for her—recently going over a large packet of Donn's letters, we find the terms again and again recurring in referring to her, "my dearest mother," "my sainted mother," and these were recent letters. We hope that when the publishers of *From the Highways of Life** bring out a second edition, or a second volume, some one may be found to write the history of her conversion. Mr. Miller relates of her, which happened of course before her conversion to the Catholic Church, that she was intent on building a church at Mac-o-chee, and that her husband, Judge Piatt, was intent on building a house. Business calling the judge to Cincinnati, and keeping him there, Mrs. Piatt took workmen and material which the judge had on the grounds, with instruction to go ahead with the house, and built her church and had it completed by the time the judge returned, a

* *From the Highways of Life.* The Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th St., N. Y.

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short time later on. We are told the judge gracefully submitted to the inevitable and suffered himself to be taken to the building to inspect it and to worship. We have been told the family contemplate the erection, on the very spot of this primitive

ELLA KIRBY PIATT.

house of worship, of a fine Catholic Church. The history of such a woman is well worth preserving, and her conversion to the true faith would add not a little lustre to that wonderful set of biographies contained in *From the Highways of Life.*

SAMUEL BERNARD HEDGES.

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THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PROFIT-SHARING.

AN English historian has said: "Those to whom all innovation is dangerous, naturally and without dishonesty refuse to discriminate between the darker and lighter shades, the anarchic and the Christian points, in the doctrines which threaten their power, influence, interest, rank, authority. To them every opponent in civil matters is a demagogue and an anarchist." It must, however, be seriously doubted if to-day an earnest seeker after economic truth is any longer entitled to raise the plea of honesty in refusing to draw these just, though in the past perhaps not always clearly discernible, distinctions. Economic science "enlightened by the spirit of the Gospel" is nowadays very well prepared to establish, and has established, that industrial divisions should be perpendicular, not horizontal. The workman's interests are bound up with those of his employers, and it is only the idle, the dissipated, and above all the incapable, to whom the description of the communist as

> . . . "One who has yearnings
> For an equal division of unequal earnings"

may fairly be applied. This point of distinction cannot be urged too much. Besides, it leads to another closely related point on which it is well to dwell even a little longer. It is easy, no doubt, to exaggerate the achievements and possibilities of co-operation in general, but it seems to us that it is easier still to belittle them. Co-operation has its belittlers in plenty among its numerous critics. Theorists are constantly telling us that it is on the wrong tack and that the founders of the movement did not know what they were about. Such notions, if listened to, would end by disgusting co-operators with their work, the first principle of which is self-help. On the other hand, to common practical folk, especially to the average man of the English-speaking race used to ways of every-day business, the progress of the co-operative movement will appear one of the most astonishing things in industrial history. The advice, then, of the great Florentine,

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. . . "Lascia dir le genti
Segui il tuo corso,"

is to be remembered against theorists of the above description in the face of facts like the following.

That a combination of ordinary working-men, started for the purpose of carrying out a new commercial experiment without capital, without state help, with nothing to rely upon but its own efforts and intelligence, should in 50 years be able to boast of having an annual turnover exceeding £50,000,000 =$250,000,000) and a membership of 1,750,000, representing about a sixth of the population of Great Britain; of possessing property to the value of £12,000,000 (= $60,000,000), and of putting into the pockets of its members from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000 (= $20,000,000 to $25,000,000) every year, which would otherwise be lost to them, must seem to everybody in all sobriety a colossal fact. It is the sort of fact which the British (and why not the American?) intelligence can appreciate. British working-men are not constitutionally given to dreaming of the millennium. Millions sterling impress them more; and these millions of the co-operative budget will be in their eyes (and perhaps in a not very distant future too, in American eyes) a superb vindication of the main line of policy pursued by co-operation in the past, and the soundest guarantee for its future. Can the American working-man, in the face of such facts, set up the plea of the Austrian and German delegates to the recent International Miners' Congress at Brussels: "It is all very well for you English to talk of what you can do by combination and self-help; but we have no combination; we dare not hold public meetings, we dare not organize, we have no free press, we have not the franchise"? Is the American workingman without that Magna Charta of political liberty? Will he admit that the British working-classes are in advance of him in this respect?

Besides, that plea is a palpable untruth, at least as far as the German working-man is concerned. He has not only the franchise, but the imperial legislation does not interfere with, nay even favors, his lawful combinations and meetings necessary for the movement in question.* The latter, moreover, as the United

* There were in existence in Germany on May 31, 1892, not less than 2,840 co-operative societies in various branches of industry (against 2,664 on the same day 1891) besides 1,122 co-operative supply associations, not including loan and credit building societies. The number of certain classes of societies is constantly increasing, the total increase for 1891–92 was 810.

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States consular reports explicitly show, has considerably advanced in imperial Germany, in spite of legislative restriction, if there was any. So it has in France.

It would take twenty Montesquieus, said Proudhon, to devise the new constitution for the new socialist state of society, for which, according to collectivist thinkers themselves, human nature will not be ethically fit for at least five hundred years. Either remark may be true, but neither certainly is to the point. For it seems to us that we are neither in need of Montesquieus nor of an essential change of human nature to carry out in this much-boasted-of land of liberty of ours what has been accomplished in the "old effete monarchies" of Europe. Nations can and should learn from one another, and what man has done man can do again. Besides, we may have any number of Montesquieus who will devise to order a complete new scheme of society in the course of twenty minutes. But for the question in hand we need no new scheme at all, but only a little, or rather plenty of good will, honesty, and application of that practical common sense which Americans generally are never backward in claiming as their hereditary possession—in theory at least. In the meantime it is worth our while and the reader's attention to look more closely at another, American instance, where unselfish skill has managed to push successfully the solution of the problem. The kingdom of heaven does not come in all its entirety through the imitation of foreign patterns, but in this practical age the study and examination of good examples and models must come before action. Co-operation and profit-sharing are a means to mitigate the conflict between capital and labor, even under existing conditions. With monopoly privileges destroyed and minimized (practically all of them have been created by unjust, unwise, and hopelessly stupid legislation), it would add large sums to the incomes of the wages classes without diminishing any fairly-earned income of the employing class.

Profit-sharing, as the term is now commonly used, implies a voluntary agreement on the part of the principal in a business to set aside some portion of the profits of his business for division among all or certain of his employees as a stimulus to their zeal and industry. Thus understood, profit-sharing involves the participation of the employee in all the complex factors that affect the final result or profit of a business, including necessarily its *losses*, since they tend to impair

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or may even extinguish the profit. He thus becomes practically a partner, except that his participation in losses is limited to the surrender of his share in anticipated profits, and does not involve any impairment of his personal capital. But in most cases the interest of each participator in the profit fund is largely affected by the actions of others whom he cannot control or influence, and thus what he may earn or save for the common good may be lost by the mismanagement or extravagance of others. To admit them to participation in the net results of the whole business, while commendable as an act of generosity, is not defensible either as an equitable adjustment of the complex and often conflicting interests involved or as a theoretically correct solution of an economic problem. Now, a solution, while not simple, is attainable under many circumstances, and moreover attainable by methods which experience has shown to be practical and successful. But it still leaves untouched another feature, namely, the surrender by the principal of any portion of his legitimate profits without the assurance of an equivalent return from those on whom he bestows it. This is wrong in theory, and often objectionable in practice. For it may be commendable as an act of charity, but as a solution of the problem in question it is neither complete nor accurate. Moreover, charity to those who do not need it is a doubtful good, and among intelligent and self-respecting men is not always relished. Certainly the problem in hand will be best solved if it can be so formulated that the element of gratuity or charity, of giving without tangible consideration, can be eliminated.

Let us then suppose that a principal, wishing to enlist the self-interest of his employees to augment the profits of the business, should offer to the operatives a proposition somewhat as follows: "I have already ascertained the cost of our product in labor, supplies, economy of material, and such other items as you can influence. I will undertake to organize and pay for a system whereby the cost of product in the same items will be periodically ascertained, and will agree to divide among you a certain portion (retaining myself the remainder) of any gain or reduction of cost, which you may effect by reason of increased efficiency of labor, or increased economy in the use of material, or both. This arrangement is not to disturb your rates of wages, which are to continue, as at present, those generally paid for similar services." There can be no question as to the inherent

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fairness and accuracy of this solution if accomplished. It speaks for itself. But can it be accomplished? "Hic Rhodus, hic salta!"

Now that system for which the designation of "gain-sharing" (to differentiate it from profit-sharing as ordinarily understood and practised) has been adopted, affording a basis for allotting to the employees a share in the gain or benefit accruing from their own efforts without involving in the account the general profits or losses of the business. Such a system is now in actual use, as affecting some three hundred employees of an American firm, with a trial of more than two years, and is demonstrated to be practical and beneficial, it being not a mere device for getting more work for less pay, but affording a practical opportunity for increasing the earnings of the employees. What may be called the lame limb in it, the only one so far as shown by experience, is the remoteness of the reward, the average working-man being accustomed to quick returns, and not to working for a benefit which may come to him at the end of twelve months. But this fact does not touch the main principle of the plan, and relates only to one of its details, which in turn depends largely upon the character of the product.

Theories which are totally fantastic and impracticable have the backbone taken out of them by the knowledge lurking in every sensible man's mind that, were they only worth it, they would have been tried. The executive possibility acts as a constant safety-valve. Now, co-operation generally is no longer a fantastic and impracticable theory; it has been tried, and is constantly being tried. The effect of the new American environment may prove, in some lines, of a sobering nature. But without men of talent, character, and self-reliance our country would be badly off in government, as well as in economic life. The necessary supply of executive ability, therefore, must be calculated to be at par with the demand for it. The mass of laboring America, as of every other country, is composed neither of talking politicians, nor of the riotous and criminal element which exists upon the fringe of every moving crowd. But the evidence of countries like England must tell them that simply to follow the instincts of morality, and to lead a life of industry, sobriety, and thrift is not enough; these qualities do not save the English laboring poor from ending their days too frequently in the work-house. And since the tendencies and laws

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of economical development are everywhere essentially the same, the American laboring class, in the long run, will have to go the way of the English, unless they begin making a successful opposition betimes along the lines indicated.

A little beginning has been made at home. The American "Association for the Promotion of Profit-sharing," of which the United States Commissioner of Labor, Honorable Carroll D. Wright, is the president, has for its object "the promotion and extension of such methods of uniting the interests of employers and employees as 'profit-sharing,' 'industrial partnership,' 'the premium system and kindred systems.'" The association has begun to publish a quarterly of sixteen pages, No. 4 of which bears the date of July, 1893. From its columns we are glad to learn that the number of firms and corporations now practising profit-sharing in Europe and America is known to be about three hundred—a fair beginning for a reformatory, not to say revolutionary, measure like the one in question. The agitation thus started, however, is not limited to printer's ink. "The Profit-sharing Congress" has been held at Chicago. The United States Labor Commissioner presided and made the opening address, and the list of speakers contained names from England, France, and America. The report of the meeting may be expected in the October issue of the association's periodical, and we would advise our readers to be on the lookout for that most interesting paper as bringing the whole matter, no doubt, up to date.

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AN INTERESTING REPORT ON EDUCATION (1889–90).

IN quantity of matter, in exhaustive nature of its contents, and in *prima facie* evidence of the most painstaking effort to fulfil a duty, the Report of the Commissioner of Education, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the State Department at Washington, deserves admiration. It comprises two bulky volumes containing over seventeen hundred pages of printed matter, statistical, analytical, and descriptive, and furnished with copious indices and lists of schools and school officials. As a guide to the present condition of education, primary, intermediate, and high, in every accessible country, it is a work of exceedingly great value and will be frankly acknowledged to be worthy of a great State Department. But as a guide to the truth on the condition of education in the past, in countries where the flame of religious discord played havoc too often with the evidences of antecedent progress, we are at the outset forced to own it is not reliable, and its animus is only too plainly apparent.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER IN SCOTLAND.

Let us take the case of Scotland. We are presented with an historical *résumé* of the condition of education in that country in the period between the twelfth century and the so-called Reformation whose purpose is to prove the paradox that while it was to the efforts of the Catholic Church in Scotland was due the founding of schools and universities, it was despite the efforts of the same church that these same schools and universities flourished. It is odd to read in a passage beginning with a tribute to the zeal of the church in this matter the statement, a little later on, that it was owing to foreign influences that freedom of thought was asserted against the repressive and arbitrary supervision of the church.

Scotland enjoys the honor of being the first European country in which a compulsory education act was passed. This was as early as 1494, in the reign of James IV. The proofs that education high and low in Scotland was, up to the period of Knox and the iconoclasts, sedulously fostered and promoted

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are superabundant, as are those also that the so-called Reformation in Scotland was destructive of all that had been so carefully built up, for many a sorrowful year. So much for the baseless innuendoes of the Education Report.

A PROTESTANT WITNESS FOR TRUTH.

A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. J. P. Lawson, thus refutes the calumnies as to the ignorance of the Catholic clergy in Scotland before the Reformation: "Much has been said and written respecting the ignorance which prevailed in Scotland before the Reformation, but it must be remembered that much of what the ancient ecclesiastics are accused of rests on the sole testimony of their enemies, who embraced every opportunity of ridiculing and calumniating their fallen adversaries. The covetousness, moreover, of those who expected to share in the contemplated plunder of the Church induced them to listen willingly to the many false and disgraceful stories propagated concerning them, and which were readily believed in times which did not afford easy opportunities for investigating the truth of the allegations. To learning the Scottish clergy who lived before the Reformation have some claims; it is among them alone that we find any knowledge of the arts and sciences, for the studies which formed the literature of the times were held to be unworthy of the warlike spirit of the nobility. Before the foundation of the universities, schools were established in all the principal towns under the superintendence of the clergy, and it appears from the cartularies of the monasteries that many of them possessed schools in which instruction was communicated by the monks, who also superintended the education of the young nobility. Perth and Stirling had flourishing schools before 1173, and there were also similar institutions in Ayr, Berwick, Montrose, and Aberdeen—these facts prove that education was not entirely neglected."

In the year 1450 the University of Glasgow was founded, which is still, even in our times, the most valuable possession of the great commercial capital of Scotland. This university was founded by Pope Nicholas the Fifth and William Turnbull, Bishop of Glasgow.

A GREAT POPE.

It may be worth while to copy the following extract from Lord Macaulay's address when elected lord-rector of the University of Glasgow in 1850: "At this conjunction—a conjunction of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man never

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to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith to which our country owes so much must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the restorers of learning, Pope Nicholas the Fifth. He had sprung from the common people, but his abilities and his erudition early attracted the notice of the great. He had studied much and travelled far. He had visited Britain, which, in wealth and refinement, was to his native Tuscany what the back settlements of America now are to Britain. He had lived with the merchant princes of Florence—those men who first ennobled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arranged the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy your founder rose to a throne, but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the centre of an illustrious group, composed partly of the last great scholars of Greece, and partly of the first great scholars of Italy. By him was founded the Vatican Library, then and long after the most precious and most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine Empire. His agents were to be found everywhere, in the bazaars of the farthest East, in the monasteries of the farthest West, purchasing or copying worm-eaten parchments on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers. But no department of literature owed so much to him as history. By him were introduced to the knowledge of Western Europe two great and unrivalled historical compositions—the works of Herodotus and of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon, and with the manly good sense of Polybius."

A UNIVERSITY BLESSED BY GOD.

How much higher than ours is the idea of a university expressed by no less an authority than an official of the avowedly anti-Catholic French government of to-day! Listen to the words of M. Gréard, Vice-rector of the Academy of Paris, spoken in presence of M. Fallières, Minister of Education, on the

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opening of the new Sorbonne in 1889. He is speaking of the ancient University of Paris:

"One of the first in date, if not the first, the University of Paris in the middle ages, was without contradiction the most renowned and the most hospitable of all. The scholars of the times, who in the search of origins prided themselves less upon exactitude than imagination, considered it by right of inheritance the sovereign depository of the treasuries of science. The university from which all the others descended, wrote Bishop Tilon de Mersebourg, is that of Babylon, founded by Ninus; to Babylon succeeded the city of the Pharaohs, Memphis; to Memphis, Athens, the work of Cecrops; from Athens, Rome, and from Rome, Paris. Bologna is entitled justly to credit for education in jurisprudence; none will contest the supremacy of the University of Paris in sacred and profane literature. Ten colleges were grouped about it as about the common mother—college of "Dennemarche," the English college, the Scotch college, the German, the Lombard, and the Greek. Kings sent their sons hither to form them in the dialect and good manners. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries it contributed to the elevation of the greater part of mankind, poets, savants, and philosophers coming from all known sections of the world, of whom posterity has preserved the memory or consecrated the name—William Occam, the "invincible doctor," Raymond Lulli, Thomas Aquinas, Benoit of Anagni, the embryo Boniface the Eighth, Brunetto Latini, one of Dante's masters, Dante himself, Thomas Morus, Erasmus, and many others. Oh, unique city! Oh, Paris without equal!—*Parisius sine pari!* wrote Lanfranc, of Milan, in separating himself from his companions of study. They loved 'the delectable speech,' which resounded in 'this gentle land of university blessed by God.' They felt everywhere at their ease because, by the unanimous testimony of those who met them here, love of truth was the sole rule which characterized the discipline of the teaching and which each of his right enjoyed. It is not rash to say it, at a time when all the intellectual life was enclosed within the walls of the schools, the University of Paris was the most active propaganda centre of the spirit of France."

To what effect the university leavened the genius of France was thus testified by the same witness:

"In the middle ages it was the French spirit which first inspired and almost wholly sustained to the end the impetuosity of the Crusades, gave to religious enthusiasm its full scope and

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at the same time opened new paths to the activity of the peoples of the Occident. It was the French spirit which at the end of a centenary conflict recovered the sense of country, realized it in a valiant and touching image, and, by an effort which politics could but consecrate, set the bases of national unity. If it received from without the breath of the 'reform' and of the 'renaissance,' with what vigor it appropriated and converted it to the highest aspirations! What awakening of antiquity, rejuvenated and purified by Christianity, was the opening of French literature in the seventeenth century, an expansion so rich and so brilliant that even after the lustre of military glory, for so many years undimmed, was extinguished, this century, although desolated at its end, preserved for contemporaneous people as well as for posterity the radiant name of Louis the Fourteenth!"

We have got beyond such obsolete notions in these days of rapid movement and smartness in idea. We want no "university blessed by God." It is enough for us that we have a university for the advance of learning. The serpent is the personification of learning. We are afraid that the rod of Moses may swallow up all the rods of the Egyptian magicians; hence we must put Moses out of court.

THE ALTERNATIVE TO DESPAIR.

Now what is the effect of this learning "unblessed of God"? Hear one of its advocates, M. Henri Lavisse, on the subject. It was in celebrating the opening of the new Sorbonne (where, according to the speaker, the "official" consumption of champagne was thirteen hundred bottles) he spoke these words at the subsequent students' banquet:

"In the great uncertainty when, on all vital questions, we leave science and philosophy, human activity, if it have not an immediate, visible, and tangible object, will risk decay."

And what is the only antidote against this danger of dry-rot in the wide-reaching sphere of human activity, when the dread pall of uncertainty hangs over it? What refuge is there for the human mind in the day of doubt, precursor of despair? Patriotism. So says M. Henri Lavisse.

No one will question the nobility of the principle of patriotism. It is the finest impulse of the human heart, in the catalogue of worldly incentives to self-sacrificing deeds. It is a virtue which lifted Hellenic and Latin paganism at times to a pinnacle of sublimity. But there is a higher principle, and it is embodied in the formula "for God, and for country—for our altars and our firesides."

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GERMANY FINDS A MODUS VIVENDI.

The perfection to which the system of education, high and preparatory, has attained in France is matter for unbounded eulogy. The French state system, it is claimed, is the best on earth. But the worth of every system is measured by its results; and, tested this way, the French system must fall back a pace. What was the agency by which Germany was enabled to conquer in the last gigantic war? Her educational system. The German soldier was better taught and better drilled than the French soldier. This was true of the rank and file; it was true conspicuously with regard to the officers and the generals. Their bravery was no greater than that of the French; their arms were not superior. But their military and scientific training was infinitely more so. They had an intimate knowledge of French geography, and their marching powers were far beyond those of the French levies. These advantages stood them in good stead, enabling them to win many a victory. Tested by these practical proofs, the German educational system stands at the head of the European machinery. It is a matter, then, to be noted and remembered that the state system in the German Empire is not one that banishes God from the school-house and the university. There is a mixture of religious denominations in Germany, as in this Republic, but that fact has not been found a reason why scholars and students should be deprived of the advantages of religious instruction at the public institutions. The Minister of Education in Prussia is also the Minister of Spiritual and Medicinal Affairs—*Minister der Geistlichen, Unterrichts, und Medicinalgelegenheiten.* The provincial school boards are composed of Catholics and Protestants, according to the common law; and religious instruction for a specified number of hours weekly forms part of the regular curriculum in the higher schools as well as the lower.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

These are things to be pondered on by every thoughtful American citizen. The ages have changed all the conditions of greatness for nations no less than individuals. To a sinister genius like that of Napoleon Bonaparte it would now be impossible, thanks to the spread of education, to wreck and ruin neighboring states and populations, as he did in the days of European ignorance. The wars of the future must be decided by science rather than by military genius; and it is consoling

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to think that the tendency of education is to make the curse of war a diminishing one as the world advances.

There is a cardinal difference between the final end and aim of all European education and all American education. Europe is a congeries of states whose traditional condition is that of hostility. The smaller ones are only saved from annihilation by the mutual jealousies of the greater. Hence great and small live in a state of perpetual preparedness for aggression or defence. This, happily, is not the case throughout the United States. The ideal, all over this vast continent, is peace and the highest development of the powers of mind and body, to the ultimate perfection of the human race. The safeguarding of the Republic, at the same time, is never overlooked; but the path of free America is emphatically that of peace. Her aim is at a higher civilization, and not a refinement of barbarism, as scientific warfare assuredly is.

A SOULLESS LAMP.

We look in vain through the utterances of our State authorities on public education for any indication of that spirit which we would fain see animating all those who climb the steep of learning. The soul of religion is not there—the pole-star which should ever guide us through the tangled path of life. World-wisdom is the best thing they teach—as an official system. Catholics, as citizens of this State, have a right to the advantages which it offers for the higher education. Under the existing condition of things they can avail of them, and avail of them with the accompaniment of religious teaching, by means of the Summer-School, now happily established.

There is matter for earnest reflection, throughout all the pages of this report, for those charged with the responsibility of laying down the lines upon which education ought to proceed. Those who advocate the extrusion of religion from our schools and universities will find, we venture to say, but cold comfort in it.

While we thus take exception to some of the arguments and suggestions put forward in this valuable state document, we must at the same time render it its just meed of praise as a most valuable and interesting contribution to our sum of knowledge on the existing school systems of the civilized world. We have only glanced at it cursorily thus far, but at some other opportunity it may be our duty to examine in detail some other portions of the information given in its useful pages.

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THE LORDS AND THE HOME-RULE BILL.

I.

O-DAY we write the record: "Rejected amid jeers";
To-day you say: "'Tis finished"—O noble House of Peers!
Seven centuries of ruin came pleading at your gates,
And begged a word for justice amid your high debates:
Long years of woe and rapine spoke eloquently there—
The wailing of the children, the dying mother's prayer;
But not a phrase of comfort gave you unto their calls,
The mandate of the people was stabbed within your halls.
You say, my Lords, "'Tis finished—'tis dying—let it die:
We'll hear no more for ever of Ireland's rabble cry."
But mark you well the message—it is no idle threat:
Despite the wrong of ages the right shall have its debt!
Despite your jeers and laughter, ere yet this work is done
The yeomanry of Britain shall rule the Eldest Son!

II.

How long shall hollow custom the hearts of freemen hedge?
How long shall Justice bargain with titled Privilege?
How long, O men of England! shall lords of castled lands
Rule, through your weak concession, the lords of honest hands?
Not yet in all the story that Britain proudly boasts
Has freedom come unconquered unto her island coasts.
Each boon of human progress that makes old England's dower
Was wrung through bitter anguish from lordly place and power.
When men were beasts of burden beneath the heavy yoke
These heeded not, nor cared they until the masses spoke;
While Famine stalked through England and claimed her hourly dead,
These haggled in their chambers to tax the people's bread:
Yea, not content with ruling by rack-rent's mighty rolls,
They snatched at God's own thunder and sought to rule men's souls!

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III.

Laugh, laugh, my Lords! laugh gayly: 'tis all you know to do—
'Twere rash to hide the genius proud nature gave to you.
Laugh well before the people and bear the message home;
Laugh, as a Nero fiddled amid the flames of Rome!
But know, while now you revel in insolence of birth,
A spark is lit in England that is not quenched by mirth.
It grows in town and hamlet, on mountain and on moor,
Fanned by the winds of Justice, the sorrows of the poor;
Onward it sweeps, still onward across your ancient tracts,
It grows and shall rush onward to seething cataracts:
Until in mighty volume, with tongues of living flame,
It sweeps away for ever the House of lordly shame;
Until, upon the ruins, shall rise in might again
A nobler, freer Britain to rule the *hearts* of men!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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AN EPOCH IN CATHOLICISM.

IT is not often given to those whose lives are thrown in public assemblies to witness such an inspiring scene as was presented in the Columbian Catholic Congress on Tuesday, September 5, when Monsignor Satolli was presented to the assembled delegates. As he stepped forward to respond to the warm words of welcome from Judge O'Brien the vast assembly, filled with but one thought—that of veneration for his august person and love for his personal qualities of mind and heart—rose in their places, and with rousing cheers and waving handkerchiefs expressed the sentiment which filled their hearts. The words spoken by the Apostolic Delegate on this occasion in his magic eloquence come to us with a more than human inspiration. He could not help being impressed with the living faith and wonderful devotion of the representative American Catholic; he had seen the marvellous energy displayed in the material and intellectual order by the young American race, and in a burst of enthusiasm he bade the Catholics of America to go forward "with the gospel of truth in one hand and the Constitution of America in the other."

Through this profession of faith and patriotism the Columbian Congress will mark the opening of a new era for the church in this country. Never in so pronounced a way or in so authoritative a manner were the harmonies between the church and the national aspirations emphasized. The note of the true policy for American Catholics was struck by the strong and steady hand of Monsignor Satolli; and its echo will not die away, but it will be struck again and again in every church and chapel in the land, until all discordant sounds are hushed. There is need of the gospel of truth, which shall be like the generous flood of sunshine into the dark and tangled marsh of error with its matted undergrowth of vicious principles, to drive into their lurking places noisome reptiles of error. Catholics have always been loyal to the gospel of truth in their words, in their thoughts, and in their actions. In its enlarged expression and wider assimilation are safety and permanence for the civil order. Hand-in-hand with this devotion to the Catholic truth there must be manifested an intense love for the institutions

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which are the outgrowth of a soil where the church has received her most wonderful expansion; a love for the liberty which has permitted this growth, and if not for the higher reason of loving liberty and prosperity, for their own sakes at least; because there is opened here a country which offers the most promising field to the religious zeal of Catholics, and the best conditions of success for the church.

In gathering up the results of this notable gathering of representative men from all parts of the country, though the bugle-note of advance from the Apostolic Delegate may be deemed the most important, still only second to this, and scarcely less important, is the advancement given to the study of the social problems; and the expressions of practical reforms on the lines suggested by the Holy Father will command a great deal of attention. The importance of the solutions of social problems commended itself to those whose duty it was to prepare the programme of papers, and as a consequence a large share of the deliberations was devoted to the discussion of these problems. The abilities of trained scholars and thinkers of the largest capacity were enlisted in preparation of papers on these topics, and when the deliberations are published in full these thoughtful papers will constitute a text-book wherein questions of burning interest and of world-wide concern will be carefully and thoroughly treated. If the congress had accomplished no other good work than merely revoicing the words of Leo XIII. on the condition of labor, and of bringing them again to the attention of thoughtful men, it would have been well worth the convening; but it has gone farther—it has applied the principles enunciated by the encyclical to the present evils, and offered some practical remedies.

The necessity of a more thorough study of these social problems is evident to all, for the church, whose care is the soul of the nation, cannot prosecute its designs if it neglect the body of the nation, and it cannot lead men to the Divinity if it have no care for humanity. Nothing commends a religion to the attention of thoughtful men like the fact that, while it leads men to a higher life, it softens some of the asperities of this. If the Christian Church does not offer some relief to the crying needs of the people in the gospel of daily life the people will look elsewhere. There is no blinding our eyes at this late day to the existence of social evils which are a menacing danger to church and society—the discontent among wage-earners, the strained relations between employed and employers, the grasping greed of the monopolist, the constrained poverty among

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those willing to work. The remedy must come from that institution, moulded by divine hands, which has ever been the friend of the poor; while it has extended its strong arm to support legitimate government, it has always stood between the oppressor and the oppressed. The church offers the solution in theoretical principles; but her action on the individual conscience is of paramount importance, teaching each his individual rights and responsibilities, and compelling action along the lines suggested and through the individual on society, thus establishing a basis of mutual forbearance founded on justice, and a knowledge of each other's rights.

So the Congress, affirming again the truism that there should be no conflict between labor and capital, that their real interests do not clash, but that they should rather unite against a common enemy in monopoly; suggesting the principle of arbitration in the event of strikes and lockouts; re-emphasizing the thoroughly Catholic principle of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; denouncing the evil of saloon-keeping as the origin of so much of the poverty arising from the vice of intemperance; resisting the endeavor of those who would rob the laborer of his day of rest on Sunday; insisting on the necessity of more thorough religious education among the children of the land, has marked out the lines along which we are to march to success, and finally, in affirming that "it is only the school-bell and the church-bell that can prolong the echo of the liberty-bell," it restates the fact that it is to the religious instinct that American institutions owe their origin and their perpetuity.

The resolutions, expressing as they do the ripest thought of the Congress, voicing the sentiments of a representative body of laymen and clergy, cannot but demand attention, and consequently will do their choicest work in influencing public opinion, not merely with our neighbors at home, but particularly among the nations of Europe, whose eager eyes are looking to the young republic for the solution of these pressing difficulties.

So the second great Congress of American Catholics has gone into history, and its sessions will mark the passing of another milestone in the path of true progress. We await the coming of a third. The good these congresses do is of so high a nature that to disregard them is to cast aside an important element of success. Catholics of this country are the products of the various countries of the Old World, and the only bond of unity is that of their faith. In the upbuilding of the nation among Catholics particularly, it seems to be expedient to elimi-

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nate all racial divergencies as fast as is consistent with the better preservation of the faith. To bring together, therefore, representative men of many races, from the broad prairie, the cultivated field, and the teeming city; from the counting-house and the busy shop; from the professorial chair and the editorial sanctum—men whose environments have been totally different, so that they may meet on the same platform, look into each other's faces and exchange ideas, no one thing is so calculated to melt away divergencies and break down barriers and to engender sympathetic bonds of union, so that as they are one in faith they may be one in heart, and as the church unites them in her unity, there may be also a union in national life. Moreover, there goes out from such a body of free and independent Catholic citizens a strength and force of expression on topics akin to their faith that compel a hearing. They are no mere tools of the clergy or dupes of a clerical tyranny, but they bespeak the sentiments which are born in free and independent hearts. They know their rights and are ready to defend them, and will not permit them to be trampled on with impunity. They place themselves in the line of progress, and are alive to the opportunities of the day. They recognize, with Emerson, that "we live in a new and an exceptional age, that America is another name for opportunity, and that our whole history appears like the last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race," and in the struggle to appropriate as large a share of the choicest blessings of the time by banishing apathy, by arousing a healthy Catholic public spirit through such congresses as these, Catholics can best achieve their purposes.

LOOKING FORWARD.

What a future lies before our mighty church, if the tide of human progress be not rolled back by some new and unexpected convulsion! The vista is almost dazzling in its glory and magnitude. A glance back at the strides which this continent has made, even in the lifetime of the present generation, shows us a fact unexampled in the world's history. The wave of population which has swept in upon its shores has dwarfed all previous movements of the human family into mere parochial migrations. It is not alone that this inrushing tide has been vast; it is not alone that it has been continuous year after year; but it is the fact of its ever-increasing quantity which opens up for the speculator realms of conjecture on the future and its potential reachings such as the onward march of no other nation

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ever presented to mortal prevision. This for the ordinary mind—the mind of the man who, every time he assists at the divine mysteries, praying for the welfare and spread of God's indestructible Catholic Church, sees in the fact almost the sublimity of a new creation.

Much has been spoken and written concerning the significance of the discovery of the New World in its relation to the course of mundane events; much also regarding its influence upon the course of the Catholic Church. But the results which we now see working out of the influx of the overflowing peoples of the Old World upon this continent are profoundly astonishing phenomena, not only from an ethnic and a philosophic point of view, but from the spiritual stand-point. It fills the mind with wonder to look on at these marvellous developments, and gives a clearer conception of the occult and irresistible methods of the Master-hand which controls the destinies of men and nations, for the accomplishment of vast and beneficent designs. We know, thanks to science, something of the workings of geology—what part the glaciers played in shaping the hills and forming the alluvial lands, how the mountain rills trickled on and on in ever-increasing number, until at last they channelled out the giant rivers and the great deltas and harbors. The penal laws, the sumptuary statutes, the petty persecutions, the landlord extortions of Europe, were the glaciers and the watersheds which moulded and furrowed out into a glorious symmetry the social framework of this immense *terra nova*, and all the while that suffering mankind was marvelling when the days of injustice would cease, from the depths of the future the great Watcher was evolving a glorious compensation for all who had suffered defeat in those evil times.

To-day the Catholic Church counts nine million adherents in the United States; fifty years ago they did not number one million. Were we to form an estimate based on this ratio of progression and the vital laws of Catholic peoples, we should be able to contemplate an enormous forward stride in the ultimate goal of the human race—the fusing all into one fold under one Shepherd. It is not easy all at once to grasp the full significance of this unprecedented onward movement. It should be followed stride by stride in order to gain a true knowledge of a rate of progression which seems almost inexplicable on grounds of ordinary reasoning. The census of 1844 showed a Catholic population of 811,844, a priesthood numbering 709, and church edifices to the total of 675. Nine years afterwards the

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Cathclics mustered 1,698,300, the priesthood had mounted up to 1,492, and the church buildings to 1,545. In 1866 the roll of Catholic population had risen to 3,842,000, with 2,770 priests and 2,930 churches. That is to say, the Catholics had more than quadrupled within twenty years, and the priesthood and the churches had arisen in a proportionate ratio. Those twenty years were a phenomenal period, and the great increase they brought was largely attributable to the unparalleled exodus from Ireland during the famine years. But the growth of the church since then, although not quite in the same astonishing ratio, has been vast indeed. The Catholic population has been almost trebled in that period, and the hierarchy, clergy, and church edifices have multiplied in corresponding measure. Were it not for the Civil War, which swept off many thousands of the Catholic manhood, the results we might have seen must have been infinitely greater subjects for marvel. In the Old World such facts as these, did they occur, would be regarded as of supernatural portent. But everything which has happened on this continent since its discovery has been unprecedented in character and magnitude and significance, so that we have come to regard the seemingly miraculous as the matter of ordinary and commonplace occurrence. We must lift ourselves a little above the earth, if we possibly can, and take a bird's-eye view of them all over the great terrene and adown the track of years, in order to grasp their impressive lesson and suggestion.

Not in numbers alone has the church gained vastly in the past memorable half-century. The texture and fibre of that growth is matter for equal gratification. It used to be a favorite shibboleth with the enemies and traducers of the Catholics that ignorance was the great strength of that "superstition," that it dreaded the light, and that the torch of knowledge must soon show the benighted Papists the morasses into which they were being led by the *ignis fatuus* of "Romanism." Where is the fallacy now? Blown to the four winds of heaven. The Catholic population, judged by the educational test, wear no badge of inferiority; one has only to go into any one of the Catholic churches to judge for himself of the strength and sincerity of their devotion. Indifferentism, it is plain, is no element in the Catholic congregations. What they hold, they hold firmly as dear life—aye, and as they have many and many a time proved, under the bitterest tests of their fortitude, beyond, immeasurably beyond, all that mortal life means.

But when we come to consider, in connection with these

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hopeful conditions, the additional fact of the cordial relations which exist between the Catholic Church and the Republic, we see how great a change has come over the world even in our own lifetime. It seems a little anomalous that the church which is the first and greatest republic on earth, should have come to be universally regarded as the traditional upholder of monarchies and despotisms, and the traditional foe of commonwealths. But that it has been so regarded, down to the days of the present great Pontiff, no one can gainsay. Leo XIII. has effectively dispelled that illusion. He has shown that the church is the friend of good government no matter what its form, and most especially the friend of the people.

> "For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best."

If Catholics needed any stimulus to excite their allegiance, he points to the flag of their adopted country, and bids them rally round that symbol of freedom and support it as freemen should. He feels the impulse of the age, and his heart throbs sympathetically with the marching-step of this masterful young continent. There is no religion for the toiler like the Catholic religion; for it was founded by One who toiled from his boyhood. It lightens his labor with an immortal hope; it lights his way to triumph over difficulties; it kindles his enthusiasm to strive for the highest prizes of intellectual success. It is, in fine, the one religion of the democracy.

There can be no misgiving about the meaning and import and effect of the Chicago Catholic Congress. It opens a new era for the Catholic Church. The stately old Mother, garbed in her diaphanous robes, once more sallies forth in the full blaze of day to war with ignorance and prejudice and to cheer on her faithful children to the noble strife. The labarum of Truth is in the van, and the smile of Heaven plays all along the ranks of the radiant host which she has summoned to the campaign. How fervently each Catholic heart joins in the note of preparation and wishes for the mission a glorious God-speed!

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

READING General Lew Wallace's new work, *The Prince of India*,* is a process something like standing in the centre of a great living cyclorama watching with painful rapture the movement of a gigantic battle-field. The author has selected for his theme scenes and events which led up to a world-transforming culmination. Perhaps even more influential on the course of civilization than the fall of Jerusalem was the siege and capture of Constantinople by the barbarous Turks. It is with this absorbing drama that the author of *Ben Hur* now deals. He has produced an historical romance which is sure to rivet the attention of many readers.

The difficulties of dealing with such a chapter of history, in such a way as to convey a clear idea of the multiplicity of elements which entered into and brought about the catastrophe, was no small one. Other writers, living at a distance and unacquainted with the local circumstances, had attempted to give pictures of Byzantine life, out of the copious store of literature relative to it which has come down to us, but, however creditable these works were, they had the drawback of being mere efforts of the imagination. But General Wallace had an enormous advantage in his long connection with the place and his extensive knowledge of Oriental character, history, and social life. By means of this experience he has been enabled to give his work, not only a close *vraisemblance*, but to impart to it a considerable historical value as well.

But, in truth, the elements of romance impregnate the real history of the closing days of the Byzantine Empire so largely that its bare presentation must furnish a claim in itself to rank high in that department of literature. Hence, in order to lift it out of the category of already published narratives, General

**The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell.* By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Wallace must needs seek adventitious aid. The elements of the supernatural and the mystic are largely introduced, and his recourse to these safe sources of inspiration is entirely justified by the circumstances of the period of which he treats. Astrology was in that day accepted almost as an exact science; it had its written laws, and many even of the clearest minds believed in its truth most devoutly. The conqueror of Byzantium did not make his final assault upon the city until he had duly consulted the celestial portents. To mysticism in Eastern religion was superadded a belief in sorcery and witchcraft, almost universal. The mental perplexities of the time were rendered still more embarrassing by the bitter controversies which raged in the Eastern Church over matters of creed and ritual. No period, in short, could be selected which offers more temptation to the skilled romancist than that which the author has chosen.

Under these circumstances it might be wondered why General Wallace should resort to the device of invoking a figure which had already been conjured up by a master-spirit in romance—we mean, that of the Wandering Jew. We need not endeavor to read "between the lines," however, to find out the reason for this shift, for we discern the motive ere many chapters have been got through. His Jewship is a convenient vehicle for an impartial criticism of all the religious systems of the time, except the Hebrew; and a similar use is made of some other personages introduced—to wit, the Princess Irenè, the monk Sergius, and the old priest Hilarion—in contrasting the primitive church with the one which prevailed in their days. The religious polemics of the time play, indeed, a very large part in the work throughout, and make it at times, it must be owned, not a little tedious.

One of the criticisms on General Wallace's writings declares that the faintest trace of humor is not discernible in his style. To our mind, there is humor of the most grotesque kind—unconscious, though, perhaps—in his picture of the imaginary perpetual traveller. He makes him derive his subsistence by rifling the tombs of such personages as King Hiram, instead of working at any honest calling for his living. By means of the treasures in precious stones which he finds there, he is enabled to put on a brave air and pass as a person of some consequence; and when he is asked for his credentials he simply describes himself as a Prince of India. Notwithstanding his love of plunder and his fraudulent personation, he is a great stickler for religion and morality. He conceives the great idea of uniting

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all the religions of the world in one, and making himself the Grand Arbiter between all the creeds. For this purpose he travels all over the world studying all the systems, passing here as a Mussulman, there as a Buddhist, and so on. Finally, he goes to the Emperor Constantine, and lays his grand scheme before him; he is granted a day for the discussion of that scheme before the patriarch and the clergy, and when he comes down to details, they, finding his proposition amounts to nothing more than deism pure and simple, scout him out of court. The next best thing in his mind, since he cannot have universal peace, is to have universal war; and so, being rejected by the Greeks, he goes to Mahommed, the Sultan of the Turks, and, telling him that he is the man of destiny, and that the hour has come for him to strike the blow, prompts him to attack Constantinople. And this is why, as the story is intended to show, Constantinople fell.

This Jew is the most extraordinary production of human inventiveness ever presented. Take him from any point of view, he is an utterly ridiculous person, unamenable to the ordinary rules of common sense. Eugene Sue's creation was hardly open to this objection. He had some of the characteristics of a human being about him.

The old Greek dramatists and poets and sculptors had a great advantage, in one respect, over their imitators of to-day. Their gods were originally human, and when they attained to the dignity of Olympus, they carried their human sympathies with them—at least to any extent necessary for Olympian purposes. Hence the Greek who wished to depict something godlike or transcendent was not driven back on his own devices; he had his models all around him, and he had merely to glorify them from his own imagination in the way suitable to the end he had in view. But the modern novelist who, like the author of the *Prince of India*, chooses to deal with the unreal or legendary in connection with the real and the enacted, requires more skill than General Wallace possesses. It would demand the delicate touch of the author of the *Scarlet Letter* to make the Jew of the legend a logical and intelligible sublunary immortal, instead of the self-conflicting compound that he appears under General Wallace's hands. The author has not even taken the pains to make the man keep the one color of hair or beard throughout the story; but perhaps this is in keeping with the tendency he shows in him to vary his motives as he goes along his endless way.

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The more human characters in the narrative partake very largely of this distorted quality. They are all exaggerated, like the shapes in a concave mirror. The air of the transcendental clings to them at every turn. Even the Turk, Mahommed, the captor of Constantinople, is invested with a mantle of shining nobility. He is made such a hero that the Princess Irenè, who is presented to us as the incarnation of the loftiest feminine intellect, beauty, and purity, feels no compunction in bestowing her hand upon him after he has captured the capital of her country. We prefer to take his description from the historian, Gibbon, who, despite his prejudices against Christianity, gives us a noble picture of his enemy and victim, the Emperor Constantine, in contrast to the shocking delineation of Mahommed which truth compels from his lips. Though versed in every branch of literature and learning then known, he says, Mahommed was steeped to the lips in every vice of his age, and neither learning nor religion had any influence on his savage and licentious nature. Gibbon could not sully his pen by transcribing his sins; only the fiendishness of his cruelty can be likened to them in enormity, and this again be comparable only to his awful duplicity and want of faith in dealing with outside states and personages. He depicts him, in short, as that very worst of all possible human amalgams—the cultured savage. Against testimony of such kind as Gibbon's it is vain to try, as General Wallace does, to make him such a hero of romance as a pure-souled and highly-refined and Christian maiden could ever willingly bestow her hand and heart upon, as Princess Irenè did. The most unspeakable of unspeakable Turks is the Mahommed of fact; and the humblest Christian maiden who would not yield except by overpowering force to his suit would be far more of a heroine than the Princess Irenè.

It is not, then, on any ground of historical consistency or of fidelity to human character, or cleverness in construction, that this book demands time for its perusal. It is for the proof it gives of laborious and erudite search into the complex events, political no less than religious, which brought about the overthrow of the oldest imperial throne in the world and the most interesting of cities. It is as much for the rich volume of oriental lore which General Wallace has laid open for our entertainment. From this point of view indeed his work is a monumental one.

The appearance of an English and abridged version of the *Life of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo** synchronizes

* *The Life of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo.* By a Priest of the Society of Jesus. San Francisco, Cal.: A. Waldteuffel.

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aptly with our brief note of the late Father Drumgoole and his work here. There were many points of resemblance between these two exceptional priests. Their charity took the form of a burning zeal for the rescue of the youthful poor from the frightful snares of poverty and vice, and they both succeeded in giving practical shape to their ideas in a degree that points unmistakably to help from on high. There are many points of resemblance between Father Drumgoole's institution and the Little House of Providence in Turin which was founded by Father Cottolengo. But his labors for the elevation of humanity took a more extended form than those of Father Drumgoole. The fallen women, the dissolute men of the town were taken in hand by him, and the number of those whom he reclaimed from sin and crime was wonderfully great. He is shown to us in this work (which is compiled from the original work of Don F. Gastaldi) as one endowed with remarkable gifts of grace and unflinching courage in the work to which he had been ordained by Heaven; and no more convincing arguments could be used against the scoffers and cynics of a materialistic and utilitarian age than the actual proofs of supernatural grace, powerful to compel the most unlikely achievements, afforded in the cases of such servants of God as these.

I.—THE PHYSICAL SYSTEM OF ST. THOMAS.*

Father Cornoldi, the author of this treatise, was a co-operator with the celebrated Father Liberatore in his great and life-long work of the restoration of scholastic philosophy. Both these distinguished Jesuits died within the same year, Father Cornoldi before the present treatise was published. Mr. Dering, the translator, also died while his translation was passing through the press. He had won a high place in English Catholic literature by a series of well-written and interesting novels, having a much higher purpose than mere amusement, for, as the Introductory Notice states: "Mr. Dering's life and literary labors had been devoted to the enlightenment and conversion of his countrymen."

Besides being a fine writer in the highest and most useful department of fiction, Mr. Dering was also an ardent lover and student of metaphysics under the guidance and direction of his revered master Father Liberatore. He translated two

* *The Physical System of St. Thomas.* By Father Giovanni Maria Cornoldi, S.J. Translated by Edward Heneage Dering. London and Leamington Art and Book Company. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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of his important works, "Principles of Political Economy" and "On Universals." His translation of Father Cornoldi's treatise has been executed in a perfect manner, giving an abstruse Latin work, in a very difficult and much-disputed part of special metaphysics, in a dress of pure idiomatic English. There is no need to say that the topics of the treatise are of the greatest importance and interest, and have been ably treated by Father Cornoldi. The English translation of such a work is therefore a valuable addition to the small library of works on scholastic philosophy which we possess in our mother tongue.

2.—THE NEW BIBLE.*

The Bible, as the so-called critics view it, is a new book and, as they claim, must have new uses.

Mr. Crooker denies both its authenticity and inspiration, and what he desires is a new Christianity based on the rationalistic theories. But if Mr. Crooker could overthrow the traditional doctrine regarding the Bible, we do not believe that the Christian religion would remain very long.

Like most writers of his class, he is very positive in his assertions; the conclusions of the critics—no matter how contradictory—are, according to him, in almost every instance "proven." While credulous to absurdity, he is incredulous to evidence.

With those who are willing to accept theories on the authority of such writers as Kuenen, Briggs, Driver, etc., his book may have some weight, but with others we cannot believe that it will.

Every intelligent Catholic is ready and glad to admit any fact that the critics have discovered, and boldly challenges them to show any proof that the sacred books in all their parts may not be accepted as inspired in *matters of faith and morals.*

3.—LETTERS AND WRITINGS OF MARIE LATASTE.†

About twelve years ago Mr. Thompson published the first volume of this work, and his wife now publishes the second volume, and will soon publish the third and final volume, which her husband left ready for the press.

As a biographer of the saints we consider Mr. Thompson one of the best.

* *The New Bible and its New Uses.* By Joseph Henry Crooker. Boston: George H. Ellis.

† *Letters and Writings of Marie Lataste.* Translated by Edward Healy Thompson. Vol. II. New York: Benziger Bros.

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4.—BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.*

This is a duodecimo breviary, of convenient size, good type, published and bound in very neat style, and containing the new offices up to date. It follows the Typical Edition, with the requisite additions. We can recommend it to the clergy as a very complete and at the same time a very handy edition of the breviary, especially adapted to be carried about when travelling.

5.—PRACTICAL SERMONS.†

The reverend author has given a good title to these forty-odd sermons—they are practical. At the same time they are interesting; they breathe the spirit of the spoken word, and there is a force, an earnestness in them that leads one on to the end. We cannot have too many such sermons as these, for they are ever profitable alike to priests and laity. We can commend the book to priests as being suggestive of good things both in matter and manner.

We would especially commend it for use among the laity as being a book where they can find the chief dogmas of religion treated in a spirited and interesting manner.

6.—FATHER ZAHM'S "CATHOLIC SCIENCE."‡

There are few truths, perhaps, more important to make plain to the world at the present day than that which it is the principal object of Father Zahm's book to demonstrate, namely, that there is really no conflict between religion and science, if we understand by religion the Catholic religion, and by science that which is really worthy of the name. This last is a very important distinction, for unfortunately there are at the present day a number of more or less scientific men who have got the popular ear from the very fact that they are rather lecturers than investigators, and have the name among the community at large of leaders of science, who in reality are found to hold for the most part quite a subordinate place when one once gets inside of scientific circles. These men, by giving way to a propensity to rash theorizing, have dragged the reputation of science in

* *Breviarium Romanum.* Editio Quinta post Typicum Ratisbonæ. Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet. 1893.

† *Practical Sermons.* By Rev. John A. Sheppard, A.M.

‡ *Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists.* By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

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the mud, and seem to have succeeded in making Catholics think that such is the spirit of scientific men generally.

Father Zahm shows in this book very plainly the difference between this pseudo-science and the genuine article, and makes clear what scientific men generally know pretty well, that real science, so far from being on a line of divergence from the Christian religion, is on the contrary approaching to it, and every day more and more rejecting various wild assumptions which have been made in its name, but not by its most able or worthy representatives; and he also shows what most scientific men do not know, that the Catholic Church is ready to meet real science half way; that, without surrendering a particle of defined dogma, it is receding from certain opinions which science has made improbable.

He proves moreover that the church has shown in time past, and shows at the present time, interest in science, and a desire for its cultivation among her members; and that these, both clerical and lay, have always entered the field of science in great numbers, meeting in so doing not with censure but encouragement; and that many of these have risen to high distinction. He perhaps rather exaggerates in the general impression produced by reading this part of his work; it seems to us that it can hardly be said, for instance, that any Catholic astronomer of this century can be ranked with Gauss or Bessel. It would be too much, in our opinion, to claim that Catholics—that is to say, thoroughly devout and faithful ones—have actually led the van in genuine scientific research; the fact is, as a rule, they have had more important matters to think of, and have not been able or inclined to throw themselves into physical inquiries with the exclusiveness that is required for pre-eminent success. But the main point is, and this no one will doubt who reads the book, that they have done such a very large share of the scientific work, even of the last three centuries, that to say that the church is opposed to science or ignorant of it is simply nonsense and absurdity.

The book is very interesting, and full of facts which will be new to the majority even of Catholics, and in the name of both religion and science should not be passed over by any one who is interested in either. The reputation of its author is of itself sufficient for this; the reader may be assured that it comes from one who knows what he is talking about on both subjects.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT is safe to say that there is not one, no matter how "New-Yorkish" he has been in his estimate of Chicago and the Fair, who, having seen the "White City," has not come away with the frankest expression of appreciation of the wonderful sight there, and open-hearted praise for the management which has created it. To the throngs who have visited it day by day it has been a liberal education, a true people's university.

Scholars have come from the East and the West, and have seen with what success man has wrested from Nature her secrets; they have seen the latest and best methods for coaxing riches from the soil; they have observed the many hundred ways in which the chained powers of the sky have been utilized: they have looked at machines which seem in their perfect mechanism to have more than instinct. But great as is this "Diana of the Ephesians," its history would have been but a half-told tale had there not gone along with the great Fair at Jackson Park the various congresses where the highest point attained in mental culture was shown, and where the ultimate triumph of mind over matter was indicated. The published reports of these many summer-schools will be one of the most complete libraries in the world, for they will furnish us with the latest and best thoughts in almost every great department of knowledge.

Of these various congresses none has excited so much wonder as the Parliament of Religions. It was a unique sight, one that, mayhap, will not occur again this side of the brig of doom, to see marching into the hall the procession led by C. C. Bonney, the bearded patriarch of the Cosmic religions, and composed of representatives of nearly all the religions of the world. The cardinal of historic Rome, in his scarlet robes, was side by side with the high-priest of Shintoism, with his picturesque head-dress, while the latest votary of private judgment representing his own sect rubbed skirts with the orange monk of the oldest religious order in the world. Woman was there, too, in her new *rôle* as "reverend." Nor was there anything lacking to make that gathering of September one of the most notable the world has ever seen.

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One need not dip into the future even as far as human eye can see to behold in this vision of the religious world the signs of a coming millennium. Fifty years ago it would have been an utter impossibility. Even twenty-five years ago woman could not have stood where she stands to-day. But in one generation all is changed. Surely the "world do move." Instead of rancorous strife, when one religion would not even so much as dare touch the hem of another's garment for fear of corruption; when in the name of the gentle Nazarene the bitterest passions were let loose, to-day we witness the *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* done away with, and from the ends of the earth come the disciples of Buddha and Confucius to sit down with followers of the gentle Christ in a great love-feast of the brotherhood of man.

To the cardinal of the Catholic Church, as the representative of the oldest branch of organized Christianity, was accorded the post of honor. It was his duty to open the Parliament by the Universal Prayer to the common Father; and since it was first spoken on the mount never was it uttered with more fervor, and, perchance, never did it give such praise to the great Father in heaven as when it was voiced in that wondrous gathering.

Nor was there any lowering of the standard of Christianity, nor any yielding of its high claim to be the only divine religion, to meet on the same platform with Buddhism and Shintoism, because one of the fundamental conditions on which the Parliament was organized was the understanding that there should be no surrender of one jot or tittle of any belief. A religious symposium like this may be considered by some to have an agnostic tendency; to be an acknowledgment that religion has no objective reality, but is a sentiment born of the mind, and that God is the creation of the human intellect. There might be some shadow to this thought if the mere presence of a churchman there were the admission of the truth of other creeds; but St. Peter in the streets of Jerusalem on the day after Pentecost did not have a firmer conviction of the truths he taught, and the falsity of the religious belief of his hearers, than did Cardinal Gibbons when he made his presentation of the belief of the Catholic Church.

Although the final step in the Home-Rule movement has not been reached, the fact that the bill for its establish-

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ment in Ireland has passed the House of Commons is one of the most momentous events in Ireland's latter-day history. The final division on the bill, which took place on the night of Friday, September 1, gave to the ministry a majority of only thirty-four in a full House of Commons.

The falling-off in Mr. Gladstone's original majority of forty-two was due to the defection of a couple of dissatisfied Liberal members and the loss of a seat since the general election. But even with a diminished majority, the passage of such a measure by a British House of Commons is the greatest act of reparation ever made by the British Parliament to Ireland or to any other country. We know how exceedingly hard it is to get an individual to confess that he is wrong, and acting unjustly, all the time that it is his apparent interest to do so, and the victim of his injustice is too weak and too friendless to prevent him. To behold the legislature of a great empire solemnly undoing its work and publicly condemning her old evil ways is a sight indeed for gods and men.

Those who looked to the House of Lords to destroy the labors of the Lower House for a whole session were not without grounds for their confidence. That body has displayed as much eagerness in rushing to the attack on the Home-Rule Bill as a tribe of redskins closing around a victim at the torture-stake. They swarmed in great numbers around the feast, many coming long journeys especially for the purpose. One peer, Lord Headley, came post-haste from the Zambesi region, to vary the amusement of lion-hunting by that of baiting the great measure of Mr. Gladstone. Another, it is said, came from a lunatic asylum to vote against the bill. But to the Marquis of Salisbury was left the part of Lord High Executioner, and he filled the *rôle* with all the zest of a hereditary headsman of liberty, as a Cecil may well claim to be. The speech with which he brought the discussion to a close was full of bitterness, as a matter of course; but it was no less distinguished for the most reckless disregard of historical truth and the testimony of contemporary fact.

One of the points insisted upon by Lord Salisbury is that, owing to the existence of people of different races in Ireland, fusion is impossible, race-hatred unavoidable, and the only hope of order lies in government, strong and coercive, from without. This false premise he carried to its logical absurdity in a sentence

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declaring that "representative government is not suited to a country which does not possess homogeneity of race." Lord Salisbury's own country is a good example to the contrary, in itself. Anglo-Norman, Anglo-Saxon, and Cambrian, not to speak of the Danish and Pictish elements, were the original component parts of the mother of parliaments. Want of homogeneity seems to be the very reason why parliaments flourish here in our own States, and in the English colonies. And then take the case of the great Austrian Empire. As many races are settled down within its limits as there are tributaries to the Amazon, and the only way they can possibly get along is by their present system of representative government.

However, the House of Lords is not squeamish in the matter of truth and sense. Its belief is bounded by what it likes or dislikes. It followed up Lord Salisbury's oratory by a division on the second reading of the bill, without any waste of time. A minority of forty-one peers saved the reputation of the whole assembly for downright perversity; in the majority of four hundred and nineteen by which the measure was rejected we are not surprised to learn that there were about a score of "lords spiritual"—that is to say, members of the Bench of Bishops of the Anglican Church.

When we hear people denouncing the presence of the Irish Catholic priests in Irish politics in the future, we may well point to this example of English Protestant bishops intervening in the political affairs of a country in which they have no earthly or spiritual concern.

The House of Lords laughed, we read, when they rejected the bill; but what has since transpired suggests the possibility of a new and significant illustration of the proverb that "those who laugh last laugh best." The Peers seem to have aroused, by their scant courtesy to a measure which has consumed almost a whole session of Parliament, a feeling which they had not adequately discounted. They have set Englishmen thinking and asking by what right, beyond the mere accidental one of birth, they presume to fling themselves across the track of popular legislation, and "hold up" the cars of progress, so to speak. An address, couched in tones of stern resentment, has been issued by the National Liberal Federation in England, calling upon the people to take up the insolent challenge of the Peers, and

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make a mending or an ending of that reactionary institution. As the Federation is in close touch with the ministry this pronouncement is regarded as having a semi-official character. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, has also issued an address on their behalf to the Irish National Federation of America appealing for continued help in the coming and probably final struggle for Home Rule. We have not any fear for the result of the appeal. The gage of the Peers must be taken up and flung back in their faces. The score which Ireland especially has to settle with this obstructive body is one of long and bitter accumulation.

The earnest and patriotic advice recently tendered to the French hierarchy and clergy, as well as the leading Catholic laity in France, has been taken to heart and acted on. In the result of the general election recently held there we behold its practical outcome. His Holiness pointed out that it was the duty of French Catholics to give a loyal adherence to the Republic, as that was the form of government which the vast majority of the French people unmistakably desired. Whilst doing all that in them lay to secure the right of Catholic education and the free exercise of the Catholic religion, they owed it to the country to give the institutions which the people desired their unhesitating and unequivocal support. Hence the republic is again returned to power with a largely preponderating majority. The monarchical groups have been able to return only sixty-eight members, while the Socialist force reckons only sixty. The Bonapartists have lost their staunch representative, M. Paul de Cassagnac; Clemenceau, the extreme leader of the extreme Radicals, has shared his fate; Count De Mun, whose able advocacy of the Catholic claims deserved a better return, we are sorry to say has likewise succumbed to the new movement, although he had loyally yielded to the Sovereign Pontiff's advice in his election address. The republic now stands in a position from which hardly anything can dislodge it, save its own moral disintegration. This result is mainly due to the action of the far-seeing occupant of St. Peter's chair, who has once again proved himself superior to old traditions and a true friend of the democracy, not in France merely, but all the world over.

It is matter for surprise that the *Fortnightly Review* should sully its pages by publishing the article on "Immortality and

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Resurrection" by Mr. Grant Allen in its September number. It is the most indecent attack on Christianity that ever appeared in a respectable journal; and if Christianity were in the moribund condition of the old lion in the fable it might well murmur pathetically about this sort of assailant flinging his heels in its face. It is not to be wondered at that when Mr. Allen is blasphemous towards God he should be insulting towards men the boots of many of whom, in an intellectual sense, he is not fit to clean. When he ceases to pocket dollars for articles of this kind and tenth-rate novels, it will be time for him to sneer at ministers of religion as its "paid advocates." The pity naturally induced by the mental condition of such a man outweighs the malice of his insults. He has no hope for immortality for his soul in a future world; and he has not even the poor consolation of being able to secure the ghost of any here below for his ephemeral literature.

With profound grief Mother Church deplores the sudden taking off of two of her most talented children, and at the same time two of the most brilliant lights in the educational world—Father Walsh, of Notre Dame, and Brother Azarias, of the Christian Brothers. Both had consecrated their lives to the sacred cause of education, and both had achieved an enviable reputation in this highest of spheres. Both, too, were taken away in the very midst of their usefulness.

No blow could have been more sudden and stunning in effect than the death of Brother Azarias; none more truly and unaffectedly mourned. Of the great galaxy of teachers of the distinguished order to which Brother Azarias belonged he was, it may safely be said, *primus inter pares*. He was a scholar, and a ripe one, and his best intellect was given to the unselfish task of making the whole world a sharer in that heritage of knowledge in which he himself was so rich. The close of his life, in the meridian of his ability, just when he had concluded a masterly course of lectures at the Summer-School, had an element of the tragic in it—a fearful reminder of the vanity and the fleeting nature of all things of earth. At some more opportune time we hope to be able to render some attempt at justice to his memory; for the present we can only pay the tribute of a fervent *requiescat*.

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It is hardly necessary to bespeak for the communications of the Very Rev. Father Hewit and the venerable Bishop of Tarsus a sympathetic hearing. There is not a Catholic who has a cent to spare whose zeal and generosity will not be forced by this touching appeal from the ancient see of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Let it not be said that this voice from the theatre of his early labors has reached the American shore without rousing any responsive echo. Our poverty-stricken brothers in Christ must not plead in vain; the dilapidated temples in which the Divine mysteries are now held there are a reproach to our common Christianity. America will, we are certain, lend a helping hand to repair this wrong, and lend it willingly.

There is a wide-spread devotion to St. Paul throughout America, for there is none of the Apostles whose spirit was so akin to all that we know as American as his, and therefore no more graceful tribute can be paid to his American spirit than by American Catholics building a temple in his honor in the city of his birth. We would be pleased to have the Press take up this subject and give it wide-spread notice. The Paulists will be glad to acknowledge, through THE CATHOLIC WORLD, all subscriptions sent for this object.

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York and London:

Skeleton Leaves. By Frank Leyton. *Domestic Economy.* By F. T. Paul, F.R.C.S. *Heat.* By Mark R. Wright. *English History for American Readers.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Channing. *Life with Trans-Siberian Savages.* By B. Douglas Howard, M.A. *The Seven Cities of the Dead.* By Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart.

H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia:

Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Plain, Practical Sermons. By Rev. John A. Sheppard, A.M.

ST. ANSELM'S SOCIETY, London:

Religious Problems of the Nineteenth Century. By Aubrey De Vere, LL.D.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston:

The New Bible and Its New Uses. By Joseph Henry Crooker.

BENZIGER BROS., New York:

The Physical System of St. Thomas. By Father Cornoldi, S.J. Translated by Edward Heneage Dering. *First Prayers for Children. Simple Prayers for Children. The Month of the Holy Angels. St. Francis de Sales* (for October). *Catholic Belief. Golden Prayers.*

They have in press:

Christ in Type and Prophecy. By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J. *The Priest in the Pulpit: A Manual of Homiletics and Catechetics.* Adapted from the German of Rev. I. Schuech, O.S.B., by Rev. B. Luebbermann, Professor at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O. With a Preface by Most Rev. W. H. Elder, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

A SMALL boy of voracious appetite, whose name does not appear in history, was taught by sad experience in one short lesson the folly of biting off more than he could chew. This important object-lesson was lost sight of recently by many Catholic Reading Circles. In high hopes they sailed forth over the bounding sea of Columbian literature, determined to read every chart prepared by rival historians relating to the personal character, motives, and voyages of the great discoverer of America. The undertaking proved entirely too vast for one short year, especially for those having only brief intervals for the enjoyment of learned leisure. Reading Circles are not expected to do the work of a university. They can be profitably organized to suit the needs of busy people, and to give them opportunities to concentrate attention upon a limited amount of reading. As to quantity no definite rule can be given, except that it should be adjusted to suit the needs of the members. For the season of 1893–94 many advantages of a practical kind will be found in following the plan outlined by the president of the Ozanam Reading Circle, Miss Mary F. McAleer, in the following report:

In presenting the sixth annual report of the Ozanam Reading Circle it may not be amiss to recall the occasion when Father McMillan introduced the Reading Circle idea to the Paulist parish, at a public meeting in October, 1886, attended mostly by the graduates of St. Paul's Sunday-school. A definite course of reading was proposed, the books to be provided at the expense of the parish library. Looking back at that time I can see how we have developed the ideas with which we started. To Mr. Alfred Young is due the practical supervision of the work of succeeding years. Throughout his practical admonitions to us he has endeavored to make us better acquainted with Catholic authors, and the best writers of current literature.

With each advancing year the desire to improve upon the last has caused much discussion. As improvement depends largely on comparison, we communicated with other Circles as to their mode of work. We found that where a long course of reading was prescribed, entailing home study with penalties in the form of fines for non-fulfilment, a general dissatisfaction existed.

A former member now removed from New York pays this tribute to our plan: "Our association undertook a somewhat extensive course of study of the Columbian epoch for the winter of 1893, but the work has become such a burden for the greater number of the members that I am convinced of the Ozanam's wisdom in having more than one subject under consideration. Experience is a good teacher, and I find that a pleasant meeting of not too exhaustive a character brings out more members than an evening or afternoon of study is able to do."

This letter gave the Ozanam members great satisfaction, as it coincided

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with our plans for the season of 1892–93. Last October, in addition to our regular officers, we elected a committee of five to arrange a programme for the year. We considered ourselves very fortunate in having the gifted and clever writer, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, as a member of this committee. The recognition Archbishop Ireland has extended to her since she arrived at St. Paul, Minn., serves to make the Ozanam proud of her membership. Under the direction of Mrs. Martin this committee met once a month, or oftener if necessary, to suggest work for the Circle, to recommend books, prepare lists of authors, etc. Finally we decided on a plan which was considered feasible to even the busiest of the members. A volume of Brother Azarias, entitled *Books and Reading*—third edition, revised and enlarged—was placed in the hands of every member to be used studiously for home-work. Occasional selections were given at our weekly meetings. Then Père Didon's *Life of Christ* was obtained, and ten minutes of each meeting were devoted to a reading aloud from this treasure-house of Christian wisdom. In addition to these two books our regular exercises of quotations, essays, recitations, prose readings, and poetical selections were continued. Looking over the minutes I find these names among the list of authors: Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Manning, Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P., Father Hecker, Marion Crawford, John Boyle O'Reilly, Mary A. Tincker, and many others. We also had a brilliant original essay entitled *The First Leo*, author unknown. We wish to thank the author whoever she may be (for we presume it was written by a woman), as this paper served to bring forth some lively talk and consequent information.

One Monday evening of each month was devoted to informal talks on religious literature. Many questions were answered concerning the Bible and the other books that are under the care of the church, and the literature of the first three centuries. These talks gave rise to much discussion, in which each member spoke out without fear of criticism. The expression of opinion being spontaneous, naturally helped very much our means of obtaining knowledge.

During the winter we were greatly aided in our work by the reception of the following advice, which may be of use to other Reading Circles. In acknowledging a letter from the president of the Ozanam, Mrs. Martin, now residing in St. Paul, Minn., writes:

"Ever since receiving your letter I have had on my thinking-cap, hoping to find under it some suggestion that might be of use to you and the Circle generally. I have discovered but one, but I venture to suggest that as a fruitful one. Your own remark that one of the exercises for the next meeting was to be a newspaper article on Pope Leo XIII. shows me that it will not be new to you. We are living in a very momentous period of church history—we might call it portentous, too, for it is big with promise of great events. What better can bright young girls do who are likely to live to take part in the days that are coming—the days, perhaps, of the prophecy when 'All shall be taught of God'—than to get a firm, clear notion in their minds of what is going on about them? I think that you could not lay a better foundation for your studies in this direction than by reading Father Hecker's last book, *The Church and the Age*. In connection with this, preliminary to it if you like, take the New York *Sun* letters from Rome signed 'Innominatuo.'

"Father Hecker was a spiritual generator, fecund in ideas which will grow and put forth new seeds in their turn. Study his influence and his life. You will

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find, as Archbishop Ireland so well says in his introduction, the American movement now working in the church springs from him.*

"The beginning of church history as found in the Gospel of St. John and current church history as I find it in the papers interest me more than any points between."

These words from a member of the Ozanam convey the plan and spirit of our work during the past year. The newspaper article on Pope Leo referred to by Mrs. Martin was one written by Miss Mollie Onahan, and was most deserving of careful perusal.

In conclusion let me cite a tribute received from Sorosis last March. In compliance with a request from that noted club, managed entirely by women, requesting the Ozanam to be represented at the World's Fair, four original papers and an article setting forth our plan of work were sent on type-written sheets, with money to pay for the binding selected by the committee of Sorosis. The following were the subjects of these papers: Cardinal Manning, the artist Millet, the Diver of the Douro, and a Christmas story. These were not written specially for the occasion, but were selected from work contributed during the past two years. In acknowledging their receipt Sorosis says:

"The club folio has reached us safely, and is admirable in every sense. If on examination any change is requisite, we will inform you. Hoping you and others will enjoy looking at it in the exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, we remain, yours cordially, COMMITTEE OF SOROSIS."

* * *

From her note-book Miss Helen M. Sweeney has prepared an account of some of the notable points that attracted her attention in the talks on religious literature, which indicate very clearly a line of reading that might be usefully adopted by reverend directors of sodalities, in places where Reading Circles are not considered *the correct thing* for some unknown reason. Every sodality could and should have at least a few members to do something for the diffusion of Catholic literature. Miss Sweeney writes:

"At the Reading Circle meeting held last summer, during the first session of the Catholic Summer-School, various methods of conducting these Circles were discussed by those who had each tried his own and thought it the best one. Some advocated the Circle that, under the guidance of a director, read an allotted time and amount under the penalty of a fine for omission. Some advocated the plan of question and answer, that to those with limited education has no doubt proved of inestimable value. Some laid out "winter courses" that were followed with more or less fidelity—generally less. But for a successful solving of the question

* The passage from Archbishop Ireland mentioned by Mrs. Martin is as follows: "Father Hecker looked on America as the fairest conquest for divine truth, and he girded himself with arms shaped and tempered to the American pattern. I think it may be said that the American current, so plain for the last quarter of a century in the flow of Catholic affairs, is largely, at least, to be traced back to Father Hecker and his early co-workers. . . . Father Hecker understood and loved the country and its institutions. He saw nothing in them to be deprecated or changed, he had no longing for the flesh-pots and breadstuffs of empires and monarchies. His favorite topic in book and lecture was, that the Constitution of the United States requires, as its necessary basis, the truths of Catholic teaching, as opposed to the errors of Luther and Calvin. The republic, he taught, presupposes the church's doctrine, and the church ought to love a polity which is the offspring of her own spirit."

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of compulsory reading or non-reading we of the Ozanam Reading Circle take the palm. We have tried and found very successful the plan of making our *Director* do the reading, and we—well, we enjoy it and profit thereby.

"During the winter months we have had monthly talks from Father McMillan, and from his first one discovered that religious literature may be divided into several branches: dogmatic, moral, ascetic, biographical, liturgical, and miscellaneous writings; the missal, the ritual, and breviary were briefly reviewed. One of the points made manifest in these delightful talks was the constant vigilance that is exercised by the Catholic Church in all matters, but particularly in her literature. Each bishop is compelled to supervise religious books that appear in his diocese. The councils are the crucibles in which everything pertaining to our literature and spiritual welfare are tried and sent forth if found desirable. A proof of this supervision is given in the *Manual of Prayer*—a prayer-book compiled chiefly from the missal, and containing everything necessary in its most perfect form. The proofs of this book were sent to every bishop in the United States, and received approval and correction.

"Another example of the care exercised by the church over its literature is given by the preparation of Didon's *Life of Christ*, a book that Father McMillan devoted one talk to prior to our reading it in the Circle. The primary motive for the existence of this book was furnished by the crying need of the times, that demanded a life of Christ, written to answer infidel objections, by a Catholic and for Catholics. In order to have every detail perfect Père Didon was sent by his order to travel in the lands that Christ's presence has made holy, and as a Christian, a priest, and an historian he has given us the result of his life-work in a noble form. Aside from this the book has been edited by Monsignor O'Reilly, who has verified every Scripture text in it according to the decisions of the best scholars. It has a masterly introduction by Cardinal Gibbons, and the proof-sheets were submitted to the Master-General of the Dominicans in Rome. As can be seen, no one could, if he would, write loosely or carelessly on Catholic subjects.

"In one of our 'talks' we discovered what was very pleasing to our feminine souls—that one of the most beautiful feasts in our calendar, that of Corpus Christi, owed its institution to a woman. Among the books of devotional literature there are none more carefully or beautifully written than those on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament. Up to the thirteenth century there was no feast particularly devoted to the Blessed Eucharist. Because of visions had by Juliana of Liège in 1252 Pope Urban appointed St. Thomas Aquinas to write the office of the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament. This he did in such a beautiful, glowing, poetic style that it was accepted throughout the whole Catholic world, and is now used at every Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In this work of love, one of the finest offices of the church, St. Thomas condensed all the scriptural allusions to the Eucharist, and it is said was aided by the angels, hence his appellation, "Angelic Doctor." This office contains beautiful selections from the Psalms, from the Epistles of St. Paul, several hymns remarkable for poetical excellence, and is a perfect exposition of the doctrine of the Real Presence.

"But of all the books over which our Mother Church has watched with zealous care there has been none so carefully prepared as the keystone of our faith, the Bible. In settling other vexed questions the Council of Trent decided upon the Latin Vulgate as the standard version—vulgate is used in the sense of common or popular. This edition was prepared by St. Jerome in the last decade of the fourth

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century. He had access to documents that have since been destroyed. St. Gregory in the beginning of the seventh century required the Vulgate to be used in preference to any other version. Its claims are proved by many ancient documents which are in Rome. The Douay Bible, our standard English edition, so called after the town in France where the first English translation was made, was most carefully examined before being published, because of the possibility of error creeping into a translation made from a dead to a living tongue. The New Testament has been translated from the Greek, as Greek was the language of all the Apostles except Matthew, who used Syrochaldaic.

"Our sixth and last talk was given by Father Clark, who devoted the evening to the Christian literature of the first three centuries. This literature is altogether of a religious character; it may be divided into the following heads: the canonical books, the liturgical books, or forms of administering the Sacraments, the Acts of the Martyrs, the Acts of the Roman Pontiffs, and various treatises written in defence of the church, and lastly, what may be termed the picture catechisms, the rude pictures found on the walls of the catacombs. St. Clement, the second pope, must be mentioned as an author of this time. He wrote many books that have been preserved with the greatest care, notably ten books called "Recognitions," two epistles to the Corinthians, twenty homilies or conferences, and an epistle to St. James, in which he tells of the martyrdom of St. Peter and of his own appointment in the place of authority. These monthly talks did much to excite our interest in the great works that are historical monuments to the Catholic Church, proving her antiquity, the divinity of her origin, and the splendid law and order by which she maintains her supremacy. They made us feel that, in the religious world, each could do her little part in upholding the grand plan by reading, digesting, and presenting to our friends and neighbors, as we now have done, a *résumé* of our winter's work."

* * *

One of the hottest days in July a lady came to inquire at the house of the Paulist Fathers how she could prepare to become a member of the Ozanam Reading Circle. For her sake and for others it is here stated that no laborious preparation is required. The best time to join is now, the present month of October. Send a note at once to the Secretary of the Ozanam Reading Circle, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

* * *

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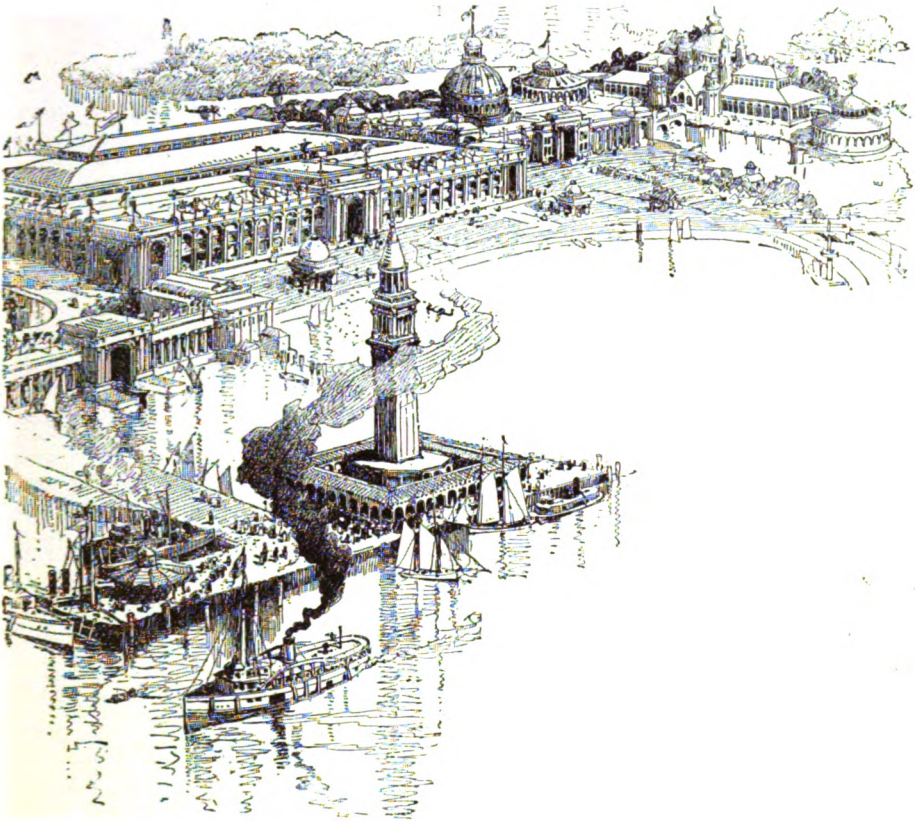
Columbian + Exposition,

Section A, Block 1,

Chicago.



WE would respectfully call your attention to the exhibition of ECCLESIASTICAL METAL WORK which is now being shown in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building of the World's Fair in connection with our other departments.

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A Glimpse of the Autumn Woods.

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THE

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THE PLEA OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE fading leaves are pleading with the autumn breeze,
While fondly they are clinging to their parent trees;
They whisper, begging, hoping longer span of life:
"So soon to die," they say, "be whirled amidst the strife."
When we were young, in spring we gave our shade,
And when you touched us, trembling music made.
We then had strength, and could thy force defy;
But loved thy wooing, listened to thy sigh.
Let beauty plead, for death who rifles all
Has cast o'er us a wondrous gorgeous pall,
And made us fairer in our deep distress
Than when you lingered, with sweet, fond caress.
Though we are dying, faithful would we cling,
And some slight comfort to our loved trees bring;
Still clothe them with what tender grace we may,
And rustling whisper low, We with you stay.
Why, ruthless, part us from our stems and fling,
Like fluttering bird to earth with broken wing?
Have pity, spare us, toss and tear us not away,
The plaything of the wind that loved us yesterday!

E. O'CONNOR.

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THE ESSENTIAL GOODNESS OF GOD.

IMPORTANCE OF VINDICATING THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

THERE is nothing more necessary at the present time than earnest effort to convince and persuade men of the goodness of God, in order to win them to faith and religion.

The great obstacle to religious faith, for a great number, is the aspect which the present condition and future destiny of a large, if not the larger part of mankind, offers to them. It appears to them as a phenomenon, irreconcilable with the idea of a supreme being who is both infinitely good and infinitely powerful. This is because of the evil which exists in the world. They think that there should be no evil in a world created and governed by such a being. They say: that a good creator must will that his creation should be all good without any evil, and exert all his power to make it so. Many of this class may only hesitate and waver in their faith, while endeavoring to make head against an involuntary scepticism, and longing to find a way of dissipating the darkening cloud in their mental sky, which obscures but does not totally hide the sun. Such persons may suffer very acutely. A sentiment of intense sympathy for mankind in general becomes very painful, when the view of their present condition and future destiny is gloomy. There is no resource to be found in a denial of the existence and providence of God, for to deny these is like exchanging a dark day for black night.

Unhappily, there are others, who give way to their sceptical tendencies and melancholy sentiments, and suffer themselves to drift into agnosticism or even positive atheism. The final logical and moral outcome of this philosophy of despair is pessimism and nihilism.

This is enough to show the great importance, the necessity, even, of vindicating the goodness of God.

THE VINDICATION MUST BE METAPHYSICAL.

The objection to Theism from the existence of evil is metaphysical. Therefore it must be met and refuted by metaphysics. Modern unbelief, after having made war, under the guise

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of rational philosophy, on revelation, has at last invaded the realm of philosophy, and has aimed its weapons against reason and its first principles. Theism, or natural theology, is the highest and noblest part of metaphysics. It springs out of ontology, or metaphysics pure and simple, as a fruit-bearing branch springs from the stem and root of the tree. Ontology is the science of being in its deepest reasons, and of unity, truth, and goodness, which are identical with being. It attains, therefore, its last object in God, who is being in all the plenitude of its essence, and who is the first and final cause of all finite being.

Now, the objection against the goodness, and therefore the being of God, is derived from a perversion of the metaphysical principle that from the essence of God which is good, only an operation which is good can follow. Operation follows essence and is determined by it—an axiom which no philosopher will deny. God operates as First and Final Cause, and therefore it is a necessary logical conclusion, that his essence being good, he can only intend the good, in creating and ruling the world, and can only produce the good by his efficient causality. Now, the contention that the existence of evil in the world cannot have its first and final cause in God is just. That is to say: God cannot intend evil as an end, or be its efficient cause. But when the inference is drawn that God cannot permit evil to arise from the deficient action of second causes, and that his goodness requires that he should prevent this result by the exercise of his omnipotence, the conclusion is perverse and false. The existence of evil may be permitted, because it is incidental to a moral order better and more perfect than any other, and can be overruled so as to become the occasion of producing a much greater good than would result from its exclusion by an act of supreme power. God is good by his essence, which is infinite and unchangeable. Evil is the corruption of a nature which has received a finite existence and goodness from God, and as finite is liable to change, and capable of becoming better or worse. The contention is principally about moral evil, which alone presents any great difficulty. The source of moral evil and of all the physical evils which are its consequence, is in the abuse of free-will by rational creatures. The vindication of the goodness of God in face of the objection derived from the existence of evil will, therefore, terminate in this contention: that it is congruous to the goodness of God to confer the gift of free-will on rational creatures, notwithstand-

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ing the evil caused by its abuse, and in view of the good springing from its right use, and from the overruling of evil to a final result which is good.

THE IDEA OF GOOD IN THE METAPHYSICS OF ARISTOTLE.

Having undertaken to remove the ground of objections against the goodness of God, from the existence of evil, by a metaphysical argument, we cannot do better than to seek for it in Aristotle, the great master in purely rational philosophy. It is not that the metaphysics of Aristotle, or that pure rational philosophy in itself, can furnish an ultimate and adequate solution of the problem, how it is congruous to the goodness of an almighty creator and ruler to permit his created subjects to corrupt and mar any part of that nature which is essentially good, and has been intended by his wisdom for a good end. It is in divine revelation, in Christian theology and philosophy, that we must find the solution which is sufficient for faith, and which gives to reason all the satisfaction of which it is capable, under its present limitations. The metaphysical argument can only prepare the way for some minds to faith, and afford some subsidiary aid to faith for those who already possess it.

Both by reason and faith we have a certitude that God is; that he is the One, the True, the Good, in his essence. From this it follows that his operation is good; and that evil cannot have its origin in his essence or his operation. Since it exists, nevertheless, we must ascribe its origin to some other cause, explain its nature accordingly, and as it cannot be said that it has arisen because God, who is omnipotent, could not prevent it, we must explain, the best we can, why he has permitted evil. We cannot fully explain his reasons for permitting evil. It is only a small portion of the rulings of his providence which we know, and we know this in an imperfect manner. The final outcome is in many aspects hidden from our view. Therefore, at last, we have to fall back on first principles of philosophy and revelation. At present, we have only to do with the first principles of philosophy. There can be no evil in the essence or the operation of God. He must have sufficient reasons and good intentions which have determined his permission of evil. And, if we cannot understand these reasons fully, or perceive clearly how the phenomena of the world are reconcilable with good intentions, we must be content to endure our ignorance. We must not call in question our first principles, cast metaphysics to the winds, and suffer

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our minds to be swallowed up by the quicksand of scepticism and pessimism.

We may go back to the metaphysics of a pagan sage, to find a remedy for the intellectual malady which has become so infectious and contagious among degenerate Christians. Having no knowledge of Christ and Christian truth, living in the darkened and poisoned atmosphere of heathenism, Aristotle was able, by the pure light of natural intelligence and rational logic, although I do not question his having received secret aid from grace, to attain such a clear view of the one supreme, eternal and infinite being, truth and goodness, in essence, having its necessary reason of being in itself, existing in pure and perfect actuality, that Christian philosophers must admire his sublime metaphysics. Aristotle demonstrates that prior to all potency of becoming something by receiving an action from without, the being which does not become, but is, in act, by reason of its essence, all that is possible and thinkable, in absolute plenitude, must exist, without beginning, without any movability of change, and without end.

Being is the intelligible and intelligence. The intelligible is an object of supreme complacency and love, and intelligence is also will, resting with supreme complacency in the contemplation of being; and in this contemplation consists its supreme beatitude. As intelligible, being is the truth; as lovable, it is the good. Being, truth, and goodness are identical. The spiritual essence in which they are one, is God; the One, the True, the Good.

There is no eloquence or poetry in Aristotle. He is brief, dry, often dark, and the sublimity of his ideas is hidden in metaphysical formulas which are like those of algebra and geometry. Plato is different. He soars on the wings of his genius into the empyrean, to contemplate the idea of God as the supreme and infinite good. These two great sages of Greece complete each other, and the philosophy which is combined from the best elements of each is the ultimate result of the highest and most successful endeavor of intelligence and reason, lacking the light of revelation, to attain the knowledge of truth, to apprehend the intelligible, to investigate being in its deepest reasons.

They agree in this: that the supreme being is identical with the supreme good, the intelligible identical with the lovable, intelligence identical with complacency in good, all in absolute, indivisible unity; *ens, unum, verum, bonum*, existing in an Act,

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whose reality is commensurate with possibility. This is the true and the only Metaphysics, which is as firm and unalterable as the first principles of mathematics, uttering the last word of human intelligence and reason.

THE OPERATION OF GOD, FOLLOWING HIS ESSENCE, MUST BE GOOD.

That the operation of every being having an active force must spring out of its nature and be determined by it, is axiomatic in philosophy. Nature is essence considered as having an operative energy. It is evident, at once, that the essence of God being absolutely good, the first principle of all goodness, nay, the good in itself in the infinite plenitude of all possibility, the energy of this divine nature in actual operation, must have an outcome corresponding to itself. The intrinsic and necessary operation of the divine nature is absolutely and infinitely good. It is the act of intelligence and will within the divine essence, terminating in the divine essence itself as its adequate intelligible and lovable object. It is the life and the supreme beatitude of God, as Aristotle has demonstrated.

The operation of God outside of his own being begins and proceeds by imparting and diffusing the good which is in himself, through a movement of the whole universe and the single parts of it toward a Final Cause which he finds in himself, and which is the same with the final reason of his own being.

The relation of all beings in the universe to God as Final Cause, is the one which Aristotle presents most frequently and most clearly. They are moved by the attractive force of the first mover, who is immovable; that is, incapable of any passive effect from any cause and energy distinct from himself, and unchangeable from within, because he is essentially pure and perfect Act. God is in perfect rest in the possession of the good. All beings which are movable and set in motion by the first mover, are moved toward the same supreme good, as desirable, each one according to the capacity of its nature. The operation of God outside of himself, is therefore a continuation and an imitation of his intrinsic act. Complacency in the good which he is, has for its sequel complacency in the good which he causes. The love of his own being, as it were, overflows in love of beings who are distinct from himself, and is manifested by the diffusion of good among them.

Mr. McMahon, the translator of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, in his analysis of Book XI. (p. lxxvi.) says: "We find Aristotle

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laying it down that God's existence is what must be most excellent and happy, and therefore, as such, his aim must be the promotion of general felicity in all parts of creation, and the actuating principle in his divine perfections must be love, and nothing else *but* love."

FROM ARISTOTLE WE TURN TO CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Here, I will leave Aristotle, and retain only his abstract principles, as they are contained in the highest Christian philosophy, free from the limitations of his own special theories, or shortcomings, and from the embarrassment arising from different interpretations of his doctrine concerning the First and Final Cause of the universe.

It is the fundamental doctrine of the pure and perfect Theism of Christian philosophy, that God created all existing things out of nothing, in finite limits of time, space, grade, and number, by a free act of his will, for a motive and end which this sovereign will found in his own wisdom and goodness.

The motive and end, or the final cause, of creation, can only be the manifestation of the divine wisdom and goodness, for his own extrinsic glory, by an outpouring of free, disinterested love upon his creatures. God is the Final as well as the First Cause of the creation and all the beings it contains. They are intended to find their ultimate perfection and well-being, by a movement of return to the source and origin of their existence; each species and individual, according to its capacity and energy, and the particular purpose and destiny for which it has been made.

All the ideas and intelligible ratios of created beings God finds in his own infinite essence. They are created in accordance with these ideas; they are, in their natures, their existence, and their operation, a diminuted, finite imitation of the divine nature, being, and activity.

All essences, substances, modes, and forms of existence, all capacities and energies in created nature, must be therefore good, and for a good end. They are copies of ideas in the divine mind, and these ideas have their foundation in the divine essence which is *ens*, *unum*, *bonum*, *verum*. Creation, therefore, has derived, participated, finite being, one origin and end, one kind of being without intrinsic opposition of contrary principles, and this being is all true and good. The perfections of God are reflected in it, like the sky in dew-drops.

It follows from this that there is no real or possible essence,

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substance or nature, which is the opposite and contrary of the good, *i.e.*, intrinsically evil. God cannot be the efficient cause of anything which is not good, or operate from any intention which is not for a good end.

THE DEFINITION, ORIGIN, AND REASON OF EVIL.

But what then is evil, whence is it, and wherefore?

Evidently, it is a negative quantity, a lack or a privation of some good which might be or ought to be in natures which are essentially good. It is a corruption of natures which are corruptible, a disorder, a perversion, a recession from being into not being, in the direction of nonentity, or nothing. The incorruptibility of the divine essence is an attribute which belongs to it as the supreme, absolute, self-existing being in all possible plenitude, incapable of change, either by gain or loss. The corruptibility of the creature is a consequence of its having a received, finite, and changeable existence, an intrinsic tendency toward the nothing out of which it has been taken.

The absence of being in itself, and of the plenitude of being, in creatures, is sometimes called by metaphysicians *metaphysical evil.* This term may do very well in pure metaphysics, but it is unfortunate and misleading in popular language. That creatures are not self-existent and infinite is not a flaw in the creation. That one creature lacks something which is not proper to its species or its individuality, is not a flaw in its nature. Capacity of change and motion is not intrinsically evil, since it does not necessarily imply change for the worse, and often receives a movement to the equally good or the better.

Physical evil is every kind of corruption in any nature, which deprives it of some good pertaining to its proper well-being, and is not in the moral category.

Moral evil is the corruption of a rational being, which vitiates the moral good which ought to exist in his voluntary acts and his habitual character.

This is the chief, and strictly speaking the only, evil in the world, which presents a serious difficulty, as to its cause and the reason for its permission.

God cannot be its efficient cause, and there is no created efficient cause, determined by its nature to produce the effect of moral evil. All causes except the free-will of a rational creature are out of the question. The nature of every rational creature is good; free-will as a faculty is good; the proper object of the will is the good. The abuse of free-will, the self-determination

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of a rational creature to an immoral choice, is an aberration from the right course, a failure to exercise the power conferred on him to accomplish the work of his own perfection, and thus to attain the glorious destination for which he was created. It is, therefore, more correct to denote the cause of evil, with St. Gregory Nyssen, as a *deficient*, rather than as an *efficient* cause. The nature of the rational creature determines him to seek for the good which is desirable. By his intelligence and will he considers and embraces that which among all desirable objects he regards as the most eligible. But he does not rightly exercise the faculties of knowing and willing, so as to choose his own true and supreme good; but, on the contrary, he deceives himself by an error of judgment, and acts on this false judgment by choosing a false appearance of good, instead of his real and supreme good, which he ought to have chosen. It is this falsehood and aberration of mind and will which is moral evil, which is sin. It degrades the rational nature of the sinner, deprives him of his due relation to God, and turns him away from his true destination. He becomes something worse than he was, and than he ought to be. But still, he does not become in essence and substance an evil being. His essence and nature, and his operation, in so far as it is the activity of his purely natural energy, are good. All that in him which is from God, and proceeds from the action of God, as first and efficient cause, is good. The moral evil which corrupts his nature and operation is a lack, a privation of that good which ought to proceed from his own free-will and to complete the work of God in him. Once turned away from God and his true end, toward self and the pursuit of happiness in the inferior good of creatures, the way is opened to every kind and degree of moral aberration and degradation. This is the source and origin of all the moral evil, of all the vices and sins by which humanity has been devastated and which make of the world such a sad spectacle. The origin of moral evil is in the free-will of rational creatures. The physical evils and miseries by which mankind are afflicted are the consequences of the moral disorder caused by sin.

When the two questions: What is evil? and Whence is evil? have been answered; the third remains: Why does God permit evil? It is clear that he is not its first and efficient cause, and its final cause. It does not proceed from his creative power and will, or enter into his intention. The only way, therefore, in which the existence of evil can be referred to the will of God is this; evil has not been excluded from the world by the exercise of

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the divine omnipotence. He could have excluded all evil, if he had willed to do so; as he did not will to do this, it exists by his permission. It is self-evident that he has a good and sufficient reason, congruous to his wisdom and goodness, for permitting evil, and the great problem, the enigma of theology, is to discover what this reason is.

THE REASON FOR PERMITTING EVIL CANNOT BE FOUND IN PAGAN PHILOSOPHY.

It is in vain to look for a solution of this problem in the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, or in any philosophy separated from the theology derived from divine revelation. It is a necessary conclusion from the principles and truths revealed by God in his works to the intellect and reason of man, that all the doctrine taught in the Christian religion is the word of God revealed to faith, spoken by the Personal, Incarnate Word, Jesus Christ. From this pure and divine source of light we must derive our faith and the philosophy of our faith. And when our rational philosophy betrays its shortcomings and fails to give an answer to the questions of our curious intellect which is satisfactory, we must let in this light upon its dark obscurities, and resort to faith to supply the deficiencies of reason.

HOW FAR CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY CAN SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

In the endeavor to solve the problem of evil, Catholic philosophy has gone as far as the limited human reason, aided by the light of revelation, can go.

So far as physical evil is concerned, we have not far to seek for a sufficient explanation of its existence. For the corruption of those natures which are not rational, is a temporary incident of the beginning and progress of universal nature, through the operation of second causes and created forces, toward its final perfection, when God will make it incorrupt, and incorruptible by any natural causes.

The physical evils by which rational creatures are afflicted, and which are the consequence of moral evil, serve to check, to diminish, to counteract, and to remedy the moral devastation which is caused by sin. For all those who become finally morally perfect and completely happy in a state of permanent incorruption, physical evil is temporary and becomes the means of attaining their highest good.

It is only the permission of moral evil, and of its consequences, in the privation of the final and perfect good which is the

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natural exigency and destiny of rational creatures, which is the really perplexing and difficult problem.

The question is: Why should God give to rational creatures free-will, in a state of equilibrium between good and evil, involving the risk of an abuse of the self-determining power, and its disastrous consequences? According to the light of natural and unaided reason, it would seem more congruous to the goodness of God, intending only with pure benevolence the diffusion of itself in creation, that he should at once, by one stroke of power, make the whole rational creation unchangeably perfect and happy Besides this, it might appear to some minds more consonant to the idea of a plan of operation intended and executed by infinite goodness and power, that the whole universe should be created at once in a state of consummate and immovable order and beauty. The ideal picture is certainly an attractive one, but, as we very well know, purely imaginary.

THE PLAN OF GOD INCLUDES MORAL PROBATION.

God has chosen another plan. He has set in motion a multitude of second causes, and put in operation natural laws, by which, from inchoate chaos, order and beauty have been and still are slowly evolved. Moreover, he has chosen to place his rational creation at the beginning, in a state of moral probation, with the power of free-will, so that beings created after his image might work out, by the exercise of con-creative causality, their own moral perfection, and thus attain to a final state of incorruption and beatitude. It is not difficult to see that God has intended, by this plan, to produce a much higher and greater good, than that which would be accomplished if the universe were made the passive recipient of the action of omnipotent power upon it and in it. The difficulty arises when we consider the moral evil which has resulted from the abuse of free-will by a multitude of intellectual and rational creatures. But especially, it is the final and irremediable loss of the beatitude to which they were destined, which makes the problem of the permission of evil so dark and perplexing.

HOW FAR REASON CAN SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

Is there any rational solution of this problem? Is there an answer to the question, Why and for what reason did God place the destiny of rational creatures in their own hands, when the abuse of this power was incident to its possession, and consequent upon this abuse a long train of disorders, of moral and

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physical evils, ending in the eternal loss of a multitude of angels and men?

In a general way the problem can be solved and the question answered. The goodness of God toward those who have ruined themselves is vindicated; because it is clear that he intended their good in conferring the gifts and powers which they have perverted to evil. The greater good, for the sake of which the evil is permitted, is to be found in the virtue, the sanctity, the perfection, and final glory of the great multitude of rational creatures who have made a right use of their free-will. Again, evil has been so overruled by the wisdom and mercy of God, as to make a superabundant compensation for the partial injury it has done to the creation. The heroic virtues acquired and practised in contending with evil, especially by the glorious host of martyrs, counterbalance the loss of the possible angels and saints who have fallen into the state and doom of sinners. But above all, there is the glory of the Redeemer and his Cross, which would not have adorned the world if there had been no sin to expiate, and no sinners to redeem.

It is not reasonable to argue, that the goodness of God required him to dispense with all this for the sake of saving the votaries of all kinds of vice, together with Lucifer and his followers in rebellion, from the misery which they have brought upon themselves by sin. This would be to suffer good to be overcome by evil. Whereas, under the supervision of divine providence, good must and will overcome evil. In the end, God will establish perfect and immutable order, and leave nothing inordinate in the universe. The perpetual existence and the state of those who have finally lost the beatitude for which they were originally intended, contributes to this order. For, they are in the state and condition which are due to them, according to justice, which is one form of goodness, and they contribute passively to the glory of the Creator, and to the perfection of that moral order which is a more excellent good than a universal diffusion of mere sensible enjoyment could be.

COMPLETE SATISFACTION TO BE FOUND ONLY IN FAITH.

At last, however, human reason must withdraw, dazzled and confounded, from the effort to penetrate the secret counsels of God. It is necessary, in order that the mind and the heart may rest in calm tranquillity, that God should speak to man by a divine revelation. He has done so. In his word, he has assured us of his goodness, his love, his justice, and even his mercy. In

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his Son, he has given us a revelation of love so great, so unspeakable, as to submerge a Divine Person in the deepest sea of suffering, for the expiation of human sin, and the final triumph of good over evil in the universe.

It is by a divine faith, infused and sustained by divine grace, that we are raised above our weak and tremulous reason and human sentiments, to believe without wavering and hesitation in the goodness and love of God, to confide absolutely in his divine providence over his creatures, to submit unreservedly to his sovereign will, and to love him supremely, as the chief good in himself, and our own chief good.

FAITH IN THE DIVINE GOODNESS MADE EASY BY THE INCARNATION.

God has made this easier for us by the Incarnation of the Second Person in the Godhead in our human nature. The eternal Son has become man, and in his sacred person, clothed with humanity, he has combined and united divine love with human love in a transcendent manner; dying on the cross for the salvation of the world. Into his hands the Father has committed sovereign dominion over the human race. He is the final judge and arbiter of the destiny of all human beings. It is impossible that he should depart from the most perfect standard of justice, tempered with mercy, and harmonized with the most perfect love, in that final act of his sovereign power, by which he will establish the universe in its eternal order. In this faith and confidence in Jesus Christ the mind and heart can find perfect rest from the disquietude of a continual brooding over the problem of evil.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DESPAIR.

The only alternative is the philosophy of despair. At the present time, no thinking mind can entertain the hypothesis that there is a self-existing being, who is in his essence evil and malevolent. Whoever disbelieves in a Creator and Ruler of the world, infinitely good and infinitely powerful, must refer all things to an unconscious, blind force in nature, and regard all the evil and misery to which men are subject as a doom of fate, or as happening by chance. Many, who have fallen into the miserable scepticism so prevalent in this age, may be so absorbed in the occupations of life, or engaged in pursuing its frivolous amusements, that all their interest is centred in the present, with scarcely a thought about their origin, or their end. But

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when these objects fail them, the question of the value of life forces itself on their attention. There are others, more thoughtful by nature, who can never be distracted from a consideration of the philosophy of life, by these occupations and amusements; and others still, whose misfortunes deprive them of any sense of happiness, except that which religion offers. The tendency of the philosophy of doubt and unbelief is therefore toward practical pessimism and despair. Its final conclusion is: that life is not worth living, and its extinction the only end to be expected or desired. The dreary accounts of recent English newspapers of the prevalence of a suicidal mania are an illustration of this fatal tendency.

Nothing can be more unnatural than this turning away from life and plunging into the abyss of death. Not only those who actually kill themselves, but all who turn their minds and hearts away from God, the author of life, to a melancholy pessimism, or any kind of sceptical agnosticism, are intellectual and moral suicides. All rational beings who deprive themselves of eternal life by the abuse of their free-will are suicides.

THE LOVE OF GOD NATURAL AND REASONABLE.

It is the height of folly, as well as the most fatal and criminal wickedness, to yield to the deadly fascination of the suicidal mania, and abandon the pursuit of eternal life in God, because a multitude have chosen the way that leads to death. This is what they do who, by brooding over the evil caused by sin, lose their faith and confidence in the goodness of God, and consequently in his being and providence. Even the pagan Aristotle could perceive the truth that God acts from love and only from love. In his revelation, God declares that he is love, that he hateth nothing which he hath made, that he even heareth the young ravens when they cry; and more than this, that he so loved the world, that he hath given his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him may not perish, but have everlasting life. The whole operation of nature is towards the production of life; the love of life and the desire for happiness are implanted by nature in the human bosom. The love of God and the opportunity of gaining eternal life are offered to all men. It is a plain dictate of reason, that each one should make it his paramount object in life to secure his own eternal well-being, and leave the government of the world in the hands of God. It is mere foolish cant to call this care for personal salvation selfishness. Enlightened and ordinate self-love is not

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immoral or mean, but is just and honorable, and consistent with the most disinterested and generous love of our fellow-beings. Moreover, the pursuit of eternal well-being is not a mere striving after enjoyment. It is a striving after a state of perfection and incorruption. Not only self-love, but the love of the good in itself, the love of God, the creator, father, and redeemer of men, is its motive. It is the categorical imperative of conscience which obliges every rational being to attain his due and proper destination, to fulfil the purpose for which he was created. To refuse this concurrence with the will of God is not only an act of folly, but of cowardice and treason.

As for those who are the children of God, if they would have a perfect and immovable tranquillity amid the trials, storms, and combats of their period of probation, let them regard the sovereign will of God as identical with his goodness and love.

And let those whose office it is to strengthen the just in Christian virtue and to bring unbelievers and sinners to faith and reconciliation with God, make it their chief object to convince and persuade men of the goodness, the love, and the mercy of the sovereign creator and ruler of the world.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

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MISS MILLIONAIRE.

MRS. LANE had come over to take counsel of Mrs. Gray, choosing her as an adviser because her sister Alice was the village belle, and because hers was the only carriage in Warrenton.

"You remember my telling you about meeting that Miss Ladham and her mother at Old Point, and how charmed Colonel Lane was with the girl? Well, the other day when I wrote thanking her for the photographs she sent us at Christmas, I renewed the invitation we had given her to visit us, but with no more notion that she would accept than I had that I would fly to the moon."

There was a tragic inflection at this new instance of the certainty of the unexpected.

"And is she coming?" Mrs. Gray asked, remembering with renewed appreciation of its fitness the nickname of "the Veneerings" which some wit had bestowed on the Lanes.

"Why, certainly. I wrote some pretty stuff, which took her fancy, about ours being just the village to spend Lent in 'far from the madding crowd,' and all that. And she is coming next week. Now, how in the world are we to entertain her?—a girl who has been everywhere and who is worth a million of dollars."

Mrs. Gray, who occasionally earned some money by helping with the tax-list, calculated that the sum named would buy almost half of Warren County, before she asked with solemn sympathy: "What have you thought of doing?"

Her evident awe at the situation had an exhilarating effect on Mrs. Lane. "I thought we might have some young men to see her, for one thing; and I knew you could advise me about that, your sister is so popular. There are Dr. Decatur, and Major Arnold; they, with Armistead Trenholm, were all I could think of. Who else could you suggest?"

"She would not recognize dry-goods clerks?" asked the adviser tentatively.

"Well, scarcely!" was the reply, given with fine scorn.

"I thought not, and that narrows the list greatly. Some of Alice's best friends are clerks, and she likes them almost as well as you and I used to like Palmer Ewart and Joe Kent when they sold us calico in Mr. Parker's store."

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The face was a pleasant one to match the reminiscent tone of the last words, but Mrs. Lane, being a politician's wife, knew her constituents, and hastened to disarm resentment by saying, apologetically:

"Oh! of course since the war we have learned to regard the man rather than his occupation, but in the North it is different. Northerners are, in a way, much more exclusive than we are."

"I suppose a moneyed aristocracy has to be," said Mrs. Gray, with as contemptuous a tolerance as if she had not a moment before been appalled at the mention of a million of dollars; "but how will Miss Millionaire be able to stand Armistead Trenholm?" she asked, laughing; "she will faint at the sight of his shabby clothes, yet he declares he will not get new ones while he is making so little money."

"But Colonel Lane says he is a wonderfully clever fellow," the prospective hostess declared—adding, impatiently, "and even a millionaire, if she be a young woman, is not going to wish to be made a hermit of. Besides, all the girls like Armistead, don't they?"

"I don't know whether Alice does or not," Mrs. Gray answered, while a shade of annoyance fell over her face, "but all the rest do; and Miss Millionaire might be interested in him as 'a type.' Aren't they always looking for types?"

And as she stopped speaking, such a romantic possibility occurred to Armistead Trenholm's friend that she no longer felt the least antagonism toward the coming moneyed aristocrat, or her entertainers, and lent herself with a sudden warmth of interest to making plans for her pleasure. She forestalled Mrs. Lane's questions as to Alice by telling her that she would be home the next week and would aid in every way she could in entertaining Miss Ladham; and she rendered any hints about the carriage unnecessary by placing it at the disposal of Mrs. Lane's guest; suggesting, too, that Armistead Trenholm would take her horseback-riding or buggy-driving when the ladies could not go in the carriage with her.

The rich planters who had made Warrenton a collection of grand houses in the old days had a fine sense of being sufficient unto themselves. They were to a man ready to fight it out with the whole State rather than allow the new railroad, which was to connect Norfolk and Raleigh, to pass through their town. The whistle of the locomotive and rush of trains seemed to these stately gentlemen a desecration of the elegant repose of their homes, and the railroad was forced to curve out of its line and

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establish its depot three miles from the village. There were in those days individuals great enough to conquer corporations, and no doubt the planters went to their last rest with the consciousness of having saved their homes strong upon them.

Perhaps, too, if the superstition prevalent in that country had grounds in truth, the old worthies turned uneasily in their graves many a time when their degenerate descendants, after much striving, succeeded in building those three miles of railroad whereby they might be connected with the main line. But the descendants themselves were so proud of this achievement that they built the road down their main street, so that the shrieking engine blew smoky defiance in the face of those mansions whose former owners would have resented every puff as a personal indignity.

The modern Warrentonians, indeed, measured time by the morning and afternoon comings of "the train"; yet even this constantly interesting event took on a new importance on that March day when Miss Ladham was expected. Every one had seen Mrs. Lane, in her last city-made suit and with an accession of stiffness due the occasion, go out to Warren Plains that morning accompanied by Colonel Lane, who apologized for wearing his best clothes by giving a peculiarly devil-may-care touch to his slouch hat. The colonel was a successful lawyer, and affected a certain carelessness in matters of dress along with a certain bluntness in his manners and speech—both were popular with a large class of possible jurors. And also Warrenton was on the alert to catch a glimpse of the owner of a million of dollars. Her very presence in their midst seemed to envelop them in a golden glory.

To Agnes Ladham, as Colonel Lane helped her from the train into Mrs. Gray's waiting carriage, another sort of golden haze was over the town as it lay bathed in the bright noon sunshine. The gabled houses, gray with age, set in groves of towering and often ivy-clad oaks; the faint gleam of yellow flowers that blossomed in wild profusion in the century-old gardens at the sides of the houses; the Episcopal church, ivy-clad too, surrounded by flat tombstones, blue now with the periwinkle in a riot of bloom; the court-house with its colonnade, from whose pillars the stucco had fallen in patches; the spacious court square, where some country people had left their mules and oxen to browse on the chance sprigs of grass while their owners bartered eggs for coffee and snuff. All this Agnes Ladham qualified in her own mind as "delicious," and her first sense of

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disappointment was when she found that the Lanes lived in the only new house in the place, rather than in one of the weather-beaten mansions that abounded. Nothing was farther from her thoughts than that she herself was being closely watched, a fact of which Mrs. Lane was as keenly conscious as if every shutter along their way had flown open at once and revealed the curious faces which they now screened.

Mrs. Ray, the postmistress, summarized the village verdict the next morning to Alice Cottrell, whose return had made the train's afternoon trip noteworthy the day before.

The old woman stood in the door of the post-office, which was also her dwelling, and watched the girl coming toward her with an odd sense of personal triumph in the charm that hung around her. For though Mrs Ray, hard of feature and angular of frame, had never thought it out, there was in her tenderness for Alice a feeling that the girl's fresh prettiness and bloom of womanhood might bring to her all the brightness which the old woman's life had lacked. It is often thus with older women whose hidden hearts yet beat maternally—they see in the young beauty a realization of their lost ideals of themselves.

"I been a-standin' here a-watchin' you," she said as Miss Cottrell stood still by her door-step. "I was feared all them Germans an' things Janet's been tellin' me you been a-goin' ter had 'spoiled yo' beauty,' as folks used ter say. But they haint; an' I be hushed ef them boys warn't right in what they said about you yistiddy."

"What did they say, Mrs. Ray?" the girl asked, her face bright with the pleased expectancy born of her consciousness of being the village favorite.

"Aw! they was standin' roun' yere waitin' for me ter open the evenin' mail (you know I won't hurry myself fur none of 'em), an' they were a-talkin' about that rich Yankee gyal the Lanes got visitin' 'em. You ain't seen her yet?—peaked face, eye-glasses, sort o' springin' gait, rough-lookin' dress, smashed together hat—looks lak a reg'lar Yankee schoolmarm, but not ter say a rale ugly one. An' presently one of 'em ups an' says: 'Well, Miss Alice come home to-day too, an' I tell you what, boys, the Yankee may have the cash, but she cayn't hold a candle to our gyal for style an' beauty.' You're right there, I sez to myself; an' he was too, as all of 'em told 'im."

The blushes which encarmined her face at this tribute to her fairness so enhanced it that Armistead Trenholm, coming by at that moment, thought he had never seen her look so pretty,

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and paid her one of his rare compliments by saying, as he took her hand:

"It's been mighty lonesome without her, hasn't it, Mrs. Ray?"

"Yes," said the old woman, as she stepped back into the office and returned with a letter, "but I reckin we'll have ter git used ter it, Armistead. This looks like it; she jest left Wilmin'ton day befo' yistiddy an' stopped overnight in Weldon, an', behold you! here's a letter fum Wilmin'ton, come on the same train she did—in a man's writin' too."

Alice took the letter eagerly and read it at once, the two others watching; then, with one of those pretty filial ways which endeared her to the old of all classes, she smilingly handed it to Mrs. Ray to read—a proceeding which Mr. Trenholm found so satisfactory that he asked her to allow him to walk home with her.

They had gone but a few steps, however, when the girl turned and ran back to where Mrs. Ray was still standing.

"Was it Cousin Armistead who said that?" she whispered.

"Good Lord, naw!" exclaimed Mrs. Ray in emphatic denial. "He 'peared ter git mad when the other boy said it."

"Oh! he never did like me anyhow you know," Alice declared with sudden pique. Coquette though she was, she was too unversed in the ways of men to put other construction on his resentment.

"Naw, I don't know," answered the wiser woman; "le' me ask 'im if he don't?" But before she could make a feint of calling him, her questioner had joined him and they were walking off.

"It wouldn't never do in the world," the postmistress soliloquized. "He's too everlastin' poor. Pity that Yankee gyal warn't a man; Alice would have 'im lovin' her in no time. An' Alice ought ter marry a rich man. We've had enough of po' fokes marryin' po' fokes."

In this remote village marriage was still believed to be the manifest destiny of every young woman.

Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Gray stood and watched Colonel Lane drive off with Miss Ladham and Alice Cottrell in the carriage.

"She says she has enjoyed every hour of her stay with us," Mrs. Lane declared, in a voice wherein triumph and relief were mingled.

"She has disappointed every ideal I had of a millionaire,

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and has besides destroyed my last stronghold against discontent with poverty," her friend replied, conscious of a vague regret that this was true. "I had persuaded myself that riches made people selfish and 'stuck-up,' when here comes the richest woman I ever knew, and she is so sweet and simple that she makes us poor folks feel like sophisticated worldlings by comparison."

"She does not think us such," Mrs. Lane said, decidedly—being the greater worldling of the two she felt no self-accusations—"she says we are the kindest people she has ever met, and she has quite fallen in love with you and Alice."

"How does she like the young men?" queried Mrs. Gray, a trifle anxiously; "Dr. Decatur and Major Arnold and Armistead Trenholm, for instance?"

"She enjoys Dr. Decatur's fiddling and drollery; she thinks Major Arnold a good whist-partner; and as for Armistead, she has never mentioned him except to ask me if Alice was going to marry him."

"The idea!" exclaimed Alice's sister, with totally uncalled-for vehemence. "I hope you told her that they were like brother and sister."

"Well, no; but I told her they were close kin, though I failed to make her see that fourth cousins were near relatives," said Mrs. Lane with a quizzical smile; "and besides," she continued, with the air of a woman who is feeling her ground, "I told her that Alice is probably engaged or will be soon to Duncan Pembroke, of Wilmington?"

The interrogative inflection was wasted, however. Mrs. Gray had no intention of discussing her sister's affairs, even if she had not just then been absorbed in what, she would have said, were Armistead Trenholm's interests.

Mrs. Lane felt fully justified in declaring that her guest had "fallen in love" with her friends; for Alice Cottrell and Agnes Ladham, from being quite constantly thrown together, soon fell to liking each other's companionship.

One afternoon, after they had been for a long walk down the piney woods road, they found the parlor fire particularly alluring. That parlor was in itself enough to fascinate one without the fire, thought Miss Ladham, and with the blazing logs it was irresistible, though she discovered that its owners rather deprecated the old-fashioned air which charmed her. The high oak mantel, surmounted by the gilt-framed, ceiling-reaching mirror, which reflected the Dresden vases and prism-fringed cande-

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labra on the shelf; the polished brass andirons and fender which saw themselves, by means of the flicker of the wood fire, in the black marble hearth; the velvet carpet, worn into soft neutrality of tone; the small-paned windows draped in old crimson damask that fell from deep brass cornices; the fine steel engravings of subjects our grandfathers liked, and the two or three family portraits; these, with the incongruous bits of modern bric-a-brac and willow chairs which Alice and Janet had introduced to lighten up the room, all made a picture like one in a book, and which accorded well with the two young women themselves, whose notions of the great outside world were all book-gained and whose curiosity about it was so great, yet so tempered by their exquisite courtesy to the stranger and their inbred belief in their own perfect gentility. Somehow the talk turned on heroes as the three sat before the fire, and Mrs. Gray said musingly just as her sister was called from the room:

"It seems to me I have seen heroes in my every-day life. I think I would call Armistead Trenholm one." Miss Ladham looked up amused; but these people took themselves seriously, and she spoke quite sincerely when she said:

"I thought him a very unusual man, but will you tell me why you think him a hero?"

Like most women, Janet Gray was capable of a certain sort of eloquence when her feelings were enlisted, and so she briefly told the history of Armistead Trenholm's twenty-eight years. It was not an uncommon story to the teller. She herself had known of several similar ones, and she knew there had been hundreds like it throughout the South; but her sisterly devotion to the man of whom she spoke made her voice fall into tearful tenderness now and then, as she told of the young boy, sensitive and delicate, who ploughed barefoot that his mother might not lack for food; of her death, broken-hearted after all, though the war was over; of the lonely boy's struggles, still gaining education by snatches, yet never giving up; of the way he worked through college, of the brave life after it, lived unmurmuringly, relinquishing every comfort until the money could be earned to pay for it; and always the high purpose and high hope living on, despite the shabby clothes and bitter poverty. As Agnes Ladham listened she thought she understood why those clear eyes looked out at one so frankly, and she forgave a certain awkwardness which had heretofore repelled her.

"What has Janet been chattering about?" Alice asked, re-

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turning a moment or two after her sister had ceased speaking. "I could hear her constantly in the sitting-room."

"She has been talking very eloquently," said Miss Ladham with a ring of what was perhaps reflected tenderness in her voice. "She has been telling me of your cousin, Mr. Trenholm."

"Then I am sure she waxed eloquent," Miss Cottrell said with smiling conviction; "Cousin Armistead is Janet's chief weakness."

"I would scarcely couple weakness with his name after Mrs. Gray's story," declared Miss Ladham, with a shade of resentment in her tone that made Alice wonder and grow silent for a moment; and then she asked their visitor for a song.

It was characteristic of the woman that any exaltation of emotion was apt to take a religious tone; and because she had been touched by the story she had just heard she felt like praising the Creator who had made his creature strong and true, so that instead of singing some operatic selection, as her listeners expected, she struck the notes of the "Te Deum," as it is chanted in the Episcopal service, Alice and her sister, devout "church-women," both joining her. Armistead Trenholm passing, heard the music and entered unannounced, Mrs. Gray acknowledging his presence by silently motioning him to make the fourth in the group; and presently his magnificent, though untrained, bass voice swelled the chant until the room was filled with harmony.

Somehow it seemed natural that he should have come in just then, and Miss Ladham did not stop playing, so that the four went on singing together the familiar hymns, each moment deepening the spell which music and firelight were working. And when at last Miss Ladham remembered with a start that Mrs. Lane would be waiting for her the night had fallen, and Armistead Trenholm had to walk home with her.

That was the first of many walks the two took together, and Agnes Ladham told her hostess there never was such a beautiful world as this old Warrenton world was in that blossoming Lenten spring-time. She told herself that she was growing devout, since the lack which she, like many another pious Protestant, had always felt in her religion had ceased to trouble her.

Not all the ritualistic rector's efforts could make the little church other than bare; yet Agnes said she had never found it so easy to pray as she did there when she and Armistead and

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Alice and the other Warrenton young folks would meet there on Wednesday and Friday afternoons for the Lenten evening services.

And so Easter came and Miss Ladham knew she must be going. Warrenton had not felt so rich in many a day as it did that Easter week with its millionaire guest and Duncan Pembroke, who was worth quite a hundred thousand, they said, both sojourning in its borders.

Indeed, Mrs. Ray predicted to the crowd which gathered for the mail on Easter Tuesday that they would hear of two rich marriages in Warrenton before the year was out, and based her prediction upon the fact that she had that afternoon seen Armistead Trenholm and Miss Ladham walk toward the country road together, and an hour afterwards saw Duncan Pembroke drive Alice Cottrell through the town.

It was certainly an afternoon worth living through. The world was full of April's warmth and veiled brightness. Though the trees had attained all of their foliage it was still of tender green transparence, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of innumerable fruit blossoms. By the stream the yellow jasmine twisted itself about the great grape-vines that looped from tree to tree across the brown water and changed them into living gold, and the white dogwood starred the dark places of the woods.

As the two strollers walked on, Agnes Ladham felt her heart full of quiet happiness, the greater perhaps because her companion was sad, and she believed from what he had said that his sadness came because this was their last walk together.

They sat down by the stream and watched the swift current whirling away under the country bridge the freight of jasmine flowers that Agnes idly threw into the water. As they sat, for the most part in silence, Trenholm abstractedly carved a letter in the soft bark of the beech-tree near him, where many letters had been carved before.

"That is an excellent 'A,'" Miss Ladham said as he finished it. "Let us see if the 'L' will be as good."

He looked at her and then at his work with a start of surprise which made her blush, and he felt his own cheek flush also. How was she to know that "C" and not "L" had followed "A" in his carving ever since he could cut into the bark of a beech-tree?

"But you have a middle name, and so 'L' is not the next," he said to cover his embarrassment, and fell to work so indus-

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triously that they were soon admiring the A. W. L. which would remain as long as the tree did.

"I would cut the initials of the man who would like vastly to change those," he said, glancing at her smilingly; "but there is no hope for him I know, so I need not waste my knife."

She suddenly looked up at him with a wonderful light in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said, looking away again: "How do you know there is no hope for him?"

He was surprised and puzzled at her manner more than her speech, and for an instant wondered if she were coquette enough to wish him to put his own name there. Partly to show her how far he was from falling into such a trap, he stooped and wrote Dr. Decatur's name in the sand.

"There it is," he said, laughing quietly. She read, and sprang up to her feet in an instant with such a gleam of pain and anger in her face that he rose quickly and started to apologize; but before he had spoken there was a whirl of wheels and Alice and Mr. Pembroke drove over the bridge, so absorbed in each other that they did not see the two who stood watching them.

"As you people down here phrase it, 'I reckon that's a match,'" Miss Ladham said with a show of lightness to do away with the effect of her resentment a moment before.

"I suppose so," Trenholm answered in a voice that made her look at him. He stood as if turned to stone, and his blue eyes and tawny beard made startling color in comparison with the death-like pallor of his face.

Agnes Ladham felt all the blood go back from her own cheek at the sight. But she was a brave woman and she meant to know the truth—would she not leave him to-morrow?

She drew nearer to him and laid her hand on his arm:

"Tell me," she said, with a curious mixture of demand and entreaty in her tone, "do you love Alice Cottrell?"

Then, taught by his own pain, he looked down into her true eyes and read their secret.

For a moment he saw, or thought he saw, what that secret might mean for him—wealth, honor, and this noble woman's love. He believed Alice already lost to him, and why might he not take all this at so small a price as one lie?

Had he known the full value of wealth, had he ever lived where he could have seen what money would buy, perhaps he would have lied. Much of a man's courage is due to a man's ignorance; but he had formed his life by high ideals, and had

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grown strong through poverty and struggle, so that it was for but a brief instant that he was tempted. When he spoke it was with an infinite sadness born of a sense of her sorrow and his own, but he told her the simple truth:

"I have loved her all of her life," he said.

"She ought to be a very happy woman," his companion answered as simply, and then they turned and walked homeward in silence.

The next day both the millionaire and Duncan Pembroke left Warrenton and the village relapsed into its normal state. As of old, Alice Cottrell sat on the steps of her home and Armistead Trenholm, walking by, went in and joined her—though not quite as of old; both were conscious of a certain constraint.

"So Miss Ladham has gone; are you inconsolable?" asked Alice as he sat down beside her.

"So Mr. Pembroke has gone; are you inconsolable?" he retorted.

"If I would have been," she said confidently, "Mr. Pembroke would not have gone."

"You mean that you sent him away?" Trenholm asked, almost fiercely, and the tears rose into the girl's eyes—she had struggled much with herself during these last few days.

"Yes," she answered, with the petulance of a woman whose nerves are unstrung from having been overstrained. "I sent him, and I have no intention of listening to your telling me that I ought to have had better sense. I am worn out with hearing what a wonderfully good 'chance' I am throwing away. You shall not begin it over again."

"Why do you think I would begin it?" he asked, striving to calm the great joy which was pulsing through him.

"Oh! because they all tell me the same thing," she answered wearily. "I suppose it is good to be rich, but I have never found poverty so bad that I can marry a man solely to escape it. It seems to me there are so many things better than money."

He took the cold hands that lay on her lap in both his.

"Is love one of these better things, my Alice?" he asked, while the love of his life illumined his face and made his tongue eloquent.

As the two sat together in the firelight one evening in the late fall of that year Mrs. Gray came in, and they noted how her eyes were misty with tears.

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"Yes," she said, explaining, "I have just been listening to Mrs. Lane's account of an incident which occurred during the long visit she and Colonel Lane made to Agnes Ladham this summer. She said that they were all sitting by the sea-shore when Colonel Lane half-jestingly asked Miss Ladham if she had never been in love, and when she answered 'yes' he wanted to know, in his blunt fashion, why she had not married, then—never dreaming of the real reason, much less that she would tell him the truth. I fancy I can see her face now, as she said in her simple, direct way: 'Because, Colonel Lane, the man whom I loved did not love me.' Mrs. Lane told me she was completely dumbfounded at a woman's telling such a reason; and as for Colonel Lane, she says he forgot his manners and swore then and there that such a man must have been a consummate fool. For my part, I quite agree with him. Fancy any man with a soul in him throwing aside Agnes Ladham's love. The tears will come," she concluded, as she brushed the mist from her eyes. "That noble young life to be saddened in such a way!"

"Armistead," said Alice, as her sister left the room, "she loved you."

And as he made her no answer, but looked afar off, she came over and knelt down beside him.

"And, O Armistead!" she exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with love's divine humility, "you knew it and gave up all that for just me!"

"My dearest," he answered, as he covered the bowed head with kisses, "what would I not give up for just you?"

Thus the tide of wealth which seemed coming Warrenton-ward flowed back again, and if Alice Cottrell and Armistead Trenholm were so foolish as to believe that in its ebbing they had found a pearl of great price, who was there to convince them of their mistake?

F. C. FARINHOLT.

Asheville, N. C.

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THE FOSSIL CONTINENT OF AUSTRALIA.

THE great island of Australia, which extends from 39° to 11° south latitude, and which is separated from the Indian-Malay region by a narrow but deep belt of water, is held by good authorities to equal, from a zoölogical point of view, all the rest of the earth. Its separation from the mainland of Asia probably dates from far back in the secondary period, and, according to Wallace, for some time before as well as during a part of the tertiary period it formed two islands, the island to the eastward being united to what is now New Guinea and also to Tasmania, and it was only at a comparatively recent epoch that its divided parts became one. No country has changed so little during later geological time: Australia would seem to have stood still and been forgotten, while the rest of the globe has developed and assumed a new fauna and flora. Its mammals especially—excepting the bats and small rodents, such as rats and mice—are markedly isolated; they represent types which at one time were broadly distributed over the earth, but which have now become extinct everywhere except here and in a few of the outlying islands, with the single exception of the opossum in distant America. And let us observe that this wide disconuity is a sign of great antiquity. To quote Wallace in *Island Life:* "The more widely the fragments are scattered, the more ancient we may usually presume the parent group to be."

Imagine a country nearly as large as Europe without any of the forms from which domestic animals have descended, unless we except the Dingo—the native dog*—which, however, is believed to have been introduced by man. We may liken Australia to a gigantic plate. Almost perfectly flat in the centre, it gradually rises as you approach the coast; its vast plains are covered in many parts with dense scrub; the rivers are insignificant compared with those of other countries; and with its salt lakes, its sand-storms, and a climate in the interior so arid that a drought has been known to last for twenty-six months, we do not wonder that this isolated, lost land—perhaps millions of

* The dingo is not a marsupial.

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years separated from its parent continent—possesses a life-system so very primitive and peculiar that naturalists have agreed to make Australia a separate region. We meet here with two new orders—Marsupials and Monotremes—which are found nowhere else excepting, as we have said, the opossum in America. And these animals are the lowest in organization of all mammals, as well as the earliest to appear in geological time. By a marsupial we mean a mammal which is destitute of a placenta to nourish the fœtus, and which is provided with a pouch (marsupium) in which it places its immature, embryonic young: and let us observe that the marsupial bones supporting the pouch are developed in male and female alike. In the pouch of the large kangaroo are several long, string-like pieces of flesh, and after the mother in an almost mysterious manner has transferred the blind and naked little creature (no bigger than a human baby's little finger) into the pouch and stuck it on one of these milk-strings, she presses the milk into its mouth by the help of a peculiar muscle, and the larynx of the young one is so constructed that it is able to breathe while it takes nourishment, and so it cannot choke. Marsupials vary greatly in habits and looks, and range in size from a mouse to a deer. Some go on all fours, others move on their hind legs alone; some eat grass and leaves, others live on meat, insects, and honey. Their brain development is extremely small, and they manifest little if any affection for their offspring: they are never seen to play with them, and appear to care for nothing but their own stomachs. The most intelligent of Australian marsupials is the opossum; and here let us say that the American opossum is the most highly organized of the marsupial order. The Australian flying-squirrel is closely related to the opossum; and the smallest of this family, which is not bigger than a mouse, is able to skim through the air and alight with accuracy at a point eighty paces distant. The so-called Australian bear (*Phascolarctus cinereus*) is quite a harmless marsupial, which feeds on grass, and is in no way related to the bear family. When the young one is old enough to quit the pouch, it perches itself on its mother's back and goes with her wherever she goes. But the marsupial tiger is a carnivorous beast, fierce and very destructive to sheep and young cattle.

Lower even in organization than the marsupials are the monotremes. These creatures, which consist of two genera—the Echidna, or native hedgehog, and the Ornithorhynchus, or duck-mole—have the marsupial bones but not the pouch, nor have

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they any teeth. The ornithorhynchus (which has rudimentary teeth not piercing the gum) is possessed of jaws very like the bill of a duck; its body is fifteen inches long, and the feet are webbed. The echidna also swims very well, but its feet are not webbed. These two mammals exceed in strangeness any other mammals in existence, and show a marked affinity to birds and reptiles. Their skulls—as in the case of birds—are devoid of sutures, while the front extremities are joined to the breast-bone by a coracoid and an epicoracoid, the same as in reptiles. But the strangest fact connected with the monotremes is that they do not bring forth their young alive, but lay eggs; and after the little one emerges from the shell it is suckled by the mother. Their eggs, moreover, in their stages of development are very like the eggs of reptiles, and outwardly resemble those of a turtle.

A singular lizard is the Australian frilled lizard, so-called from a mass of loose skin dangling from its neck, and which it can elevate into a ruff. This little creature, when it is not disturbed, sits upright like a kangaroo, and when it runs it makes long, high jumps, sometimes five feet high.

The jungle-hen of Australia (*Megapodius tumulus*) and the brush-turkey (*Talegalla*) are curious birds. They construct with their powerful feet a mound of earth and fallen leaves in which they bury their eggs, where, reptile-like, they are hatched by the artificial heat generated by the fermenting of the vegetable and other refuse matter. But it has only lately been discovered how the young birds get out of the mound: they lie on their backs and work their way up to the surface with their feet. Wallace in *Geographical Distribution of Animals*, speaking of this singular mode of hatching eggs, says: "This may, perhaps, be an adaptation to the peculiar condition of so large a portion of Australia, in respect to prolonged droughts and scanty water supply, entailing a periodical scarcity of all kinds of food. In such a country the confinement of the parents to one spot during the long period of incubation would often lead to starvation and the consequent death of the offspring."

The bower-bird of Australia must also be mentioned. It is the size of a thrush, and is noted for the opening or bower which it makes in the brushwood, but which is never used as a nest. It clears the dead leaves and twigs off the ground for a space of two or three square feet, and in this clearing it deposits heaps of snail-shells and red berries, or it will sometimes arrange a number of fresh leaves side by side, and at these

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little heaps of bright-colored objects and rows of green leaves it gazes and sings for ever-so-long; then when the leaves begin to wither and the shells lose their brightness, the bird stops singing and sets to work gathering new ones. It really seems to enjoy looking at its playthings, and to have an eye for what is beautiful. And why not? The same God that made man made this little bird.

A singular fish, too, is found in South Australia: the Ceratodus is a survival from a past geological epoch, for its fossil teeth have been discovered in the jurassic and triassic formations in Europe, Asia, and America. It belongs to the primitive lung-fish (*Dipnoi*), which had lungs as well as gills. The ceratodus, however, has only one lung. At night it leaves the water and feeds on grass near the river-bank, for its fins are so constructed that it is able to wabble about like a tortoise. In this animal we have a connecting link between fishes and reptiles. But the ceratodus is not the only fish supposed to be extinct which has come to light in recent years in Australia. A fresh-water herring, provided with a double armor (which is peculiar to most of the herrings whose fossil remains have been found in Brazil, Wyoming, and Asia Minor), has quite lately been discovered in several of the rivers of New South Wales. It was a characteristic fish of the cretaceous and early tertiary periods, and like the ceratodus it had in those far-off times a wide range, but, like it, it has been driven to seek refuge in places remote from its primeval home—the ocean.

Australia has trees which in some respects are as odd as its animals. We only mention two. The so-called cherry-tree has the pit outside the berry instead of inside, whence its botanical name—*Exocarpus*.

Other trees, among them the eucalyptus, have their leaves vertical instead of horizontal, and consequently they do not afford much shade. The eucalyptus is the most prominent tree in Australian scenery; it varies greatly in size, some of the 150 species being mere bushes, while others average 300 feet in height, and the tallest eucalyptus of all rises 471 feet from the ground and surpasses the biggest tree of California.

It is interesting to know that, while the characteristic genera of the Australian flora are different from those of South Africa, it is in this last-named part of the world that we find its nearest botanical affinities.

In the caverns of Australia the fossil remains of many extinct mammals have come to light belonging to the tertiary

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period. They are all marsupials, and allied to the ones now in existence; but none are of an earlier age than the tertiary.

One of these extinct animals, the Diprotodon, related to the kangaroo, was almost as big as an elephant. And let us add, for it is a proof of ancient geographical changes, that among these fossil remains are two genera of kangaroos which are not like any of the living Australian ones, but belong either to the arboreal species at present inhabiting New Guinea, or to species which to-day are found only in Tasmania. Now, New Guinea and Tasmania were at one time united to Eastern Australia.

It may be asked how so many big marsupials—so much bigger than any now living—came to disappear. It is not believed to have been the direct effects of the ice age, for in a country like Australia no very extensive glaciers can have been formed. Wallace, in his *Geographical Distribution of Animals*, says, speaking of the Australian fauna: "The lowering of the ocean during the glacial period would be favorable to the still further development of the fauna of such a country; and it is to the unfavorable conditions produced by its subsequent rising—equivalent to a depression of the land to the amount of two thousand feet—that we must impute the extinction of so many remarkable groups of animals. . . . Extensive tracts of fertile land might have been submerged, and the consequent crowding of large numbers of species and individuals on limited areas would have led to a struggle for existence in which the less adapted and less easily modifiable, not the physically weaker, would succumb."

The better opinion is that Australia has not been joined to any continent since before the beginning of the tertiary age, for true placental mammals do not appear anywhere until the tertiary; and owing to the peculiar conditions which have prevailed on this island, its generally hot and dry climate, its extreme isolation, the Australian fauna was not affected by the struggle which on the great continental masses brought about the evolution of mammals more highly organized than marsupials.

The presence of a group of marsupials in North and South America might at first lead one to believe in a former direct land connection between Australia and some part of the new world. But it is generally held that this family—Didelphyidæ—is the remnant of a primeval, generalized type of marsupials which abounded in Europe during the secondary era, and which gradually made its way over the whole northern hemi-

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sphere; but which did not get to America, however, before the pliocene epoch, or even later, coming by the land-bridge across Behring Straits.

The natives of Australia belong, as we might expect, to a most primitive race, several families dwelling together and forming a small, wandering tribe without any social organization. They have no bows and arrows, but make use of spears. They do not cultivate the soil, and the food they like best is human flesh. They have a wide-spread belief in demons, but it is doubtful if they believe in a soul independent of the body. Wizards are common among them, and the dread of witchcraft, to which they ascribe pestilence and sickness, has a baneful influence on their character. But in this respect civilized races are only a century or two in advance of them. Comparative anthropology gives no satisfactory answer in regard to their origin; they are a puzzle, too, to the philologist, and they would really seem to form a group apart and distinct from any other race, even the Papuans of New Guinea, their nearest neighbors. Let us observe, however, that Mr. Curr, in his recent and valuable work—*The Australian Race*—points out the curious fact that not a few Australian words are almost the very same words as are spoken by the negroes of Africa.

The aborigines of this fossil land—the habitat of marsupials and monotremes, animals which have long been extinct elsewhere—bring before us the interesting question of the antiquity of man.

WILLIAM SETON.

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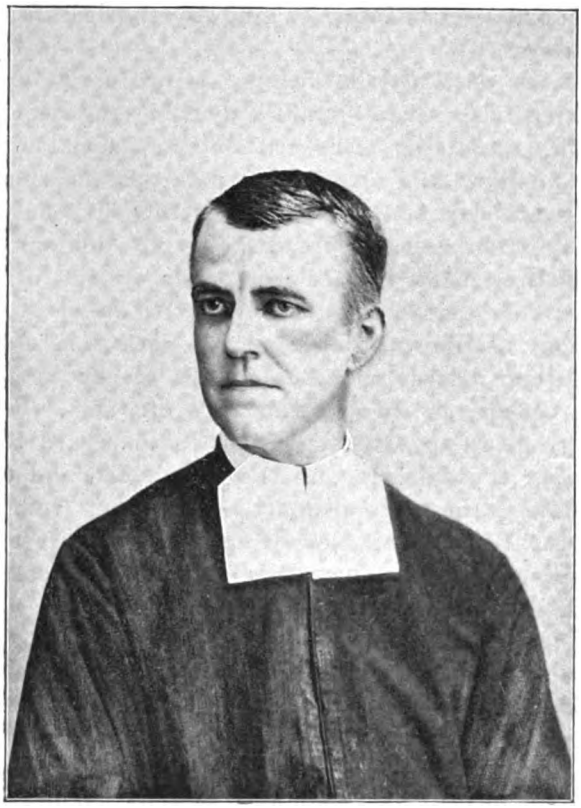

BROTHER MAURELIAN.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AS the tree is to be judged by its fruit, in the words of the Divine Master, so the generous vine of Catholic education may be appraised, in a measure, by the living proofs it modestly puts before mankind in the noble Hall of Liberal Arts at the Columbian Exposition. Multitudinous and wonder-compelling as the various departments of the Columbian Exposition are from many points of view, the array of examples of Catholic training here presented claims the palm over all. As an exposition of a system, it is the most striking in extent, in variety, in evidence of a masterly system of mental direction, that ever yet was brought before the world's notice. It dwarfs into insignificance the displays of educational results made by any and every institution

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in the country—universities, colleges, and training-schools, taken altogether. The mobilization of such an army of practical witnesses for superiority was in itself a peculiar task. It demanded a special and intimate knowledge of a system which may be described as world-wide; it demanded a personality influential enough and magnetic enough to secure the heartiest co-operation simultaneously in places separated by vast distances; it demanded one, moreover, endued with an indefatigable spirit of industry. The man was found in the person of Brother Maurelian. He is the Von Moltke with whom the scheme of mobilization originated, and by whom it was so splendidly carried out.

Brother Maurelian might be excused if he feel a little pride in the result of his effort; yet it would be unjust to the man to say that any such human weakness animates him. He does not work for applause; he works for success in a great task; he works for something higher than terrestrial fame. He belongs to an order whose motto is unselfishness, and who have devoted themselves to the task of educating the masses with the zeal of crusaders. Though their work is in many countries, and though they have to deal with many temperaments, they so assimilate themselves with the crude materials of all that is best in each, that they make them as clay in the hands of the potter. In Ireland they rejected, up to the present year, all state aid, for the grand reason that one of the conditions of its acceptance was that they banish the emblems of religion from their schools; yet they entered the lists with the most pampered and opulent academies in the kingdom and carried off the lion's share of the spoils at the Intermediate and Royal University Examinations. Of this magnificent order Brother Maurelian is a shining type. And he is not a man of the "bookish theoric" merely; the practical work of getting this great body of school-production together gives a striking instance of his powers of mind and body.

Brother Maurelian is but one of many in his order. To him is due the successful organization of this triumph and exhibit; but one has only to look around that special portion of it which represents the work of the Christian Brothers' schools in this country, in Canada, in France, in England, and in Spain, to recognize at once the fact that master-minds are at the head of this great teaching institution. The men standing at the head of this order have been selected for their special aptitude for the work. They must not only be teachers by precept, but men able to demonstrate by practical example the truth of the prin-

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ciples of accuracy, judgment, and fitness which they inculcate in science and in art. They are born leaders of the mind, possessing in a large degree that influence over others which, for want of a better term, is styled magnetism, and that gift of luminousness in explanation without which no teacher, no matter how clear to himself his perceptions, can fulfil his office effectually. The case of the lamented Brother Azarias may be pointed to as another forcible illustration of this felicity in selection which is a characteristic of this remarkable order.

Recognizing the importance of being early in the field, Brother

AN AISLE ON THE EAST SIDE.

Maurelian made his application for space at the Exposition as soon as the directorate and committees were organized. Although he encountered much difficulty at the outset, he was met at length in a spirit which cannot be too highly extolled. Thirty thousand feet of floor-space, roughly speaking, was placed at his disposal, and the position which he was fortunate enough to secure is probably the finest in the great hall devoted to Manufactures and the Liberal Arts. This space, large as it is, would not suffice for a tithe of the exhibition which could have been made, had there been more time for preparation and a condition of unlimited space; and as a matter of fact it has not nearly

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sufficed for the great mass of materials forwarded to Brother Maurelian from the various dioceses which responded to his invitation. He had asked for a space of sixty thousand feet, anticipating the large amount of material which would be at his command, but he could hardly have expected the directors to give more than they did, under the circumstances. But the display he makes is so imposing, so extensive, so splendid, so marvellously eloquent of care, of taste, of industry, of energy, of the whole soul of Catholic teaching, as to make all those identified with other educational exhibits almost literally green with envy. Here is what a secular journal, the Chicago *Staats-Zeitung*, says of the display as contrasted with those of the public schools:

"Petted by the state, raised up as an idol by catering politicians, regarded as something sacred and a *noli me tangere*, furnished with all that money can procure—beautiful buildings, airy class-rooms, apparatus, methods, teachers enjoying a fine salary—these American schools, the pride of the country, should they not have taken advantage of the presence of the assembled teachers and pedagogues of the world, and of an opportunity seized by every country of the globe to exhibit their work, to prove to their admirers their excellence which they boast of in theory, but do not show in practice?

"They do not, we say, and we ask, Could they have done it?

"What would those chatter-boxes, those text-book teachers, those lesson-hearers, with the curly locks, chewing 'tutti-frutti,' decorated with a stylish hat, with no deeper thought than that of the next ice-cream party; those defective patterns of humanity who are running our public schools—what could they exhibit? Just that which was to be expected: models of buildings, or their photographs, methods and means bought by the state at a heavy expense, but not the results of the schools, not the proofs of education. These are missing in the exhibit of the public schools. The Kindergarten and the training-schools only are praiseworthy exceptions.

"The weakness of the public schools shows all the more forcibly the strength of the Catholic educational institutions at the Exposition. Instead of beautiful building models and costly methods, they have exhibited the practical results of their schools. And these are great results.

"All honor to the men and women who, without state aid, or the encouragement afforded by public opinion, have built those schools; all honor, we say, to the teachers who, not en-

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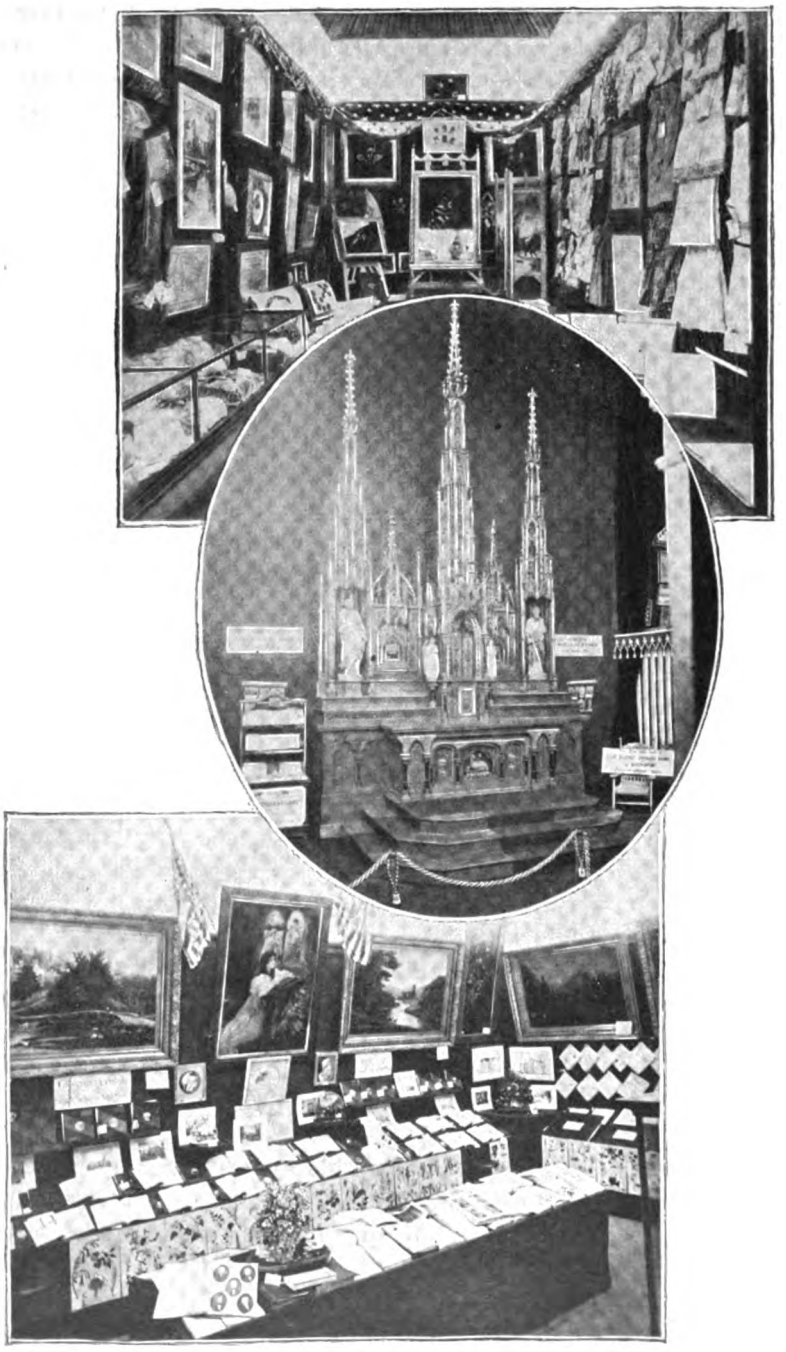

A Glance at the Artistic Features.

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ticed by a salary, are educators from principle and not from greed."

Bearing in mind the fact that in the collection which has called forth this tribute of admiration but the work of only a portion of the Catholic schools of twenty dioceses in the United States was shown, one might easily imagine what would have been the writer's wonder had all the archdioceses, dioceses, and vicariates in the Union, numbering about ninety, been represented in similar proportions. Perhaps it is better that the display is confined to its present dimensions. It conveys a deeply impressive lesson, whose effect might be minimized by being further protracted. It is the frailty of our nature to grow weary with the repetition even of excellent things when we have had enough to convince us of their undeniable worth. It is sufficient to say that as it stands the Catholic Educational Exhibit is incomparably the greatest display of its kind ever made.

The importance of putting such proofs of Catholic activity before the world, at this particular epoch, was at once perceived by all the hierarchy of the United States. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, took an especial interest in the project from its inception. The unfortunate divergences of opinion amongst Catholics over questions of school attendance and state help, perhaps, naturally led many outsiders to think that while internal disagreement reigned the real work of education might be to some extent neglected. To such mistaken people there could be no greater surprise than this revelation of Catholic activity. There have been no controversies to disturb the serenity of the public schools' managers. With them everything has gone on as smoothly as the current of the Schuylkill—and apparently as somnolently. They have come out into the daylight only to appear ridiculous by comparison.

To the kindly co-operation of Dr. S. H. Peabody, chief of the Liberal Arts Department of the Exposition, the promoters of the Catholic Educational Exhibit owe mainly their success in having their display so extensive and effective as it is. To his aid they are indebted for the prominent site and ample space they have secured; and he, on his part, feels how largely this display has contributed toward making the World's Fair an adequate exemplar of the active mental and mechanical progress of the age. In his little speech at the throwing open of the exhibit he warmly expressed his thanks, on behalf of the World's Fair authorities, to all who had co-operated in the work. His surprise at the colossal results achieved in such a brief inter-

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val was by no means concealed; and the eulogy which he pronounced on the zeal of the whole Catholic teaching body in preparing the youth of the Catholic populations for the practical work of existence was the genuine expression of a broad and liberal mind. In this marvellous array of proofs he beheld a signal refutation of the widespread calumny that the tendency of Catholic education is to dwarf the scope and limit the faculties of the human mind. But he saw only one side of the picture. This was but the practical side of the Catholic system which he was beholding. Behind that mass of work of hand and brain lies the invisible, sleepless activity which, while training the physical faculties, keeps ever leading on the moral ones to a clearer conception of the truth that there is a higher goal to be reached by the intelligence than the conquest of earthly knowledge, and that the sum of human perfection must have its final complement in the display which shall merit the everlasting award of the Judge who sits on high. This is what is meant by the two-fold work of Catholic education.

American Catholics are taught to love and reverence the American Constitution, that Maxima Charta which guarantees their religious as well as civil freedom. They have good reason to love it and take pride in it, for were its letter and its spirit acted on they would be under no such disadvantage as they are with regard to the education of their children. As President Bonney very pertinently recalled to mind, in his generous address of welcome to the Catholic Congress, the third article of the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the territory of which Chicago is the metropolis commanded that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall for ever be encouraged." Thus it will be seen that the framers of this ordinance distinctly contemplated the teaching of religion and morality, without regard to creed, in the public schools of the United States. Their idea was, then, strictly in accord with the Catholic idea. Any training system that did not include the teaching of religion and morality was not, in their view, education. But we may, for the present, leave this reflection, and proceed to a review of what is being done by Catholics without any state help.

In the arrangement of the mass of material placed at his command Brother Maurelian has exhibited a masterly ingenuity. By a simple device he has managed to double the ground-space, so to speak. By running a desk around each of the

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compartments into which the exhibit is divided, he has been enabled to supplement his wall surface so that none of his space shall be wasted. Sufficient room is given for the visitor to walk all through the compartments and examine the work spread out upon the desks and hanging on the walls. The finer and more frangible objects are displayed in high glass cases standing in the centre of each compartment.

What is here made manifest may be divided into two branches: the methods of teaching and their practical application by the taught. Take, for instance, a specimen of work from the De La Salle Institute in New York. It is the engineer's plan for a great iron bridge. Here you see the notes taken by the pupil from the teacher's instructions. Then you see the plan and the elevation drawn in regular artistic fashion. The dimensions are given; then the details down to the last bolt; then the estimate of the cost of the whole work. There is no particular missing; the plan might be at once put into a contractor's hands and he would have no difficulty in setting to work to make the supposititious structure a substantial reality. So in astronomy, so in music, so in mechanics of many kinds. The system is lucidly demonstrated in the intelligent action of mind upon mind.

Twenty dioceses of the United States invite examination of their educational methods. The Canadians have an independent exposition of their own, of which a word later on. The American dioceses stand in the following alphabetical order:

Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Covington, Denver, Detroit, Dubuque, Fort Wayne, Green Bay, La Crosse, Manchester, Milwaukee, Natchez, New Orleans, New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Sioux Falls.

The religious teaching orders in charge of the schools whose work is shown are the following:

Benedictine Sisters, Dominican Sisters, Franciscan Sisters; Franciscan Sisters of P. A.; Ladies of Sacred Heart of Mary, Madames of the Sacred Heart, School Sisters of Notre Dame, Polish Felician Sisters, Sisters of Charity (B. V. M.); Sisters of Charity, Emmittsburg; Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Vincent; Sisters of Charity, Nazareth; Sisters of Christian Charity, Sisters of Divine Providence, Sisters of Loretto; Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati; Sisters of Notre Dame, De Namur; Sisters of Mercy; Sisters of Providence, Vigo Co.; Sisters of St. Agnes, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sisters of St. Francis, Oldenburg; Sisters of the Holy Cross, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Sisters of the

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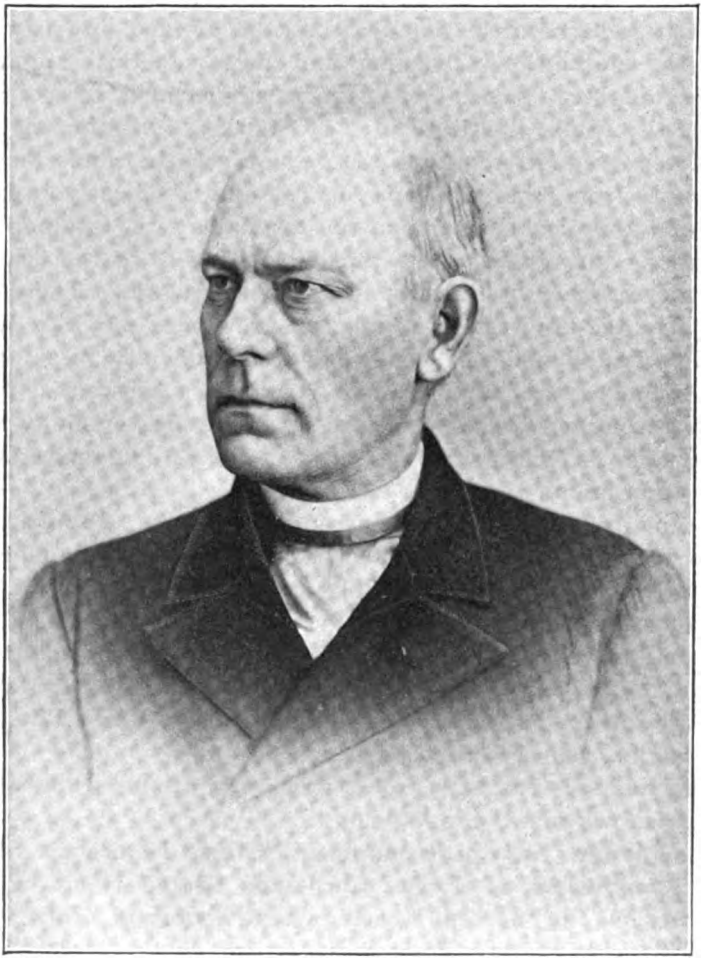
Holy Child Jesus, Sisters of the Holy Family, Sisters of Humility of Mary, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Sisters of the Incarnate Word, Sisters of the Holy Names, Sisters of the Poor. Handmaids of Christ. Sisters of the Precious Blood, Sisters of the Presentation, Ursuline Sisters, Visitation



BISHOP SPALDING.

Sisters, Grey Nuns; Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal; Sisters of Charity, Greensburg; Sisters of Charity, Leavenworth; Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Joseph; Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati; Benedictine Fathers, Congregation of the Holy Cross, Congregation of St. Viateur, Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Jesuit

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Fathers, Lazarist Fathers, Secular Clergy, Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Individual exhibits are shown also by the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; the Catholic Archives of America from Notre Dame University, Indiana; the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America represented by its Temperance Publication Bureau; the Catholic text-books; the Columbian Library of Catholic Authors; the League of the Sacred Heart; Miss M. G. Caldwell (first foundress of the Catholic University), embroidery; Miss M. L. Ash's art school, Memphis, Tenn.; the Papal Josephinum College of Columbus, Ohio, and the University of Notre Dame, Ind.

A glance at the artistic features of the general exhibit reveals some work which challenges attention, not from its mere abundance, which is great, but from its general excellence. Some of it is simply splendid. The place of honor is properly given to the Chicago exhibit, and the *chef d'œuvre* in this is outside strict definition, perhaps, of a school-show piece. It is a white Carrara marble statue of Archbishop Feehan, with the figures of a couple of school-children at his feet. The work is full of grace, dignity, and life, and tells its own story as eloquently as any marble composition can; and all the cunning of the modern Italian school of sculpture is exemplified in its treatment. It is the work of a Roman artist, and its cost was fifteen thousand dollars. The priests of Archbishop Feehan's diocese subscribed the sum as an affectionate recognition of his claim to be regarded as the "protector of their schools"—a distinction which he undoubtedly deserves. Gregori's fine portraits of a large number of the American Catholic hierarchy, which are found in the collection sent by Notre Dame University; as well as the portraits of Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Spalding, which are apart, may also be excluded from the list of educational exhibits, in a similar sense. But besides these there is a great body of artistic work, in oil, in water-color, in crayon, in Indian ink, and in pencil, which furnishes a means of judging what advance we are making in this important branch of education.

There is no one so weak as to believe that America has achieved the first rank in art, but every honest critic believes that earnest effort is being made to attain to excellence. Artists do not spring out of the ground like the fabled men and women of Deucalion and Pyrrha's time. Genius is not to be compelled; in due time, no doubt, it will visit the American

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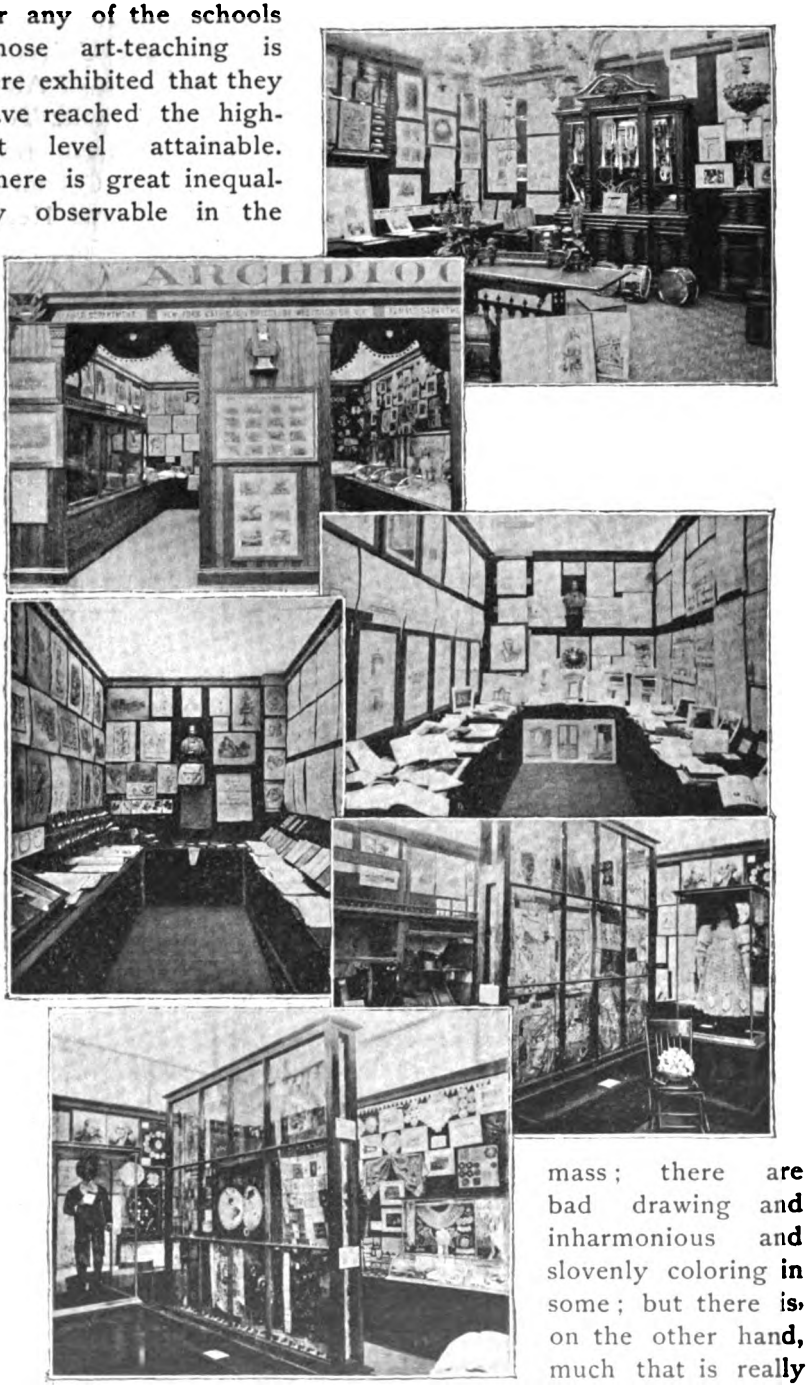
shore, and found a true school of art here. It is not claimed for any of the schools whose art-teaching is here exhibited that they have reached the highest level attainable. There is great inequality observable in the mass; there are bad drawing and inharmonious and slovenly coloring in some; but there is, on the other hand, much that is really



SOME OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' EXHIBITS.

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true and good, and there is some that of its kind is positively beautiful. This is true especially of the specimens of illuminated work executed by the pupils at the Sacred Heart Convent in San Francisco. The collection of work shown by the Sisters of Mercy of that city is also remarkable for its excellence. Some admirable work in crayons and water-colors is presented by the pupils of Miss Starr's preparatory fine-art classes. The steel engravings from the Catholic High School of Philadelphia, founded by Thomas Cahill, are especially fine, and a corresponding level of excellence is noticeable in the examples of drawing and painting and embroidery turned out by the same institution.

Numerous examples of oil-painting are shown in different sections of the exhibit; and of these a very crotchety critic observed in one of the daily papers that the only good end they serve is to show the worthlessness of the teaching. Criticism of this kind is not worth answering. These pictures are not put there as pictures in an art gallery are. They are there neither for competition nor sale. They are put there simply to show what progress the young art-students are making in the very difficult technique of color, which many eminent artists vainly spent their lives in trying to master, and which no degree of excellence in line-drawing could ever help some to gain.

It would be just as reasonable to take exception to the occasional blunders in spelling, or the faulty compositions which are found occurring here and there in the class papers of the pupils. Surely no one would expect perfection from those who are in the state of tutelage. The whole school system, so far as it applies to the training of the mental and physical faculties, is laid bare to the world's inspection, with all the imperfections of juvenile human nature on its head; and there never was a creature more out of his element than the professional art-critic, the individual, as a rule, who has failed in everything himself, in such an exhibition.

Even Mr. Sneerwell would find it hard to get ground for cavil in the beautiful specimens of work shown by the pupils of the Christian Brothers' schools in Paris. It is full of art workmanship in many branches, all of marvellously fine execution for boys, and the specimens of drawing and engraving are of a remarkably high order for juveniles. The French claim to be at the head of the list in all things educational, and no one can say that the challenge which they give out at the World's Fair will be readily taken up.

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SOME OF THE NEW YORK EXHIBITS.

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In the Canadian exhibit some noteworthy features are presented. The display made by the Catholic schools of Quebec covers 1,700 square feet of floor, while the showing of the Protestant schools from the same province fits in a nook measuring 175 square feet. The Protestant province of Ontario, on the other hand, sends from a total of 5,878 schools an aggregate of 375 exhibits; while the Catholics of the same province send from a total of only 289 schools no fewer than 234 exhibits. The quality of the artistic work sent forward by the Catholic schools is vastly superior to that of the other schools of the Dominion which have sent specimens of their products. There are some aspects of the Dominion display which make it compare favorably even with that of any of the other countries represented. The show of herbaria, for instance, in which specimens of the multitudinous wild flowers of Canada are collected and arranged with exquisite harmony of arrangement, is especially impressive. The fine sense of fitness in association, and taste in grouping and artistic form, seen in these numerous collections, is at once felt and confessed. In the work of the brush, the crayon, and the pencil, too, Young Canada need not have any trepidation about competing for honors. Some trace of the French genius is visible throughout the display from the Province of Quebec.

It is not a matter for deep wonder that this display exhibits a superiority. Besides the inherited genius of Gaul, the people of that province enjoy the advantage of an enlightened plan in the educational laws of the state. The minority in any locality is entitled to a just proportion of the public taxes levied for educational purposes, to be applied in accordance with the views of the minority. This in effect leads in that province to the denominational rule in education. As the Catholics are greatly in the majority in Quebec, they receive the maximum of the public taxes, and are thus enabled to secure the very best teaching appliances that money can obtain. The teaching power they already possess in plenty within their own religious and semi-religious bodies.

In the various kinds of handicraft shown here the work of American boys in the more practical and every-day classes of production need not fear comparison with that of any others. Especially fine examples are sent in from the Catholic Protectory of New York, for boys and girls, and the great Trade School on Staten Island described in a preceding article.

Teaching those who are in possession of every natural facul-

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EXHIBIT OF THE NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

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ty is in many cases no easy matter; but the instruction of that unhappy section of the human family who come into the world sans sight or hearing or power of speech, or become so after their coming, must be regarded as the perfection of the teachers' skill. It was with Catholic teachers the idea of educating these maimed intellects began, and by them in France and Italy and Ireland that it is carried on mostly at present, with results that on consideration seem perfectly astounding. The cultivation of literature, music, and the fine arts, as well as many mechanical industries, by the blind and the deaf and the dumb demands specially qualified teachers; and to the furnishing of these the religious orders now devote constant and the most earnest attention. The specimens of work sent in by the Catholic Protectory pupils of this class deserve more than a passing notice. There are some very beautiful specimens of lace shown in the Canadian exhibit, the finest being the work of a girl of thirteen who is totally blind. The instructresses of these Canadian blind girls are the good sisters known as the Grey Nuns.

Marvellously fine work is also shown by the Ephpheta School of Chicago, in an astonishingly varied field. Engraving, lithographing, photography, designing for carpets and wall paper, and many other decorative branches of industry are taught, it will be seen, most successfully in this admirable institution.

To many the attractions of the kindergarten display made here will prove superior to any other, as that system has now come to be regarded as the *summum bonum* in the educational field. Here is a bright and picturesque array of proofs how readily the little mind can be developed into the big one as its powers are one by one awakened and appealed to in the course of its school-play years. The little pictorial efforts, and the efforts in tiny handicraft, show that the shepherd boy who began drawing his sheep upon a slate, and the builder of miniature fortresses in the mud or the sand by the sea-shore, were most likely in reality the originators of the idea which Froebel and his successors took up and translated into action.

It is only the preparatory stage in literature and art, it must be remembered, which this exhibit contemplated as the scope of its ostent as an educational display. The fact that there are contained in it illustrations of the higher education in both of these walks of civilization serves only to show, perhaps, the nakedness of our land in that respect. The higher education, as an institution, for American Catholics, is a thing of the possibilities; how immensely they are handicapped in that direction may

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be learned from a comparison of the other educational exhibits with theirs. All that the public and private generosity of a great people could do has been done for the men and women of other creeds here; all that has been done for the Catholics has been done out of their own resources. The Columbian Library of Catholic authors is a collection of no small interest and value as testifying that in the higher education Catholic names are not by any means unknown, even here; and the women's department in this collection is not the least interesting portion of it. The fine exhibition from the Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, gives an excellent idea of the present state of scholastic life in that institution and the high plane of its studies and scientific pursuits. The American Catholic Historical Society deserves a word of praise for the flood of light it lets in on the past of the struggling church on this continent by its rich archæological collection of ecclesiastical, artistic, and literary work.

To the collection of these objects made by Professor Edwards, of Notre Dame, Indiana, the palm of merit in this department must be given. He has got together a perfect storehouse of precious ecclesiastical relics.

They tell a wonderful tale in their way, these mitres and croziers and vestments, tarnished with age; these missals and breviaries and calf-bound volumes whose pages are yellow-gray as the face of a mummy. Placed side by side with the glittering ornaments and the snowy pages in the neighboring collection of modern things, they seem to proclaim with startling force and suddenness this pregnant fact: "We, the old and the new, are true symbols of that to which we belong. She is the one who from her beginning was endued with the gift of perennial youth. She is young to-day as she was at the outset two thousand years ago. This is a paradox, but it is true."

Now, look upon this picture, and on this. Behold the two exhibits side by side—that made by the Catholic schools on the one hand, that of the public schools on the other. Take them grade for grade and compare the work; can the high-salaried teachers of the public schools show more satisfactory proofs for the state-aided system than the teachers who eke out their necessarily scanty pittance with a never-failing fund of charity and holy devotion to duty? Does the teaching of religion and morality in the Catholic schools impair the efficiency of scholars or teachers? Most emphatically, no; the very contrary seems to be the case. The two exhibits themselves, looking at them from

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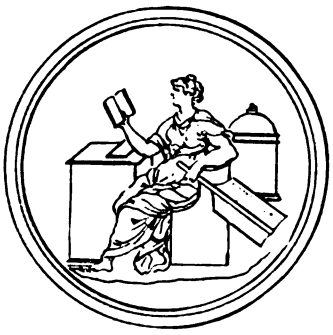
this point of view, are a signal proof to the contrary. The soulless system has had no stimulus to come forward and place its works before the world; it is content with the filling of examination papers, and the passing of certificates, and the filling of checks. These duties fulfil all the needs of the day—and this is the practical way of looking at it.

But this is not the Catholic way in America—the way which is really the most practical of all. There is no inspiration which can fire the soul of artist or poet like the inspiration caught from religion; there is nothing which makes a craftsman so emulative, so reliable, as the sustaining power of religion. There is no influence which builds up one orderly state out of the complex masses of thinkers and toilers like religion. This is a truth which the foremost European states are now learning—some, like France, from sorrowful experience to the contrary.

Many things are taught, in fine, by this exhibit. We are lifted up in thought, as we wander through its varied mazes, from the contemplation of the wisdom and the care manifested in the details of the system, to the nobility of the purpose; and we see underlying it all the sublime tenacity with which the Catholic Church goes on in her beneficent way. Through good report and evil report she adheres to her mission, whether states or governments frown upon her or smile. She will not neglect her own, no matter who despises them, but like a tender mother and guide still helps them onward in the world, upward toward the light.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.



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WHERE GOD AND MAN MEET.

DOGMA has no reason of being unless it lead up to practice; for Christianity is essentially practical; objectively it is an historical fact, subjectively it is a relation of life between man and God. To be sure, man's conduct and living need an intellectual basis, since he is a rational being; and therefore dogma is a necessary part of religion, as being that intellectual basis; but religion would fall short of completeness, would not suit the condition nor answer the needs of a created being, if its intellectual basis, its abstract and theoretical truths, did not issue in practical conduct, expressive of the purely mental truths. Now, practical Christianity is service of God, service of man. With this latter I have nothing to do in this paper. Christian practical life, as service of God, is resumed in worship and grace; hence we say, dogma leads up to worship and grace, and apart from them has no reason of being.

THIS VIEW OF RELIGION,

therefore, is all-important; to do good is better than to know good; conduct is three-fourths of life. Man's destiny in eternity shall be decided by what he has done, not by what he has known in this present phase of existence. Religion is the meeting of man and God, and to the meeting each brings his own peculiar act; man yearns and aspires after God, God goes out towards man, and by these two tendencies both are brought together into union, or religion, giving that word the primary meaning of renewed bond, *religare*. Now, worship is the word we have for the aspiration of man after God. Grace is the word we have for the leaning of God to man.

What man aspires to is union with God, the beginning and the end of his being. What God desires, without infringing on that liberty with which he has endowed man, is to unite to himself, as closely as human nature permits, the rational creature who came forth from his love. Unitive love, as it is the source whence man sprang, so also is the term to which he tends. Perfect religion then may be defined, union of man with God as complete as human nature is capable of bearing. We hold that

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the completeness of the union shall be realized only in another world. There the intellectual basis of the union shall be, not objective dogma and subjective faith, but a knowledge of God quite different from that we now have called, in our imperfect human language, the Intuitive Vision. There the medium of the union shall be, not worship and grace, but worship and a peculiar quality, of which we only know that it exists, and which we describe as the height of glory. There the result of the union shall be, not the partial and intermittent holiness of this world, but everlasting sinlessness and happiness without fear of loss.

However, taking man as he is found now and here, his union with the Creator has for intellectual basis dogma and faith, and for medium worship and grace, for in these they meet, man by worship, God by grace. Therefore the central point in religion, practical religion, is worship and grace, and if they be not brought about, dogma is but a tinkling brass and a sounding cymbal; it is worship and grace that the Apostle St. Paul has extolled under the name of charity as essential to religion.

I now go on to consider apart these two elements of our relation to God—Worship, man's contribution; Grace, God's contribution to the relation; and then I will inquire if there is any religious act in which they are synthetized. If there is any such act, then that act is the very centre and soul of religion.

WORSHIP.

I define worship to be the recognition by man of God as his first and last cause. This recognition must be interior; that is, the intellect of man must grasp the relation between himself and God, the heart must be moved by it, and the will affected by it. This interior worship is worship in spirit, but worship should have another quality; it should be worship in truth. Now, the truth is, we are not pure spirits. Such is the dual nature of man, invisible in the visible, spiritual in the material, soul in the body, that what is within not only comes from without, but must be shown forth exteriorly. It is through the senses, as channels, that his mind is awakened by things of the outer world to grasp them to itself in knowledge; and again, the interior knowledge of the mind and affection of the heart and movement of the will flow out into the world about us through the senses. All internal phenomena of intellect, heart, and will have their external incarnations. Hence worship, from

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the necessity of man's make-up, must be exterior, and body itself forth in acts produced by our senses and speaking to the senses of others.

Moreover, since man is by nature social in the religious as well as the civil sphere; and since society is the result of the sociability which God has planted in man, and for this reason society owes allegiance and gratitude to God; exterior worship must be public and social, and be between men a bond in their religious life, as government is a bond between them in their political life. It is evident that an exterior, public worship means and implies temple, priesthood, assemblies, rites, and ceremonies. We reach these conclusions from a study of human nature.

But now suppose that God should choose to make to man a revelation of himself, as first and last cause, more explicit and fuller than the knowledge that creation gives; then we may be justified in conjecturing that, instead of leaving in man's choice the mode and manner of worship by which he is to be honored as first and last cause, he will inform man through revelation of the specific rites and ceremonies in which he wishes to have embodied, through which he wishes to have expressed, the recognition of his claims over creation. This is just what God has done; I assume the revelation; we shall see presently what specific rite he has chosen to be the worship of himself by man. But here I will say this about that rite: From our preceding considerations we may safely assert beforehand that it will be an exterior act, to be performed in public assembly by a vicarious representative of the God worshipped and of the people worshipping, an action expressive of the union between man and God, showing forth man's aspiration to God, and God's desire to raise man to himself, an action synthetic of man's worship and God's grace. Before pointing it out and showing it to be as I have just described, let us consider the second element of that relation which religion is, God's grace.

GRACE.

Let us give this name to the action of God on man. It is his breath on humanity; it is the leaven that preserves and raises the mass, the lever by which mankind is lifted above itself. Christianity as an ideal, as a set of truths, could not have been conceived by human mind; but granting it could, it had never been realized in the world, in the life of the race, by human strength; that effect required a divine cause,

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God's own action. From this historic result, the spread of the Christian religion, some notion of grace is already gained.

But to know it intimately it should be experienced. It is not something that falls under the senses. In nature around us there is nothing exactly like it. It is not a physiological fact, though it has its radiations in and through the material part of man. It is a purely psychological fact that the senses do not engender, nor anything created beyond and out of the senses, nor the soul either. Though the soul is the recipient of grace, the originator and direct causative principle of it is God; hence it is a supernatural fact. "It is God made sensible to the soul," said Pascal. "It is an inspiration of divine love causing us to practise what we know by faith," said St. Augustine. It is in moral nature what attraction is in physical nature; it binds us to God and makes us revolve around him.

BUT THIS IS NOT A FULL ACCOUNT OF IT.

A thing is best known and defined from its end, the ultimate purpose of its being and existence. Now, I have already said that religion in its perfection is such an union with God as human nature is capable of bearing. The intellect of man is capable, by special grant of superadded strength, not by its innate and congenital strength, of a knowledge of God far superior to that we now enjoy, and of a different kind altogether. Our present knowledge of God is imperfect, partial, indirect, coming to us through analogies, anthropomorphic similitudes; it is, as St. Paul puts it, seeing "through a glass darkly," and "now we know only in part."

The embodiment of the intellect does not comport any other mode of knowing him. But revelation tells of a transformation of the body after death that will give the intellect a wider latitude, and allow it a keener glance in another and better light than that of reason, a light which is a special and undue gift of God. The knowledge we shall then have is now called by us, in the limited range of human speech, the Intuitive Vision, and is described by St. Paul in the words, "then we shall know face to face." The love consequent upon such knowledge is so fully unitive that sinlessness, or the impossibility of divorce from God, shall be our portion for ever—hence perfect happiness. It is a universal truth of human experience that things created, be they ransacked ever so much for the boon, cannot give full happiness, and that the heart of man is

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restless until it nestles in God. Such knowledge and such union are the perfection and crown of religion.

A SUPERIOR EXISTENCE.

But such knowledge and union, though we may and shall be made capable of them by special grant, and not within our natural reach, are not due by any title we hold from creation. They constitute a new life, a superior existence, into which we need to be generated, born anew, recreated, so to speak. Now, our present life is an apprenticeship to our future life; what we begin here will be continued there by the stern law of evolution. Apprenticeship is the doing, in an imperfect, inchoative way, of the profession, trade, actions that constitute later life. Is it not logical to say that the future supernatural life of glory will have in this present natural life of earth its germ, beginning, inchoation, apprenticeship; that the action of God, unveiling himself to us hereafter face to face and binding us to himself indissolubly, will begin even here and now in a partial inchoate way? This is the outgoing of God to man we call grace; it is God's side of the relation, as worship is man's side of the relation; both constituting religion. Grace, then, is the germ, the principle of the life to come; and as that life to come is in a sense divine, since it is not due to us and is God's gift, grace is defined by our theologians to be *Semen Dei, participatio quadam vita divina, consortium vita divina*—The seed of God, a certain participation in God's life, a consorting in God's life.

Heaven forbid I should say that grace is the monopoly of the Catholic Church, of Catholic times and places. It is God's gratuitous gift, and who shall bind him in the giving, unless indeed he bind himself? Neither have I to inquire how, by what means and agencies, is granted that grace which God may grant outside the Catholic Church. But I draw attention to this consideration. Just as in his revelation he may have indicated to us the mode of worship he chose and requires; so also he may have made ordinances as to the transmission of grace, may have affixed it to certain rites, ceremonies, human agencies, which arrangement, I again repeat, would be in perfect keeping with man's dual constitution and double make-up: soul in body, spirit in matter, the invisible in the visible. If God has made an arrangement of this kind, probabilities and conjecturing must give way to positive legislation, and the question is not what he might do, but what he has done.

This reflection leads me to a third consideration: is there

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in our religion an act which is by divine ordinance the synthesis of worship and grace, the perfect expression of the relation of man to God?

EUCHARIST THE SYNTHESIS.

The recognition of God as first and last cause can have no outward expression more direct, exclusive, and forcible than sacrifice. All other religious acts are of themselves indifferent to that recognition, and are made to be expressions of it only by the directive intention of the worshipper; but, apart from such intention of man, it is not in other religious acts, in their nature, to be expressions of that recognition of God's supremacy. The offering and the immolation of created life to the Creator is an act such that it is of itself, and cannot be made by man anything else than, the recognition of God as the Master of the Universe. Sacrifice is the essential act of worship. All religions known to history, whatever else they lacked, certainly did have sacrifice at the foundation of their worship. Christianity has its sacrifice before which all others disappear as shadows before the reality. God made man, Christ Jesus, is the victim, and the Cross the altar. This is the supreme act of worship which humanity gave its Creator, a worship worthy of God since no less than God Incarnate was the giver.

THE MASS, THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

Now, this sublime act of worship, accomplished once for all in the name of the human race by the High-Priest, Child of the race as well as Son of God, is brought within the compass of each and every man that he may join in it and have share in it, and is reproduced mystically yet really beneath the vault of our temples in that public act of religion known as the Mass. Thus adown all the ages the worship of the Catholic is invested with the dignity of Christ's own worship. This is the special act of worship God has chosen and requires of mankind. His will has been signified by the doings and sayings of the Saviour in the Last Supper. This is the recognition by man of God's supreme dominion, the expression of man's aspiration to God. All other acts of worship have worth and force only in as far as they approach this one and are connected with it. This act of worship may be performed in the simplicity of the catacombs or in the grandeur of the world-basilica; but, whether in simplicity or grandeur, it is man's nobility, consolation, and strength; and for the world it is the inspiration and motive of all that is

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noblest in moral heroism and artistic progress. For this worship architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and poetry have done their best; it is the centre, as of religion, so also of Christian civilization.

If an exterior public action or rite, such as the Mass, is the manner of worship God chooses by which man is to recognize his supremacy; it is not at all improbable, nay, it is to be expected, that the action of God on man, or grace, shall come to him in a similar manner. And in fact God has affixed his grace to certain rites and sensible signs. The best-known instance is that of water signifying and effecting a new birth and giving the right to the kingdom of heaven. Now, if the Mass is the supreme act of worship, it is because Christ is the victim offered in that sacrificial act; and if he is the victim offered, it must needs be that he is therein present. Here is an instance of, I will not say grace, but the Author of grace present under the sensible elements which alone are visible in the Mass. It is not my task to enter into the mystery, but to affirm it for an ulterior purpose. Our belief then is, that Jesus Christ is really, truly, and substantially present under the appearances of bread and wine in the sacrifice of the Mass. With this belief allowed, I proceed with my study.

If you make an investigation of the sacrifices of the religions of the human race, you will find that almost everywhere manducation of the victim has been an integral part of that act of worship; as if man sought to participate in the expiation done by the victim, or to invest himself with the dignity of God, to whom the victim was sacred. Shall you be astonished to see this feature, a trait of humanity, reproduced in the Christian sacrifice? At any rate, hesitancy must give way before the clear and emphatic words of the Lord himself. He is a victim not only that through him we may worship, but also that through him and of him we may be fed and live.

THE COMMUNION, THE GREATEST GRACE.

Grace, as I have explained, is a divine life in germ. Life is maintained and strengthened by food; animal life by animal food, intellectual life by intellectual food, divine life—by God himself; and why should I shrink from the thought, why should it not seem natural, that he come to me under the guise of food? Oh! the deepest of mysteries is life, and why should I recoil before a mystery in the supernatural, divine life Grace and Baptism have begun in me? What stronger, more em-

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phatic sign that God's action on me is intimate, that his influence has penetrated my being, that his life has become my own? By that same exterior act, in which I go out to him in worship, he comes to me as strength and food of my soul and binds me to him through means of the elements beneath which he has chosen to hide the sublimity of the Saviour's sacrifice. The sacrifice is worship, the communion is grace. In the one public act worship and grace concur, God and man meet, religion as a relation between both is completely expressed, and thus the Holy Eucharist becomes the central point of religion in the Catholic Church.

Man has even aspired to become like unto God. This aspiration is at the bottom of all the errors as well as all the truths in the world. The errors have been that man has sought to be divinized by his own strength, or thought divinity due to his nature, or deemed himself substantially one with God and only accidentally differentiated from him. The truth is, that in Jesus Christ the divine and human nature have met in one personality. In him humanity's aspiration has been realized. The truth is, that each one of us individually finds union with God in Christ offered as victim and given as food in the central act of Christian worship—the Holy Eucharist.

THOMAS O'GORMAN, D.D.

Catholic University.

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

EITHER of them was over-young. The doctor was turned forty, and had gleams of white in his dark hair and a delicate tracery of fine lines about the corners of his eyes. His closely-trimmed beard was gray under the chin; and as for Margaret, she was a woman whose lovely charm only increased with the gracious, dignifying years. She lived near us in the city, and for years had kept house for her father and brothers.

We were all so surprised when they married, though I am sure I do not know why we should be. His ship had come in unexpectedly one Saturday night; he had gone directly to her house, and the next morning they appeared at church together. She had had such a quiet life; many loved her, though the men whom she knew never dared to overstep, to our knowledge, the bounds of friendship; and then he had been away for so long. The few who did know of the attachment had almost forgotten it. He was ship's doctor on board the *Harnia*, and had always thought himself too poor to ask her to marry him and was too proud to ask her to wait. But now the captain, dying, had left him a tidy income and a house and farm just outside of Baltimore.

A little before the wedding Margaret told me in her quiet way that they had been lovers all their lives. Separated by time and circumstances, they never really had been parted in their hearts. They had rarely written, but each knew the other would be faithful to the end. "When this chance came," she said, "it seemed only natural that he should come back to me. 'All things come to those who wait.' Twelve years are a long time to look forward to, but when one looks back they do not appear so very long. I seem to have just been getting ready all this time," and she smiled softly as she stroked the beautiful damask she was marking. So she had been getting ready. The girl of twenty-three had ripened and developed into the sweet-faced, placid woman. No storm had shaken her heart. Perfect sympathy had kept her nature poised and balanced, and ever sweet and wholesome, for the one man to her in the whole world. I could see she was intensely happy, though not demon-

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stratively so. They were married quietly in September, and not long afterwards they asked me out there. Burnside was at its best, ablaze in all its autumn glory. Her two brothers, Neil and Langdon, were with her when I arrived.

I had known Margaret for a long time and had always admired her, but never had fully understood the deep, calm, quiet nature until I saw her in her own home. The love that had withstood time, distance, and change had now been crowned in the sweet afternoon of her life by this perfect marriage. Her serene and happy face was a pleasure to look upon, as she moved about her lovely home.

The chilly nights with their frost-nipped air and early darkening shadows made the library the brightest room in the house. It was but seldom the doctor had an evening to himself, but on this evening he lay outstretched in his big, wide, old sleepy-hollow, lazily basking in the firelight with dreamily happy eyes. It was a large room, somewhat darkly furnished in a pleasant harmony of rich browns and reds, and lit by lamps in all sorts of curious shapes and shades. The place showed the rovings of the master. There were relics from nearly all his voyages, rugs from the East, Turkish embroideries, delf from Holland in thick ebony frames, cabinets filled with curios from India and Japan. Fitting into the chimney-corner was a huge divan piled high with cushions. There were large, old leather chairs, and blue-and-white cups and saucers—Margaret's contribution from her family relics. The doctor's eyes roved about the lovely room, but rested oftenest on Margaret's bent head as she sat working at the table under the crimson-shaded lamp. She was good to look at; from her brown hair curling softly on her temples, her drooping eyelids, her happy, peaceful lips, her white throat, she made a lovely picture to the man who was looking at her with his heart in his eyes. I sat there with a book, but enjoyed the living romance far more than the printed one on my knee.

Neil lay on the rug propped up on his elbows poring over the medical journal spread out before him. He adored his brother-in-law and was soon to take up the study of medicine under him. Whenever the reins of conversation were left in that lad's hands the talk was pretty sure to turn sooner or later to what Langdon called "his beloved bones."

"Do you know what I heard a doctor say once," he said, "when he was questioned why he studied medicine? He said he had just lost his wife, and went into the profession to find out why people died."

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"It is a pity he could not go a little farther and keep them from dying," said Langdon.

"Why do people want to be kept from dying?" said the doctor.

"Afraid of the dark," answered Langdon.

"'Better keep the ills we have than fly to ills we know not of,'" quoted Neil. "Everybody does seem afraid of it though, don't they?"

"Margaret," said the doctor, "what are your thoughts on the matter?"

The blood just tinged her cheek, as it always did when his voice sounded her name. She looked up; her dark eyes had a depth that seldom came except when she was alone with him and heart spoke to heart. Yet to-night, with three of us there, guests in her own home, the same deep, unalterable look of perfect love passed from her soul to his. She left the table and went and knelt by his chair, resting one ivory-white hand on its crimson back.

"I do not fear death," she said in a low, reverent tone; "particularly now that I am so happy. I would not grieve if God called me to-night."

She answered her brother's quick movement with a slow, sweet smile; but in the doctor's eyes there was no surprise. Lover-husband as he was, there was scarcely need of words between those two perfect souls. He felt as though he himself had said it; that to her, as to him, death had no terror, as it meant an eternity together.

Prosaic Neil grew restless, flung himself into a new attitude and jerked out: "Well, by hookey, I for one wish there wasn't any such thing as death!"

The doctor smiled, though Margaret did not. "Neil," he said, "that reminds me of a story I heard in my young days and have not thought of in years."

"Tell it," we said.

Langdon moved out of his corner, keeping his finger in his book, jealous of every moment spent away from the library shelves, though anxious to hear the story from the well-travelled man that he knew the doctor to be.

"During my student-life," he began, "I went on one of my vacations on a walking-tour through the Apennines. I had started with a chum, but when we were but two days out he was summoned home by telegram. I went on alone, stopping for rest and night's lodging wherever I happened to be. The

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whole trip was thoroughly enjoyable except for the latter part, and I will tell of that at once. One day I was caught in a terrific mountain storm and wandered about for hours afterwards in my wet clothes. Toward evening I found myself near a convent. The good nuns could not harbor a man of course, so they directed me to the curé's house, a few rods down the road. I could see its light twinkling in the darkness like a big fire-fly in the woods. I was received with all the hospitality and good-will in the world, and made as welcome as though the unlooked for intrusion was the payment of a long-promised visit. I had a very good but simple meal, and found my host most entertaining. At nine o'clock we could just hear the ringing of the convent bell. I was as ready to go to rest as the priest, who had been up since four.

"I was shown into a little white room that had not much style, but very great cleanliness. On the white-washed wall hung an immense crucifix. The floor was sanded in some attempt at a floral design; to get into the high, white-curtained bed I had to use the single rush-bottomed chair as a step, but after once tumbling in I was not long awake. The next morning I found myself a victim to what I had laid myself out for, rheumatic fever. For three long weeks I lay there suffering every kind of physical torture, and when the terrible pains in my body had gone my head commenced. Blind with pain, I could only lie there motionless for days and pray that the sun would stop shining in through the uncurtained window on the dazzling white wall opposite."

"Was there no woman there?" said Margaret, horror-stricken.

"Yes."

"Margaret has been mentally putting a green paper blind on that window ever since the sun began to come in," said Neil mischievously.

"There was an old woman there," the doctor went on, "but I guess poor old Battino had no use for sick young men or green blinds or anything else much, and I was trouble enough as it was. At last the day came when I was able to get up; and one evening just before sunset, dizzy and weak, I crept to the porch outside, where the curé sat and smiled a languid acquiescence to his repeated expressions of sorrow for my illness, joy at my recovery, and determination to keep me till I was 'whole again.' I leaned back in his cushioned chair and let the cool breeze play on my hot eyes and head, and slowly could feel the tide of life creeping back from its low ebb. The dread-

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ful pain I had been in shut out the seriousness of my attack, and I now heard, with something like surprise, how near to death he thought me. I do not know what definite thought was in my sick brain, but I said petulantly, 'And to think that all our suffering here, in every ill that flesh is heir to, is not enough, but we have to add death to the list. Surely God ought to be satisfied and not give us that bitter cup too.'

"'And would you live for ever?' said the curé. And I, thinking of a certain heart waiting here at home for me, said 'Yes.'

"The curé leaned forward and rested his arms on his knees, his thin white fingers swinging to and fro. There was on his lips the calm smile of age as it listens to the wild fantasies of callow youth.

"'Why can we not live on and have no death?' he said. 'My son, that has been the eternal question since that awful morning when the gates of Paradise shut with a clang that has been echoing down the walls of time ever since. Let me tell you a story'; and he got up and began pacing to and fro on the narrow strip of gravel between us. 'Call it allegory, fable, moral, what you will; it is a nut that has plenty of meat.'

"'Once there was a planet, wonderfully like this, inhabited by a race of men not unlike ourselves. They lived, had all the sorrows and joys of life, its manifold pleasures and pains, its quiet phases and its turbulent ones—they had all that life can hold, but they knew not death.

"'At first that was grand. The brilliant hopes incidental to golden youth were theirs, and untrammelled by thoughts of extinction. Ambition mounted high and met no wall of resistless time or sudden cessation by death. Dreams of great wealth were flushing their lives with tints of rose, and shortness of life brought no rude awakening. But, alas! the hopes they saw bud in the morning of their lives they saw blossom, and saddest of all, saw decay. The dreams of ambition were fulfilled, but brought no pleasure in the realization. Wealth piled up on wealth, but where was the capacity for enjoyment?

"'They grew older and older; the infirmities of age came on, weighed them down, toppled them over—but no release. After a time the old, old, old people grew helpless and dropped down by the wayside; they fainted by the doorsteps, but there was none to succor them. The young were all eagerly working for their own sustenance ere they, too, would fall by the way. Every day added fresh numbers to the heap of skin and bone

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that lay there—"sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." Their strength was only enough to moan, and that moaning rent the air. Layer after layer of dust settled upon the moaning heap, and even through those thickening strata the awful sound went on: O kind Death! O dear Death! O longed-for rest that never comes!

"'That sadly-peopled planet even yet goes spinning down the aisles of space, and the wailing still goes on.

"'Listen! In every wind that blows the sound of it comes to our waiting ear. Even in summer the wind is sad with the burden of that ceaseless plaint, and in winter it is inexpressibly so. In November we pray for the souls of the dead; why not pray for those poor unfortunates who had everything in life but its chief blessing—death? That's the story.'"

As the doctor finished the wind outside rose to a shriek, and Langdon and I started as though we had been shot. Even Margaret's face grew a shade paler, and she held closer the hand within her own. It was as if we heard the pitiful cries of those condemned souls.

"Gad! but that's a gruesome story," said Neil. "What do you think of it, Margaret?"

Margaret's pure, sweet eyes sought her husband's. "It is a good story, dear," she said. "Never has that line been brought home to me with such force: 'O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?' We should not be afraid of death. To Catholic hearts there is no separation in death. Every day we say we believe in the 'communion of saints'; surely we cannot let the words slip by and leave no trace. If I were to die to-night," and she smiled half-sadly at the convulsive pressure her fingers received, "I would not be far away—would be just across that river whose lapping waves we can almost hear in moments like this"; and the lovely, dreamy voice sank almost to a whisper.

"Jehoshaphat! maybe when I am married I too can talk in that strain, but until then give me flesh and blood. Langdon, come to bed"; and Neil hurried out. We could hear them scurrying through the dim hall and laughing to chase away each other's fear. I followed the boys, leaving those two before the fire looking with love-lit eyes, not into the future, but beyond it—into eternity.

HELEN M. SWEENEY.

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ORO SUPPLEX.

GRECIAN urn that time withstood
Sang to a bard—then loved of few—
That all things beautiful are true.
Everything that's true is good.
The beauty of our home below,
The solemn truth of home above,
May mingle in one common love,
Since both from God's great heart must flow.
Not, therefore, in the fearful night,
Not in a close and silent room,
Where day is turned to sombre gloom
Save for dim ray of taper's light:
Near open windows let me lie
With curtains drawn full wide apart,
That heaven's light may fall athwart
My folded hands, when I must die.
Ah! may it chance a day in spring,
When earth and air again look glad;
When birds, returned, with joy seem mad,
And rapt, with quiv'ring voices sing;
When lilacs nod their purple plumes
To new-grown grass of tend'rest hue,
To hills outlined in faintest blue;
While sapphire depths the light illumes.
Then may the priest beside me kneel,
To tell my contrite soul 'tis shrived,
Nor let my senses be deprived
Of Extreme Unction's final seal.
And, Virgin Mother, hear me call!
Grant, Queen, that on my death-dewed lips
The sacred Host—ere life quite slips—
Like snow-flake from the sky, may fall!

M. G. FLANNERY.

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THE NEGRO RACE: THEIR CONDITION, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

HE religious condition of our eight millions of blacks gives food for anxious thought, and is fraught with lively interest to every citizen of this Republic. American Catholics may be said to have folded their arms for two and a half centuries, specially indeed since the war, and allowed their non-Catholic countrymen full swing in the religious training of the colored race. We did our share for them in other ways; we had more than a proportionate representation in the Union army which emancipated them, while we were an insignificant number on the opposite side. But as far as religion goes our efforts have been trivial. To appreciate how truly so, consider how few of the black race are Catholics—but one in fifty. And here is the first element in their religious condition; their actual numbers adhering to the various sects count up, all told, about four millions, while fully as many are without any religion at all.

Moreover, the peculiarity of their religious organizations is that they themselves do their whole religious work. They are the bishops, preachers, elders, deacons, and flock. Except a few Episcopal clergymen, all the ministers laboring among the blacks are of their own race. The white clergymen are found only in their universities, colleges, seminaries, and other higher schools; yet the African churches seem to move along smoothly enough.

As to their religious knowledge, it is no surprise to learn that very many of the negroes who profess religion are ignorant of the most fundamental truths of revelation. They have some idea of our Lord, a great reverence for his Holy Name, a notion of sin and of the Bible—the latter, however, more in a superstitious than a rational way. Baptism, in the eyes of a multitude of them, is all that is needed. No matter what sect may claim them, once baptized they are saved. "Once in grace never out of it"; or, to give another favorite saying of theirs: "The Blood of Jesus never burns." Now, as no soul is exempt from the necessity of learning the essential truths of God's revelation, it is a primary question as to whether or not these

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are acquired by the blacks through their church-membership. Behold the drawback in the negro churches. They are taught the fundamental truths of the Christian religion but very imperfectly. Far too often their churches are mere hustings for political candidates, or are like social clubs; and their houses of worship are often used for nearly all kinds of gatherings.

At the same time the ignorance of religious truth among the negroes does not weaken the religious sentiment which is naturally strong in them, and which, strange as it seems, is often divorced from their sense of morality. In this matter, however, they are without anything worthy the name of guidance. Recently a leading preacher declared in the public press that two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of the colored preachers were immoral. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." It is impossible to say to what extent this laxity of morals is attributable to the frightful doctrine of the inamissibility of grace, which is not theirs alone, but that of the many millions of Southern whites who profess the Calvinistic doctrine of justification. Their test of conversion, writes a Mrs. Rice in the *Christian Union*, is an abnormal paroxysmal experience, after which they have "got religion" and no sin is to be laid to their charge. This writer is also authority for the statement that even a murderer has been known to conduct a Sunday-school, with great apparent zeal and unction, for months after his undiscovered crime.

Unhappily the attitude of the whites towards the immoralities of the negroes works much harm in lowering the standard of morality in the poor people's eyes. A black person is not expected to be virtuous, and is looked upon with wonder if he or she happens to be so. It is related of an elderly colored woman, when urging a younger one to give up her bad ways, that the latter gave this scornful answer: "Huh! de white folks hires me, an' thinks as much o' me as dey does o' you." And even if the whites stopped here it would not be so bad. No race can throw the first stone at the negroes, for their hybrids belong to all races.

It cannot be too much insisted upon that, as a rule, the whites give no edifying example to the blacks. Especially is this the case with many of those who have dealings with the negroes. Many employers, venders, traders, and agents are to blame for a downward moral drift in those poor people. Is our public sentiment, let me ask, calculated to engender noble aspirations in the negroes? Is the tone of the press such as

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would awaken in their hearts better thoughts? Do the corrupt practices so widespread in politics; the systematic adulterations in foods, clothing, etc.; the frequent fraudulent failures—do such facts tend to elevate the negro race? We need not then be surprised at Fred. Douglass's question: "If the negro could be bottled up, who could or would bottle up the irrepressible white man?" Men are always ready to have a fling at the black man, who usually is more sinned against than sinning.

Who is responsible for the irreligion and the immorality of the negro? The colored people did not intrude themselves upon us; they were brought here in chains, and held by a cruel slave code in the communities where they now are. Slavery, then, is the first cause; a negro was a chattel and counted as such. True, in good Christian families, which are too often the exception, the slaves were conscientiously looked after. But in the "negro quarters" it seldom happened that personal and family rights were or could be recognized or respected. Marriage, alas! was practically a union during the good pleasure of the master; nor were Catholic masters always found proof against the demands of poverty or cupidity when it was question of marital or parental rights among the slaves, even sacrificing their own offspring when of Ham's race. Nor in disposing of their slaves did they always consider whether the purchasers were Catholics or not.

The whole tendency of the slave code was in favor of the whites, who should be angels indeed not to abuse the practically limitless power by which the laws invested owners of slaves.

A concomitant to slavery was ignorance. In the earlier years of the Republic slaves were permitted to learn to read and write; afterwards this was forbidden by severe laws. And we have heard former slaves tell how, when they were growing up, they would steal out at night with their spelling-book or reader hidden next the skin, in order to take reading lessons from some kind friend, although at the risk of a severe whipping if caught.

Nor, in this connection, should we forget the transition from slavery to freedom. Emancipation must have wrought a strange intoxication to the millions of slaves who had seen themselves ever surrounded by whites, who alone were respectable and who frequently idled away their entire lives. Emancipation, they thought, was to make the blacks like such whites. Wild dreams of ease and comfort must have flitted through their imagina-

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tions. Hence, to realize the stern condition which the daily life of duty and care entailed upon them must have produced among many of the emancipated very strange results.

We think that Protestantism may in part be held responsible for the present irreligious and immoral condition of the negroes. The widely-spread race prejudice, as powerful in the North as in the South, though shared by Catholics as well as by others, is truly a Protestant instinct. It is inhuman, un-Christlike, and unworthy even of our manhood, not to speak of our citizenship or our Christianity. For two and a half centuries our non-Catholic countrymen have had control of the negro in the South, and what is the result? They gave him in some measure their religion; they placed no restriction on their religious teaching or on their codes of morality; to-day the whites and blacks of the South profess common beliefs; yet in spite of all, we hear from the whites hardly a good word of the blacks. How marked a contrast is this to the influence of the Catholic Church!

From the baptism of Clovis, when the haughty Gaul despised the Goth fully as much as ever our Southern whites despised the blacks, to the crowning of Charlemagne as the common head of an undivided people, only the same period of time elapsed as that between the introduction of slavery into our territory and the present day. Yet it was long enough for the Catholic Church to blend the master and slave into one, and to make the new race the custodian of the ancient and the beginner of modern civilization. Nor was it different with Goths and Romans in Italy, with Normans and Saxons in Great Britain. Even in our day and in our own hemisphere, whatever misery afflicts Spanish America, the Catholic instinct of human equality has delivered it from race antagonisms. There is no negro problem in Catholic South America.

But when we look at our negro question from the missionary point of view, and ask, Is not the Catholic Church in America to be blamed for lack of zeal? I answer with an unhesitating Yes. After all, Protestantism has done something to Christianize the blacks; but we have done, I may say, nothing. They have made and are making great missionary efforts, pouring out money like water; but we have attempted almost nothing. In fact, it was announced a few years ago, at the Lake Mohonk conferences, that the various denominations had spent since the war on the negroes thirty-five millions of dollars. Add to that immense sum the hundred and thirty higher institu-

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tions, with twenty-five thousand scholars, of whom one thousand are preparing for the Protestant ministry.

Imperfect as is this picture of the religious condition of the negro race and of its causes, it is enough, however, to give us a fair idea of the state of things. It tells us of from eight to nine millions of blacks, living in one section of our land, and that the most Protestant, just emerged from slavery; enjoying the franchise; learning how to read and write; two-thirds of them living on plantations, one and all being made to feel a frightful ostracism which descends so deep as to exclude them in some places from public conveyances; a people one-half of whom have no religion, and the other half are professing only a shade of sentimental belief.

Yet there is a cheerful view to be taken. However sadly situated this people may be there are bright hopes in store for them. All drawbacks and discouragements notwithstanding, they have won the nation's respect. They are not rebels against public authority; they are law-abiding citizens. They love the worship of God; in their childish way they desire to love God; they long for and relish the supernatural; they willingly listen to the word of God; their hearts burn for the better gifts. They are hard working; patiently and forgivingly do they bear their wrongs. This is in marked contrast with their white neighbors, too many of whom have not a word of good to say for the black man, thus verifying the old paradox that we never forgive those whom we have wronged, much as we may pardon those who have injured us.

It is related of Michael Angelo that going along the streets of Rome he espied a rough, unhewn block of marble. "There is an angel hidden there," said he, pointing to the stone. Having had it brought to his studio, the immortal artist soon began to chip at it and to hack at it and to shape it, till finally there came forth from it the faultless angel in marble which his prophetic eye had seen in it.

A similar block of marble is the negro; far harder to work upon than the Carrara lump of Michael Angelo, because the chisel must be applied to the human heart. And has the negro a human heart? Is he a man? Yes, thank God! he is a man, with all the affections and longings, all the faculties and qualities of human kind. Behold, then, it is his manhood that is the first ground of our hope. Like the Roman poet Terence, who is himself supposed by some to have been a negro, since he was one of the slaves of Scipio Africanus, the black man may say:

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"Homo sum, et nihil humanum alienum a me puto." The negro's first claim upon us is our common humanity, and that means a close tie of brotherhood.

The future of the negro appears, therefore, to a missionary like myself to be hopeful. It rests primarily on the great truth that the human race is one. There is one Lord, one God, one Father of all. From this we rise to the supernatural destiny of our common humanity: one Jesus Christ, one church, one life of probation, one heaven, one hell. The negro has everything that makes a man, everything that makes a Christian. Holy Church teaches the same doctrine to blacks as to whites; furnishes the same sacramental channels of grace, baptizes the black infant, confirms the negro boy, administers Holy Communion to him, marries the black man and woman, ordains the black priest, gives him the same Extreme Unction as the white receives. As the negro passed out of slavery it was the Catholic Church which could say to him with the apostle, in his new relation: "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba! (Father)."—Romans viii. 15.

Her code of laws for the black is the same as for the white —no difference. Sunday Mass, Friday abstinence, Lenten fast oblige the black man no more than the white. Yes, the human nature predestined to Christian grace and so admirably recognized by the church is the foundation of our hopes.

The negro's heart, like the white man's, is essentially good. Here we have a foothold. Grace we know builds upon nature and presupposes it. The civil law in its turn recognizes the manhood of the negro; who votes or should legally vote like a white man; is ruled by the same laws; bows to the same rulers in the general, state, and local governments; has before him, if delinquent (at least on the statute-book), the same legal process and sentence, the same jail and keepers as the white man. In ante-bellum days there were special enactments which made the negro a chattel. In our days all odious restrictions are disappearing before a juster and fairer recognition of his manhood.

The manhood of the negro race, moreover, is a truth of religion, and one which Leo XIII. has well insisted upon in his letter to the bishops of Brazil at the time of the emancipation of the slaves of that country. "It was sin," he writes, "which deserved the name of slavery; it was not natural. From the first sin came all evils, and specially this perversity that there

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were men who, forgetful of the original brotherhood of the race, instead of seeking, as they should naturally have done, to promote mutual kindness and mutual respect, following their evil desires, began to think of other men as their inferiors and to hold them as cattle born to the yoke." And the very argument which we hear so often in political agitation, and read so much in the public press, viz., that by nature the black man is inferior, Leo XIII. declares an outrage on our common humanity.

When in addition to the consideration of the negro's manhood we add the further reflection that the greater part of mankind were slaves at the coming of Christ, there is all the less reason to despise our black countrymen, and all the more hope for their future. Men go into ecstasies over the future of the white races; they love to recount their progress since the dawn of the Christian era. Let us remember to-day, however, how wide-spread slavery was in ancient days. We all are the offspring of races the vast majority of whom were legally or practically slaves. The negroes to-day are only taking their turn.

In the Roman Empire slaves were so numerous that Petronius in his "Satyrion" makes one of the players ask a servant how many infant slaves were born on his estates the preceding day, and is informed that thirty boys and forty girls were the increase of that day on that one estate. Roman patricians took a pride in having everything they needed made by their own slaves, thus destroying free labor, and with it, in the course of time, their own supremacy. These slaves were whites, and very many of them mechanics: carpenters, masons, shoemakers, millers, bakers, wool-combers, weavers, dyers, tailors, embroiderers, etc. Add to these carvers, mosaic-workers, glaziers, painters, as well as three other grades corresponding to professions in our times, viz., architects, surgeons, and physicians.

As in Rome so throughout the rest of the civilized world. White slavery flourished everywhere, and Canon Brownlow is the authority for the statement that serfdom has not as yet been legally abolished in England, although it has ceased to be a practical question since the War of the Roses—that is, for four centuries. In Italy a modified form of slavery existed to the end of the seventeenth century, in Spain till the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and only the Revolution of 1789 blotted out French serfdom—all this in spite of the steadfast and aggressive efforts of Catholicity.

In Ireland, before St. Patrick came, a female slave, called

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"cumhal," was the unit of currency, thus showing how deeply rooted was slavery in ancient Irish institutions.

Although St. Patrick, once himself a slave, made great efforts towards emancipation, still slavery flourished in Ireland till St. Lawrence O'Toole moved, at a national synod, at Armagh, in 1170, to recognize the English invasion as a sign of divine anger against the Irish for their slave-holding. A peremptory admonition was thereupon sent out ordering the release of all English slaves in the land. Thenceforward it disappeared, till Cromwell sent thousands and tens of thousands of Irish men and women, boys and girls, as slaves into the West Indies.

In the life of St. Vincent de Paul we read that the thought of his foundling asylum originated at the sight of the place called La Cooche, where those unfortunates were sold to circus managers and the like. He himself for some years was a slave in Africa, and did not hesitate to escape at the first opportunity.

Since the discovery of America, however, the slavery that we have been familiar with is negro slavery. The color of the slave changed; and with it our memories seem comatosed. We forget the slavery of our ancestors. In modern times the negroes seem to have slipped into the shoes of the more ancient white slaves. There is nothing in the fact of slavery itself which will argue against the negroes, nor again will their color prove aught derogatory to their advancement. After, indeed, centuries of Christianity, the white races have not much to boast of. In the matter of religion they are much split up; in morals there is in our days a strange, sad laxity; in honesty the world is all but dominated by very loose and unjust principles. Of course there is progress—wonderful progress—yet not to such an extent as would belie the hopes of the negro's advance.

If, then, the negro may be called a man among men and an heir to all the glorious privileges of humanity, and also of Christianity, what, we may ask, are the means to be employed to place him in possession of his divine heritage? There is, I believe, one true means for his advancement, and that is the negro himself, guided and led by the Catholic Church. The first element in the elevation of the black race is the black man himself. To attempt anything for the blacks without making the black man himself the chief instrument for good, would be to attempt the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out.

His future demands the building up of his character, and this is best done by the mingled efforts of brotherly white men

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and worthy black men. His temperament, his passions and other inherent qualities, in great measure also his industrial and social environments, are beyond his control, and he needs the aid of the best men of his own race, but associated with and not divorced from the co-operation of the best of the white race. In the formation of his character, which is his weak spot, chief stress should be laid on moral training and education. External influences, controlled by noble men and women of both races, will count for more with him than with us. We can hardly appreciate how much the negro has to contend with while making his moral growth, for neither the antecedents nor surroundings of our black countrymen are calculated to draw out the noblest side of human nature. That personal encouragement to well-doing, to ambition to rise above degrading circumstances so necessary to all of us, so indispensably so to him, the black man rarely receives. Neither by nature nor by traditional training can the colored people, taken as a body, stand as yet upon the same footing of moral independence as their white brethren. The careful, patient, and Christian intervention of the whites and the best of the blacks working together in using all the means demanded for the formation of manhood and womanhood is their right as well as their need in the present hour. They must be given the ample charity of Christ in their development, just as they have been given the full equality of citizenship. And in all this Catholics should lead the way. The influence of Catholics should be extended to foster and develop in the colored race those traits which tend to impart a sterling, self-reliant character.

Catholics may do very much. We are a large proportion, if not a majority, in many labor organizations. Let us welcome black working-men to every equality. We have very many influential Catholics in public life. Let them take sides in matters touching the blacks under the guidance of Catholic principles. There are about nine thousand priests in the land; let every priest exert an influence of sympathy in his personal dealings with the colored people of his vicinity. Perhaps there are twenty thousand religious teachers who, in their institutions, should receive negro boys and girls without discrimination. If Catholics, thus in possession of a vast power for moral elevation, give the right hand of fellowship to their black countrymen in all civil and personal relations, the work of converting them will be easy. Nor can we Catholics afford to ignore them or exclude them. For if we should do so, then the name "Catho-

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lic" would be a misnomer when applied to the American Church, and we should sink into the position of a sect. The negroes, as things stand, care nothing for the Catholic Church. Why should they? What has the Catholic Church done for them? But they would be the most ungrateful people earth ever bore if they should forget what our non-Catholic countrymen have done and are doing for them in every relation of life.

Turning again to ourselves, let every one of us in private life, whether laymen, priests, or religious, bear in mind that it is not enough to give a despised race their legal rights, but that Christian principle exacts a special regard for race susceptibilities. The Irish and Germans and Italians resent the terms, "Paddy," and "Dutchman," and "Dago," so let us cease to call the colored people "Niggers" and "Darkies," even in private conversation; and in every other way let us do unto the black people as we should wish to be done by were we blacks ourselves. Let us bear in mind that among whites of every kind there is an immense amount of partly Christian and partly natural tradition, which is weak among the blacks by no fault of their own. There is the home, the domestic fireside, the respect for Sunday, the sense of respectability, the weight of the responsibilities of life, the consciousness of duty, the love of honesty, which is regarded as true policy, the honor of the family name, the fear of disgrace, together with the aspirations for a share in the blessings and privileges which our country and civilization afford. And while very many of our white countrymen are not Catholics, and are even but nominal Christians, still these weighty influences wield a potent charm for good over their lives.

In regard to the negro race, however, these hardly exist; at best they may be found in isolated cases, though it is true that very encouraging signs of them are seen occasionally. Yet a vital part in the natural development of the negro will be secured by these elements, the sense of responsibility, the dignity as well as duty of labor, and, lastly, self-denial and thrift.

All these sit too lightly on the negroes. Care for the future they know not; and although they labor well enough, yet they lack thrift. Their cheerful dispositions lighten much of their sorrows; and their love for music also soothes full many an evil day and dismal night. A patient, suffering race are they, whose sorrows are sure to win for them the fulness of divine blessings. Poverty and lowliness were characteristics of the

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Messias; they are two marked traits in the negro race. They too are, as it were, "A leper, and as one stricken by God and afflicted." Surely, if fellow-suffering creates a bond of sympathy, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ must deeply sympathize with, and love, the negro race.

We have intimated that the Catholic Church has accomplished little for the conversion of the negroes. It is but just to add here what is really being done.

From the official report of the episcopal commission charged with the distribution of the annual collection for the negro missions we learn that during the six years of its existence $220,220 have been distributed among negro missions, and as much more among Indians.

There are at present twenty-eight priests laboring among the negroes exclusively, who are in charge of thirty churches. Of course they do not include the many more in Maryland, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, and elsewhere whose churches are partly for whites and partly for blacks.

Since 1888, when the reports began to be published, the average number of adult converts yearly is about 670, while every year there were 4,500 children baptized. Moreover, twenty-odd different orders of white women have charge of 108 schools, in which assemble 7,884 pupils. The orphanages and other institutions for colored children are growing. St. Benedict's Home, Rye, N.Y.; the Providence House of Mother Katherine Drexel, near Philadelphia; orphanages for boys, in Wilmington, Del., and Leavenworth, Kans.; one for girls, as also a foundling asylum, in Baltimore, Md., and two other orphan asylums in St. Louis, Mo., and New Orleans, La., are all doing good service for the homeless children of Ham, while the home for aged colored in New Orleans, La., shelters the lingering days of its worthy inmates. The night-school and guild in Baltimore and the industrial school at Pine Bluff, Ark., are both paving the way towards teaching colored children a means of livelihood.

There are three orders of colored women: the Oblates of Baltimore, established in 1829; the Holy Family of New Orleans, dating from 1842, and the Sisters of St. Francis, started about five years ago by Bishop Becker, of Savannah. There are four sisterhoods exclusively devoted to the negroes: the Franciscans from England, who have houses in Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk; the Sisters of the Holy Ghost in San Antonio, Texas; the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, Mother Katherine Drexel's community, in Philadelphia; the Mission Helpers of

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Baltimore. These last named are devoted to the home-life and training of negro women, visiting the jails, hospitals, and having sewing-schools even in private houses. In all about seventy Catholic sisters have consecrated, or will shortly consecrate, their lives before God's altar for the sake of the sin-laden and ignorant images of Christ in ebony setting.

Unhappily, however, none of our brotherhoods as yet have ever wielded a birch in a negro Catholic school.

The society to which I belong has missions in Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia. At our training-school, the Epiphany Apostolic College, are upwards of sixty young men, of whom several are colored, studying the subjects necessary for their advance. At St. Joseph's Seminary, our mother-house in Baltimore, seventeen seminarians are being trained for the negro missions. These young men represent the whole country from Maine to Oregon, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. This large number of aspirants for the negro missions is due to the generous co-operation of the bishops and clergy of our land, while their support is given us by the noble Catholic laity, who in very great numbers subscribe for our little annual —*The Colored Harvest.*

We may fitly close with the sentiment of St. Gregory the Great, when contrasting our Lord's conduct in refusing to go to the nobleman's dying son, although asked to do so, while unasked he went and healed the centurion's servant.

"He did not deem that the nobleman's son was worthy of his presence, but he refused not to help the centurion's servant. What is this but a rebuke to earthly pride, which maketh us to respect in men their honors and riches rather than that Divine Image wherein they are created? It was not so with our Redeemer, who would not go to the son of the nobleman, but was ready to come down for the centurion's servant, to show that to him the things which are great among men are but of little moment, and the things which are little esteemed among men are not beneath his notice.

"Our pride, then, standeth rebuked—that pride which maketh us forget for the sake of one man that another man is a man at all. This pride, as we have said, looketh only at the surroundings of men, not at their nature, and seeth not that God is to be honored in a man because he is a man. Lo! how the Son of God will not go unto the nobleman's son, but is ready to go and heal the servant. Of myself I know that if any one's servant were to ask me to go to him, I have a sort of pride

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which would say to me, silently inside my heart: Go not; thou wilt lower thyself; the Papal dignity would be lightly esteemed; thy exalted station will be degraded. Behold how He who came down from Heaven doth not deem it below him to go to help a servant, and yet I, who am of the earth earthy, shrink from being trodden on." (*Quoted from the Breviary Office. Homily on the Gospel for the Feast of St. Pancratius and Companions, May 12.*)

JOHN R. SLATTERY.

St. Joseph's Seminary,
Baltimore, Md., June 24, 1893.

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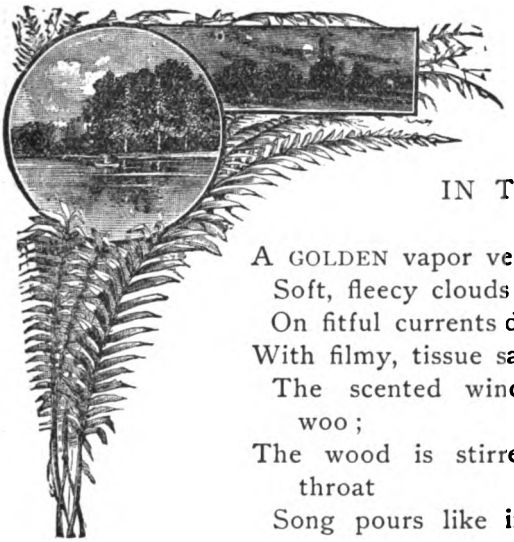

IN THE NORTH.

A GOLDEN vapor veils the far-off blue,
Soft, fleecy clouds like exhalations float;
On fitful currents drifts each phantom boat,
With filmy, tissue sails unfurled to view.
The scented winds of summer lull and woo;
The wood is stirred, from many a ruffled throat
Song pours like incense, on its shrines remote;
And all the insect world goes droning too.

Yet in the wanton sunshine, which she spills
On rustling grain, on clover blooms, on flowers,
On glistening disks of leaves, from clear, cold skies,
As from her heart, there comes a breath that chills;
And thoughts of pulsing warmth, through tropic hours
Which thrill the life of all the South, arise.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

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HERE IN THE DELIGHTFUL PINE HIGHLANDS STANDS THE COLLEGE.

MOBILE—SUMMERVILLE—SPRING HILL.

ON a July day in the year 1704 the good ship *Pelican*, from Quebec, arrived at the fort where Jean Baptiste le Moyne and Sieur de Bienville had established a colony.

It was a wonderful day for that little settlement. The fort and the scattered population had only known the rare visits of missionary priests. Now Monseigneur St. Vallier, the Bishop of Quebec, remembering their spiritual poverty, and making the little fort into a parish, placed it under the special care of the Seminary of Foreign Missions. The coming of the *Pelican* meant the first real establishment of the church in Alabama, after two hundred years of heroic missionary labors.

As far back as 1538 the Sacrifice of the Mass had been offered in Alabama. De Soto's Spanish expedition, after reaching Florida, had passed over into Georgia and Alabama. As they journeyed along the banks of the Coosa and the Alabama, and thence across to the Tombigbee and intervening streams, till they reached the Mississippi, they made frequent pauses:

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and at each place of rest the Divine Sacrifice was offered. Twelve priests and four friars were in this company. The name of Father John de Galligos is the only one that has been preserved.

De Soto's expedition, though undertaken after greater preparation and at more cost than any other, was an unfortunate one. Shipwrecks, storms, sickness, and losses in battle left only a handful of soldiers, one priest, and three friars of this numerous company. After remaining for a short period among the Cherokees, Alibomians, and Choctaws, the expedition was pushed westward. After burying De Soto on the banks of the Mississippi, they passed down into Mexico.

When next we catch a glimpse of the faith, it is in 1559. A Dominican priest, Father Dominic, and a Jesuit, Father Segura, journeyed from Pensacola to Mobile, with an escort of Spanish soldiers. Finding no church and no vestments, these simple, saintly men, vested in the skins of wild beasts and under a chapel of boughs and moss, offered the Holy Sacrifice. Here, among the Alibomians and the Spanish colonists and soldiers, they labored for a year. Then they abandoned the Mobile mission.

Here we lose sight of Father Dominic; but Father Segura, with the halo of martyrdom won ten years later in Virginia, is an unfading picture of that heroic past.

A century and a half of silence. Then came Jean Baptiste le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville, soldier, sailor, adventurer, and gentleman of New France. From Montreal he came with his two brothers, Iberville and Sauville. The two latter, under orders from the French government, founded colonies and erected forts, Iberville at the mouth of the Mississippi and Sauville at Biloxi. In the meanwhile the founder of Mobile was looking for an advantageous place to settle. The shores of the beautiful bay filled his fancy. Sauville dying at Biloxi, Bienville was ordered to take his place.

Yielding to his own preference, he located his fort a little north and east of Biloxi, and made it the capital of the then Louisiana. Honoring the royal French saint, and placing under his protection the tribes of Mauvillian Indians, Bienville called his settlement and seat of government "Fort St. Louis de la Mobile." After successive forts at Dog River, Ship Island, and Dauphin Island, it is generally believed that Bienville's final choice, the first Mobile, stood where Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff now stands.

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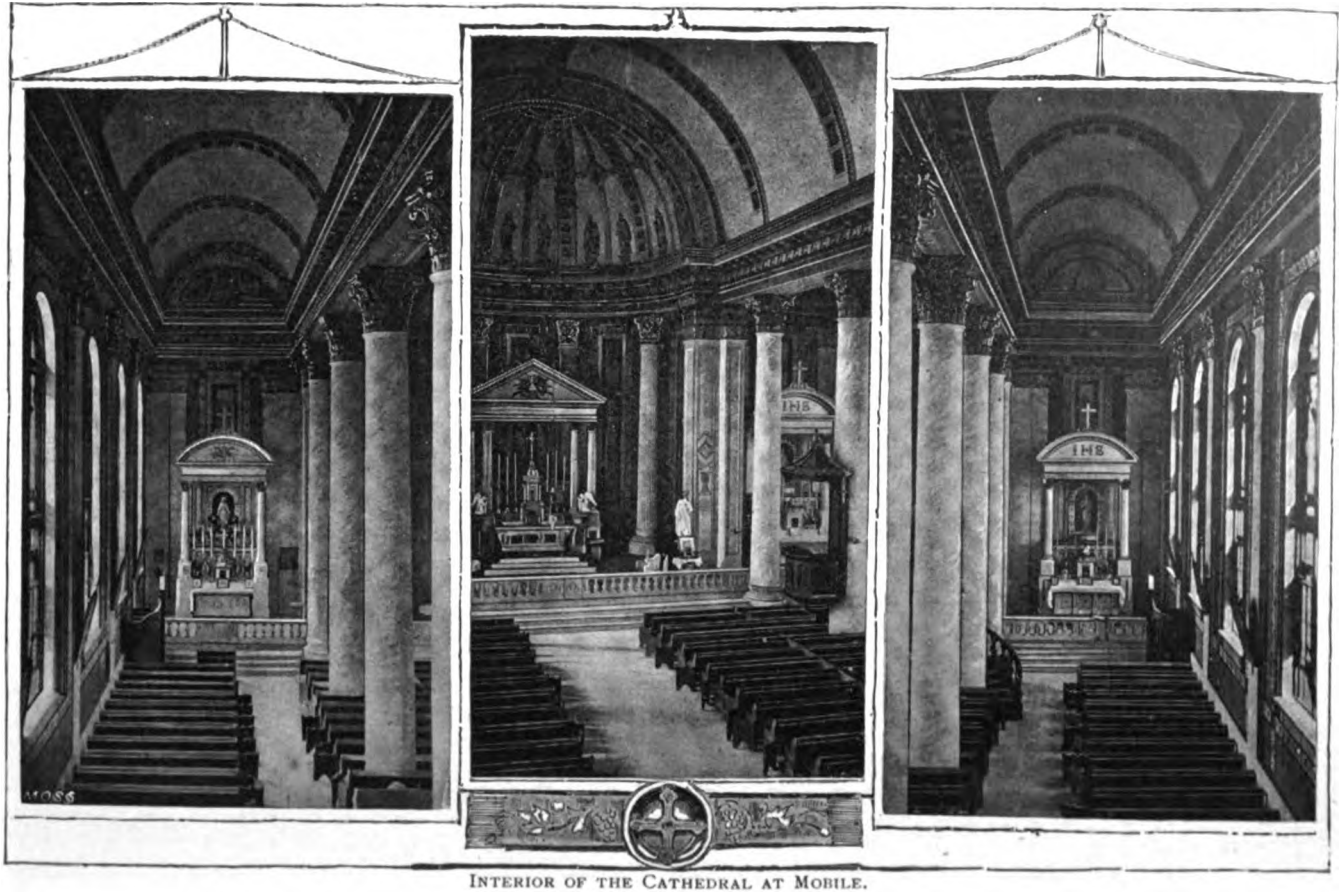

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT MOBILE.

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Two Canadian missionaries, Father Davion and Father Bergier, ministered to the colonists until about 1703.

I find it a pretty link of past and present that in the same set of records in the Cathedral of Mobile where are recorded the baptisms of to-day, is inscribed by Father Davion the first baptism in the new parish, September 6, 1703, that of an Indian girl, "*une petite enfante femme appalache.*"

A stately record is that which chronicled the induction of Father de la Vente as first parish priest of the Church of the Immaculate Conception—name still of Mobile's Cathedral—"in presence of Jean Bienville, Lieutenant of the King, commanding the fort; Peter du Quay de Boisbriant, major; Nicolas de la Salle, scribe and acting commissary." There stand the signatures of two centuries ago. Shortly after Bienville had established his colony a church and a little home for the priests were here built. It is generally believed that these buildings were not located exactly at Mobile, but at Dauphin Island, or the adjacent coast of Mississippi Sound. Tradition says that this early parochial residence was quite primitive—a log-cabin without doors or windows; but it has not preserved the details as to the mode of ingress and egress; whether, after the scriptural style—still in vogue in Arizona—the clergymen entered after the manner of the sick man who was lowered from the roof to the feet of the Saviour, or by the more usual means.

Some explanation of the ungenerous use of Father de la Vente's name on the pages of Pickett's *Alabama* may be found in the crusade that this first parish priest began against the immorality of the colonists. Bienville, the governor, was not exempt from the general condemnation; and in the hostility excited against the zealous pastor there may be traced a traditional lack of justice to his memory. In 1710 Father de la Vente returned to France to die. On Father Huvé fell the entire charge of the parish. He, too, turned towards "the pleasant land of France" when, worn out and almost blind, he was obliged to resign his mission. His name is last written in the records of Mobile Cathedral in 1721.

The religious as well as the political history of Mobile for nearly a hundred years can now be briefly told.

Bienville founded New Orleans in 1720. Its growth overshadowed Mobile. The colonists left or died out. Down on Dauphin Island, at the little church, a Capuchin, Father John Mathew, ministered to the few remaining until 1736. A band of Appalachee Indians, ten miles from Mobile, had a chapel that Father Huvé

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had built for them. Father Charles, a Carmelite, visited them after Father Huvé's departure. These Indians had kept the faith for two hundred years, since the days of the Spanish missionaries. Names of Jesuits, Carmelites, and Capuchins appear as occasional missionaries. The fort was dwindling down. A great political change was coming. In 1763 the French flag went down before that of England; and the colonists, the few remaining, passed under British law. But to the struggling colonial church that change meant leaving a kind protector, in France, to fall under the harsh task-master, England. The penal laws against Catholics bore as heavily on the colonies as on the mother country. The missions were abandoned; but now and then a brave priest would journey down and bring new life to the struggling faith.

Father Ferdinand, the last French priest, returned at intervals to his little flock.

A record in 1777 speaks of Father Paul, a Capuchin, coming to baptize some negro slaves for the Krebs family. These struggling gleams are all we see for seventeen years. Then Bernardo Galvez, the gallant Spanish governor of Louisiana, dashes into Mobile's history. He captured the fort from the English, floated the flag of Spain, and gave every freedom to the church. From this conquest of Galvez, in 1780, the church records are kept in Spanish. A parish priest, Father Salvador de la Esperanza, presides; the ceremonies of the church are resumed with much dignity, and even pomp. The Spanish Capuchins are zealous missionaries at this time. But Spanish names only do not occur; French, Irish, English, and Scotch are among the colonists. All these years the churches of Pensacola and San Augustine, of Florida, were being affiliated by the labors of the same missionaries, and have kept pace with Mobile.

An incident occurred about this time in Florida that in after years took an added interest to Mobilians. A carpenter of New Smyrna, named Francis Pellicer, seeing the hardships of a band of Greeks whom an English colonist, named Mr. Turnbull, had imported, braved every danger to journey to Governor Moultrie with the story of their wrongs. Redress followed speedily. The memory of the brave Pellicer comes down with added honor, as the ancestor of Bishops Pellicer and Manucy.

The last Spanish priest to preside in Mobile was Rev. Vincent Genin. He left with Spain. In the year 1813 the United States took possession; and Mobile, from the flag of France and England and Spain, went under the stars and stripes.

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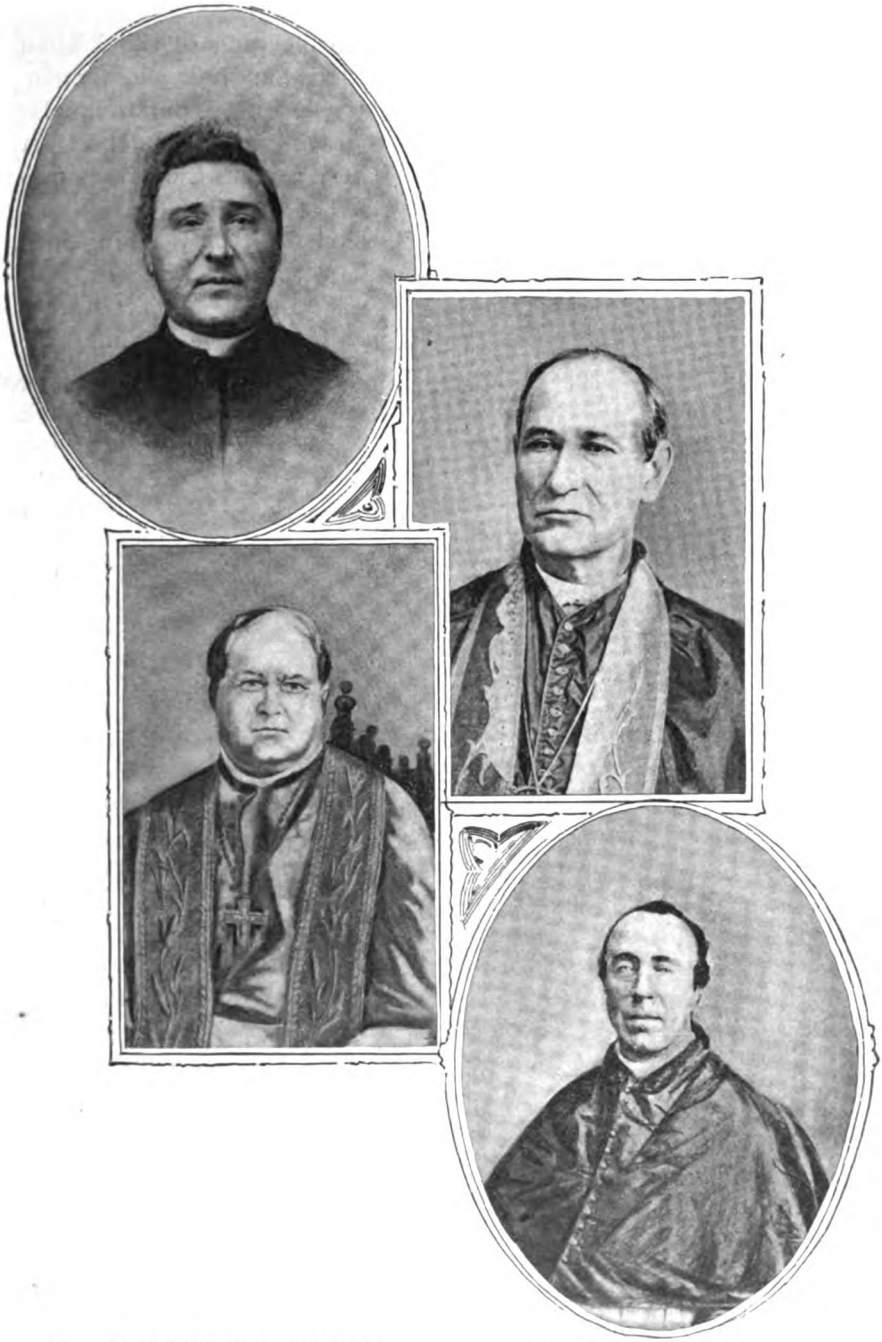

(1) ANTHONY DOMINIC PELLICER,
FIRST BISHOP OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

(2) **MICHAEL PORTIER,**
FIRST BISHOP OF MOBILE.

(3) DOMINIC MANUCY,
THIRD BISHOP.

(4) JOHN QUINLAN,
SECOND BISHOP.

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Twelve years had Mobile been in the keeping of the United States. From the small population of five hundred, when Spanish rule ended, the city doubled and trebled its population. Its growth attracted the attention of the seminary at Quebec. It had outgrown its missionary days. These zealous Canadians proposed that a bishop be appointed.

A young French priest, Rev. Michael Portier, teaching in a seminary in New Orleans, was sent as Vicar-Apostolic of Alabama and Florida. As the good bishop said: "My diocese is as large as all France, and I have two priests and three churches."

A little later the Mobile church was burned, and Bishop Portier's only cathedral was a little frame chapel that measured thirty feet in length and twenty in breadth. The division of dioceses in those days was characterized by a great territorial generosity, in due proportion to great scarcity of resources and workers. Undismayed by the prospect, Bishop Portier set out to see for himself the territory under his charge. He obtained a promise from the two priests that they would remain until his return. They generously promised; and it is all the more praiseworthy as they actually belonged to New Orleans.

From its superiority in numbers and promise of greater growth, the bishop had selected Mobile as his residence. Going to Pensacola, he found a population decreasing and impoverished; the church laid waste and neglected. Passing on to San Augustine, he found an even more deplorable state of affairs. A ruined church and indifferent pastors made his visit one of great importance. It was nearly six months later before he reached Mobile. The two priests' return to New Orleans and the church being burned, left him without any help. A nearly fatal illness followed his exertions in visiting his diocese. But help was at hand. Another priest was found, and young Mr. Chalon, the bishop's cousin, just ordained at Bardstown, joined him in Mobile. Realizing the need of foreign aid, the bishop went to Europe; and upon his arrival in Rome was made Bishop of Mobile, with his vicariate raised to a diocese. This was in 1829. He obtained from his native France the financial aid he so sorely needed. Eight zealous young men, five priests and three seminarians, were willing to share with him the hardships of the church in the new land.

The end of the year 1829 saw the bishop back in Mobile, with his noble band of workers and with sufficient financial aid to carry on his work.

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The return of the bishop is quaintly described in the reminiscences of the older population. It is said the poor young Frenchmen wept as they served the bishop at his first Mass

AT SPRING HILL—ON THE EASTERN SIDE.

in the little log church, remembering the stately structures and the dignity of worship in their native land.

It was nearly noon when they reached the city, but the bishop at once proceeded to say Mass. After Mass, going to the temporary shelter of the bishop, they were met by an ancient colonist, who endeavored to make up by the excess of his welcome for the very meagre bill of fare he presented. The bishop and his vicar, Rev. Mr. Chalon, were the only ones to whom he could offer breakfast. To the others he could only give a slice of bread and an apple. Seven o'clock in the evening still found them fasting and houseless; but by that time they had secured a little hut in the woods, offered them by a charitable countryman. Here they repaired. A supper was served, with their trunks for a table and chairs, their fingers for knives and forks, and afterwards, worn and weary, the bare earth of the hut for couches.

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Through all their hardships Bishop Portier was a true father to his priests, sharing equally with them and bearing the greater burden of the responsibility. In going back over his heroic history, and following his wonderful labors and privations in building up his diocese, we who know him by the tender affection of our ancestors must bear in mind that Monseigneur Portier was a gentleman of the highest breeding and culture. In after years, with a flourishing diocese and a prosperous people of elegant tastes surrounding him, no social gathering was considered complete without the presence of this courtly, accomplished prelate. The dinners at Spring Hill, the aristocratic neighborhood of his beloved college, were not complete unless Monseigneur Portier, with his fund of keen Gallic wit and brilliant conversation, was present. All that meant improvement to the city had the aid of his interest and his scientific European training. It is said that to Bishop Portier Mobile is indebted for her original water-supply.

THE LAKE AT THE COLLEGE.

The railroad to Dauphin Island, making that fine natural harbor Mobile's port of entry, was a favorite project of his; it is even said, originated with him. This project still stands to-day as one of Mobile's strong hopes of success.

When the site of Spring Hill College and three hundred

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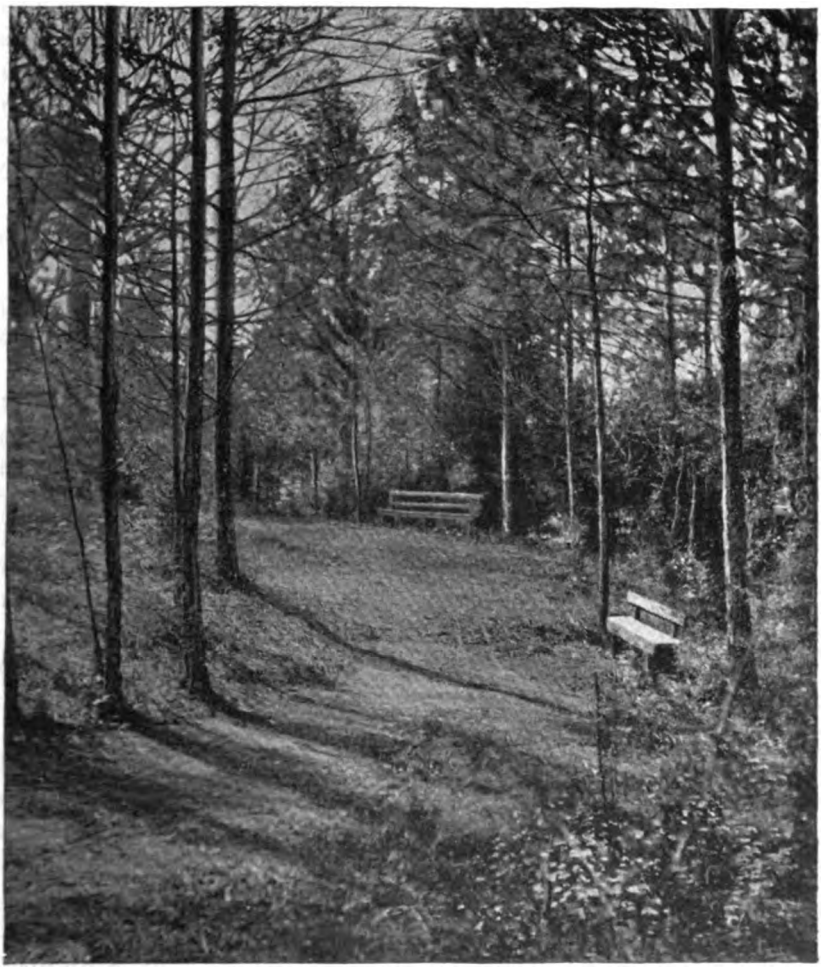
acres of land adjoining were purchased, the bishop himself helped to clear the land and dig the foundation, so eager was he to begin this beloved institution.

Equally earnest was he in securing the foundation of the



"WE FOUND ROSES IN BLOOM, THOUGH IT WAS WINTER."

Convent of the Visitation. These two gems of his mitre, these two institutions that he so fostered, stand to-day in flourishing state and prosperity, and are—as he would wish himself—the lasting monuments to his zeal.

As one leaves the City of Mobile and goes towards the declining sun, straight out beyond the sound of trade and toil,

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he touches a noble avenue, broad and oak-fringed. A couple of miles of suburban homes, lovely gardens and spreading trees, and then he is at "Summerville." The name fits wonderfully. It is a region to suggest perpetual summer, fadeless gardens, and everlasting foliage. The air is sweeter as he moves along, the breeze blows over the swaying pines, and under a sky as blue as Italy's. A glimpse of lofty towers is seen as one peers out of the car-window—a stately building with goodly expanse of acres around it. Through the many spreading oaks and back beyond the buildings a clear stream runs merrily—a "creek" in local parlance, but swift and deep enough to be dignified as a "river" in some regions. The whole prospect is charming—the noble structure, the beautiful lawns, with the woodland and river background.

Should we leave the cars and walk to the gate, an inscription in stone above the post would tell us that this is "The Academy and Monastery of the Visitation."

Going three miles further we begin the ascent of Spring Hill. Here, at the summit, we find St. Joseph's College of the Jesuits. We have left the city far at our feet. Here in the delightful pine highlands, surrounded by miles of forest, stands the handsome structure. The walks through the woodlands, with the pine-trees fringed with wild jessamine and the hedges of Cherokee roses, would tempt one even [if the college were not the goal.

These two institutions are so closely identified with the growth of the diocese that the history of Mobile must necessarily be their history.

Bishop Portier's earnest desire to establish a house of religious women in Mobile seemed to be answered when the bequest of an Irish priest, who died in San Augustine, Florida, placed some funds in his hands. The conditions of the bequest were that it was to be used in founding a monastery of the Visitation Order. Bishop Portier decided to locate it in the suburbs of Mobile. There was then only one house of this order in the United States—that of Georgetown, D. C. There Bishop Portier applied, and in response to his appeal Mother Madeleine Augustine d'Arreger, then superioress at Georgetown, came herself to establish the Mobile monastery. "We found roses in bloom," writes one of these pioneer religious, "though it was winter." January, 1833, they arrived in Mobile.

Pages might be filled, half-humorous, half-pathetic, of the early establishment of the convent. A little hut in the woods

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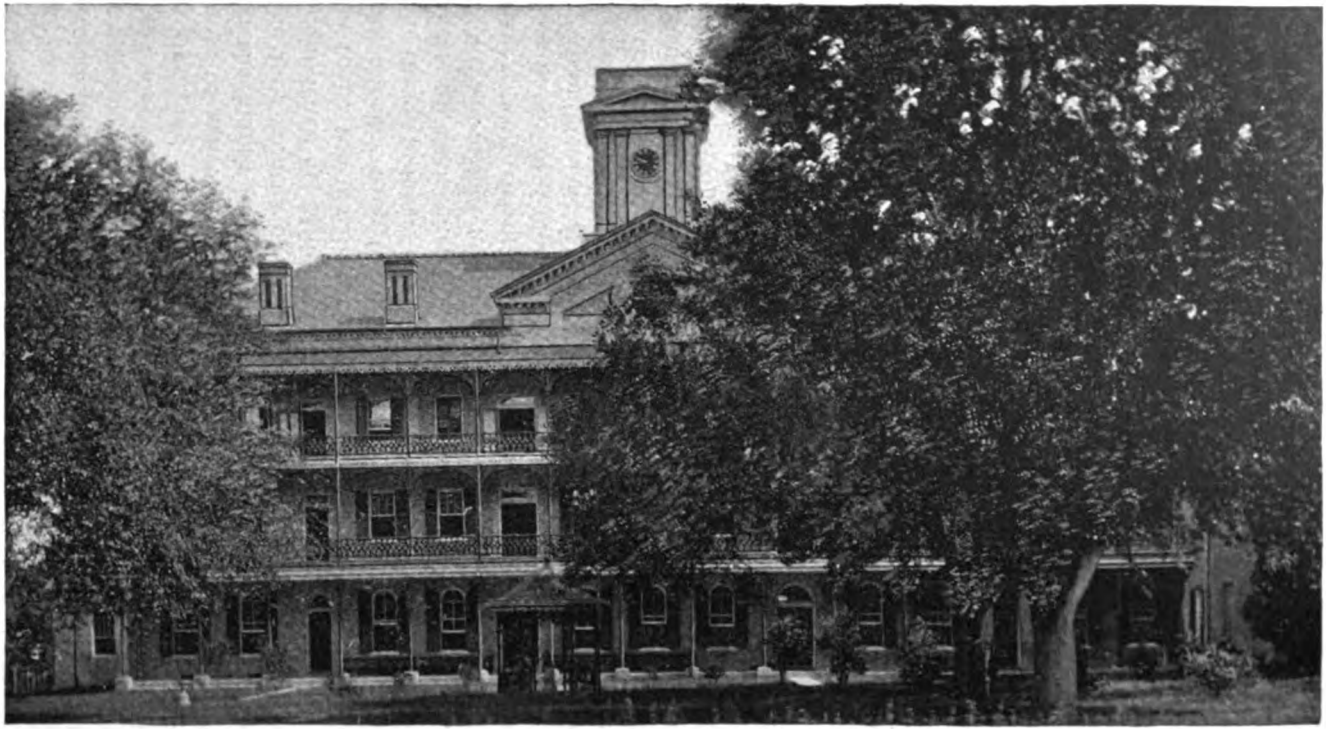

"In the Month of May they moved into their New Monastery."

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was their only monastery while waiting for the building Bishop Portier was having erected for them. Their privations and struggles are quaintly told, particularly the picture drawn of the whole community going in procession to the next neighbor's, after crossing a prairie and scaling a hedge, to get water, there being none on their own premises. The good neighbor was very kind, and seeing the advancing group would send out her servants to assist them.

In the month of May they moved into their new monastery. In the four months of their stay these religious had so won on the confidence of Mobilians that even their new building soon began to be too small for their pupils, and they were obliged to add another wing to the building.

In these pioneer days they speak most gratefully of the kindness of their neighbors—most of them Protestants, and many of whom had never before seen a Catholic nun. In sickness there were delicacies sent and every assistance offered.

The name of Colonel Owen is particularly remembered for many thoughtful acts. He sent to the sisters a little colored girl, one of his slaves, to assist them in their housework; and while the building was still unfinished he sent every night two of his most faithful colored men to watch the grounds. During these years the kindness of Bishop Portier was unremitting; and with it went the generous aid of Fathers Chalon and Loras. The latter was confessor to the convent until he was transferred to Iowa, to be first Bishop of Dubuque, in 1838.

Steadily advancing and gaining daily in public esteem, we will now leave the good sisters in their new monastery, and turn our attention to their neighbor and contemporary, Spring Hill College. We left good Bishop Portier enthusiastically aiding with his own hands the rise of this beloved institution. In 1830 the college was opened. At first the bishop placed it in the hands of the Eudist Fathers; but it afterwards passed into the care of the Society of Jesus, the Rev. Father Gautrelet, S.J., being first president of the college. In 1836 it was chartered as a university; and in 1840 Pope Gregory XVI. gave the Spring Hill faculty the right to confer degrees in theology and philosophy.

The fame of the college was soon spread abroad. Scholars from every State and from Central and South America flocked to its doors. In the ante-bellum days the wealthy planters, the majority of whom were Protestants, considered no education for their sons equal to that of Spring Hill; and, in like man-

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ner, no training was so satisfactory for their daughters as the gentle, exquisite culture received from the ladies of the Visitation. So it comes to pass that, in looking over the alumni of both institutions to select a few names, I am confronted with the fact that I might as well undertake the genealogy, for three generations at least, of almost every well-known family of the South-west.

For over sixty years the alumni of Spring Hill College have been represented in every profession; and distinguished successes, in their various lines of life, seem to be the almost unbroken rule. Some though, who have left a sacred memory among us, I will mention. The cousins, Bishop Pellicer and Bishop Manucy, were students and seminarians of Spring Hill, ordained by Bishop Portier, and labored long in the diocese. They were consecrated bishops at the same time; and Bishop Pellicer founded the diocese of San Antonio, as did Bishop Manucy that of Brownsville, Texas.

Rev. R. N. Miles, S.J., the eloquent Jesuit orator and son of the distinguished General Miles, was a student and professor of Spring Hill. Visiting Europe, he preached in various countries, and the fame of his eloquence was spread abroad. It was said he could preach equally well in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Latin as in his mother English. Father Miles's sudden death in September, 1890, at the Jesuit College in New Orleans, was a great grief to his many admirers. He had been preaching with unusual power and eloquence a few hours before his death.

Richard Dalton Williams, the Irish poet and patriot, was also a teacher here.

Among the earliest of the Jesuits to reach Spring Hill was Father Yenni. He needs no introduction to students familiar with his Greek and Latin text-books. This learned Tyrolean rests, after fifty years of teaching, in the pretty college graveyard.

The present college buildings are not the original ones. Those were destroyed by fire in 1869. Among the many losses in this catastrophe none seemed greater than that of the wonderful collection in the museum under charge of the learned scientist, Father Cornette.

The progress of the Visitation Convent was not to be an uninterrupted one. In 1840, after seven years' steady growth, the good sisters experienced a sad misfortune. The monastery was almost entirely destroyed during a thunder-storm. It be-

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(1) Hon. G. M. Parker.

(2) Claude Beroujon of Mobile.

(3) Rafael Perez Santa Maria, Havana, Cuba.

(4) Col. Robert White Smith.

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came necessary to rebuild, and, as the good old sisters were wont to say, every stone of that new building meant a sacrifice.

Many of the sisters were injured by the falling bricks and timber, but none of them fatally. The members of the community at that time speak most feelingly of the unbounded kindness of their neighbors. A new building was finished in 1850. Four years later this new building was burned. The fire was even more disastrous than the storm had been, and the sisters had to crowd together in the few remaining buildings.

The sisters again entered a new monastery in 1855. This with some substantial remodelling, and the building of a new church, is the present abode of the Visitandines of Mobile. In their various struggles the sisters have had many true friends, both laity and clergy. Each of the four bishops of Mobile has been a devoted friend; Father Bazin, the energetic missionary priest, afterwards Bishop of Vincennes, Ind.; Father McGarahan and Fathers Loras, Rampon, and the Jesuits of Spring Hill.

Among the laity the name of the venerable Claude Beroujon is especially remembered. This saintly old French gentleman was a life-long friend. His daughter, one of the most accomplished musicians of her day, entered the order. His estimable wife, of the fine old Irish name of O'Neil, was with him in every good work. Her sister, Miss O'Neil, and another pious lady had charge of the many orphans left by the cholera epidemic of 1850, until the Sisters of Charity came in 1851 to open an asylum for girls, and the brothers of the Sacred Heart one for the boys. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Beroujon were educated at the Visitation. A few years ago their grandchildren, and, as the great-grandchildren are still young, it is presumed the fourth generation will be included in the devoted pupils of the Visitation. Another name gratefully repeated in the cloister is that of the Hon. Percy Walker. In the year 1837 he procured a charter for this institution—a proceeding which meant, at that time, great personal power and independence. Know-nothingism was rampant, and the plea of the good sisters for an obvious right like this would have been hopeless in the hands of a less fair-minded man. This, too, as a simple matter of justice; for Mr. Walker had not the sympathy of the same faith, not being a Catholic. It was only one of the many acts that has made the name of Percy Walker so bright a one on the pages of Mobile's history.

Other kind friends of the Visitation's early years were Mr. Robert White Smith and Mr. Gideon Marsena Parker. Mr.

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Smith's daughters were pupils. Of his many courtesies I can best speak in the words of one of the community: "Though not a Catholic, for kindness and generosity he was unsurpassed."

Mr. Parker was mayor of Mobile and was identified with all of the city's good works. His daughters, one of them being as highly cultivated a lady as it was ever the good fortune of the writer to meet, were educated at the Visitation. This year's catalogue contains the names of his grandchildren.

Across the Gulf, in picturesque Havana, the convent has an unfailing friend in Señor Rafael Perez Santa Maria. This courtly Cuban gentleman has left a record in the institution for numberless thoughtful acts.

So many pupils of the Visitation have left its portals to enter life in various spheres and many lands, it would be difficult to trace even a tithe of them.

In the cloister itself many distinguished names have been borne under the humble black veil. Down in the quiet graveyard of the nuns rests Sister Augustine Barber, whose history, with that of the Rev. Virgil Barber, S.J., marks an especial event in American Catholic history.

Another grave is that of Sister Clara Teresa Quays, who died about a year ago. She was for years an efficient teacher of French and music. The historic prestige of the past and the ennobling progress of the present surround with ties of kinship this gentle nun. She was a relative of Dr. Rogers, Mr. Glendy Burke, Mr. James Freret and Miss Manetta Quays of New Orleans: and the Morgan brothers of New York; and a descendant of General Casimir la Coste and the Chevalier de la Ronde, and also of that synonyme for generosity and royal charity in the past of Louisiana, the donor of St. Louis Cathedral, Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas. So interesting is the personnel of nuns and scholars in this lovely retreat, we could linger over many attractive names; but the institution itself must claim a word before we depart reluctantly from its portals.

As one steps into the lofty, cool, airy hall out of the June fervor the first impression is one of thorough restfulness. We walk along the broad piazza—the inevitable "gallery" of the South—and through the well-stocked library to the pretty study hall. The ventilation and airiness of the various rooms and corridors is simply perfection. The water-supply through the building is abundant and delightful. Down in the recreation grounds a charming bath-house, built over the creek, covers a pool of limpid clearness where the pupils find much comfort and more pleasure.

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The college and convent started, and two asylums built, Bishop Portier turned his attention to the finishing of his new cathedral. After the little church had been burned, Bishop Portier erected a small brick building connected with the Female Asylum. This was used as a church until the cathedral was dedicated in 1850. The ground upon which the cathedral stands, as well as the site of the Female Asylum and the bishop's residence, with some adjoining property, was an old Indian burying-ground. It was deeded to the church by the Spanish crown, during the administration of Governor Bernardo Galvez. The church in Bienville's time is supposed to have been situated on Royal Street.

The last service of note held in the old church was a very successful mission given by the Paulists—then Redemptorists—Fathers Hecker, Hewit, Walworth, and Deshon. In 1886 the Paulists gave another fruitful mission in the cathedral; and the venerable Father Deshon, of the original four, was among the missionaries.

After the dedication of the cathedral the former building was used by a German congregation under Father Imsand, S.J. This beloved Jesuit was afterwards for many years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and has left a beautiful memory of zeal, piety, and unbounded charity. The sin was great and the heart hard indeed that could not be touched by the quaint, earnest, loving ministrations of this kind father. When he died in Pensacola the people of Mobile never rested until his body was brought back to his dear St. Joseph's. Here he sleeps; and those that knew him pray at his tomb, and teach their children and their grandchildren to gather there, as at the shrine of a saint. The gloomy jail, the white-washed hospitals, within sight of St. Joseph's, have treasured around them tenderest stories of Father Imsand's unfailing sympathy for every form of human misery.

The beautiful retreat for the sick, Providence Infirmary, under the Sisters of Charity, was scarcely completed, under Bishop Portier's fostering care, when he himself was obliged to seek rest there. Death found him in beautiful resignation, on the 15th of May, 1859.

The name of Father McGarahan is especially dear to the older Mobilians, during the later part of Bishop Portier's administration, so active was he in all the good works carried forward at that time. Especially tender, too, is the memory of Father Hackett, so unceasing was his charity.

When, in 1826, Bishop Portier was consecrated there was in

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the town of Cloyne, County Cork, Ireland, an infant boy of a few months who, in the coming years, would wear the same mitre and bear the same cross.

John Quinlan! The eye fills and the pen falters. "The tenderest heart that ever the world's strange windings trod." From the Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West the young Quinlan was called to be Bishop of Mobile. Able, learned, zealous, great plans for his new work may have been in his mind; but his was to be the mission of mercy. Scarcely had he assumed his mitre when the terrible war cloud broke over the land. He had just returned from Europe, with several young priests, to establish new parishes and widen out the work. But the dead, the dying, the sorrowing claimed their care. The priests were sent to the battle-fields, the bishop himself going over the fatal field of Shiloh. After the war bishop and priests and people went bravely to work. Churches sprang up all over the State; parochial schools for both sexes in every parish of the city.

Convents and schools were established in Montgomery by the Sisters of Loretto, and also in Birmingham; in Selma by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart; in Tuscaloosa by the Ursuline Sisters; in Cullman by the Sisters of Notre Dame; and in Tuscumbia by the Sisters of St. Benedict. To the Jesuits was given the mission of Selma and its vicinity; while to the order of St. Benedict were allotted the twelve northern counties of Alabama.

Bishop Quinlan was a most eloquent speaker, and the cathedral was always thronged to hear him preach; even as it was when its vaulted roof rang with the brilliant oratory of the poet-priest, Father Ryan. In March, 1883, Bishop Quinlan died, and in his death his people felt as if a father had been taken from them.

Bishop Manucy, who had been pastor of churches in Mobile and Montgomery, was called from his Vicar-Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, to be the new incumbent. His health failed rapidly, and a few months after his appointment he asked to be relieved. In spite of illness his zeal for the glory of God was unbounded. It seems impossible that one so near the grave could have accomplished so much for the spiritual and temporal relief of the diocese. But he knew the end was near; and when he stood up in the cathedral to present to his people his successor, Bishop O'Sullivan, it was a last farewell. In a few weeks the cathedral was again filled to attend the last rites over the good old bishop.

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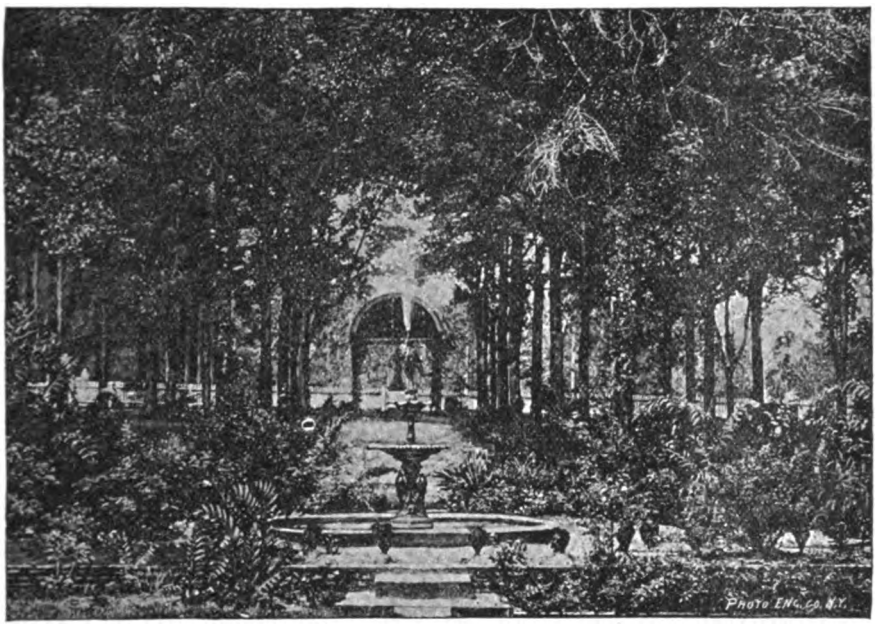
Bishop O'Sullivan was consecrated September 20, 1885, coming from the diocese of Baltimore, where he had been a priest for eighteen years. It is superfluous to speak of his work for the past eight years. There are stronger sermons, in stone, than my pen might trace that attest his zeal. There is the beautiful cathedral, finished without and frescoed within, the



FOUNTAIN AND GARDEN AT SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

stateliest church edifice in the South. There are ten new churches scattered over the State, new schools and societies established, and a diocese free of debt and prospering daily.

Bishop O'Sullivan's work is written all over, to the furthest limit and remotest corner of his administration.

It is a wonderful panorama that unfolds to our backward glance, from the days of the chapel of boughs and moss, and the priests in the skins of wild beasts, and the handful of savages, to the stately cathedral, the churches everywhere, the Catholics counted by the thousands, and the faith growing day by day in fervor and in numbers.

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

Mobile.

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THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN MYTH.

BY BOKARDO BRAMANTIP,

Huxleyan Professor of Dialectics in the University of Congo.

(From the Thirty-seventh Century Magazine, April, A.D. 3663.)

LAST New Year's day the Eighteenth Centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated with great *éclat*. Wherever African civilization has extended, through the four quarters of the globe, the children of Africa, and the nations they have civilized, celebrated the festival with joy and enthusiasm. Never to be forgotten was the spectacle on the banks of the Victoria-Nyanza, at the unveiling of the statue of Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation —the master-piece of the great Natalian sculptor, Durango.

The president of the Universal Confederation of Nations presided in person over the ceremonies, which were witnessed by the assembled multitudes of Africa's sons, and pilgrims of every race and clime on the face of the earth.

It could not but impress all with the thought that this is, in truth, an era of good feeling and universal brotherhood.

Now, I have no disposition to cast a shadow on the general rejoicing by the expression of any disagreeable scepticism, and it is not altogether a pleasurable undertaking to dispel the happy delusion under which my countrymen are laboring in honoring an event which, as I maintain, is not known ever to have taken place. On the contrary, in a certain way, I, and all other advanced thinkers, who look upon the popular tradition of Abraham Lincoln and his Emancipation Proclamation as a myth of the dark ages, may consistently, notwithstanding our want of faith, unite with our African brethren in this jubilee, precisely as the Agnostics of the nineteenth century took part in the festivities of Christmas. All we ask is to be allowed to accept the tradition in a rational way; that is to say, as the concrete poetic or legendary expression of great abstract underlying ideas—as, for instance, that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again"—and the inherent power of the African race to attract to itself as to a magnet the moral forces of the universe,

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in the eternal struggle for the enfranchisement of the soul and the elevation of humanity.

But unfortunately a narrow and fanatical spirit seems to have taken possession of those who managed this latest Abraham Lincoln centennial. This spirit found very obnoxious expression by the orator of the day at the unveiling of the Lincoln statue, to which I have just alluded. He was no less a personage than the Principal of the Law School of the University of Uganda.

He seized the opportunity to speak in a censorious, not to say contemptuous tone, of those who do not accept the popular story as "gospel truth," even going so far as to charge them with juggling with history.

I feel entirely justified, under this provocation, in speaking out my mind freely on this matter.

I had not supposed that any man who had a reputation for scholarship to lose would venture, at this day, to avow his belief in the Abraham Lincoln legend. But it seems I am mistaken. For the distinguished principal of the Uganda Law School boldly avows that he fully and firmly believes in the literal truth of this extraordinary story. Far be it from me to rebuke his temerity. Indeed, I cannot forbear to express my profound admiration for the courage he thus displays in facing the ridicule of the advanced thinkers of this thirty-seventh century. Only when he makes the astounding assertion that this story is true beyond all reasonable doubt, and is accepted as true by the best scholars of every age since the nineteenth century and proceeds to give a long list of historians who, as he asserts, express this belief, I feel called upon to warn the African public that they ought not to listen to this man.

It is galling to our pride to be told that our brethren in America were indebted for their freedom to a white man—one of the degenerate Caucasian race.

But what is to be expected of a lawyer when dealing with a question of evidence?

One might as soon be expected to listen patiently to a theologian venturing to enter the lists of controversy with a professional scientist upon a question of Biblical history or criticism. He is to be distrusted from the outset.

We all know how vigorously and how effectively in the nineteenth century the Aristotle of our New Dialectics warned the British public not to pay any attention to theologians when disputing questions of Biblical history and criticism with a professor of biology.

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It is well known that the very chair which the principal of the Law School fills was endowed by a wealthy and credulous admirer of Abraham Lincoln—Marino Tobago—upon the express condition that every year, on Emancipation Day, its occupant should deliver a panegyric on the great American President and his services to the African race.

Is it not apparent, then, that here was a direct bribe to pervert history? For since it would be absurd to deliver a panegyric on a man who never lived, or to extol his services to the African race if he never rendered any service, the learned principal could not, of course, be expected to investigate the questions of Lincoln's existence and services with an unbiased mind, at the risk of reaching conclusions which would make it impossible for him, with any self-respect, to retain his place.

The learned principal of the Law School displays too much feeling for an historical critic. He manifests in his address a profound veneration for the martyred President. He evidently believes this story with his whole soul.

This alone disqualifies him from exercising a dispassionate and impartial judgment upon the questions at issue.

The scientist or the Agnostic, on the other hand, never has any fixed belief, and is as ready to change his views for newer theories as he is to change his clothes with the rise and fall of the thermometer.

It is obvious, then, that he is incomparably better fitted to get at the truth of any historical question than a man who is handicapped by strong convictions. But let this pass.

I now propose to examine critically the popular tradition, upon the accepted principles of agnostic dialectics, as they have been transmitted to us from the great masters of the art in the nineteenth century.

What is the story we are asked to believe? Stripped of everything that is non-essential, reduced to what its advocates claim is the assured *residuum* after all controversy, it is briefly stated as follows:

About the year 1860, on the eve of the great civil war in America, there suddenly appeared as a great public leader a man of obscure origin, named Abraham Lincoln.

Although previously wholly unknown to the great mass of the people, he was chosen President of the Republic, and as the principles he represented were looked upon with abhorrence and fear by nearly one-half the nation, his election precipitated a rebellion. But he showed himself from the very outset to be

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a man of destiny—the greatest of statesmen and the wisest of rulers. During the course of the war, and, as it is commonly stated, on the first day of January, 1863, he issued a Proclamation emancipating the slaves everywhere throughout the territory in possession of the rebels. This was practically tantamount to universal emancipation. Thus was the slavery of the African man abolished. He suppressed the Rebellion and saved his country.

Elected to the Presidency a second time, shortly after his inauguration, while attending the theatre on a Good Friday night, he was assassinated by an actor who, after committing this horrible crime, leaped upon the stage exclaiming, "Sic semper tyrannis—the South is avenged!" But although the theatre was crowded with people warmly devoted to the President, his murderer was allowed to withdraw unmolested. From the moment of his assassination Abraham Lincoln was looked upon as a martyr, and by the African people in America as their "Moses," who had led them out of the Egypt of their bondage. Such is the popular tradition.

Now, I frankly admit at the outset that I see no sufficient reason to doubt that such a man as Abraham Lincoln lived in America in the nineteenth century, and that he was President of the United States during the civil war.

This admission ought to be set down by my readers to my credit; proving, as it does, my extreme fairness and moderation. At the same time I guard myself against being supposed to affirm that Abraham Lincoln did ever actually exist, or was ever actually President of the United States. I say this much by way of forewarning, as it is possible the exigencies of this controversy may require me to withdraw the admission just made; for there is, as is well known, a brilliant school of historical critics who more or less question the historical reality of Abraham Lincoln, and the genuineness of all the alleged contemporary and early accounts of his times.

But, excepting so far as I have now admitted, I maintain that the popular story of Abraham Lincoln is unhistoric—fit only to be relegated to the category of myths.

There is no good reason to think that he was ever re-elected to the Presidency, for we have no certain record of any official act of his subsequent to the close of his term of four years. He seems to have been succeeded immediately at the close of such term by one Andrew Johnson.

The story of his assassination suggests in all its details the

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hand of a novelist or a playwright. The time chosen for the tragedy, a Good Friday night; the place, a crowded theatre; the assassin, a professional actor of tragedy; the murderer's dramatic leap upon the stage, brandishing the weapon of death and exclaiming in dramatic tones, "Sic semper tyrannis!" (which, it may be remarked, was simply the legend of the State of Virginia); the vast audience paralyzed with amazement or fear—all these accessories seem like skilfully arranged settings for the tragic climax of a romance or a drama. All I here claim, however, is that the story *looks* artificial and suspicious on its face.

It is wholly immaterial that the story appears to have been generally believed by the American people in the latter part of the nineteenth century, or in the following three or four centuries; such ancient belief does not even tend to prove that the story is true—it is rather a reason for doubting it. It is essential for the higher historical criticism—the *sine qua non* of its possibility—that the speculations of modern critics should not be handicapped by the beliefs of the people, or by the views of the so-called historians of early ages—before the dawn of Scientific Historical Criticism. For whatever any believer in this myth may say to the contrary, it is simply a fact that history—I mean true scientific history—had its origin with the African Renaissance. All that transpired before the overthrow of Aryan power in Europe and America, and the final triumph of African supremacy in both hemispheres, belongs to the "Dark Ages."

I know the Law School principal, like most others of his cloth, professes to take a totally different view of this matter. In order to be perfectly fair, I give what he has to say on this subject in his address in his own words, as follows:

"Conceding that posterity is better qualified than contemporaries to form a just estimate of the character of public men and measures, and to discover through the development of institutions, whether civil or religious, the nature and inherent power of their germs, yet questions as to the *existence* of alleged historical facts are a wholly different matter. The general belief of the American people living, say, in the year 1893, and subsequently in that century, or in the centuries immediately following, in the popular story of Abraham Lincoln's life and death, and in the fact of the Emancipation Proclamation, and that such narratives as Horace Greeley's *American Conflict* and General Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, and the autobiographies of General Sherman and General Sheridan were authentic and credible, ought to be received as settling these questions for all time.

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"The contemporaries of Lincoln, or those living in the times immediately following, were vastly better qualified to pass upon these matters than scholars living in our own day; and while in the lapse of time the evidence upon which they acted must, in the nature of things, have become to a great extent lost or impaired, its import is crystallized and preserved for all time in the verdict of contemporaneous and early common belief. Upon the same principle, in the interpretation of ancient documents, the wisdom of centuries finds its expression in the maxim of the common law—'*Contemporanea expositio est optima et fortissima in lege.*'

"These questions ought to be treated, then, as *res judicata.* It is about as irrational to refuse thus to accept the verdict of Lincoln's contemporaries, and of those who lived in early times succeeding him, and to insist on rewriting his history *de novo*, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, as it would be to insist on settling the question of the source of the Nile by making observations at its mouth, and refusing to credit the report of those who had looked upon its head-waters. Nor can it be doubted that the generations immediately succeeding received and retained the general belief of Lincoln's contemporaries on those matters in its essential integrity, and transmitted it in their turn to those who came after them.

"It is inconceivable that in the twentieth or succeeding centuries the original tradition should have become obliterated, or a new belief imposed upon mankind.

"Shakspere thus illustrates the persistency and integrity of even oral tradition, in a dialogue between the young Prince Edward and the Duke of Buckingham on their way to the Tower of London:

"*Prince*—I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
"*Buckingham*—He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
"*Prince*—Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
"*Buckingham*—Upon record, my gracious lord.
"*Prince*—But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day."*

"If this be true of purely oral tradition, and true as to a

* "Richard III.," act iii. scene 1.

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matter of comparatively little importance, what likelihood is there that the contemporary record of events of such vast import as those we are now considering was lost or falsified?

"To believe this to have occurred is to yield, at one and the same time, to the extreme of credulity and the extreme of scepticism. But these extremes naturally meet together."

Thus far the learned principal of the Law School.

Now, I submit that his notions are wholly effete and untenable. Had they prevailed, neither the Tübingen school in the nineteenth century, nor the Timbuctoo school in the thirty-seventh, with all their brilliant and varied theories, would have had a *raison d'être*.

It would have followed, for instance, that the results reached by Origen in the third century, Eusebius in the fourth, and St. Jerome in the fifth, all in substantial accord in settling the authenticity and text of the New Testament, would never have been superseded by the speculations of Strauss or Baur or Rénan.

It is true that Origen, Eusebius, and St. Jerome were men of profound scholarship (I mean, of course, for their age), and unquestionably had the advantage of vastly more material, in the way of early manuscripts (since lost), than the critics of the nineteenth century.

But the latter made up for this disadvantage by the vast increase of the "historical temper" upon which our Agnostic forefathers of the nineteenth century so well insisted.

While in the lapse of time early manuscripts disappeared, their place was more than supplied by the "imaginative" element, which as a great authority, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, says, is essential for the higher criticism. In her *New Reformation* she tersely describes the advanced school of higher criticism as "half-scientific, half-imaginative."*

Of these two elements it is obvious the "imaginative" is by far the most important, and has chiefly contributed to the brilliant results in Biblical criticism to which the school has mainly devoted its attention.

I insist upon the opposite of my opponent's thesis, and maintain that critics of the thirty-seventh century are better qualified to pass upon the truth of the popular story of Abraham Lincoln, and the authenticity, competency, and credibility of such narratives as Greeley's *American Conflict* and Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, than were those living in the twentieth or in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

* *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1889, p. 457.

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The beliefs of the first century were ignored by the critics of the nineteenth as superstitious and incredible. The scholarship of the nineteenth century seems to us childish, crude, and inadequate. A thousand years hence the best results of modern criticism will doubtless be looked upon as mere literary curiosities, void of intrinsic value. And thus it must ever go on with the advance of thought (or of time) to the end. With each succeeding age the work must be done over again, and history must be rewritten or "reconceived" (as Mrs. Ward puts it), in the light of modern ideas. It follows from this discussion that in dealing with the Lincoln legend we should start with a "*tabula rasa*," disregarding the beliefs and the so-called historians of early times, and proceed to reconstruct or "reconceive" the tradition, so as to conform it to the advanced views of modern critics.

The story is the outgrowth of "hero-worship," so prevalent in the nineteenth century. The Aryan race was given to the love of the wonderful, and to the idolatry of its great men. We have this story of Lincoln, just as we have the stories of Columbus, of Washington, of Cromwell, of Charlemagne, of King Arthur, of Robin Hood, of Romulus and Remus, of the Cid, of Amadis de Gaul, and of Don Quixote. They are one and all the outgrowth of this love of the wonderful and of this "hero-worship," and as Huxley said of miracles, I may with equal appositeness say of these stories: "If one is false all may be false." *

The age lacked "the historical temper." It was prone to believe every marvellous story told of its heroes. We have learned to expect such stories in the narratives of that time, but they are no longer acceptable to the dispassionate criticism of an age of scientific thought.

As was said by Mrs. Ward (in her *New Reformation*) of historians before her time, we may now say of the historians of the nineteenth century: "They represented the exceptional, the traditional, the miraculous, and they have had to give way to the school representing the normal, the historical, the rational." †

I reject this story, then, because it is not only "traditional," but also because, as viewed in the light of the present day, it is "exceptional."

Precisely formulated, the postulate, or first principle, upon which I reject this tradition as a myth is as follows: It is improbable and incredible that such a career as that which the

* Essays upon some controversial questions (1893), p. 374.

† *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1889, p. 467.

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tradition ascribes to Abraham Lincoln should occur in the thirty-seventh century; and if so, it is improbable and incredible that it occurred in the nineteenth century. By a similar postulate, or first principle, our Agnostic predecessors in the nineteenth century made short work of the Gospels. The writers of the Gospels reported the "miraculous." And as miracles since the apostles were assumed to be improbable and incredible, there was no good reason why they should be thought probable and credible in the apostles' time.

The Agnostic controversialist of the nineteenth century did not assert, indeed, with Hume, as an *a priori* principle, that miracles were impossible, or not, theoretically, susceptible of proof. On the contrary, he did not admit any such thing as an *a priori* principle at all.

He merely said, like the Dutch justice of the peace: "I will consider the evidence, and in four days I will decide the case in favor of the plaintiff."

Possibly, however, my opponent may deny my first principle, and maintain that such a career as Lincoln's is *not* incredible, and that it might be, or even that it has been, paralleled in modern times.

Well, there were those in the nineteenth century who denied the first principle upon which our Agnostic forefathers based their assault upon the Gospels. These people denied that miracles were incredible or impossible, either in the time of the apostles or since their time, and affirmed, on the contrary, "that the Supreme Being has wrought miracles on earth ever since the time of the apostles," as well as in and before their time.

This struck at the root of the entire argument against the Gospel narratives, and it would be necessary, as against people who thus argued, to prove that miracles were incredible at any time. But those who thus objected were either Romanists or no better than Romanists, and of course it would have been a waste of time for a scientist or an Agnostic to attempt to reason with people of that class.

If, however, my opponent requires me to demonstrate my first principle, to wit, that the reported career of Abraham Lincoln is "exceptional" and incredible, viewed in the light of the thirty-seventh century, I will proceed at once to do so.

1st. It remains to be proved that there has been any career at all analogous to that ascribed by the popular tradition to Abraham Lincoln, or as "exceptional" as his, since the nineteenth century, and especially in our own day.

All I can say is it will be a difficult job to satisfy an Agnos-

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tic on this point. Indeed, any proof offered may be at once rejected as being testimony to the "exceptional."

2d. "Hero-worship" is unknown to modern civilization.

Individualism is looked upon as the bane of equality and a menace to the social equilibrium. Ever since the African Renaissance it has been the business of the state to educate the people, up and down, to a common level.

The same school for all—the same school books, the same code of morals and manners carefully prescribed by the legislature, the same rules for dress and for the daily routine of occupations, including the same physical exercises, together with a careful adjustment of marriages under state supervision, and a careful selection of offspring fit to survive; all this has secured the complete equality of the people, mentally, morally, and physically.

It is true that a great thinker of the nineteenth century, John Stuart Mill, protested against this grand system of governmental education, stigmatizing it as "a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another."*

Precisely. And it is a matter of congratulation that Mill's protest was unheeded. The very thing he deprecated was the thing aimed at, *i.e.*, "moulding people to be exactly like one another," and the elimination of "individuality of character and diversity in opinions and mode of conduct." With such success has the levelling process been carried out, that no citizen is in any respect the superior or the inferior of any other citizen. Neither we nor our fathers have ever known any other state of things.

"Hero-worship," a thing impossible at the present day, is known to us only through the legends of former ages.

It follows from all this that the story of Abraham Lincoln, being improbable and incredible in the light of the present day, must be rejected as a myth of the "Dark Ages." Q. E. D.

As the immediate occasion for this discussion was the alleged Emancipation Proclamation, it is proper I should give especial attention to the question of its authenticity.

But if I succeed in discrediting that supposititious document, I discredit at the same time the entire popular tradition, of which it is a component part. For *falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus.*

I submit, then, the following six reasons for disbelieving the historic truth of the alleged Emancipation Proclamation.

* *Mill on Liberty*, American edition, 1863, p. 205.

NOTE.—This clever satire on the tactics of modern Agnostics will be concluded in the December number.—ED. C. W.

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THE EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY.

PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN.*

NO definite scheme for conducting meetings composed mostly of non-Catholics has been yet adopted, but the mingling of doctrinal and moral discourses seems to me prudent, adding such devotional exercises as all can join in. It is agreed that controversy should be avoided, disputation being a slow method of persuasion. It is hard to conquer champions without embittering their followers.

One sometimes insists too strongly on logic when dealing with non-Catholics, and although their minds are driven to the water they cannot be made to drink. I hope to gain attention by presenting the great moral truths speaking of conscience, sin, the fate of the dead, and the like. What everybody is curious about will suggest the choice of the doctrinal subjects: Can we get along without the Bible? Can we commune with the souls of the departed? What is the use of a church-society? or thus: Church membership, its uses and abuses; Creed or no creed, etc.

But the impression is gaining ground that the main thing is to present the Catholic view of a moral life, as an inducement to consider the entire question of the true religion. Unless otherwise informed before opening next September, I will give the non-Catholic brethren a regular mission, minus the sacraments and plus a considerable access of doctrinal preaching. It is to be hoped that a revelation of the inner life of the typical Catholic, the longings and the joys, the struggles and the triumphs of human nature under the guidance of Catholic truth and the Catholic aids of religion, will of itself recommend the church to favorable study, and that is the main thing with very many outside. Let us but hammer away at vice with all the scorn we are masters of, exalt virtue with true Christian enthusiasm, and prejudice will melt away. This will also draw wicked men to hear us and to hear the church. St. Paul affirmed that his mission was to preach Christ and him crucified, but when face to face with the pagan sinner, Felix, his preaching of Christ was

* These thoughts occurred to me some time before beginning, and were jotted down.

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that "he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

Queries can be answered either as asked from the audience, or handed in to me in writing, and meantime a great amount of missionary literature should be distributed.

The advantages of this plan are obvious on reflection. It is integral Catholicity, it is concrete religion, as far as the spoken word is concerned. It treats not only of the true and false, but also of the good and bad in man's relation to his Maker, and these in conjunction or in contrast. The missionary in this way strikes with both hands—the right against vice and the left against error.

Such a plan is also far more likely to draw hearers than any other, for pure argumentation, while hard to get up, is harder to make pleasing to a large audience.

The mission plan is easily made attractive, embraces a large variety of subjects of vivid interest, and opens for one's cultivation the wide field of the human emotions in addition to that of the intellect. A third advantage is that, whether converts are made to the true religion or not, one is sure to make better men and women. A final reason, and one of no small force, is that the lecturer can with more confidence ask for a collection if he gives a consideration of greater or less value to all. But no man willingly hires his own hangman, even when he confesses that his execution is merited.

So there's the plan. Will it be carried out?

THE FIRST NON-CATHOLIC MISSION.

This village of Beechville* claims fifteen hundred inhabitants, the adjacent country being fairly well under cultivation. For town and country there are Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, and Catholic churches, the last named having less than fifty families. The others are in the usual state of rural Protestant congregations, which live mainly in hopes of better days. The first four have resident ministers, ours being visited every other Sunday by my old and much admired friend, Father George. The Episcopalians are feebly striving to get up a congregation, and what are called the Free Methodists have a little church on a back street, in which they indulge in the antique Methodist liberty of a howling religion.

What kind of a man Father George is, his zeal for souls ex-

* The reader will allow me to change the names of places and persons, being assured of a perfectly accurate narrative in every other respect.

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hibits. With missions that require his driving twenty miles every Sunday, he not only serves the faithful to the full standard of pastoral zeal, but he has a big heart for non-Catholics. He long ago purchased with his personal means a copy of *Catholic Belief* for every family in his mission. As soon as he learned that the Benzigers had brought out a popular edition of that valuable book, he ordered five hundred for distribution to non-Catholics. He pays the bulk of my expenses here, hall-rent and printing, out of his own pocket, though the Beechville Catholics declared to me that they would make it good to him; and they will keep their word—if Father George will let them.*

This town is a hot-bed of the anti-Catholic party known as the "A. P. A."—the American Protective Association. Indeed this whole State has felt its power. Let us hope that it will be as short-lived as the old Know-nothing party, which bloomed and faded in a single lustrum. Orangemen from Canada are chiefly responsible for the movement here, both as to organization and bitterness of spirit.

I selected this locality to begin the non-Catholic missions because I knew Father George to be highly sympathetic. My arrangement with the bishop left me free to choose, with every good will on his part; and on my arrival I found that all my suggestions as to preliminaries had been adopted and improved upon.

I boarded with my dear friend Joseph Sobieski (as he might well be named), a Polish American, who could serve as a model for the new generation of his race in America. To him and his family I am greatly indebted.

The following notice appeared in both the Republican and Democratic weekly papers of the village for two weeks before our opening:

"REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

"On Monday evening, September 18, Rev. Walter Elliott, of New York, Catholic evangelist, will begin a series of religious meetings in the Village Hall. The lecturer is no stranger among us, having preached here a year ago to Catholics; his present course of meetings is designed to interest persons of all denominations or of none. The topics chosen are of living in-

* It may be worth while explaining the financial side of these missions. The diocese pays the Paulist community five hundred dollars for the services of the missionary from September to June. This is in lieu of all stipends of whatever kind, all money collected or otherwise obtained in the diocese being expended on the missions.

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terest to all serious-minded persons. Everybody will be welcome, no admission fee being charged.

"These lectures and religious exercises being designed for all who are interested in the life to come, nothing will be said to hurt the feelings of any. On the contrary, the meetings will be found attractive and instructive to all classes of minds regardless of religious connections. Care will be taken to provide excellent singing. Emphasis will be laid on the virtues contributing to perfect manhood and womanhood, and the hatefulness of the opposite vices. Reason, Scripture, history, and literature generally will be drawn upon for illustrations and proofs. Among the subjects to be treated of are the following: The Life of Man, or Time and Eternity; The Sin Evil, and its Remedy; Conscience: has it the Authority of God? The Gates of Hell; Mercy and Justice, or the Union of Obedience and Love; Christ and His Following; Why I am a Total Abstainer; Why do we Mourn for the Dead? Can we Communicate with the Dead? Other subjects will be treated of on request. All requests for information on religious subjects will be cheerfully complied with. The meetings will open at 7:30 Monday evening, September 18, and will continue each evening during the week."

The hour of meeting was afterwards fixed at 8 o'clock, as the stores close then, and the mail is distributed just before. It was deemed best to open on Monday evening, instead of Sunday, so as not to lose the church-goers. This gave me an opportunity to hold a singing-class of all our own people in the church on Sunday night before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Our little choir is not a bad one, and having sent them some of our tiny Mission Hymn-books a couple of weeks beforehand, they nightly carried the audience with them in the singing of three or four hymns.

Celebrating High Mass at noon and preaching on zeal for souls, holding a singing-class at night and preaching on the Holy Eucharist, the Sunday was well occupied. And the reader may be sure that Sunday and Saturday and every day spent in such work is productive of prayer among the Catholics of the place: "It prays itself," when all is ventured upon God's good pleasure for stirring the hearts of non-Catholics to come out and hear a priest. So our little congregation prayed hard.

Monday morning nearly every store-window displayed the following bill, which was given to non-Catholics generally, and especially to farmers:

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"REASON—CHURCH—BIBLE.

Lectures every Evening this Week at 8 o'clock, Local Time, at the

OPERA HOUSE,

BY

REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

The Following Subjects will be Discussed:

Time and Eternity; or, Does Man Live For Ever?
The Still, Small Voice of Conscience—Whose Voice is it?
Intemperance; or, Why I am a Total Abstainer.
Can we get along without the Bible?
The Man, the Citizen, the Church Member; or, Church and State in America.
Why I am a Catholic.

Opportunity will be given to have questions answered publicly or privately on all matters of religion, morality, Bible, Church, etc.

Members of all churches or of none invited and welcomed. Good music furnished. No admission fee."

Some of the subjects, such as temperance, were chosen because of the conviction that the best way to obtain a hearing is to make the points of resemblance between Catholics and non-Catholics the points of contact for missionary purposes. We have a friendly feeling in common about some truths and some virtues; but we are not always aware that these can be made bridges across the torrent of prejudice. Non-Catholics do not know how profoundly we love the Bible, how intensely we value the interior life, that of confidence, love, reverence towards God, and trust in the continual guidance of his Holy Spirit. Let them but know as a preliminary that the church stands and falls with the Bible, that all her external ministrations have for their sole object to build up the inner man, and they are better prepared to consider the true relation of Church and Bible, and the divine institution of the Sacraments. To seek a hearing without a start of agreement of some kind, is to ask one's audience to follow you walking backwards.

The natural virtues, also, are common ground, as well as the hatred of ordinary vices. Hatred of intemperance on the part of Catholics, especially if accompanied by the practice of total abstinence, if only it be *brought into public notice*, and made useful against drunkenness, saloons, and saloon-going, is a missionary go-between of the best sort. Let us but vigorously war against gambling, bribe-giving and bribe-taking, and do it openly,

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and the best elements among non-Catholics will be turned towards us, and that right end foremost. The same is to be said of all sorts of vice and crime. Claiming the leadership of the world in faith and morals, any little piece of the world is a fair field to show our practical capability.

Patriotism, especially as we are so largely foreign in our membership, is a virtue to be thoroughly developed before the non-Catholic people from a Catholic stand-point. That topic, and the Catholic view of the vice of intemperance and of its occasions and its remedies, gave me more favor with my audience than any others—which means that they won favor for the Catholic religion.

Monday morning dawned in the rain, and it was feared that we should have a wet evening. "Anyway," said I to myself, "the rain will be a good excuse for a slim attendance"; but before night the wind changed and the weather was favorable.

So the first night the hall was filled, scarcely a seat to spare. Tuesday night the same, except that Catholics were fewer, two-thirds at least being non-Catholics, and the boys were not there. Wednesday night was the temperance lecture, and it brought a large attendance, many standing, and not a few unable to enter. The numbers increased nightly after that, till at the close, on Saturday night, the hall was packed full long before the opening and a great number were turned away. The three or four last meetings were made up of about four Protestants to one Catholic.

About a score of boys attended the first meeting, thinking, doubtless, that it was wanton waste to lose any free show at the Opera House. After gawking at me for a quarter of an hour they give me up as a poor show, and then both distracted and amazed me by their pinching and kicking and thumping each other, ending, when we were half-way through, by leaving the hall very demurely and on tiptoe, but clattering and yelling as they went down-stairs. We also had the trouble with babies usual at country gatherings.

An encouraging feature was the attendance of non-Catholics from the country. Some families came from a distance of eight or ten miles, and did so every night. Such people are the ones who think, and God will assist them towards the church. We gave all such, and in fact nearly all the non-Catholics, a good assortment of leaflets, and many of them copies of *Catholic Belief*. The leaflets distributed here are: What Catholics do not believe (a new four-page tract); The Plea of Sincerity; Is

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it Honest? (a splendid old tract on the church and the Bible); What my Uncle said about the Pope; Why I am a Total Abstainer; and Why I am a Catholic.

Of course the Protestant leaders took the alarm. Word was passed around among church members to stay away. The Masons held an extra meeting; the Baptists got up an impromptu ice-cream party. But nothing could hurt us; the attendance kept on increasing. Only one difficulty could not be mastered: I was unable to hold private or conversational meetings. I announced them for ten o'clock in the forenoon, but met only a few non-Catholics, and they had been urged to come by their Catholic friends. How shall we bring to bear a more intimate and personal influence? God, let us hope, will show us the way pretty soon.

The "order of exercises" was the recitation of the Our Father in common, all standing. Then we sang a hymn from my hymn pamphlet, followed by answering of questions from the query-box. After that another hymn, sometimes two of them; then the short discourse, which some nights became a long one. I then gave out announcements for the following evening; the hymn "Come, Holy Ghost" was sung; reading of the Bible followed, and then was delivered the main discourse of the evening. That over, we sang "O Paradise," and I gave them, all standing, my blessing, making a big sign of the cross in doing so, the meaning of this having been explained the first night. Beginning at eight, we were all done at half-past nine.

I conducted the meetings in secular dress, and I am a trifle ashamed to say, after so many happy years of missionary preaching in cassock and with crucifix to our faithful people, that I soon felt quite at home in preaching God's word in coat-tails.

There sat my three hundred non-Catholics and looked at me—the old horror of a Catholic priest, familiarly addressing them on the way of salvation. It was a delicious sensation to be watched and listened to, and measured up and down as a representative of our Redeemer's Catholic truth and love. I was ever wishing in my heart, as I spoke or sang or prayed, that they would say to themselves, "Well, the old religion is not so bad, after all"; and that a few would say, "It has a chance of being true." This much is certain; whether glad or sad, all Beechville feels that Catholicity stands in this town higher than before—far higher.

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And how easily is all this done! How differently from the old-time missions to non-Christians here, when the noblest men of France and Belgium left the reeking atmosphere of the court of Louis XIV. and buried themselves among the savage tribes of this region, to learn a barbarous tongue, and to be starved and mutilated and then martyred, or spurned and rejected by the most cruel race known to history. Glorious heroes they were, and their memory a perpetual stimulant to us so-called missionaries, who are pampered with every luxury, petted by the Catholic people, and respectfully listened to by this noble nation of Americans.

Of course a feeling of fatigue followed the ninety minutes of mental and vocal exertion, to say nothing of the tired legs. But all was compensated for by the interest of the audience. There is a rare joy in addressing people on the great truths who do not wish to be persuaded, and yet want to be honest. They are drawn into your thoughts and arguments and appeals to tarry at least for a while in your Catholic world's fair. All this is a joy. Then, too, there are no long hours of hearing confessions, my little congregation giving me no more than eighty the whole week.

I found on the first and second day that the question-box needed to be baited; and so I not only called attention to it at every meeting, but on Tuesday evening I had a prominent non-Catholic read out publicly a couple of objections which had come to my ears, and I answered them. After that I had all the questions and objections I wanted. They served an excellent purpose. I took them out of the box a few minutes before beginning, examined them publicly, and after the opening prayer and hymn answered them. I treated them kindly, explained and developed them briefly when necessary, quoted Scripture in my answers when I could recall a text, struck back but did so good-naturedly, sometimes raising a laugh. I could answer seven or eight questions in twenty minutes or less. I adopted the expedient on Friday evening of asking questions of my own, choosing some far more difficult to answer than any from the box. This worked well, and as they pertained to the topics I was to lecture on they helped me to clear away difficulties beforehand. If I could have had some one to catechise me from the audience it would have been perfection. I had made arrangements with an educated Catholic layman in a neighboring town to come and assist me. As he is a lawyer of well-earned reputation and a man of exemplary life, I hoped

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for great things from him, both as an interlocutor from the audience and as a lecturer to spell me. But he was taken sick and was house-bound the whole week.

The reader may be entertained with one evening's harvest of questions:

Where is it in the Bible that we are forbidden to eat meat on Friday?

Why do you use sprinkling as a mode of baptism?

Why do you baptize children that are not old enough to repent?

Why do priests demand security or money before they will attempt to pray for souls in Purgatory?

How is it that a priest always preaches in Latin? How is it that every Catholic is a Democrat? (These two by the same questioner.)

How if a man dies in sin and the widow pays twenty-five or fifty dollars to the priest to pray him out of Purgatory? I know this to be a fact. Please answer this.

What class of people go to Purgatory? In what part of the Bible is Purgatory mentioned? Give Bible description of it.

Where is Purgatory?

Why do Catholics consecrate their places of burial?

Why do Catholics keep Lent? Also, why do they abstain from meat on Fridays and other days?

Is it true that a Catholic priest will refuse to perform a funeral ceremony unless he is paid in advance?

What is the object of convents? and why must the world be renounced when one enters it? (Written in a feminine hand.)

In what way does the punishment given to your members by the priests under the name of penance benefit them, since Christ has died for all mankind, making salvation free?

Is it true that money is demanded from penitents in the confessional, and that the enormity of the sins committed fixes the price to be paid?

We Protestants believe that the granting of an indulgence is a license, or permission, to commit sin, granted by the Catholic Church for a money consideration.

Why do women become nuns?

How does sin and evil come to exist?

This last was the only real poser, and as it has puzzled all grades of minds since St. Augustine, I was not distressed. My answer took the case out of the philosophical into the personal

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field; the possibility of sin in my own case and that of each one personally is a powerful means of increase in virtue, religious character being built up and perfected by resistance and conquest. God, therefore, by permitting evil, offers me opportunity for good, etc.

The wording and handwriting of these questions indicated, as a rule, the average amount of intelligence found among our ordinary American people; and are they not for the most part suggestive of dense ignorance about Catholicity? One of the questions reminded me of a young lawyer, whose case I came across in New York City last spring, who answered an invitation to attend a Catholic sermon by saying he was too rusty in his Latin to understand it! So it is in hewing away and burning up this jungle of delusion that we must expend much of our labor. But let us bear in mind that if the pioneer's work is rude and tedious, the virgin soil once uncovered and cultivated produces the most abundant harvest.

My expenses here have been: hall-rent, $5 a night; printing, including press notices and hand-bills, $8; leaflets and hymn-books, about $5, representing far more material than that sum would lead one to think; incidentals, including railroad fare between here and my next mission, will not raise the sum to $50. Of course my Sobieski family have saved me the cost of boarding and lodging. I confess that the amount of hall-rent annoys me, for it is quite an item for a small station like this; but the town is rank with anti-Catholic sentiment, and hence the terms were held stiff. But at Linden, my next mission, we are to get the hall for a dollar a night, and the printing for a couple of dollars more. And I am invited to my third mission with a promise of the hall free of rent.

Saturday evening I bade farewell to my non-Catholic friends, urging them to be faithful to their consciences, to seek the truth, and to follow the light earnestly, and finally to go to intelligent Catholics for knowledge of our religion, and not to listen to men and women who had been expelled from the church. This last admonition I gave because this whole region has been overrun by the lowest class of ex-priests, and, curiously enough, they have got a hearing, though hardly credence, from large numbers of the people. I also invited my audience to attend High Mass at our church on Sunday morning, announcing a sermon on Holy Communion. The most regular and best disposed of my nightly auditors, to the number of forty or fifty, were present with us the next morning. All the strangers were

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given a *non-Catholic Mass-Book*,* and many of them a copy of *Catholic Belief*.

Any converts? I hear you ask. One, a good man whose wife is a Catholic, and who had been fighting the church off for years, was placed under instruction. Two fallen-away Catholics were reconciled; and several with no Catholic antecedents, whole families in some cases, very clearly started on the way to conversion—at least so we flattered ourselves. But to change from utter disbelief in the church to a state of mind fit for the reception of the grace of faith is a slow process.

What we have surely done is to rectify public opinion here, to throw the Antis on the defensive, and a rather silent defensive at that, and to fill our own people with the spirit of hope and of zeal. Anyway, we got a good hearing and made what use of it was possible, leaving the entire town and neighborhood discussing Catholicity and its claims upon mind and heart. This account of the Beechville mission is like a solitary and forlorn knight sounding a blast on a wheezy trumpet. But it is an earnest invitation to more capable champions to buckle on their armor and, grasping their arms, to come out on the battle-field.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

A NON-CATHOLIC MISSION ELSEWHERE.

When epidemics are in the air, they start up all of a sudden in the most unexpected places. Like scientific inventions, they appear to have simultaneous discoverers worlds apart from each other. So with the revivals of religious feeling very often. The mere mention of missionary enterprise in one locality brings under notice the fact that other places totally undreamed of are in a state of expectancy, and ripe for missionary work. Just as Father Elliott started out on his new crusade, it was discovered that oases of religious desire had sprung up in other places previously supposed to be Saharas of God-forgetting indifference or immemorial prejudice tempered by utter ignorance of everything Catholic.

Once the missionary fervor is on, the hurried emergency is certain to be met somehow.

* An excellent little pamphlet got out by the *Catholic Book Exchange*, 120 West 60th Street, New York City. It contains the entire Mass in Latin and English in parallel columns, together with brief but sufficient explanations and instructions. It is sold very cheap.

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The call came only a very little while ago from an active little town in Virginia—a town of about twelve hundred souls, about fifty of whom are Catholics. It is on the sea-coast, and the terminus of one of our great lines of railway. Many of the inhabitants are railway men; the rest a heterogeneous population, with little or no knowledge of Catholic belief. Our missionary was prepared for this state of things, for he sent before or carried with him an assortment of literature suited to the immediate needs for primary enlightenment. On his arrival he found large posters announcing his advent staring him in the face in the windows of the little stores and on every available hoarding. The fact that he was a Paulist, he found, had produced a very dubious condition of mind in the uninitiated. Paulists, they had somehow come to conclude, were disconnected with the Church of Rome. They might be followers of Wyckliffe; they might be believers in the cult of John Huss; but they never dreamed of them being associated with the "ancient superstition." Their bewilderment was intensified when they found themselves invited not only to come and hear, but to ask questions and "heckle" the missionary at the close of each morning and evening.

One very distinct advantage our missionary discovered when he arrived. The church which awaited him happens to be quite a fine building. It holds fully five hundred people, though up to his coming it had never been by any means incommoded with worshippers. Curiosity to see and hear him attracted a numerous congregation at the outset. He altogether eschewed the controversial field in his discourses. He took for his keynote the universal care and love of the Creator and the blessings of leading the Christian life, of morality, of sobriety, of peace and good-will to all one's fellow-citizens.

Naturally, with such a scanty Catholic population, the great majority of his listeners were outsiders. Their interest was deep. They hearkened in amazement to the expositions of Catholic teaching on all these vital subjects. The "question-box" was freely used at the conclusion of each service, and he had not only to give written answers to a great number of pointed queries, but to explain from the altar more fully what things they desired to know.

The facts about the sacrament of penance and the obligations of the priest regarding the secrecy of the confessional were especial objects of inquiry. The meaning of the use of images and pictures was another point upon which their minds had

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been sadly misinformed. The questions submitted, as a rule, bore a striking similarity to those propounded to Father Elliott, as described in the preceding article. The answers given brought satisfaction and conviction straightway to several. The following letter was received from one of the interested listeners, and may be taken as a typical expression of the mental state of many others who attended the mission to its close. The letter is from a professional man, and one of the most intelligent of the auditors:

"Please let me thank you for explaining so forcibly and lucidly the doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding the confessional, in answer to my query which was placed in the 'question-box.' My mind is satisfied now on that subject.

"Many things in the Catholic faith which, heretofore, have been vague mysteries to me, have been made quite clear by your interesting lectures; hidden beauties have been revealed of which I little dreamt.

"The manual which you kindly sent I shall peruse with much pleasure. Again thanking you for your kindly courtesy, believe me sincerely,

—— ——"

To many others of slower intellectual movement the process of dispelling the clouds of doubt was not so simple. People do not abandon long-cherished beliefs and prescriptive prejudices, in every case, at the wave of any magician's wand. But the seeds of inquiry and aspiration have been sown, and they will surely fructify in their own time. Henceforth the question-box and the public "heckle" may be regarded as indispensable adjuncts to missionary undertakings.

One most gratifying circumstance has to be noted. Our "Uhlan" missionary had not to travel in a hostile country. No discourtesy, no sullenness, met him wherever he went. It was universally recognized that he did not come as a Regulus, bearing the symbols of peace or war, to suit the requirements of the situation. The message he bore, it was seen, was a message of love and philanthropy—moral and material elevation. His large stock of doctrinal and temperance literature was soon exhausted, and the considerable number of copies of *Catholic Belief* were eagerly sought for and as greedily devoured.

The experiences here go to show that there is a ripe harvest before the reapers in many other places. There is no greater test of civilization than the tone of the public mind on the all-

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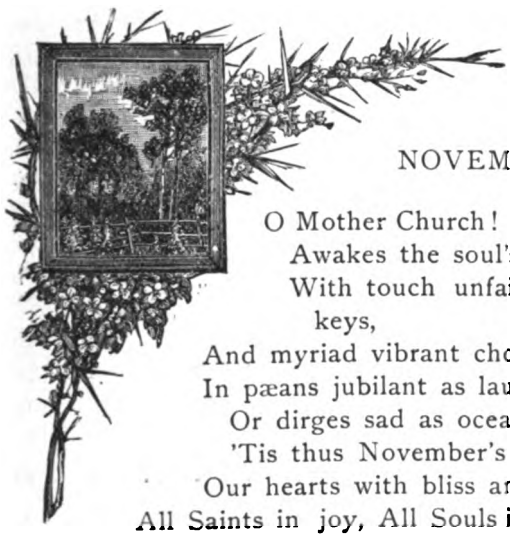
important questions relating to man's future state. Religion, which should be in a wholesome condition of sentiment the great pacificator of passions, has unhappily too often been the agency which kindled the deadliest of strifes, is beginning to be considered, as it should ever be from its supreme importance, in the dispassionate spirit becoming the citizens of a free and equalizing state. This is a powerful proof of the superior quality of the average American mind—practical in affairs of the soul and the kingdom to come, as well as in the things affecting its existence and position in this world of energy and activity.



NOVEMBER FEASTS.

O Mother Church! an artist thou whose skill
Awakes the soul's most latent harmonies;
With touch unfailing dost thou sweep its keys,
And myriad vibrant chords responsive thrill
In pæans jubilant as laughing rill
Or dirges sad as ocean's threnodies,—
'Tis thus November's feasts, in thy decrees,
Our hearts with bliss and woe successive fill.
All Saints in joy, All Souls in grief we spend,
Yet grieving aid our dear ones gone before;
Their ransom blest in orisons we send
And bid Our Lady ope their prison-door,—
For love faith-shot of death itself is free,
And prayer outstretches to eternity.

A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

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THE SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

WE have a report lying before us, "On the Labor Question in the United States," drawn up by direction of the Royal Commission on Labor, and presented to both houses of Parliament by command of the queen, and some other official publications "On the Relations between Capital and Labor," emanating from the English Foreign Office, upon the contents of which we base the following observations:

Factory Inspectors.—A book could be written on our factory legislation. Faulty as it is, it is still more so owing to the lack of energy in carrying it out, as far as it is up to the mark. Our factory inspectors, where they exist, may be good people, but what truly efficient activity of factory inspection means we have to learn from a tabular statement, reprinted from a German report for 1889. A good instance of such activity in one of the busy industrial districts is that of the inspector for the district of Zwickau, in the Kingdom of Saxony, who, with three assistants and one chemical expert, carried out the following during 1889:

	Number.
Inspections of factories,	1,787
Inspections and first trials of lifts and cages in mines,	60
Inspections connected with the contamination of running water,	91
Investigations of accidents involving inspections and examination of witnesses,	29
Inspections of stone-quarries and chalk-pits,	78
Trials and inspections of drying cylinders, etc.,	12
Inspections of stationary steam-boilers,	6
Cases of attendance at law-courts during civil and criminal proceedings,	11
Cases of attendance at meetings of the district authorities in matters connected with licenses,	3

Besides the above, mediation was undertaken in one case to arrive at a compromise between masters and men on strike; 635 written opinions were given, of which 446 referred to matters connected with factory labor and 189 to steam-boilers; 82 establishments were visited more than once during the year; in 8 cases night inspections took place, in 6 cases inspections on Sundays or holidays. Expeditions to establishments not in the town of residence of the inspectors involved 274 whole days' journeys and 188 half-days' journeys (for five persons, therefore, about 73 days' journeys each). Our readers will draw their own conclusions whether and how far our American inspectors, where

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they exist, can compare with this standard, though nobody can say why they should not be equal to it.

Eight-Hour Movement.—Looking over our legislation since 1868 the unprejudiced reader must be struck by the success with which our own authorities met in effectually eluding the outspoken and enacted will of the nation from which they derive their authority, and that they are believed to represent, viz.: "that eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all laborers, workmen, and mechanics now employed, or who may hereafter be employed, by or on behalf of the government of the United States." It remained for Secretary Lincoln, in 1883, to put a stop to the violations of the eight-hour law by directing his subordinates to require the men to work only eight hours a day to earn their daily wages. Remarkable as this case of wilful misconstruction of a United States statute by United States officers always must be considered, there are even to-day branches of the government service where men are compelled to work long hours without extra compensation, and where no committee or court could be found to hold, as in the case of the government arsenal employees, that their claim for compensation was "thoroughly made out"—because they do not fall under the terms of the statute "laborers, workmen, and mechanics."

Still more remarkable is the course of the general eight-hour movement in the United States (outside of government service). In our country (as in France up to 1871) everything is done to encourage individualism, and so strongly individualistic was the tone thus introduced that it was only comparatively recently that the efforts to induce working-men to unite together met with any measure of success. In proclaiming industrial freedom and abolishing the guilds, in 1791, the intention of the leaders of the French Revolution was to give each workman an equal chance. And the brilliant positions achieved by men of humble origin during the empire apparently encouraged and justified this view. Our working-men were, and in great part still are, misled by the same *fata morgana*. But the employment of machinery and other improved methods of production gradually threw into the hands of capitalists advantages which were denied to the many. No sooner was this fact fully realized than a complete *volte face* was made in democratic thought —in France In our country, however, the artisan has not yet, at least not as a class or to the same extent as in the old countries, realized that he has been "divorced from his tools," and there is no longer any scope for individual effort unless

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supported by capital—for, had not Jay Gould started with no capital to speak of, and did the abolition of slavery not give free labor equal chances? No wonder, therefore, that in 1865 a California bill for obtaining an eight-hour law was defeated in the legislature by the introduction of an amendment providing for its going into effect "after New York and Massachusetts had passed a similar law." But better still: after passing the bill in question by a unanimous vote in 1868, the States of New York, Illinois, Connecticut, Wisconsin, and New Mexico have passed eight-hour laws, and yet they are for the most part inoperative in all these States, since they make eight hours the legal day only where it is not "otherwise agreed." It must, however, be acknowledged that an improvement is making rapid progress. For, though the Chicago anarchist disturbances of May 4, 1886, checked the movement, in 1889 the Federation of Labor took the matter up, and the strike, inaugurated by the Brotherhood of Carpenters in May, 1890, was immediately successful in New York, and resulted in the establishment of an eight-hour day for the building trades generally. After a short struggle the carpenters gained their point in 35 leading cities, both for themselves and for other branches of the building trades, whilst in 240 cities their hours were reduced from 10 to 9.

The New York Labor Bureau in 1890 obtained an expression of opinion from 40 leading citizens, 25 of whom were in favor of an eight-hour day, whilst 3 opposed it, and 2 remained neutral. Most of the labor organizations advocate this reduction in the working hours because they think that it would diminish the number of the unemployed. Where it has been introduced they report that their members have had more regular work, and that there has been an increase of ten per cent. in number employed. They fear, however, that the adoption of the shorter day will stimulate immigration, unless it should at the same time be adopted in Europe. Some members, therefore, advocate the imposition of a heavier tax upon all immigrants. The Cigar-Makers' Union report a great increase in steadiness of work amongst their members, and attribute it to the adoption of the eight-hour day in 1886.

Co-operation.—Another subject of special and not less interest is co-operation. Now, co-operative societies in the United States are few as compared with those in Great Britain and France. It seems the co-operative idea has not taken very deep root in this country. One bureau says that "an explanation in part of the lack of vigilance and greater indifference among

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American working-men is, perhaps, the less urgent need of such organization here. The fact is, that many of the co-operative concerns in the United States have failed through mismanagement." In our opinion, however, the need of such organization in our country is, to say the least, quite as great as in the Old World; for the condition of the working-class is essentially the same in all parts of the civilized world, and as to the indifference and the mismanagement, the reporting officer is certainly as well informed as we could claim to be. It must, however, be admitted that a fair proportion of these societies is succeeding. Their history is rather rich and interesting, though the oldest surviving—productive—company dates back only to 1867. The others, amongst them distributive societies, building associations, Farmers' Grange stores, etc., are still younger. On the other hand, where productive co-operative societies pay dividends to labor, difficulties of another kind appear, arising from the jealousy of the members. Nevertheless, these are the only co-operative societies proper, and it is this form of co-operation which has been specially advocated by the Knights of Labor. The most extreme amongst them advocate a "solidarity" system, according to which individuals or labor organizations buy shares, which bear no interest and are redeemable after a year. The district committee manages the business, taking twenty-five per cent. of the profits, after wages are paid, to provide land for the workers, twenty-five per cent. for a reserve fund, and fifty per cent. for the extension of the business. After two years of existence these enterprises were in 1888 reported to be succeeding. The Knights have, however, modified their principles sufficiently to establish several co-operative factories on the more ordinary basis of a certain percentage of interest to be paid to shareholders, as well as a proportionate dividend to labor.

But considering the immense area of the United States, it cannot be said that there are a commensurate number of co-operative institutions. With the exception, again, of Massachusetts, where the best legislation provides for the most flourishing co-operation, the failures amongst co-operators throughout the States may be attributed, to a large extent, to a lack of suitable legislation, the absence of any participation on the part of leading minds in the co-operative movement, and the want of a tie to connect the different co-operative enterprises into one whole.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE intellect of America would appear to be in a very immature state, in the view of the authors of the new work, *English History for American Readers.** One is the author of a *Young Folks' History of the United States*, and the other is Assistant Professor of History in Harvard University. The effect which a perusal of this volume leaves upon the ordinary adult mind is that the former, while composing it, labored under the mistake that all American readers are still *in statu pupillari*, so that language of the simplest character was the best suited to their mental condition; and that the latter took the view that to read admitted history in the very opposite sense in regard to many of the recorded facts was the proper course for a teacher of Harvard. Here is a specimen paragraph from one of the earlier chapters:

"The younger William had a big, red face, and people called him Rufus, or the Red. Many of the great barons of England, owning large estates in Normandy, would have preferred to have but one ruler for both countries. But Robert was absent, and as William Rufus promised Lanfranc to govern well, the archbishop crowned him without delay. William was a good soldier and hunter, and he kept the nobles in order; but there was nothing else that was good about him."

This style of narrative bears a remarkable resemblance to that adopted in such favorite romances as *Jack the Giant-Killer* and the *History of Old Mother Hubbard.*

This simple mode is observed throughout many portions of the book. Accuracy in statement is not, however, always the accompaniment of simplicity. Many errors will be found to have crept into this work, some apparently from a slipshod style of chronicle, while as for others it is difficult to account for them on any such ground. The average reader might, for instance, be apt to conclude that the Bill of Rights was the constitutional document of a period anterior to the Revolution, from

* *English History for American Readers.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Channing.

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the fact of finding it bracketed along with the Petition of Rights as belonging to "the Stuart time." Slipshod writing in matters of opinion or prejudice, however, is a very different thing from slovenliness in statement of fact; hence a very different conclusion must be arrived at with reference to the following passage:

"The king" (Henry VIII.) "first applied to the pope for a divorce from Catherine, claiming the original marriage to have been illegal. Ordinarily the pope would have made no difficulty in complying with such a request, but just at this time it happened that he was shut up in the castle of St. Angelo, in Rome, by Charles the Fifth's army."

When it is borne in mind that the event here dealt with so jauntily was the cardinal one in the introduction of the so-called Reformation in England, the value of such "history" to the American public at once becomes apparent to the reader who knows anything about the real facts. There never was a more delicate and at the same time more important matter presented to the judgment of the Holy See than this question of the validity of Henry's marriage with Queen Catherine (for that was the real question), and the political issues involved in it were of as much moment, in a worldly point of view, as the religious ones in their own sphere. Yet Pope Clement, despite every wile and every menace of the powerful English king, steadfastly refused to do anything in the matter until he had fully satisfied himself that he was doing nothing contrary to the law of God. A very similar state of affairs arose when Napoleon thought to bully Pope Pius into consenting to his divorce from Josephine. The whole world which knows anything knows that this is the traditional policy of the church with regard to divorce. There is no point on which her attitude is more resolutely inflexible than on that of the inviolability of the marriage tie. Yet the compilers of this "history for American readers" do not shrink from stating that "ordinarily" this is not so. It is not to be wondered at, when such misstatements can be made on great matters, that minor misstatements, such as that the whole of Ireland (including Ulster, into which the English dared not enter save on embassies to the powerful chiefs O'Neil and O'Donnell) was brought under English rule in 1584. It was in 1598 that O'Neil defeated Marshal Bagenal so disastrously at the battle of the Yellow Ford.

As the affairs of Ireland are, unfortunately for herself, bound up with those of England, more than one reference to them must perforce be made in any synopsis of English history; and

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this disagreeable duty has been performed by the authors of the text-book with more than perfunctory carelessness in several cases. Another example of this spirit may be cited. Writing of the Act of Union, they say: "The Irish Catholics had not opposed the Union, probably because they expected Catholics would be allowed to sit in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. What promises Pitt and Cornwallis may have made is not known. But Pitt, when he found that the king would not permit any concessions to be made to the Catholics, felt obliged to resign."

Here we have two gross and unpardonable misstatements. The Irish Catholics as a body opposed the Union with all their might; there were but a few exceptions. Hopes were not only held out to the Catholics that the Union would bring them relief from political disabilities, but promises were lavishly made; and these promises *are* known. In his speech on the measure on the 31st of January, 1799, Mr. Pitt said: "No man could say that, in the present state of things, and while Ireland remained a separate kingdom, full concessions could be made to the Catholics without endangering the state and shaking the constitution of Ireland to its centre. On the other hand . . . it was obvious that this question might be agitated in an United Imperial Parliament with much greater safety than it could be in a separate legislature." And to emphasize this veiled promise he quoted from Virgil:

> ". . . Nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
> Nec nova regna peto; paribus se legibus ambo
> Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant."

The Catholic laity made the most strenuous exertions to make known their abhorrence of the Union project by means of public meetings and petitions, but these were suppressed with brutal displays of military force by the government troops and the Orange magistracy. Even at this early period of his career, Daniel O'Connell was thundering with all the force of his masterly eloquence against the iniquitous measure, declaring that he would rather a thousand times entrust the fortunes of the Catholics to their Protestant fellow-countrymen than surrender the Parliamentary independence of the nation. Meantime the viceroy and Lord Castlereagh were plying Archbishop Troy and several other Irish prelates with insidious promises. On this point Mr. Plowden, the Protestant historian, who writes of events of which he had contemporary knowledge, says:

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"That the British Ministers were *sincere in their intentions* of bringing forward, and confident in their expectations of carrying, the question of Catholic Emancipation in an Imperial Parliament, is manifest from certain written communications made by them to some of the leading persons of the Catholic body, about the time of their retiring from office, which were to the following effect:

"The leading part of his Majesty's ministers finding insurmountable obstacles to the bringing forward measures of concession to the Catholic body, whilst in office, have felt it impossible to continue in administration under the inability to propose it with the circumstances necessary to carrying the measure with all its advantages, and they have retired from his Majesty's service, considering this line of conduct as most likely to contribute to its ultimate success. The Catholic body will, therefore, see how much their future hopes must depend upon strengthening their cause by good conduct in the meantime. They will prudently consider their prospects as arising from the persons who now espouse their interests, and compare them with those which they could look to from any other quarter. They may with confidence rely on the zealous support of all those who retire, and of many who remain in office; when it can be given with a prospect of success, they may be assured that Mr. Pitt will do his utmost to establish their cause in the public favor, and prepare the way for their finally attaining their objects; and the Catholics will feel that, as Mr. Pitt could not concur in a hopeless attempt to force it now, he must at all times repress, with the same decision as if he held an adverse opinion, any unconstitutional conduct in the Catholic body.

"Under these circumstances, it cannot be doubted that the Catholics will take the most loyal, dutiful, and patient line of conduct; that they will not suffer themselves to be led into measures which can, by any construction, give a handle to the opposers of their wishes, either to misinterpret their principles or to raise an argument for resisting their claims; but that by their prudent and exemplary demeanor they will afford additional grounds to the growing number of their advocates to enforce their claims on proper occasions, until their objects can be finally and advantageously attained."

Many other errors in matters of the gravest importance will be found in this text-book. History, at its best, is generally

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only a revelation of half the truth about anything; in such compressions and distortions of it as these under notice, the densest ignorance about it is a state more preferable than the sort of knowledge derivable from such a source.

The fact that some eminent masters of logic and rhetoric have entered the lists against blasphemous infidelity, and that the latter still squirms, has roused up at least one author of more ardor than judgment to have a fling at it too. The outcome of this enthusiasm is a work called *The Guardian Angel*,* a copy of which has been sent us bearing commendations from Mr. Gladstone, the London *Times*, *The Review of Reviews*, and other periodicals, on its front. We do not know how such commendations could be given by any persons of judgment who had read the book. We have taken that trouble, and we have never spent time less satisfactorily. A greater tissue of absurdities than those heaped together in a chapter describing an imaginary tour in the supramundane world it would be impossible to conceive. In fine, we may say, atheists in a divinity of literature might well be excused for their scepticism if they were asked to take this extraordinary production as a proof of their error.

It is no light task to attempt to prescribe the rules and *rationale* of reading, so varied are the necessities and tastes of mankind all the world over. No essayist can hope to do more than, out of his own conscience and cultured experience, point out some general principles of procedure; and this has rarely, if ever, been done better, in a succinct shape, than in the little volume just published from the pen of the Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P. Reading is the one thing in which there is to the mass of mankind no observance of method; every one proceeds as the French regiments returning from parade usually do, in loose marching order, going along just as he likes or as best he can. To persons of taste and judgment little instruction on such a topic is needed; the portion of the community which stands most in need of guidance in this matter are the beginners; and to all those who have the mental government of this portion Father O'Neill's book will be an excellent help. One of the most pressing needs of the age is a body of every-day literature of a type which, while beneficial and helpful in forming the youthful mind, shall be at the same time full of that living interest without which it is impossible to captivate the

* *The Guardian Angel.* By "Lillian." Albany: The Ideal Publishing Company.

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minds of young people. It is singular that this rich field is left entirely in the possession of the vicious-minded, and that everything which tends to draw out the inherent evil in human nature is poured out in floods, while really good juvenile literature is put upon the market only in driblets. This is the quarter upon which all the energies of the reformers of reading ought to be turned; persons of maturer minds can hardly ever be impressed for good or evil by anything they read; their mental pabulum is chiefly taken as a pastime, or in order to give roundness and polish to the expression of ideas and opinions already set and rooted. The proof of the failure of mere book-lore to influence great minds to liberality of thought or rectitude in action is found in some of the examples cited by the author—Bacon, for instance, who, with all his philosophy, was a corrupt judge; and Carlyle, who, with all his reading, was nothing more than a bitter cynic and a shameless advocate of brute force in politics. Books for men address themselves only to the head; the heart is fed by something higher and holier than mere reading. As a treatise on a subject which, despite its age, is ever fresh, this little work of Father O'Neill's is a welcome addition to the literature of the age.*

It is observed by one of the writers of *The Niagara Book* † that nobody has as yet written a poem about the great Falls; and a similar observation, it strikes us on reading the work, might be made about the want of an adequate prose description. Several eminent writers try their hand at it in this "souvenir," but the result is distinctly disappointing. It is true that it contains a couple of excellent articles by W. D. Howells and Professor Shaler, but they are too brief. Mark Twain is put in as a set-off, but his jokes have an ancient-fish-like smell, and the talk is all about the Garden of Eden and hardly anything about Niagara. The chief good saying he can be credited with is, that Adam thinks he would be happier outside the Garden of Eden with Eve than inside it without her. Throughout the work are scattered some half-tone illustrations, but it is only bare justice to say that while they are nicely executed, we have seen much better in books which were not specially written to form *souvenirs* of Niagara. Professor Shaler's article treats chiefly of the geology of the falls region, and is, despite

* *Why, When, How, and What We ought to Read.* By Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P. Boston, Mass.: Thos. B. Noonan & Co.

† *The Niagara Book.* By W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Professor Nathaniel S. Shaler. Illustrated by Harry Fenn and others. Buffalo: Underhill & Nichols.

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this fact, agreeable and interesting. It goes without saying, as the French put it, that each of the articles sustains the high literary merit of the contributors, but their brevity is decidedly a drawback.

We have received the third and concluding number of *The Poets of Ireland—a Biographical Dictionary*, by David J. O'Donoghue, a very painstaking Irish littérateur. The author appears to have gone to a great deal of trouble to glean particulars regarding Irish poetasters as well as poets, for the list includes names of writers who probably never aspired to and certainly never deserved place in a biographical dictionary. The work is mainly valuable for the information it gives regarding those minor poets of real merit whose works are still remembered, although only to a select few was anything authentic about their authors known. It is published by the author himself, at 1 Eleanor Grove, Barnes Common, London, S. W.

The many legends of the life and voyages of St. Brendan* are presented to us in a collected shape, and at a most appropriate time, by Father O'Donoghue, of Ardfert. The fact that the reverend author has his *habitat* in that part of Kerry which was mainly the scene of the famous saint's labor on land has given him an opportunity of gathering and arranging the many traditions connected with his name, and verifying many of the transactions recorded in the half-mythical stories so as to show that there was at least some substratum of truth underlying them, which has not, we believe, fallen to the lot of any modern chronicler. He acknowledges his indebtedness to the previous work of Cardinal Moran, the *Acti Sti. Brendani*, for much contained in his narrative. He also gives us an English translation of the Latin version of the saint's voyage, existing from a very early period and familiar in many countries in the middle ages; also a large portion of the saint's life found in the ancient *Book of Lismore*, in the original Irish text as well as in a translation. In an appendix to the work are found both a metrical and a prose life of St. Brendan in quaint Chaucer-like English, from old manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, with an interesting introduction by an eminent antiquarian, Mr. Thomas Wright, F.R.S., who states his belief that "the legend of St. Brendan exercised an influence on geographical science down to a late period, and it entered as an important element into the feelings of the Spanish sailors when they went to the discovery of

* *Brendaniana; St. Brendan the Voyager, in Story and Legend.* By the Rev. Denis O'Donoghue, P.P., Ardfert. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Nassau Street.

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America." In one of the notes to this appendix we find a curious derivation for the term "Maunday" as applied to the Thursday in Holy Week. It was commonly supposed to have been derived from the old Anglo-Saxon word "maund," meaning a basket, from the custom prevalent in the monasteries of distributing loaves of bread amongst the poor from large baskets on that day. It is here given as connected with the custom of washing the feet on that day, in imitation of the action of our Blessed Lord; which ceremony was called his *mandé* (command)—a Norman-French term, evidently. This work of Father O'Donoghue's is one which we ought to hail as a very valuable addition to our store of literature relating to the early Irish Church and its wonderful army of missionary monks and scholars. It contains some very choice illustrations.

I.—LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT.*

To all who have followed Professor Müller as a master in his learned researches, as well as to those who, while admitting his erudition, fail to be convinced that he has at all or even fairly well solved the problems of language and its relations to thought, these short lectures will be interesting, and more especially the correspondence between Professor Müller and Francis Galton, the Duke of Argyll, George J. Romanes, and others, on "Thought without words," given in an appendix. We fail to see where his antagonists have weakened the force of his arguments sustaining the thesis that "Thought and Language are *inseparable*," although it strikes us as a strange misuse of terms in so learned a writer to employ the word *identical* as synonymous with *inseparable*, as he would appear to do both in the title and in the course of his second lecture, "The Identity of Language and Thought." Oddly enough he corrects this error in rather slipshod fashion in the opening of his third lecture, where he says "if thought and language are identical, or, at all events, inseparable, it would follow, etc." His arguments for the inseparability of thought and language (mental *nomina*) are forcible, though not the last word which, we think, might be said upon the subject; but we find not a shadow of proof for their identity. The instances presented by his adverse critics to prove that thought is possible without words, Professor Müller clearly shows, go to prove just the contrary. They fail to understand his definitions of "thought" and "words." By *thought* he means

* *Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought.* By F. Max Müller. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

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not a simple sensation or perception, but a real concept. Now, every such concept is a judgment; a judgment is not possible without distinction; distinction is the act of intellection—*inter-lection*—and this evidently supposes apprehension of things, and relations not identical in meaning. To apprehend things or relations of different meaning, or to convey such diverse meanings to others, plainly demands the use of different names, or words. By "words" we are to understand not only terms made up of letters or vocal sounds, but any symbol, figure, sign, or movement taken to stand for the *meaning* of the thing or relation to be distinctively apprehended or conveyed. He contends that the mind is the *subject* thinking the word which is the *object* of thought; that ordinary people fancy they think the things themselves; but that the real object of our thought is the *verbum mentale*—the subjective word. Therefore the accuracy, range, power, and elegance of one's thoughts depend upon the character and extent of the treasury of mental words—names for meanings, or means of self-expression one has at command. The unlettered boor is restricted in the range of his thoughts, is dull of apprehension, is illogical, weak, and vacillating in opinion, coarse and vulgar, simply because his mental vocabulary is so very limited. His eyes may see and his ears hear all the beauties of nature, and even of art, which his highly cultured landlord sees and hears, but his mind is unable to analyse the very same sensations both receive, having also no names to note and distinguish his mental perceptions; and therefore his concepts—what deserves the name of *thoughts*—are but very few; that is, he thinks very little, because he knows very few names of things and of their relations that have a meaning.

The power of self-expression by means of the *verbum mentale* does not always suppose the knowledge of a spoken or acted word in which to convey one's meaning. So an ignorant or half-educated person is often quite unable to express himself clearly, as we say; that is, he knows himself what he means, having his own clearly understood subjective symbol, sign, or name for his thought, but lacks the knowledge of such vocal language or ability of expression by gesture as may adequately convey his meaning to others. "I know what I am thinking of, and what I mean," he will say, "but I do not know how to express myself." It is not these exterior, sensible, vocal words which Professor Müller insists are, "at all events, inseparable from thought."

We think, as we have said, that the instances offered by his

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critics in evidence of the possibility of thinking without words are valueless, but there are two facts which occur to our mind that are certainly difficult of explanation for any other reason. The one is the widely accepted belief in certain results of mental action known as unconscious cerebration. Of this one may possibly say that it only goes to show that strictly conscious attention and reflection are not necessary to some active and fruitful mental operations; that is, an attention and reflection of which the thinker gives account to himself. The sudden mental vision of a *nomen*, a word, pregnant with multiple meanings may supply the result of a vast chain of labored analytical reasoning. A practised pianist catches only a glimpse of a long, intricate musical printed phrase, and instantly understands all the tones and their varied harmonic relations. To him this complicated musical chain of reasoning is practically only one word, a single but comprehensive name, in which is summed up the mental result of the laborious analytical scientific study and manual practice of many years.

The other instance is the phenomenal power of almost instantaneous arithmetical calculation shown by some uneducated persons endowed with this singular gift. Not only does the use of symbols and methods of logical procedure seem impossible, but these very persons are unable to tell how they achieve such astonishing results. Moreover, when taught to use ordinary rational methods of calculation their phenomenal power is greatly weakened or they lose it altogether. We would like to know what explanation Professor Müller might find to offer for these apparent acts of thought without words.

2.—A MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHY.*

The Josephite Fathers of Baltimore, besides their great work of training young men for apostolic work among the negroes, are infusing the missionary spirit into the American Church, and one of their means for doing this is the publication of biographies of missionary saints.

The life of St. Peter Claver, who devoted his life to the work of saving the souls of the unfortunate Africans who in his day were ruthlessly kidnapped and sold by thousands into the most cruel bondage ever known among Christians is an example which ought to inspire us with zeal for the conversion of that

* *St. Peter Claver, Apostle of the Negroes.* Edited by a Father of St. Joseph's Society, Epiphany Apostolic College. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

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race which free America once enslaved but has now enfranchised.

The Christian spirit has so far triumphed in our country as to emancipate them, and may it so far prevail as to Christianize them! All national and race problems can be solved by the Catholic Church and in no other way. As the Church is now solving the labor-question for the world, so will she one day solve the race-question for our country. What an interest, then, every devout American Catholic should take in the evangelization of the blacks! What saint's life deserves more to be studied by us than St. Peter Claver's life, and who can tell the story of his life so well as an American missionary to the American negro? What a noble work it would be to help Father Slattery and his zealous co-laborers to circulate this book, especially among the negroes who are being educated in our public schools. We wish he could raise a fund for this purpose.

3.—HEAT.*

We are not familiar with the more elementary books by the same author noticed in the title; this present volume is intended by Mr. Wright as a sequel to them, or to be taken up by students who, by mathematical training, or by reading works of the character of those mentioned, are able to do so without too much difficulty.

Let it not, however, be supposed that this book is one of a very abstruse character. It ought to be comprehensible to all who have any taste or ability for mathematics, and quite an ordinary preparation in that line. And indeed it does not seem to us that it is worth while for any one to study works in any department of physics unless they are simply practical ones, giving results available for ordinary use, unless they have some mathematical ability. The exact sciences cannot be treated profitably without mathematics; and the more mathematical the form is, the easier really the book becomes. When exact relations are to be treated of, an equation is better than anything else.

The book of Mr. Wright is very satisfactory in this respect; it might carry the principle even further than it does with advantage, in our judgment. It is clear, not long-winded, and well up to date. We know of no better one of its character.

* *Heat.* By Mark R. Wright, Author of *Sound*, *Light*, *Heat* and *Elementary Physics.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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4.—ECCLESIASTICAL LAW.*

The principal change made in this excellent and well-known work, distinguishing this from previous editions, is the much fuller development of the article concerning Apostolic Legates, Nuncios, and Delegates. The matter added is of great importance and interest, especially at the present time, and it would have been an excellent plan for many of our recent newspaper writers to read it (which, the work being in English, they could easily have done) before airing their own ideas on the subject. They would at least have learned that the appointment of a Delegate Apostolic is by no means a new departure, as some have seemed to imagine.

The powers of the College of Cardinals while the Papal chair is vacant have also been more completely defined; and the article on the Roman tribunals has been rewritten, a much fuller explanation being given.

5.—THE DIVINE SPIRIT.†

This is a short record of a number of genuine conversions of criminals sentenced to death, occurring in the experience of Father Duffo, S.J., and under his ministrations. All the cases are interesting, and some really extraordinary; particularly so in one instance, where supernatural virtue in a very high degree was attained. In this case, as in a considerable proportion of the rest, the conversion was from heresy as well as from a sinful life.

One cannot read this little book without being profoundly impressed with the love and mercy of God, who thus makes use ever of sin and its just punishment to draw sinners to himself. It is this which makes these remarkable narratives specially instructive and important.

It is published also for the benefit of the Carmelite nuns of New Orleans, to aid whom, we need not say, is a most excellent charity.

* *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law.* By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. Vol. I.: Ecclesiastical Persons. Ninth edition, carefully revised by the Author. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Wonderful Operations of the Divine Spirit in the Sinner's Heart*, displayed from the years 1858 to 1863 in the prison of New Orleans. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Company.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

AFTER a fifteen days' session the Parliament of Religions dissolved on Wednesday, September 27. It was closed by an address of remarkable power by Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University in Washington, and the singing by all present of Cardinal Newman's immortal hymn, "Lead, kindly Light." The audience which joined in this fraternal demonstration was immense. It filled the great Columbus Hall to the last available inch of its space, and the greater number of those who composed it had been waiting for admittance for three hours before the doors were thrown open.

The Parliament was described by more than one of the concluding speakers as the greatest event ever recorded in history. The expression is hardly applicable. It was the only event of the kind that ever took place. It is impossible to say that great results may not in time flow from it. It was the first time that the leading representatives of those ancient creeds in the far East whose followers are numerous as the sands of the sea-shore, so to speak, ever had the opportunity of hearing the religion of Christ expounded authoritatively, and many admitted that the sort of Christianity to which they were accustomed in the Orient was that which brought the bayonet and the rum-bottle, as well as the opium-traffic, as adjuncts to Eastern civilization. How far these frightful agencies are from the true spirit and teaching of Christianity they have had an opportunity of learning authoritatively for the first time at Chicago.

Bishop Spalding has "done the state some service, and they know it." The archbishops of the Union are not unmindful of his great share in bringing about the success of the wonderful Catholic Educational Exhibit, and, to mark their sense of it, they have put it upon record. In a series of resolutions lately made public, they express their recognition of the great services he has rendered the Catholic cause at large in his capacity of

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president of the exhibit. How onerous was the duty may well be estimated by any one who has had the opportunity of viewing the vast collection, and noting the many institutions which have been laid under tribute in order to bring it together. Neither were the archbishops unmindful of the share of Brother Maurelian in bringing about the result. A special resolution with regard to him was embodied in the series; also one thanking the bishops, clergy, religious sisterhoods and brotherhoods, as well as the teachers and Catholic authors, who have contributed to the collection.

Mr. Gladstone delivered a speech to his Mid-Lothian constituents at Edinburgh at the end of September. He devoted a considerable portion of it to a view of the action of the House of Lords with reference to the Home-Rule Bill. Although the veteran statesman gave no precise forecast of his immediate intentions on the subject, it is evident that he is revolving in his mind some line of action calculated to frustrate their evident design of forcing his hand by making him appeal to the country on the main issue. He vehemently repudiated their right to dictate any such appeal, and addressed to them a serious warning on the danger they themselves were incurring in putting themselves in opposition to the declared wishes of the people embodied in the legislation passed by the popular house. It seems from this to be his determination to proceed next session with those measures of reform for Great Britain to which the ministry is pledged, and take the dissolution at such time as seems most likely to effect his purpose of carrying the Home-Rule Bill, if in the meantime the peers do not retreat from their untenable position.

Whilst the sympathy and encouragement of all scattered Irishmen are with the great mass of their countrymen at home in this struggle, it is in no small degree disheartening to find the leaders of the Irish party again bickering amongst themselves. There is a tempest in a teapot over the matter of the Paris funds—a subject of very secondary importance in comparison with the question of the fitness of the principals to assume the direction of Irish affairs when these are entrusted once more to Irish hands. The mass of correspondence which has been sprung upon the public in connection with this *damnosa hæreditas*, as we may call it, reveals a far greater capacity for the composition of stinging letters than the control of their own

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personal jealousies on the part of several prominent Irishmen. It would be infinitely better that the whole Paris fund should lie at the bottom of the Dead Sea than that the cause of Ireland should suffer by affording the Unionists a pretence for reviving the ancient calumny that Irishmen are constitutionally unfitted for the responsibility of governmental administration.

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London and New York:

A Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. *The Man from Blankley's, and Other Sketches.* By F. Anstey. *Practical Essays on American Government.* By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. *Can this be Love?* By Mrs. Parr.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO., New York:

Fisher Ames, Henry Clay, etc. (Hour-glass Series.) By Daniel B. Lucas, LL.D., and J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL.D.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Two Bites to a Cherry, and Other Tales. By T. B. Aldrich. *The Son of a Prophet.* By George Anson Jackson. *Sub-Cœlum.* By A. P. Russell. *The Witness to Immortality.* By George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. *A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church.* By Oliver J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York; BURNS & OATES, London:

The Blessed Virgin in the Fathers of the First Six Centuries. By Thomas Livius, M.A. *The Flight into Egypt.* By Sister Anna Catherine Emmerich. *An Explanation of the Gospels of the Sundays and Holydays.* From the Italian of Angelo Cagnola by Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Together with an explanation of Catholic Worship, its Ceremonies and the Sacraments and Festivals of the Church. From the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. *Claude Lightfoot; or, How the Problem was Solved.* By Francis J. Finn, S.J. *Connor D'Arcy's Struggles.* By Mrs. W. M. Bertholds.

E. W. ALLEN, 4 Ave Maria Lane, E.C., London:

Songs in Spring-Time: The Passing of Lilith, and Other Poems. By John Cameron Grant.

THE WILLIAMSON BOOK COMPANY, Boston:

In Dreamland, and Other Poems. By Thomas O'Hagan.

GARRETSON, COX & CO., Buffalo:

The Cyclopedic Review of Current History. 2d Quarter, 1893.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston:

Jesus and Modern Life. By M. J. Savage. With an Introduction by Professor Crawford H. Toy.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

David Balfour. By Robert Louis Stevenson. *Ivar the Viking.* By Paul Du Chaillu. *With Thackeray in America.* By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

Blessed Gerard Majella.

La Rabida. By Mary A. Lambert.

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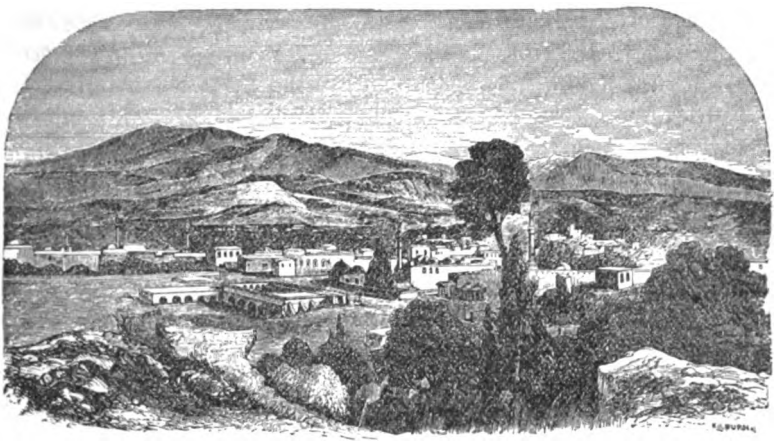

TARSUS, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ST. PAUL.

THE project suggested by Bishop Paul, the present Bishop of Tarsus, encouraged by the venerable Bishop of Burlington, taken up by the Paulists as outlined in the last number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has stirred up a great deal of enthusiasm in many quarters, and contributions are pouring in from many who wish to express in this way their devotion to the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

There is surely nothing presented of late years which so warmly commends itself to our charity as the object for which the modern Paul of Tarsus so eloquently pleads. In him the burning enthusiasm and the ardent apostolic spirit of St. Paul live again.

The difficulties he has to contend with come principally from American Protestant missionaries using American money to pervert his poor people from the true faith. Already by means of their superior school-houses and by lavish gifts have they enticed hundreds of the poor Catholic children away. This evil work should be stopped, and American Catholics, in their abundant generosity, can stay the hand of proselytism and strengthen the efforts now being made by Bishop Paul, at wonderful self-sacrifice, to bring his poor people back to the religion of St. Paul.

Many gifts have already been received, the principal among which are

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The Paulists,	$100.00
John B. Richmond, M.D.,	5.00
Walter F. Atlee, M.D.,	5.00
Rev. T. J. Jenkins,	9.70
H. L. Richards,	10.00
Louise Sanieska,	5.00
Mr. Madden,	5.00
Chas. P. Romadka,	10.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Council, No. 90, C. B. L., 72 members,	7.20

The following letter from Bishop Paul explains itself:

TARSUS, September 16, 1893.

VERY REV. FATHER HEWIT, C.S.P.:

Your consoling letter of July 29 reached me while visiting one of our new and laborious missions; and I gave thanks to God, who watches over the works done for him. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Reverend Father, and I constantly pray the God of all goodness to bless you, and bestow upon you every spiritual and temporal blessing. I cannot tell you what great joy and encouraging consolation your good letter gave me.

At present I am making my second pastoral visit, and have been travelling already three months, visiting first of all Tarsus, then Adana, Sis, Féké, Roumly, Char, and Hadjine.

During my visit I found that, thanks to God, all our undertakings were in a most prosperous condition; especially the schools which I started a year ago. These have been remarkably successful.

At Char, the ancient *Gomana* of the Romans, the Protestants and schismatic Armenians have been obliged to close their schools: all the children in that place coming to ours. Many children from the neighboring villages also come to our schools for instruction.

A Protestant boy, fourteen years of age and still unbaptized, had been instructed by our school-master, and was presented to me for baptism. It was a very simple Pontifical ceremony; of course, without priests and deacons, but it proved to be a very touching and impressive one. Such a large crowd of people came to witness it that I was obliged to perform the baptism out-of-doors, on the border of a river. For myself, I wept tears of joy, and all thought of many trials vanished from

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my mind. The young neophyte, named Paul, is fired with zeal to bring about the conversion of his parents. I feel assured also of the conversion of other non-Catholic children taught in our schools.

At Roumly twenty-one families were converted during the past year. Having no priest to send them, I have confided the instruction of the children to a good, fervent Catholic layman of Hadjine, visiting them from time to time myself when able.

At Féké seventy families came to me declaring themselves Catholics. They begged for priests and schools; but my straitened resources do not allow me to grant their request at present. Next year I hope to be able to do something to satisfy their urgent need.

For the mission at Sis, the residence of the schismatic patriarch, I am obliged for the present to be content with only one school for boys. This is a very promising mission. I chose four young men of excellent talent, and have put them under the direction of the missionary pastor at Sis, a highly capable and very apostolic priest, to be trained as school-teachers.

I have spent a good deal of what little means were at my disposal upon the missions of Tarsus and Hadjine, more interesting places, but unfortunately the most neglected. I am preparing to open schools for girls, and I await the coming of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. They will soon arrive, and will then devote themselves to the necessary instruction of those children who have unfortunately fallen into Protestant hands. At Hadjine there are fifty families, and the number of converts has increased to four hundred.

Having finished my visitation of eight missions, lying chiefly in the mountainous part of Cilicia, I am once more at home in my dear Tarsus. What a prophetic country! I seem to be able to trace the sacred footsteps of the holy Apostle St. Paul. Every time I enter it profound sighs break forth from my breast. O unfortunate country! shall it ever be granted to me to see you some day all Catholic? Shall I have the inexpressible happiness of prostrating myself in adoration of the Eucharistic God, the divine Source whence the missionary draws the force for his arduous vocation, in a splendid temple worthy of the Catholic name? What joy, O valiant and indefatigable Apostle, to see thy majestic statue raised upon our altars!

Ah, dear Reverend Father, though I weep, yet I do not despair. Yes, an interior voice encourages me. The people everywhere show the most lively sympathy. At holy Mass I trans-

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lated your letter to them. I cannot describe to you the joy I saw upon their countenances, or the gratitude which these poor people feel towards you. They unite with their unworthy pastor in most fervent prayers for you. I entertain the most confident hopes that we shall be able to show the most happy results when we shall have succeeded in building our church of St. Paul, which will assuredly be the source of abundant blessings, not only to our generous and charitable benefactors, but also to this native land of the great Apostle.

But I do not hide from myself the immense difficulties to be overcome. The Protestants spend large sums of money and labor industriously to get the full control of the children by building and conducting numerous free day and night schools, chiefly at Adana, Tarsus, Sis, and Hadjine, where also their success has been the greatest. But fortunately parents everywhere prefer our schools, as has been shown by the fact that no matter in what mission I have opened a school it is filled at once with children. The American Protestant ministers are preparing to make a union of schools with the schismatic Armenians, a wretched people, who here are truly as sheep without a shepherd.

I have tried, Reverend Father, to picture to you the work which you have shown a charitable willingness to aid. By the grace of God I give myself wholly to my duties, and reserving nothing for myself, I give all that I receive to our poor missions. Just now all my money force is exhausted, but I have no fear that the good God will leave me lacking even in that, so far as it is needful. He will speak more eloquently than I to charitable hearts, like your own generous and sympathizing heart; and dispose them to aid me in laboring for the conversion of this people through the intercession of St. Paul.

Begging you, Reverend Father Hewit, to receive the assurances of my profound respect, with sentiments of most sincere gratitude; and wishing you all desirable blessings, and above all the Divine benediction, I have the honor to remain

Yours devotedly in our Lord,

PAUL TERZIAN,
Bishop of Adana and Tarsus.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

READING Circles are closely identified with parish libraries in many places. It is a considerable saving of expense if the books to be used can be borrowed from a public or a parish library. From a report published in the *Seminary* we learn that the Rev. Michael J. Lavelle most generously aided the formation of a free circulating library soon after his appointment as rector of the Cathedral, New York City. Beginning with about four hundred volumes in November, 1887, the Cathedral Library now contains over fourteen thousand carefully selected books, many of them donated by benefactors of the good work. A valuable collection of eleven hundred volumes, made by the late John R. G. Hassard, was purchased for the department of musical literature. The best available editions of books in English Catholic literature and ecclesiastical history have been bought. The list of fiction contains a large and liberal selection of the best English and French novels. Though not restricted exclusively to Catholic authors, the list of healthy books for juvenile readers has been chosen with unusual care. A complete building was assigned for the use of the library by the trustees of the Cathedral. By his incessant personal service, and varied knowledge of books and how to buy them, the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Director of the Cathedral Library, has successfully established the best Catholic circulating library in the United States. This statement is made with full knowledge of many excellent parish libraries, which have a long record of members extending back over twenty-five years, but which have not had the same opportunities of securing wealthy benefactors.

* * *

The administration of the Cathedral Library is confided entirely to the Reverend Director. In the technical work he is assisted by a number of young ladies of the parish, whose services are given entirely gratuitously. For the present the library is open five times during the week: on Sundays, from 10 A.M.–12 M.; on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 7.30–9 P.M.; and on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 2–5 P.M. The great amount of time and labor given in the library by these young ladies can be realized only by those who are familiar with the details of library work; and in this instance only by those who know the difficulties against which they have had to contend. Among these difficulties the chief was the absence of a complete printed catalogue. While the catalogue was making the library was still kept open, an endeavor being made through information given by the librarian to supply the wants of the patrons for the latest accessions. All books are purchased by the director on his own responsibility. The result of this system is that any book called for, if not on the shelves of the library, can be procured at once by purchase, and can be put in circulation as soon as the publishers are able to deliver it to the library.

The circulation in 1888 was 8,393, divided as follows: Religion, 2,029; Travel, History, and Biography, 450; Fiction, 5,263; Science and Literature, 648. In 1889: Religion, 2,282; Travel, History, Biography, 875; Fiction, 8,679; General Literature, 1,305; total 13,141. In 1890: Religion, 2,299; Travel, History, and Biography, 1,188; Fiction 8,274; General Literature, 1,821; total, 13,582. In 1891 (owing to illness of director the library was closed for four months): Reli-

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gion, 2,075; Travel, History, and Biography, 977; Fiction, 5,027; General Literature, 1,622; total, 10,749. In 1892: Religion, 3,398; Travel, History, and Biography, 1,489; Fiction, 19,470; General Literature, 1,862; total, 26,219.

As some readers in a public circulating library oftentimes lack discrimination, it has been deemed advisable to exercise a strict supervision over the circulation of many books that are on the shelves of the library, which require a certain amount of judgment to be read with profit. To that end a special department has been instituted, which is designated by the letters "ll," and in which are to be found all books which should not be read by young persons except under direction. These books are given out only on personal application to the director, or by his special permission. In this way the difficulties that would either arise from the absence of these books or from their indiscriminate distribution are, it is believed, completely avoided. The books in this department will be found throughout the catalogue under their proper headings.

Supervision is exercised over the reading of children who come to the library, parents being required to sign the application blanks of their children, and to certify their willingness that their children should be members. The librarians exercise also considerable discretion in giving out books to children, suggesting those that they think the more fitting, and prudently withholding at times those that are asked for.

Efforts have been made to encourage the children in our schools to enter upon systematic courses of reading. In connection with this subject we again call the attention of teachers to the excellent booklet on literature for children, written by George E. Hardy, M.A., of New York, and the graded list of books for children prepared by him; and likewise to the papers read at the Convention of American Librarians in Chicago, in July, 1893.

* * *

A new department of the Cathedral Library pays special attention to supplying clergymen with necessary books of instruction and controversial works for converts. Special lists of books have been prepared dealing with the different phases of religious belief, and the library is ready and willing at all times to cooperate with clergymen and religious in the great work of instructing neophytes in the faith. It has been the aim of the library likewise to be of assistance to Catholics living in distant portions of the country, and away from Catholic influences, by sending, under proper guarantees, books which might help them to increase their own fund of information in matters pertaining to religion, and possibly to spread a knowledge of the same among their neighbors. By this plan many persons living at a great distance from New York have been benefited. The attention of clergymen and religious communities is especially called to this feature of our work.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the work in this department has been the effort to establish branches of the Cathedral Library in various parts of the city. It is hoped that two of these branches will soon be in operation; one in the parish of the Nativity, 44 Second Avenue, under the direction of the Rev. B. J. Reilly, and the other in the parish of St. Stephen, 142 East Twenty-ninth Street, under the direction of the Rev. J. B. McCabe. These parishes were both operating small parochial libraries. It was suggested to them that by mutual cooperation their readers could have the benefit of the books in the Cathedral Library. So with the consent of the reverend pastors the libraries were amalgamated. Any books of the Cathedral Library can now be obtained at either of these branches, such books being either on the shelves of the branches, or being sent for as soon as ordered.

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The Cathedral Library is also the headquarters for the Cathedral Library Reading Circles, which last season numbered thirty-eight active members. All the books used in the different courses of these Circles are supplied from the Cathedral Library. The members of one of the circles meet at the library monthly for a business meeting, and weekly for informal discussion, and for distribution of books. The library building contains also the collection of rare books and documents belonging to the United States Historical Society of New York.

* * *

When first opened membership in the library was confined to persons who were properly parishioners of the Cathedral parish, or who belonged to some of the societies connected with that parish. It was felt, however, that the library should be made something more than a parish library, especially since it had grown so rapidly. A year and a half ago, therefore, the library was thrown open to the public at large, though no book is given without satisfactory reference. In every respect the Cathedral Library is a free public circulating library. At present it numbers among its readers Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles.

The Cathedral Library is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. As the expense of the library, however, has far exceeded the donations, the Cathedral Library Association was organized in 1889 with the cordial approbation of his Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, for the following objects: 1st. To provide funds for the support of the Cathedral Library, a circulating library, free to residents of New York City, and to non-resident members of the Cathedral Library Association; 2d. To publish and circulate as widely as means would allow leaflets treating of the salient points of Christian Doctrine; 3d. To distribute among the poor, and in hospitals, reformatories, etc., Catholic periodicals, etc.

Any one can become a member of the Cathedral Library Association by paying an annual subscription of one dollar. There are also associate members, patrons, and founders who contribute larger sums.

* * *

Expert makers of statistics for libraries should read the estimate of results which Rev. J. H. McMahon gives in these words:

"It is most difficult to determine the practical good done by any library. The circulation furnishes one good test, although not altogether reliable. The mere fact of circulating a large number of books is not to be regarded as a fair standard by which the efficiency of a library may be judged. The character of the circulation may be such as to suggest that the library is doing harm rather than good. So many circumstances concur to determine the character of the circulation that it is impossible to pronounce judgment on this basis alone. For instance, it has been the fashion to take the circulation of a library, and ascertain by the relative proportion of works of fiction circulated to the actual aggregate of volumes in circulation, whether there has been an undue proportion of works of fiction distributed. That proportion should, however, be based upon the total number of books in the library, the total number of books in each department, and the entire number of books circulated. But even this is not a fair test. A free circulating library, for example, will not only have a fiction department largely in excess of other departments, but will have this department very largely drawn upon by people who procure their serious reading elsewhere. In many libraries, also, the fiction department embraces juvenile literature of all classes. Now, a very large percentage of the readers in a free circulating library are children; it is unnecessary to add that the circulation of the fiction department will be seemingly out of all proportion. Hence we do not place

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much reliance upon the figures in the circulation account as determining the good any library is doing. However, it affords a certain means of determining whether the library is to be considered as a desirable adjunct. An examination of the figures given as the record of our circulation will suffice to show that the library has grown very much in popularity, and that the general character of reading is distinctly of a high order."

"It is noteworthy that there has been a marked increase in the number of religious books drawn from the library each succeeding year, and when it is borne in mind that the fiction department has been very much increased, while additions to the department of religious literature are, from the nature of the case, fewer. It is most desirable for teachers and spiritual directors to examine attentively the department of religious literature, as we find that books of this character need only be recommended to be read. It is gratifying to note also that the experience of the assistants in the library is that there has been a marked improvement year by year in the character of books called for by our readers. We have ascertained likewise that neighboring libraries have been obliged to procure many books that were asked for by people who were familiar with our catalogue, and in this indirect way the library has been of service in placing on the shelves of these purely secular libraries many Catholic books that undoubtedly would not otherwise have found their way thither. It will be interesting also to teachers to learn that the books read by boys are much better, as a rule, than those asked for by girls. The boys show more discrimination, more solid judgment. Teachers, it would appear to us, have an immense power to influence the reading of these children, whether boys or girls, and we would respectfully suggest the advisability of their doing so."

* * *

The Cathedral Library Association has published the following books during the past few years:

Books and Reading (3d edition). By Brother Azarias.

Series of Liturgical Manuals.

The Order of the Consecration of a Bishop. Latin and English rubricated (2d edition).

The Rite of Ordination of Priests; Latin and English rubricated.

The Order of the Consecration of an Altar; English translation.

The History of St. Joseph's Seminary of New York. Paper, beautifully illustrated, 25 cents; bound in cloth, $1.

The Apostolic Union of Secular Priests.

Meditations of Stations of the Cross. By Henri Perreyve. Translated by Emily V. Mason.

Manual of the Lady Servants of the Poor.

The Blessing of a Bell.

The League Annuals for '90, '91, '92.

Life of St. Aloysius.

Preparation for First Communion. By Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J.

These publications can be obtained at the Cathedral Library, or may be ordered through any bookseller.

In addition to these a series of leaflets has been published similar to the excellent publications of the Catholic Truth Society of England, the Society of the same name established at St. Paul, Minnesota, and the Catholic Book Exchange of New York. Thousands of these leaflets were distributed by a committee of the League of the Sacred Heart—would that we had many other members of the League in the same good work!—in prisons, hospitals, and reformatories. The Apostolate of the Press could not hope for a stronger fortification than the great Cathedral of New York.

M. C. M.

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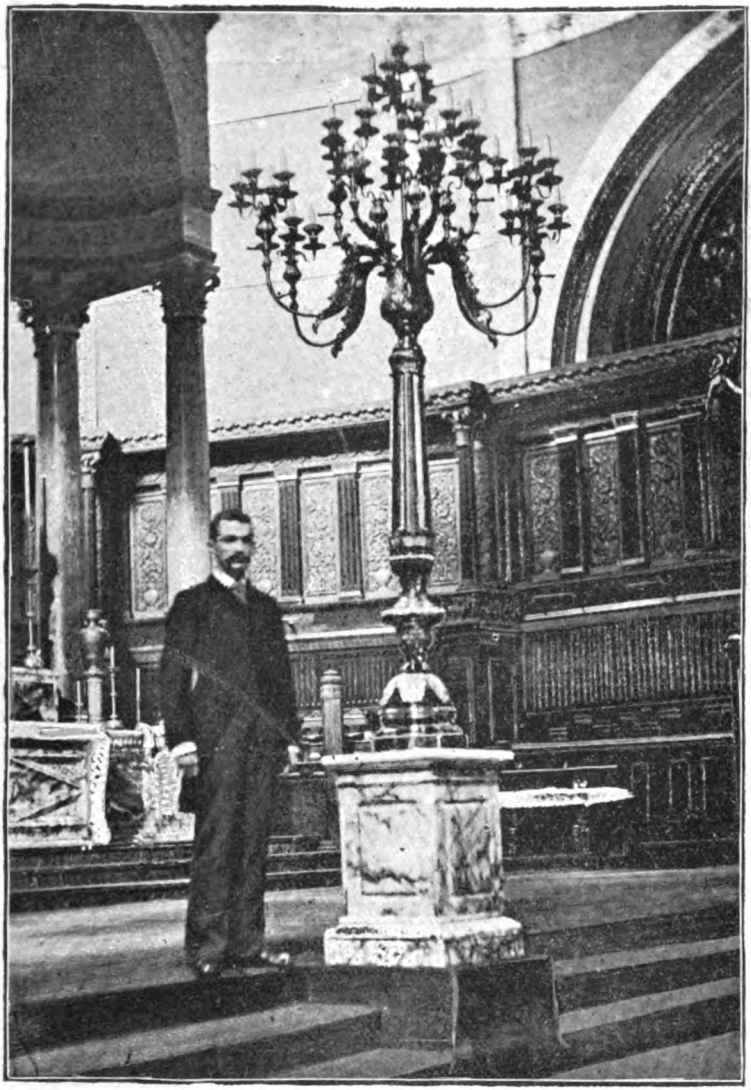
SAINT THOMAS
READING ROOM.
S. O. L. A.



ONE OF TWO CANDELABRA STANDARDS.

15 feet high, carrying 42 lights, with pedestals of Mexican onyx.
Presented to the Sanctuary of the Church of the Paulists.

Workmanship by DREW & MAY, 19th Street and Third Avenue, New York.

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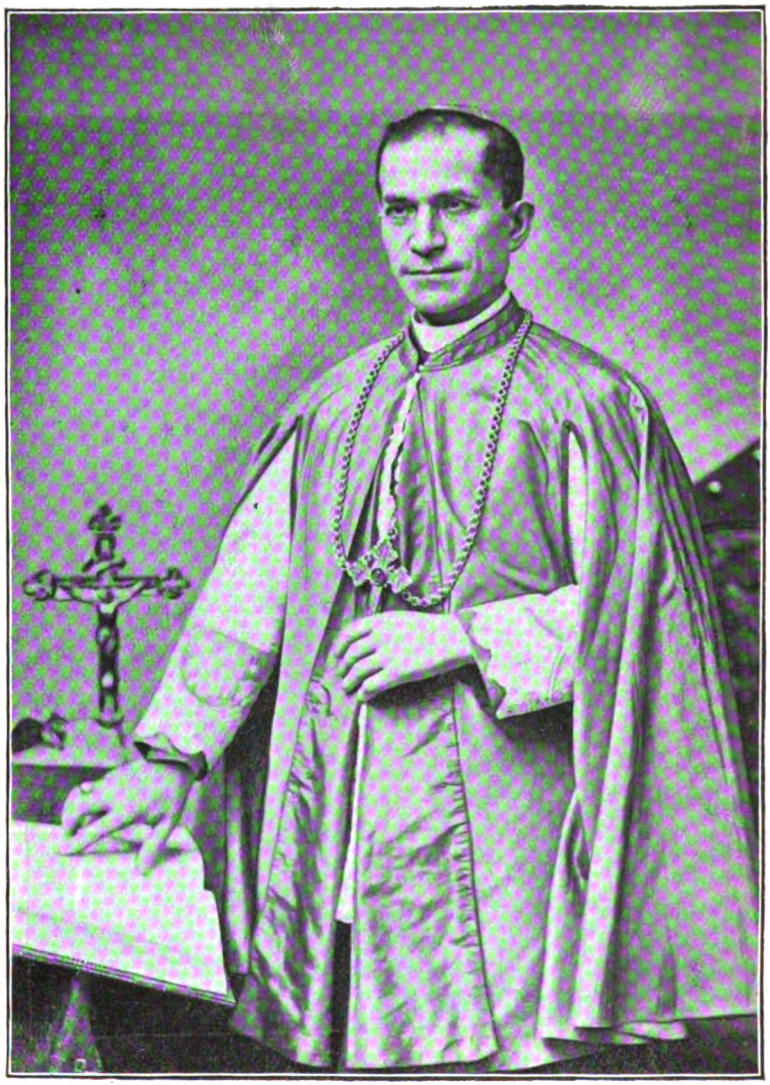

MOST REV. FRANCIS SATOLLI, D.D.,

Archbishop of Lepanto and Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

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ST. THOMAS
READING ROOM
S. C. L. A.

THE

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MOST REV. FRANCIS SATOLLI, D.D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF LEPANTO AND APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE UNITED STATES.

BY THOMAS S. DUHIGG.

IN the life of the Republic the Catholic Church is, indeed, a great fact and factor. As early as the year 1857 Brownson wrote that "the church serves the cause of patriotism; that, if embraced, it is sure to give us a high-toned and chivalric national character; that it enlists conscience in the support of our free institutions and the preservation of our republican freedom as the established order of the country, is a good reason why the American people should not oppose her, and why they should wish her growth and prosperity in our country." The people of the United States are beginning to see clearly what an influence for good upon the country and its future there ought to be in a body of over ten millions, absolutely one in worship, religious thought, and discipline. The history of

THE CHURCH IN THESE UNITED STATES

is evidence of what zeal, determination, adherence to high ideals, love of God and neighbor can accomplish. As in all places and at all times, so here from the beginning has the church aimed not at making a show but at doing a work of faith, purity, and charity. In our exultation over the prospect

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of the great success of the church in this country we must not forget that much of this success is due to the favorable conditions in which she finds herself placed. The children of those wise statesmen who legislated for the free and independent States of America, and who laid the foundations of the new Republic upon the grounds of eternal justice, have ever been a God-fearing, law-abiding, and religious people. Nowhere in Christendom is there among all classes a greater regard and higher respect for religion and revealed truth than here. Therefore, in a large measure, has the faith been able to achieve such glorious triumphs. Catholics in the United States rejoice in the fact that they possess the liberty which Christ demands for his church—the liberty to carry out his great commission and to govern herself; to be untiring and zealous in erecting sanctuaries of piety, charity, and learning, and, like her divine Master, to do good unto all men. The successors of St. Peter in the see of Rome have not been unmindful nor unobservant of the splendid opportunities the church in America has ever had to grow into magnificent proportions and to make religion flourish. Especially is this so, when they saw that the losses sustained in the old world have more than been made up by the accession in the new of self-sacrificing men and women anxious for the truth that should make them free. The evidence of God's work faithfully done, the tender love and regard for the Holy See, so manifest in the clergy and laity of the United States, made Gregory XVI. on one occasion say that he was more truly pope in this than in any other land. His successor, Pope Pius IX., always manifested a tender love and solicitude for whatever concerned the growth and welfare of the American Church. When the years of his long and glorious Pontificate were ended, we saw that we were indebted to him for the creation of all but one of the ten archbishoprics then existing, and of at least three-fifths of our sixty-odd episcopal sees and vicariates. This love, so characteristic of the Pontiffs Gregory and Pius, burns even yet more brightly in the bosom of him who is at the head of government in the church, the saint and scholar, the arbiter of nations, Pope Leo XIII.

THE MISSION OF LEO.

A writer in the *Catholic Quarterly Review*, in an article entitled "Pius IX. and his Pontificate," said: "We have lost Pius IX., but God has put in his place one whose name has already

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become a familiar word on the lips of Christendom. For what special purpose Leo XIII. has been raised up by Providence we know not. Time alone will reveal it. His name is of happy augury, for it indicates strength—the royal energy that conquers. May Leo have sweet, persuasive words for his children and even for his enemies, blended with inflexible rigor, and indomitable strength in defending the rights of the church, and condemning the errors that belong to a false, impious civilization with which Satan is endeavoring to delude mankind and overthrow Christianity!" These words sound like a prophecy in these later days; surely the aspiration has seen its fulfilment. For among the men who mould the century and guide its movements Leo XIII. is conceded by all to be pre-eminent. With the solicitude of all the churches upon him, yet with a special, fatherly affection does he regard the church in America, and love it because of the great promises for the future it holds out. As if to show in a still more positive manner his peculiar affection for us he has commissioned his favorite disciple and closest friend to be his representative amongst us. In his letter to the cardinal archbishops, and bishops of the United States on

THE MUCH-DEBATED SCHOOL QUESTION

the Holy Father says: "We have often given manifest proofs, both of our solicitude for the welfare of the faithful people and bishops of the United States of America, and of the peculiar affection with which we cherish that portion of our Saviour's flock. Of this we have given an additional and unmistakable evidence in sending to you as our Delegate our venerable Brother Francis, Titular Archbishop of Lepanto, an illustrious man not less pre-eminent by his learning than by his virtues, as you yourselves, in the recent meeting of the archbishops in New York, have plainly testified, thus confirming the trust which we had reposed in his prudence. Now, his legation had this for its object: that it should be a public testimonial of our good will towards your country, and of the high esteem in which we hold those who administer the government of the Republic; for he was to assist, in our name, at the dedication of the Universal Exposition held in the City of Chicago, in which we ourselves, by the courteous invitation of its directors, have taken part. But his legation had this, also, for its purpose: that our presence should be made, as it were, perpetual among you by the permanent establishment of an Apos-

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tolic Delegation at Washington. By this we have manifestly declared, not only that we love your nation equally with those most flourishing countries to which we have been accustomed to send representatives vested with our authority, but also that we vehemently desire that the bonds of mutual relationship binding you and your faithful people with us, as children with their father, should grow closer every day. Nor was it a small comfort to our heart that this new act of our care in your regard was followed by a general outpouring of thanks and affection toward us."

THE ADVENT OF ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI,

bearing with him the highest of commissions, and speaking to us authoritatively in the name of the Holy Father, will be fraught with innumerable advantages, and will give a fresher and stronger impulse to the zeal that has built up the church in America. The object of these pages is to set forth the life-work of the man whom Leo XIII. has selected for such a responsible position, to detail the incidents of his brilliant career, that American Catholics may have a correct idea of the learning, piety, and wisdom of the first permanent Apostolic Delegate to the United States. A sketch of the Apostolic Delegate must necessarily be preceded by an account of the influences that have moulded and fitted him for his work. As we are what our education makes us, as the actions of our maturer years depend greatly upon the direction given them in the beginning, so must we look for the explanation of great men's lives to the influences that surrounded them in the days of youth.

The Delegate was born in the year 1837, at Marsciano, a delightful parish in the diocese of Perugia. At the time of Satolli's birth Perugia enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being one of the centres of agitation of the revolutionary societies, whose object it was to foster popular discontent throughout all Italy. Through the catching terms of "patriotism and national unity," they imposed their schemes upon a people who knew not whither they were led. The old Italian political and social order was to be destroyed; religion and its institutions to be harassed and persecuted; a new order of freedom and equality was to be established, and Italy would acquire the prominence among the nations she deserved, but which had been withheld from her through the mistakes of Papal administrations. Time has shown the value of these pretensions, but they acted powerfully upon the minds of the Italian people at that period. The ultimate

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object of the agitators was to deprive the Holy See of the rights vested in it for centuries, to despoil the Sovereign Pontiff of his possessions, and to make him dependent in his administration of the Universal Church. There was great need of a man who, by his personality, learning, and prudence, should put a check on the movements of these unscrupulous men. Such a man the then reigning pontiff found in Monsignor Joachim Pecci, the delegate, or governor, of the province of Benevento. Accordingly, in May of the year 1841, he was

APPOINTED DELEGATE OF SPOLETO AND GOVERNOR OF UMBRIA.

It was no easy task to reconcile the violently opposed emotions of the people in Umbria at that period, yet in two short years was the work successfully accomplished. It was effected by Monsignor Pecci's fostering of industry, agriculture, and commerce, by his working a thoroughly moral renovation of the people through religion. So well did affairs prosper in Perugia during his wise and beneficent rule that the announcement of his appointment as Archbishop of Damietta and Apostolic Nuncio to the court of Brussels was received by the people of Umbria as a personal misfortune. They resolved to leave no measures untried to have him again in their midst. And so it came to pass that on July 26, 1846, Monsignor Pecci made his formal, solemn entry into the diocese of Perugia as its bishop, amid general rejoicing and wonderful display. The subject of this sketch was but nine years of age when the archbishop took up his residence in Perugia. The triumphal entry of the archbishop, afterwards his friend and patron, the fervid enthusiasm manifested by over sixty thousand of the grateful Italian people on that wonderful holiday, are memories dearly cherished by our Delegate. Perugia, from being a hot-bed of anarchistic sentiment, became, under the firm, wise, and charitable guidance of its bishop, a centre of faith, education, and piety. It was during such happy times that Archbishop Satolli spent his youth. At the age of thirteen years, having already felt

THE DESIRE TO ENTER THE PRIESTHOOD,

he was placed in the diocesan seminary of Perugia, which, founded in 1571 by Cardinal Fulvio della Corgna, had then become, owing to the enlightened zeal and policy of Archbishop Pecci, one of the most flourishing schools in all Italy. There, under the guidance of carefully selected professors, and under the personal

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supervision of the great archbishop himself, Satolli laid deep and broad the foundations of that splendid scholarship so well known in these later days to the literary world. For ten years he showed an ever-increasing aptitude for the sacred sciences, a rare enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge, a close application to the duties of a seminarian. In the same institution, his student days over, the young ecclesiastic took up the office and duties of professor. He was called upon by his superiors to give a course of lectures on higher mathematics, a task which he fulfilled to their satisfaction, and in a manner that won for him great praise and renown. Is it not probable that this work of his seminary days had much to do in developing that clear-cut, precise, and penetrating logic so evident in the later years of his professorship? His preparatory studies were now completed, and he was ordered to prepare himself diligently for the graces of the priesthood, and in the year 1862 he was ordained and privileged to go up to the altar and offer the clean sacrifice, the ever unfailing source of strength, comfort, and zeal in the divine service. In November of the same year that he was ordained he was

CALLED TO THE CHAIR OF LITERATURE IN THE SEMINARY,

a post which he occupied for only a short time, when he was sent to Rome, that he might perfect himself still more in the sacred sciences, particularly in the science of philosophy. It can easily be imagined how the young priest devoted himself to a study that always had a peculiar fascination for him. For the long period of seven years did he ardently avail himself of the opportunities for study and research which the Eternal City affords to the inquiring mind. These were days when, relieved from any distracting responsibility, his whole object was to fit himself for the work that he would soon be called upon to undertake. In the year 1870 he repaired to the famous Benedictine Monastery of Monte Casino. This famous abbey, placed upon the mountain-side and looking down upon the plains of Aquino, the birth-place of the Angelic Doctor, was founded in the sixth century by St. Benedict. Notwithstanding the struggles for its possession and the many changes to which it had been subjected, it ever held the reputation of being one of the most distinguished schools of letters in the land. Through its vast corridors and silent cloisters the civilization of modern Europe had flowed out. There is no denying the fact that the traditions of the Benedictine spirit had a great

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deal to do with the Christianizing of society in Europe. The names of Bede, Wilfrid, Bernard, and Anselm are suggestive of the influence of that spirit. In this beautiful retreat, hallowed by the glorious memories of the past, and consecrated by the saintly lives and splendid erudition of the Benedictine friars, Satolli took up his abode.

For two years of the time he remained there he delivered lectures on ecclesiastical history, discussing particularly the interesting questions that centre about the life of Charles the Great and his relations to the church. In 1875 he was recalled by his bishop, Cardinal Pecci, to assume charge of the parish church of Marsciano, the village where he was born. While fulfilling with zeal and devotion the arduous labors of a parish priest he found time to attend to the duties of director of the Academy of St. Thomas, founded by Cardinal Pecci in the diocese of Perugia. He was happy and contented in the work that had been allotted to him, he possessed the unshaken confidence of his bishop, who trusted in the learning, prudence, and piety of the disciple, educated under his fostering care. But the ordinary routine of a pastor's work in a quiet village on the mountain-side was soon to be interrupted by the changes that took place in the church at that time.

CARDINAL PECCI ELECTED POPE.

January 7, 1878, the gentle, loving, and Christian soul of Pius went to meet its Maker. Throughout his long and glorious pontificate he possessed the heritage of the saints, suffering for the cause of Christ and his truth. Gentle of heart, yet firm and obstinate in the assertion of God-given rights, his last act was a solemn protest against the usurpation of the government and the alienation of the temporalities of the church. February 18 the cardinals of Holy Roman Church met in solemn conclave to choose a successor to Pius. The tempests then raging about the bark of Peter called for the election of a man of pre-eminent virtue, of experience in managing diplomatic intercourse, of patience and firmness in asserting the rights of Christ's Vicar on earth, of wisdom in safeguarding the Papacy, the very reason of whose existence men were foolishly beginning to dispute. Such a man, in the estimation of the assembled princes of the church, was Cardinal Pecci, Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church and Archbishop of Perugia. Upon his election, when the usual question was put to him, "By what

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name do you wish to be called?" he simply answered "Call me Leo."

HIS FIRST WORK.

With Leo's accession to the See of Peter a new era of glory and success began for the Universal Church. Two hundred millions of Catholics, spread all over the globe, manifested their joy and enthusiasm upon the election of Leo XIII. He took up the burden at a period when men's passions and prejudices were being excited by an unholy propagandism, when the church was persecuted, reviled, and calumniated, through the greater portion of the world. And to-day we see the fruits of Leo's pontificate. Wonderful transformation in the space of fifteen years! Among the wonderful results obtained from his far-reaching wisdom, not the least have come from his position on the methods of teaching to be followed in the preparation of young men for the work of the priesthood. While Bishop of Perugia he had constantly inculcated the necessity of a more solid and thorough preparation for those who were to take upon themselves the onerous duties of the ministry. His efforts were always directed towards restoring to its ancient place and splendor the Christian philosophy which attained its scientific maturity in the thirteenth century under St. Thomas Aquinas. When he attained supreme jurisdiction in the church he was more than ever convinced of the necessity of establishing once more in all its force and vigor the old scholastic philosophy, as shown forth by the great doctors and saints of the church. This philosophy was to save the social order and to lead it back to the old paths. It was not before the 4th of August, 1879, that the Holy Father found time to complete and publish that wonderful document, the Encyclical "*Æterni Patris*," in which, by virtue of his supreme authority, he declared that the Thomistic philosophy should in all Catholic schools be the source from whence the professors should borrow their doctrine and their method.

THE OLD SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.

That Leo XIII. should call Catholic thinkers back to the thirteenth century, the culmination in St. Thomas of the best thought of paganism and Christianity, seemed to many to indicate a desire on the part of the Pope to put on the mind all the fetters of the old conservatism. Events have proved the utter foolishness of such fears, which arose either from ignorance

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or malice. There is no document among the acta of Leo which so clearly shows the splendid qualities of mind, the deep thought and research of the Pontiff, as this encyclical. It is a masterpiece of eloquent diction, of clear, terse exposition of the history of philosophy, and a magnificent tribute to the providential genius of the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas, who, as Cajetan remarked, "because he had a sovereign veneration for all the ancient doctors, seems to have united in himself the intellectual powers of them all." The Pope clearly points out that the departure from the philosophy of St. Thomas marks the downfall of rational philosophy, the decay of all moral and political truth, the beginning of what was called by some one "the unscientific handling of even physical science." It was time, therefore, for the Holy Father to call a halt to a system of teaching that had proved inadequate, and to restore the ancient landmarks by which, in the days of true progress, the course of philosophy and all science was regulated. By imposing upon Catholic professors the obligation of teaching the scholastic method, he effectually disproved the arguments of those who were bold enough to consider the philosophy of St. Thomas as barbarous, antiquated, and unintelligible. Such men either failed in honesty of speech or were sadly lacking in the capacity of understanding. Ever since the publication of the encyclical scholasticism has made remarkable strides. "The disciplining of mind, and the broadening of thought, the natural results of the scholastic method, are no less effectual in this era of critical empirical science than during the centuries of unhesitating belief. The love of independent research which it must inspire will be the reasonable service of our faith, and the crowning glory of a Pope truly alive to the times in sympathy and thought" (Rev. Dr. Pace on "Scholasticism"). Strange to say, in the beginning this wonderful document was interpreted to mean that the Pope intended to set aside as pernicious, or useless, or hostile to revelation what Christian theologians, philosophers, and scientists acknowledged and accepted as true science. The Sovereign Pontiff, writing on February 24, 1880, to the Archbishop of Cologne, and later to the bishops of Northern Italy, expresses the value he sets on, and his appreciation of such science, while at the same time he encourages and stimulates all in their efforts to restore Christian philosophy by making the great works of St. Thomas the basis of their studies and teaching. Very soon after the announcement of his educational views and methods he ordered that the return to the

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scholastic philosophy should begin in the schools of the Eternal City.

SATOLLI MADE TEACHER OF THEOLOGY.

In looking about for one upon whom he could rely, both for ability and love of the Angelic Doctor, he determined to call the parish priest of Marsciano to become his principal agent and helper in the philosophical and theological schools of Rome. Was it not a great compliment to Satolli to be thus chosen by the Holy Father from out the large number of undoubtedly able men in Italy to carry out the great work of scholastic reform? In 1880 he was made professor of dogmatic theology in the Urban College of the Propaganda, succeeding Abbot Smith, recently deceased, who had held that position for close on to thirty years.

Those whose privilege it was to sit at the feet of Satolli and listen to his masterly exposition of Catholic truth, know the wonderful genius and talent of their professor. They have a profound veneration for the man, and count it a privilege indeed to have been of the number of those who were witnesses of the eloquent diction, the ardent enthusiasm, and the clear methods of the greatest Thomist of the day.

The Holy Father, well pleased with the manner in which Professor Satolli carried out in the Propaganda the commission entrusted to him, made him also, between the years 1882 and 1885, professor of theology in the famous Roman Seminary. From the year 1884 to the year 1886 he held the important office of rector of the Greek College. The college had been in sad financial disorder, and the standard of discipline was not what the Pope wished it to be. In two years Professor Satolli, by his executive ability and attention to detail, restored it to its former flourishing condition, and thereby gladdened the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff, who had always evinced an earnest solicitude for the Seminary of St. Athanasius. In 1885 the Pope conferred on Professor Satolli the dignity of Canon of St. John Lateran (the Mother and head of all the churches of the city and the world).

INTRODUCES A NEW COURSE OF STUDY.

In 1886 Professor Satolli was relieved of his duties as rector of the Greek College and appointed president of the College of Noble Ecclesiastics. This college was founded in Rome for the education of those who were destined for the diplomatic

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service. While occupying this very important position he inaugurated a new study entitled "Ecclesiastical Public Law." To give direction and method to this study he published three works: one on Ecclesiastical Public Law in general, a second on Corcordats and the relations of Church and State, and the third on the Public Law of the Church from the first to the sixth centuries.

The Holy Father at this time hastened to establish in Rome an Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, in which the best scholars and scientists of the church should labor to build up the grand edifice of philosophical science as the Pope desired. Professor Satolli was associated in this movement with such distinguished scholars as Cardinals Pecci, Mazzella, Zigliara, and others whose literary fame was world-wide. In connection with the works of this institution Professor Satolli wrote quite a number of articles which were published in the *Transactions of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas.* It is astonishing how, in the midst of an unceasing round of duties, he still found time to give to the world so many productions remarkable for the versatility of learning evidenced by the subjects treated, and for the clearness and scientific method shown in all. Besides the works mentioned, he published during his stay in Rome volumes on "Divine Grace," "The Blessed Trinity," "The Incarnation," "The Divine Operations," "The Unity of God," and a complete course of logic.

These works were not put out in a hurried fashion, as if merely for the sake of publishing them, but were the natural result of long years of inquiring research, and were a distinct acquisition to the literature of the subjects treated. From 1884 to 1888 Professor Satolli included among his other duties the labors of member of the Congregations of Studies, Index, and Holy Office. When requested to assist in the work of preaching the word of God, notwithstanding the pressure of his other obligations, he readily assented, and preached the Lenten sermons both at St. Charles on the Corso and at St. Lawrence-a-Damaso.

MADE ARCHBISHOP OF LEPANTO.

Such is the authentic account of the busy days of Satolli's life in Rome. Such singleness of purpose, such obedience to high ideals, endeared him to the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff, and all Rome knew that Satolli was destined for greater and higher honors. On the 11th of June, 1888, he was consecrated

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Titular Archbishop of Lepanto in the Redemptorist Church on the Esquiline Hill.

About this time American Catholics were to see the fulfilment of an aspiration they had held for many years. The bishops had long seen the desirableness of a higher or university education for both clergy and laity. In 1866, while engaged in the work of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, they put on record their testimony of the necessity of such education. It was no secret that our colleges gave but an indifferent mental training, and that thoroughness in education was the very rare exception. A proper intellectual education is pre-eminently a discipline for accuracy of mind. That such education was not given was well known to the enlightened prelates of the country, and they were all anxious to provide the only possible remedy for the defect by the establishment of an institution national in its scope and character; namely, a university solidly constituted and thoroughly equipped. The object of such an institution would be "to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye; to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world right forward, steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, and precision; to enable it to use words aright; to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyze, divide, refine, and reason correctly" (Newman's *Idea of a University*).

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

When the archbishops of the United States were in Rome during November, 1883, the Pope himself particularly insisted on this matter of higher education. He arranged the schema of studies to be followed in the proposed university, and from the very beginning has shown a personal and kindly interest in its success. When the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore was in session he was very anxious concerning its deliberations, and looked upon it as a work with which he was closely identified. After the labors of the council had been completed he wrote, saying: "It was a great satisfaction to us to learn that you and your brother bishops have undertaken the noble work of building as soon as possible a Catholic University in America."

It was to be expected that grave difficulties would be encountered at the very beginning of this great undertaking. Many have been overcome; many still remain. But this insti-

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tution, carrying with it the blessing of our Holy Father, and being the object of his especial solicitude, must succeed, and from its walls shall go forth men solidly grounded in the sciences to do valiant work for the cause of Christ and Holy Mother Church.

ARRIVAL OF SATOLLI.

The inauguration of the Catholic University at Washington took place in the fall of 1889, at the same time that the Centenary of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States was being celebrated. The Pope, to show that he was entirely in sympathy with the objects of the university, commissioned Archbishop Satolli to act as his representative on the occasion. It was, therefore, in the fall of 1889 that Archbishop Satolli made his first appearance in the United States.

It was fitting that the man who had done so much for the cause of higher education throughout his life should be selected to represent the Pope on that occasion. His address at the inauguration was remarkable for its impassioned eloquence, intense enthusiasm, and noble sentiments.

During his short stay in America he was the recipient of honors from all classes of society. Among the most pleasant recollections he holds of that time is that of the reception and banquet tendered to him by the alumni students of the American College, Rome, in New York, which was graced by the presence of the Archbishop, Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D. Many of those present had been his disciples, had sat on the old benches of the Propaganda, and had acquired from him a love for the study of the Angelic Doctor.

Never is the Delegate so happy as when he meets some of his beloved "discepoli" (students) of the old days.

Last September Archbishop Satolli came to us, at first as Papal Commissioner to the Columbian celebration, and in that capacity received official recognition from the government, being formally received by the President and members of the cabinet. His appointment as commissioner to the World's Columbian Exposition was regularly confirmed by an act of Congress, and in virtue of his position he took a prominent part in the dedicatory services last October. At the same time the Pope instructed him to act as his temporary representative for the settlement of pending questions of law and discipline in the church.

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APPOINTED APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Events moved rapidly in the church at that time. Men had not grown accustomed to the new order of things; it was a period of transition from the old methods of government to the newer and more fruitful relations with the centre of unity. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that there was an uncertainty in the minds of many as to the powers of the position occupied by Monsignor Satolli. The Holy Father very soon solved the doubt by appointing him the first Apostolic Delegate to the United States, with complete jurisdiction over the bishops, priests, and laity of the country.

It is the custom of the Holy See to send its accredited representatives to countries where the church is solidly established, to facilitate its work, and to keep it in touch with the centre of authority. The powers of these representatives vary according to the nature of the commission entrusted to them. Nuncios or ambassadors are those who are sent to foreign courts, and whose duties are simply those of a diplomatic nature. Legates are sent with relation to some definite, determined, temporary work to be performed. Delegates apostolic are the plenipotentiary representatives of the Pope, with full power, namely, to determine judicially all cases, with exception of those few cases which at all times have been reserved to the immediate jurisdiction of the Sovereign Pontiff. According, of course, to the words of the brief commissioning them must the extent of their powers be. What then is the precise position of the Delegate in relation to the Catholics of the country? He possesses the delegated authority of the Holy Father, and no judicial cases are reserved from his judgment. He holds the high prerogative conferred upon him by the Pope, "*nostra vice quæ corrigenda sunt, corrigat, quæ statuenda, constituat*"; of correcting, in the name of the Pope, whatever needs to be corrected, and of establishing whatever he sees necessary for the good of religion. This is further made evident from the words written to him by the Holy Father upon his appointment as permanent Delegate:

"We grant you all and singular powers necessary and expedient for the carrying on of such a delegation. We command all whom it concerns to recognize in you, as Apostolic Delegate, the supreme power of the delegating Pontiff; we command that they give you aid, concurrence, and obedience in all things; that they receive with reverence your salutary admonitions and orders. Whatever sentence or penalty you shall declare or in-

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flict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify, and, with the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made, notwithstanding constitutions and apostolic ordinances or any other to the contrary."

The writer has attempted to give a faithful portrait of the Delegate, and an account of the influences and circumstances that moulded and fitted him for his career. We have seen him successively as a model seminarian, a zealous pastor, an illustrious professor, a distinguished author and versatile writer, a prudent and successful rector of colleges, a painstaking preacher of the word of God, an enthusiastic director in the philosophical and theological academies of Rome, and, finally, as Apostolic Delegate to our country.

No man to-day knows the mind of the Holy Father as well as the Delegate—his acts show how thoroughly he is in sympathy with the Pope. Whatever the Delegate has done since his appointment has been the result of calm, mature, and earnest deliberation. He is too great a man to be swayed by feeling and passion; he is absolutely unapproachable in his integrity. His high regard for truth and principle, his love for the church, his knowledge of what the Holy Father expects of him, make him an impartial judge of the most unimportant case that is presented to him. He is a type of the true priest—kind, gentle, affable, easy of approach, careful in judgment, prudent in decision. In these pages we must have found reason to admire the man because of the wonderful gifts of intellect that are his. Those who know him best are at a loss which to admire the most, his wonderful genius or his profound humility. Possessing full authority, yet does he appear as if he possessed it not. One goes into his presence without fear or trepidation, assured beforehand of a generous welcome. The interest he evinces in what is said, the kindly light in his eye while he listens, the manner in which he renders his decision, all speak to you of a man among men, of a learned and pious prelate of the church.

EFFECT OF HIS APPOINTMENT.

The church in America already owes much to the presence of its first Delegate. He has given it a new and fresh and strong impulse to advance the kingdom of God among men, and the light of the future will clearly show how beneficial were the actions of Archbishop Satolli in the cause of religion. His presence among us will go far to show that there never was a

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more logical and systematic government than that of the Catholic Church. He will teach us all that "the Catholic Church is the greatest and holiest school of respect the world has ever seen, because it excels in tranquillizing distracted men by instilling into them an ineradicable sense of security, and holding up before them the splendid, unwavering torch of truth" (Guizot's *History of European Civilization*).

The people of America, without regard to creed or class, have taken the Delegate to their heart. Wherever he has gone all have given him a reception unparalleled in religious annals. The better they know him the more will their admiration for him increase. As for the children of the Church, to know that he represents the Holy Father is quite enough. He has come bearing the message of peace, of harmony, of unity, that we should be all of one mind and one sense. We know not how soon he may be called by the Sovereign Pontiff to newer and higher honors. This much, however, we do know: that when he leaves these shores he will carry with him the prayers of a grateful people that he may be spared many years to reflect lustre upon the church he loves so well. And not the least of his glorious achievements will be the work performed by him as first occupant of the Papal Delegation in the United States.

St. Cecilia's Rectory, Brooklyn,
Feast of St. Joachim, 1893.

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MARIA IMMACULATA.

By Alba.

RANDED with shame, confronted with defeat,
Behold the Tempter flee
Before the promise of thy rising sweet—
Star of the deathful sea!
Star in whose light the angel choirs grow dim,
And pale the glories of the cherubim!
Star which shall gild life's billows dark and grim!
Star whose pure rays shall be
Through the long vista of each wistful age
(How wistful and how drear!)
Of earth's deliverance the sweet presage,
Heralding sunrise near!

Thought he to blight the Virgin predestin'd
Angels and men before,
First of pure creatures in th' Eternal Mind,
Grac'd all creation o'er?
Thought he his hateful venom could infect
God's masterpiece, the Spirit's Bride Elect?
Could not the Son his Mother dear protect,
Though sin lay at the door?
O Serpent! ere th' inscrutable decree
Permitted thee an hour,
With jealous care all set apart was she
Beyond thine utmost pow'r.

Behold her, by the Triune God discern'd
First object of his love!
And shall the rebel from his footstool spurned
Breathe on his chosen Dove?
Shall sin the first of her existence claim
Who from God's lips shall hear a mother's name?

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Shall she but for an instant bow in shame
Who shall all shame remove?
Against the impious child our Lord doth nurse
A wrathful enmity;
And to his own sweet Mother shall a curse
His own first welcome be?

O Woman blest! Fair type of womanhood,
Create for God alone!
Fountain elected of the Precious Blood,
Calling God's Son thine own!
I see a throne for thee in Heav'n prepared
Which by nor saint nor angel may be shar'd;
A throne of which to dream Faith had not dar'd
Till the Most High had shown.
Through mists prophetic I behold thee stand
In vesture of wrought gold,
The Royal Mother at the King's right hand,
Eternal court to hold.

Unnumbered daughters are around thee there,
To Mary's likeness made,
Each than a new-created world more fair,
In holy works array'd.
Yet, in the first of these—bright Eve, create
Alone among them all, immaculate—
Shines there a grace which finds in *thee* no mate?
Oh! let it ne'er be said.
Form'd without sin, yet from that grace descending,
Man's Mother we have seen.
Form'd without sin, in faithfulness transcending,
Behold the Heav'nly Queen!

Angels and cherubim surround thy throne,
On bright, resplendent wing:
Their Maker's glory in his works to own,
Thy lofty grace they sing.
Spirits of purity, their robes of snow
No lightest taint of sin or frailty know;
Yet on those robes no precious life-drops glow
With splendor ravishing.

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But thee Immaculate the Holy Rood
As its bright first-fruit bore—
Purer than Heav'n, yet with Redemption's Flood
Crimson'd all o'er and o'er!

O Woman blest! Fair type of womanhood,
Create for God alone!
Throughout creation's goodly multitude
Beside thee there is none.
For lo! the heav'ns all-glorious and serene
In sight of the Eternal lose their sheen;
And charg'd with folly have e'en angels been
By the All-holy One.
But when he looks thy Virgin-soul upon,
Far other word saith he—
"Thou art all fair, My Dove, My Chosen One;
There is no spot in thee."

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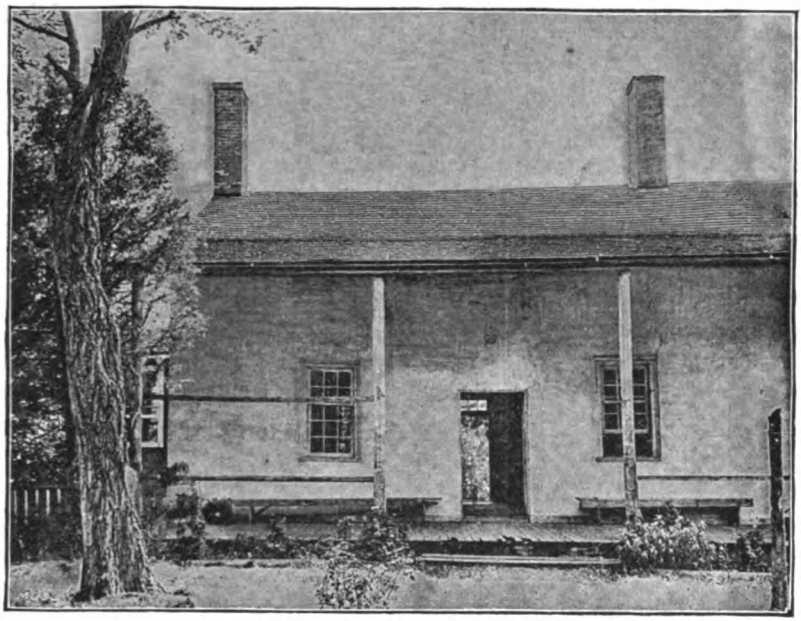

THE CRADLE OF THE INFANT COMMUNITY (1809).

EMMITSBURGH—THE VESTIBULE OF HEAVEN.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

WHILE wandering in the Manufacturers' Building, in the beautiful White Wonderland by the Lake this summer, we came unexpectedly upon the power that rang the chimes clashing above our heads. Seated at a small key-board of eight or nine notes, a woman's hand was manipulating the white keys and setting the imprisoned music free. In a most musical clangor the notes of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" rang out on the free air hundreds of feet above our heads. As the clear, sweet tones fell upon my ear, my thoughts reverted to the peaceful valley in the midst of which the Convent of St. Joseph lifts its time-crowned head. There, too, it is woman's hand that is busy. There are set in motion the tones and chords of bright young lives. Not "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh" are the strong characters nurtured at Emmitsburgh, but a most complete and harmonious chime which, like sweetest music to our listening sense, charms the heart and mind of all who come in con-

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tact with an unassuming convent girl, brought up in the "good old-fashioned way."

The very place itself has a charm peculiarly its own. The village of Emmitsburgh consists of one long street that straggles off into the mountains, crossed by another at right angles to it. What is the industry of the place? It has none; a wave of life and bustle strikes it during commencement week, when the girls at St. Joseph's, and their brothers at St. Mary's, cross the line that divides their school-days from the busy life outside the encircling hills. Then the visiting friends and parents are entertained in the primitive little place, which, in a few days, sinks back again to its silence and obscurity. But St. Joseph's, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity, is a village in itself. Beside the Academy, properly so called, set apart for the education of young ladies, stand other buildings—the infirmary, where old and disabled sisters come to breathe out in prayer the remnant of an active life spent in God's service; the chapel, which is a regularly consecrated church dedicated to St. Joseph; the seminary, where postulants are trained in hospital work and pursue a normal course in teaching, and are otherwise fitted for the manifold duties that devolve upon a Sister of Charity;

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

MADAME LE GRAS.

finally, the farm-buildings. The sisters have here five hundred acres, three hundred and fifty of which are under cultivation, the remainder being laid out in flower-beds, lawns, and pleasure-grounds. The view from the tower on the academy is inspiring. To right and left, to north and south, rise the noble peaks of

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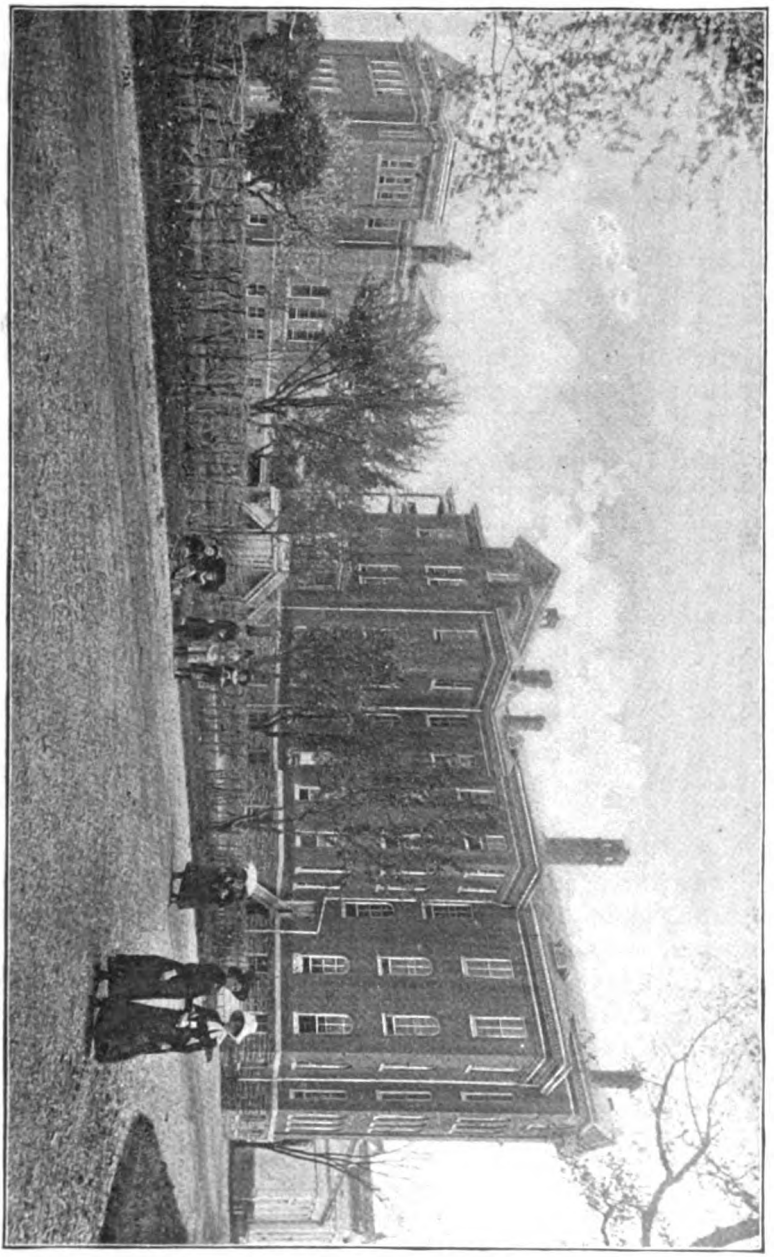
the Blue Ridge encircling this valley of delight; Carrick's Knob and Little Round Top are the twin guardians of this lovely



"THE PLACE ITSELF HAS A CHARM OF ITS OWN."

spot. The farm-buildings, so trim and neat, by their number and size are a colony by themselves. Here are the work-shops,

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the butcher and baker shops, the mill, the dairy and stables. Wide, cultivated fields stretch out in every direction; thrift and industry, and the blessing of God, have made of this spot an earthly paradise. To the right, and barely discernible, is the shrine to Our Lady of the Field, a lovely tribute raised by grateful children to a mother who has so blessed these fields with plenty.

There are forty farm-hands on the place subject to the "Sister Farmer," and it is truly edifying to see how docile these men are to her, a woman of strong character, good judgment, and remarkable executive ability. She sees to all the buying and selling for her small army—sometimes numbering four hundred souls—and by her management, tact, and zeal has made St. Joseph's a model farm. Every man and boy on the place submits to her and obeys her with promptitude and respect, and work—some of them for forty years—as faithfully as though for their personal aggrandizement. They have formed among themselves a fire department, have a room in which they meet and drill to fit themselves for service in case of a repetition of the disastrous fire that occurred in 1885 which swept away the old infirmary.

The sisters, though engaged in educational work throughout the world, were not primarily destined to be a teaching order. Theirs is the true spirit of charity, love of God and of their fellow-men. When making application for entrance into the community, the pious applicant gives but one answer when questioned as to her motive—"To serve God through his poor."

There appeared in a recent number of this magazine an article with the heading "Where the Spirit of St. Vincent Lives." The title, while distinctive of the beautiful spot described in the paper, was in one sense far from being wide enough for the saint's chief prerogative. His spirit does not dwell in one spot, no one home contains his most devout followers; but wherever a Daughter of Charity, in whatever garb, has found her way, there in her heart and in a lightsome circle round about her dwells the spirit of their great founder.

It is quite impossible to chronicle in an article, necessarily short, an adequate account of the great good these children of St. Vincent have done. Twenty years ago their number was estimated at thirty-five thousand; to-day there must be fifty thousand in the seventeen provinces that include every quarter of the globe, North and South America, Europe, Africa, and lately

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even Turkey.* The American province contains over two thousand members in one hundred and eight houses, all having sprung from the little mustard-seed planted in 1809 at Emmitsburgh by the sainted Mother Seton. That name has become a familiar one in every Catholic household. Every one knows and loves the memory of the holy woman who was wife, mother, nun; and in each capacity was an edification to the world. None but those who have themselves left the church of their baptism for the true faith can fully estimate the sacrifice she made, from

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a worldly point of view, when she joined the "ancient creed"; they only can understand the zeal and devotion with which she took up her self-imposed task of rigorous work and charity. Her life reads like a romance, but no romance could so thrill our Catholic hearts as the story of that lonely grave on foreign shores where she left her idolized husband; that strange conversion; that heroic struggle with her little band in the beautiful valley now hallowed by her memory.

Still stands to-day the little stone house that was the cradle

* Not long ago a pasha remarked that *if* any women could enter the kingdom of heaven, the "White Birds" would surely do so.

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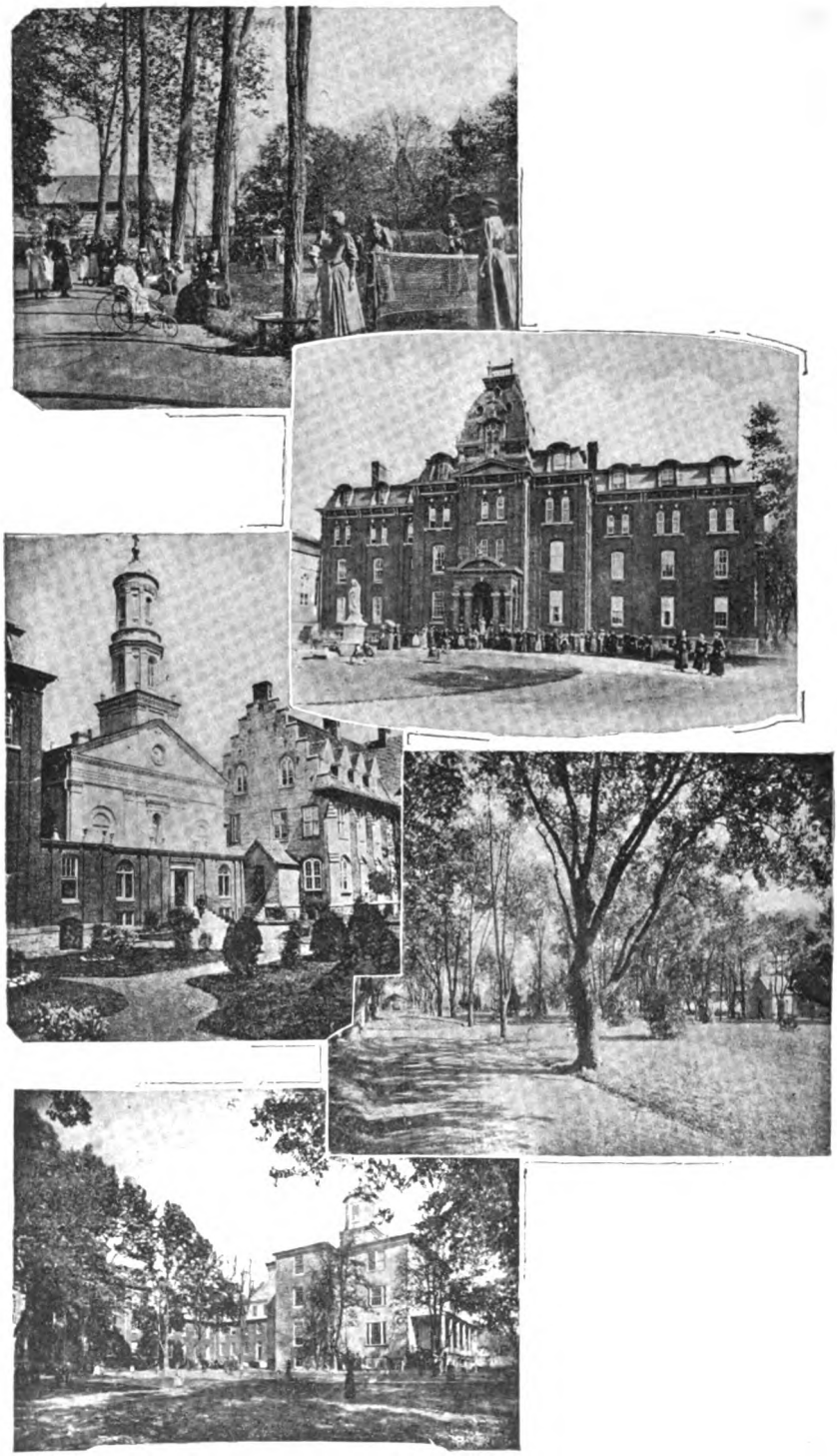

"It is Refreshing to come into the holy Atmosphere of St. Joseph's."

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of the infant community. Small, low, mean to alien eyes; to those who know—how sacred! This humble roof sheltered brave souls who gave up all for Him whose greatest commandment was, Love one another. Well did they live up to the divine word. It was heroic courage that sustained their fainting spirits in the face of cold, hunger, distress, and seemingly dismal failure. Little by little the work commenced. A Rule founded on that of St. Vincent was adhered to as close as the new and difficult circumstances would permit, and finally success came, as it does come to strong souls who "find a way or make it." Sustained by all the rites of our holy religion, encouraged by the material aid and friendship of Bishops Carroll, Dubourg, and Flaget, the young sisterhood grew in strength and holiness. Soon they moved into a larger house, which still stands, having as its greatest treasure the carefully guarded room where Mother Seton gave up her soul to the God she loved so well. Those dear eyes never looked on the present prosperity. She died in 1821 with but one wish in regard to her convent unfulfilled. From the very beginning it had been her earnest desire that the community she had gathered around her should be affiliated with the order in France founded by St. Vincent de Paul in 1633. This arrangement she thought conducive to the welfare of her establishment. Bishop Flaget applied to the mother-house in Paris, and obtained permission for three sisters of the French house to come to this country and teach the customs and regulations peculiar to the order in France. This was in 1810. Napoleon was riding roughshod over the greater and lesser interests of France at the time, and forbade the sisters to leave the country. Bishop Flaget was forced to return without them, bringing with him, however, a copy of the Rule. Years passed on; Mother Seton died, never having seen the desire of her heart accomplished. However, in 1850, the affiliation took place, and the quaint habit and huge white cornette were adopted in place of the black dress and round black bonnet of Mother Seton. In the meantime, during those forty years these zealous workers in Christ's vineyard had been sent to various missions throughout the land, wherever death had made orphans for them to succor, where illness had made a place for them to go, where poverty had invited their footsteps; eager for self-sacrifice, wherever bishops had seen the need for woman's deft hand and martyr spirit, there these intrepid souls had found their way and carved for themselves an everlasting name, not in enduring brass but in the hearts of grateful men.

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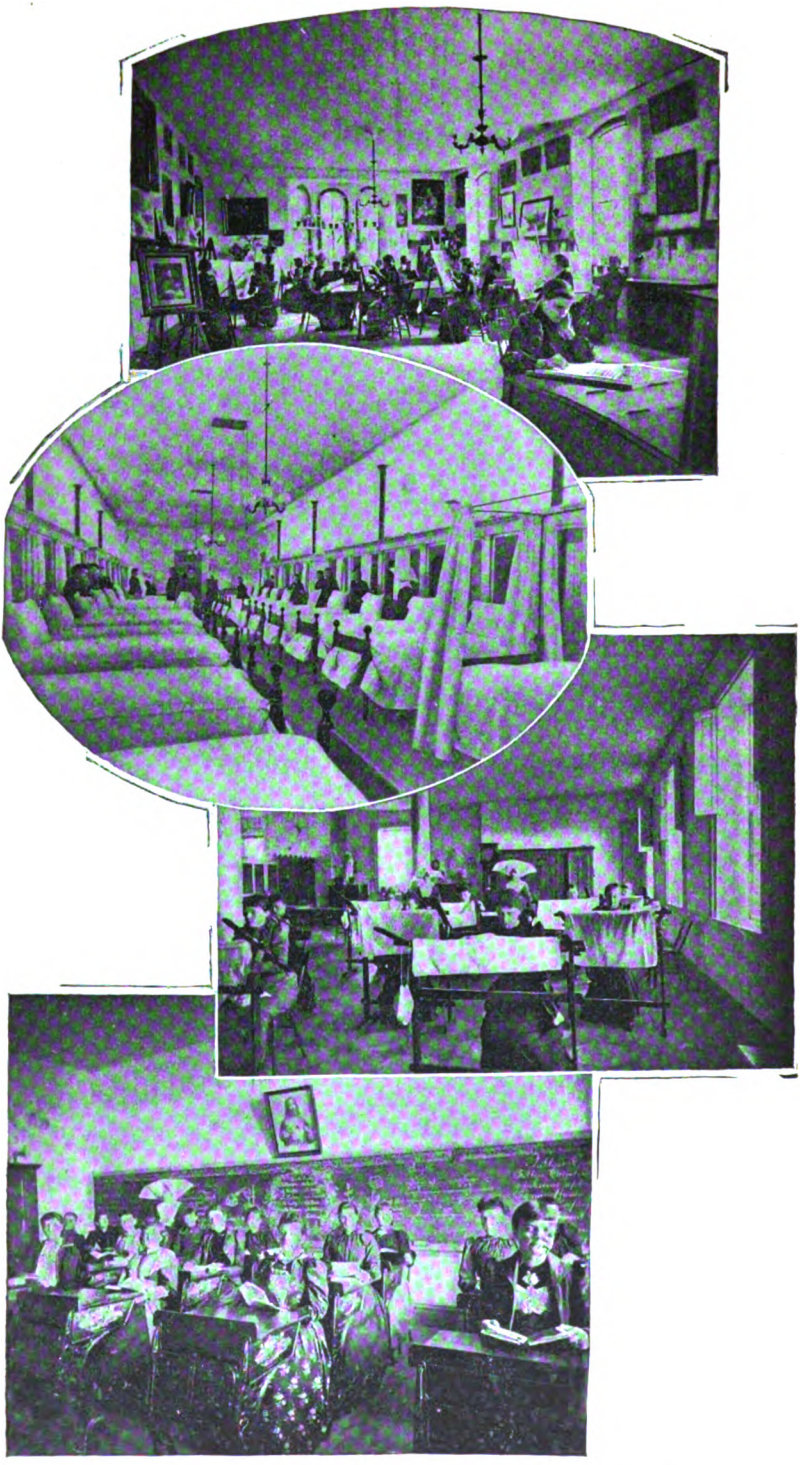

"THE MOTTO OF THE ORDER DIGNIFIES EVERY LABOR."

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When the Rule of the Daughters of Charity at length found its way to the American institute it was discovered that some of the work being carried on in the different dioceses was not compatible with the regulations laid down by St. Vincent. But these sisters had made places for themselves in parishes where they were found indispensable. Then the choice was offered them either to adopt the French and original Rule and habit, or so modify these as to adapt them to the new circumstances. The mother-house at Emmitsburgh took the French Rule and habit, the others, establishing themselves at Mount St. Vincent's-on-the-Hudson, retained the old dress and Rule of Mother Seton. The latter are under the direct supervision of the bishop in whose diocese they are, while the "cornettes" have as the head of their community the most honored father, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Missions; each province has a director and each house a chaplain, all Lazarists, sons of St. Vincent, to minister to these his daughters. The present director of the American Province is Very Rev. S. V. Haire, C.M., and the chaplain at Emmitsburgh is Rev. S. Lavizeri, C.M.

It would be impossible to write of Emmitsburgh and not weave into it the name and memory of Very Rev. Francis Burlando, who for twenty years was the director of the sisters. With love and veneration they speak of him to-day as they point out, among other improvements, the fine Distribution Hall that was planned and built by him. It was his beautiful thought that suggested the hall's chief decoration (between the seal of the community and the monogram of St. Vincent), the angel-figure bearing a crown and pointing upward, "so that, my children, when you receive the crown on your graduation day, you may be reminded that awaiting you is the crown of eternal life." His greatest pleasure was to play the organ in his beloved church; and feelingly the sisters tell how, on that memorable Sunday, February 16, 1873, he sang High Mass, played the organ for Vespers, and later in the evening closed his eyes for ever on the world he had done so much for in the quiet way characteristic of a son of St. Vincent. In a letter written to one of the distant sisters the presiding directress wrote, "We feel as though we could never smile again," so close was the hold he had on their hearts. He was identified with the community for so many years, they had seen so much sorrow and joy together, that his death left a gap in their lives which nothing seemed able to fill. His figure stands out clearly for a moment in the red glare of the Civil War. The "high-water mark" is

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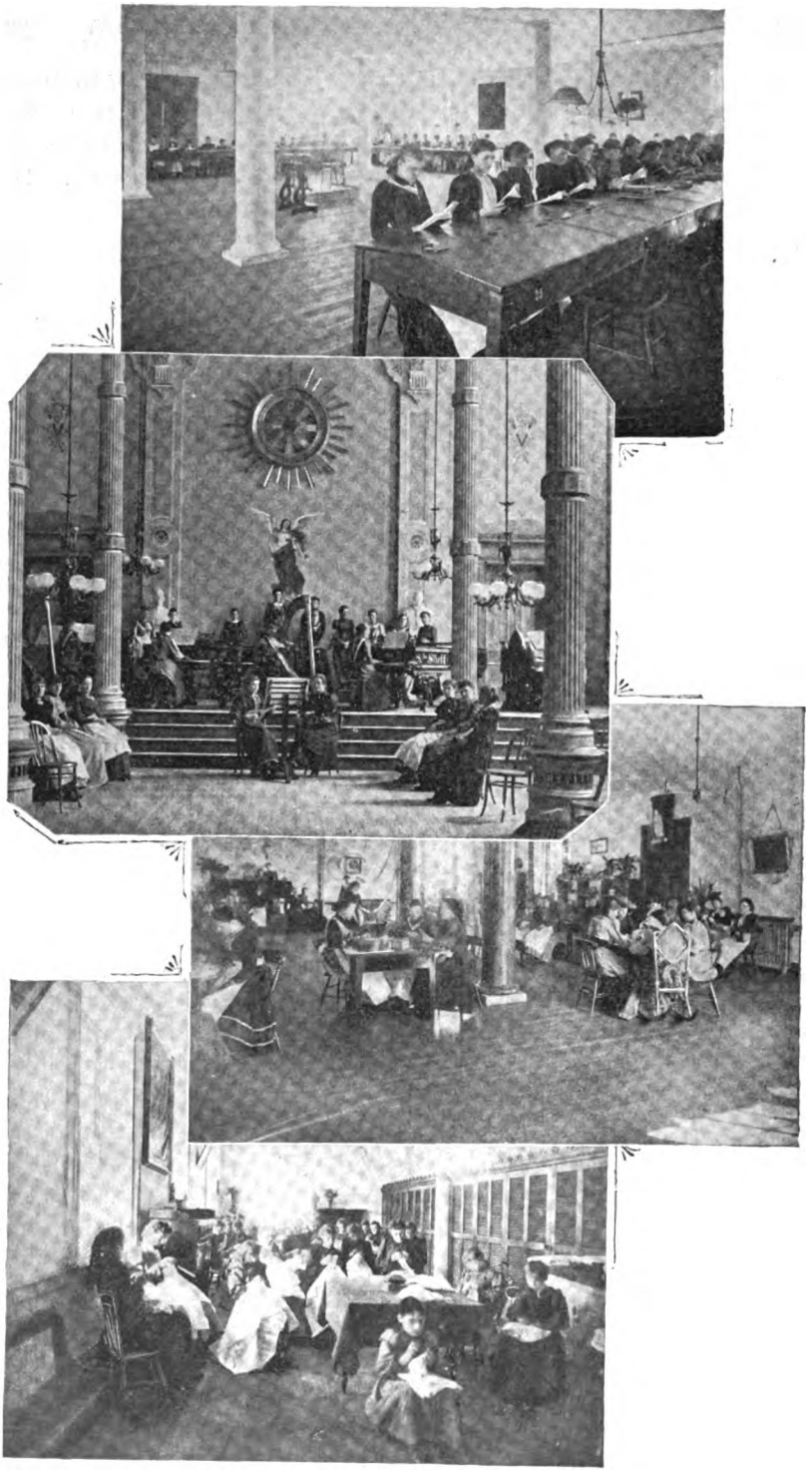

"THEY AROUSE SUCH INTEREST IN THEIR WORK."

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but eight miles from the convent. On that awful July morning, when the sisters awoke, their quiet farm was all white with the tents of the soldiers who were on their way to Gettysburg. All day long the fearful sounds of battle went on. Father Burlando, true to the promptings of St. Vincent, started out with a little band of his devoted children to offer their services. They carried provisions, wine, linen, in fact everything needful for immediate relief. "We have come to nurse the sick and wounded," said they; "do you want us?" "Want you!" and General Fowler opened his lines in passionate gratitude to the most practical kind of charity. That was the first appearance of the Sisters of Charity on the American battle-field, but not the last, as many a grateful soldier's heart can testify. They went everywhere, on Confederate and Union field alike, their white cornette their surest passport.*

Since Mother Seton's death the work she began in lowliness and poverty has increased a hundred-fold. Her spiritual children have followed closely in her footsteps, and to-day, seventy-two years after her death, speak most tenderly of "our dear Mother." Every spot hallowed by her presence is pointed out with love and pride—Mother's walk, Mother's seat, Mother's garden, and, dearest of all, Mother's chapel, where rest the remains of her they hold so dear. It is a tiny Gothic structure in the centre of the lovely little God's-acre, full of sunshine and peaceful shadows. She was first laid to rest under a grand old oak-tree in the cemetery; but later her remains were placed in the mortuary chapel, and in 1877 Archbishop Bayley was interred beside her. On either side of the altar, where anniversary Masses are said, are tablets commemorative of this renowned aunt and nephew. Mother Seton's reads: "She hath opened her hands to the needy; she hath stretched out her hand to the poor." "Her children have risen up and called her blessed." The wood just outside this blessed spot is the sisters' recreation ground. They feel, with that perfect love for God and each other which they possess, that their dear dead are not really separated from them, but lie asleep in their midst, never out of their thoughts or prayers.

Steeped in the selfishness of the world, it is refreshing to

* An interesting incident occurred while the writer was collecting the material for this paper. On July 4, 1893, the thirtieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, General Fowler, with the remnant of the famous Fourteenth of Brooklyn, visited the battle-field and afterwards drove over to Emmitsburgh to see again the sisters whose very habit he had learned to venerate. "Ever since that awful morning," he said to us, "I raise my hat in reverence to every white cornette in recognition of the heroic bravery and goodness they showed that day."

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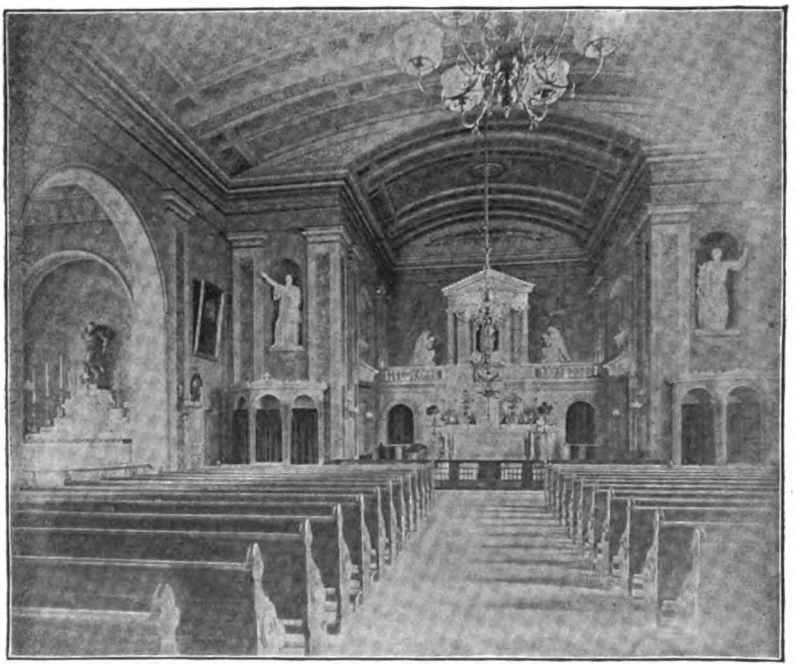
come into the calm and holy atmosphere of St. Joseph's—this favored spot where love rules. All sordid thoughts disappear; every ambition, however exalted, fades into nothingness in the face of sublime self-abnegation. The motto of the order—"The charity of Jesus Christ presses me"—dignifies every labor, however humble, and renders every menial service a noble deed. The spirit of St. Vincent permeates the very lives of these devoted women, and transmutes all baser metals into purest gold. In accordance with the lowliness of their founder, no titles are used in this community. The Mother-Superior resides



"THE WALLS, A WARM ÉCRU, GIVE WARMTH AND COLOR TO THE SWEET INTERIOR."

in the Mother-house in Paris, each province has a sister-visitatrix, and each mission a sister-servant; the latter "title" manifesting the spirit of the heart that so willingly takes upon itself the burden that is sweet and the yoke that is light.

Is it not meet that into those spotless hands the care of children should be given—the young hearts that are "harps of a thousand strings," vibrating to every wind that blows, waked by every passing touch? With what depths of tenderness, what holiness of purpose, one should tune the music of those sensitive souls!

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"Your little Mother, my darlings," said their sainted foundress in one of her daily visits to the class-room, "does not come to teach you how to be good nuns or Sisters of Charity; but rather I would wish to fit you for that world in which you are destined to live; to teach you how to be good mistresses and mothers of families; yet if the dear Master selects one among you to be closer to him, how happy are you! He will teach you himself."

The motive of that "little Mother" is carried out to-day in the methods of instruction conducted in this most home-like school. A visit to the class-rooms showed the latest and most improved methods of teaching: diagrams of the telephone, telautograph, Gramme's machine, the spectrum, the dipping-needle; maps of the world and of the heavens, charts of the physical sciences—all served to prove how thorough the education is that fits the girl for life beyond those walls, whether it is as "good mistresses or mothers of families," or any other calling she may have. The best educated woman is the best woman; and whatever tends to make her better is the only form of education.

The curriculum of most of our Catholic schools and colleges is about the same—read one and you read them all. The day has happily gone by when they were considered below par. No one could examine the educational exhibit at the World's Fair, and still retain the old prejudice. At St. Joseph's the same care is given to music, literature, art, science, and the commoner branches as in every other advanced academy throughout the land; and with them, as with all Catholic educators, the mental and moral training go hand-in-hand; but there is a something about these teachers that inspires the fortunate pupils under their care with more than the ordinary love and devotion. They are so kind, so cordial, so warm-heartedly enthusiastic with the children, who remain children until the very day they leave them; they rouse such interest in the work, they carry their pupils so freely along the higher way, that it is no wonder the world has had some of its cleanest, purest literature from St. Joseph's graduates—some of those pens being the Misses Mosby; the late Miss Meline, of Cincinnati; the Misses Baker, of Maryland; Mrs. Mohun, daughter of Mrs. A. H. Dorsey; Miss Skinner, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. M. E. Richardson, of New Jersey; Miss Pauline Stump, of Maryland; Miss C. Hickey Pizzini, of Richmond, and the secretary of the World's Fair.

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A feature in the academy is a school society known as the Confraternity of the Ladies of Charity. All the pupils are members of it, and contribute a small sum annually. They help to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, and have thus inculcated lessons of truest charity which in after-life bear good fruit and lead to the establishment of similar organizations in their respective localities, as in the case of Mrs. William Doyle, of Lynchburg, Va. Thus the mental and moral training bind their lives together by an unbroken chain of purifying and softening emotion.

"Most of the stones of the City of God," says an eminent divine, "and all the best of them are made of mothers." It is as such mothers and model heads of families that the following names are mentioned as graduating from Emmitsburgh: Mrs. A. M. Parrott, of California (whose four daughters were also graduates); Mrs. Keeley, of New York; Mrs. Ledwith, of Orange, New Jersey; Mrs. O. Smoot and Mrs. Gardener, of Washington; Mrs. William Doyle, of Lynchburg, Va.; Mrs. Dynan, of Chicago; Mrs. Dr. E. F. Shorb and daughter, of Washington; Mrs. Ficklin, of Chicago; Mrs. M. E. Richardson, of New Jersey; Mrs. William Hennessy and daughter, of Chicago; the Carrolls, of Carrollton; Mrs. Clarence White and daughter, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Dr. O'Gorman and three daughters, of Newark; and the three nieces of Cardinal Gibbons (the cardinal has always taken the greatest interest in the school and never misses a commencement); the four daughters of Judge Winchester, of Louisiana; the niece of Archbishop Elder; Pepelia di Garmandia, whose mother was a Spalding; Miss E. Burritt, whose mother was a Carroll; and Pilar Gonzales, of Mexico, who represented the Children of Mary at the sacerdotal jubilee of the Holy Father. The Association of the Children of Mary originated in this order, and was introduced into the school in 1853, consequent upon the apparition vouchsafed to a novice of the community—Sister Catherine Labouré, in France. Since the day they were so signally favored the association has spread throughout the world. Here at St. Joseph's love for that "purest of creatures, sweet mother, sweet maid," has been specially fostered. In a lasting remembrance of their school-days the old pupils have erected on the grounds a beautiful chapel to their Patroness.

Religion, in its truest, deepest, sweetest sense, is in the very air here. It is one of the rules of the school that the practices of their religion—beyond the necessary devotions—are never

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urged. It is observed that the force of silent example tends to increase their piety, and adds greatly to the zeal that cultivates the inner life and serves to strengthen the loyalty to our Holy Mother Church. True piety, artless simplicity, and practical charity are the characteristics of the girls of St. Joseph's. So persuasive has the sweet influence been that many of the old pupils have followed the example of the "little Mother," and have become "good nuns or Sisters of Charity"; among them Miss Majors, now Mother Beatrice, Superioress of the Carmelites in Boston; Miss Keating, Superioress of the Carmelites in Baltimore; Miss Devereaux, Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy in New Orleans; Miss Wiendahl, Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy in Louisiana, and Miss A. Abell, of Baltimore, foundress of the Strict Observance of the Visitation in Wilmington, Delaware.

"And I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us come into the house of the Lord.'" The sisters have made the house of the Lord a lovely resting-place for Him they love and serve so well. It is photographed on my heart. Impressive is the pure white marble altar, where in a Roman niche above the entablature stands the figure of our Mother holding the Divine Infant in her arms. The light falls from above in some mysterious way and lends a charm entirely new to the lovely group. The walls, a warm *écru*, give warmth and color to the sweet interior. One immense picture, St. Vincent receiving a foundling; another, the Sacrifice of Isaac; an altar to the Sacred Heart and one to Blessed Perboyre, are gifts of benefactors; the magnificent organ is a gift from Mrs. Parrott, of California. The church is the only place in which the postulants mingle with the sisters. What a quaint habit the former wear, and what thoughts it excites! "He that goeth forth bearing precious seed shall doubtless return again, bringing his sheaves with him." For one long year the "precious seed" lies hidden in the happy hearts of the young novices, and then they "go forth." And when, long years afterward, perhaps, they return to dear Emmitsburgh—which never loses the glamour of home for them—prematurely old, broken down perchance, sometimes sick and weary, where are their sheaves? Ask the thousands of orphans brought up under their care, the foundlings taken in from the cold, friendless street, the sick they have nursed, the dead whose eyes they have closed, the youth they have educated—ask the Man of Sorrows to whose poor they have stretched out their hands, ask the Master whose voice

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is almost audible when death comes to their heroic souls,—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

AND NOW ONE LAST, FOND LOOK.

On my last day at St. Joseph's the morning had been cloudy, a soft gray pall hung over everything, veiling but not obscuring the rare beauty of this the sweetest spot on earth. At last, far away to the west, over Little Round Top's purple head, a yellow gleam appeared. It spread and spread until the valley and the surrounding peaks were flooded with the golden splendor, and all St. Joseph's smiled again. A hush was in the air, the very mountains seemed to have caught the spirit of prayer; the dark shadows in the woods fled before the spreading sun, and the heart thrilled to the touch of that wondrous beauty.

So, too, this noble sisterhood has come out from the shadow of its early obscurity, into the bright sunlight of prosperity. God grant they may ever live in the sunshine of success! The blue hills shut them in; the traffic of the world disturbs them not with its feverish rush and roar; within and without all, all is peace. "God's hand may be elsewhere, but his smile is here."

New York.

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MISS ALTHEA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

THE snow fell silently, swiftly, and steadily into the quiet streets of Harrow. The strong north wind, blowing in from the ocean hard by, found its progress impeded by the soft mass, and slackened its speed as it neared shore, but it revenged itself by whirling the flakes sharply around the corners, and drifting them up against the fences, and through the rattling slats of the window-blinds.

Safely sheltered from the storm without, Miss Althea Bellamy sat by her solitary fireside. The furniture of the room was solid, old-fashioned mahogany that had been used by three generations of Bellamys dead and gone; nothing new or veneered in its ugly dignity. The only modern thing in the room was the low brass lamp which shed a rosy light upon the pictures in their heavy gilt frames, and down on the coils of Miss Althea's dark hair and the folds of her silvery dress. The Bellamys always dressed for tea, and though of all who had once gathered around the table in the sombre dining-room Miss Althea alone remained, still in all respects she conscientiously, and a little sadly, conformed to the Bellamy social traditions. This was the more true that in one all-important respect Miss Althea had proved false, not only to Bellamy tradition but to all the opinions of her section—had rejected the blessed fruit grown on Plymouth Rock.

Since the first Bellamy, accompanied by others from the Massachusetts Bay colony, had sought a new spot in the wilderness in which they had founded the town of Harrow, all the family had gone faithfully, and rather gloomily, twice a day on Sundays and once during the week to the plain, bare meeting-house which stood on what was known as "Meeting-House Hill," and had leaned for support against the hard, high-backed family pew, while they were bombarded with still harder doctrine from that ark of the covenant, the great dark pulpit. Some of the Bellamy sons had wandered from this severe spiritual regimen to the more lavish diet of early Unitarianism, but it remained for Althea, the only child of her generation, and conse-

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quently the last of the Bellamys, to reject all her early training, think for herself in a way to make all her relatives stand aghast, and, still worse, to prove herself ready to follow the logic of her conclusions—a point much harder to endure than her having them—and stoop in the first freshness of her beautiful young womanhood to assume "the yoke of Rome." To be a Catholic meant so much that was awful to the ears of Harrow; it meant to be warped from the truthful habit of Puritanism into deceit; it meant to be foreign and un-American, for unorganized Know-nothingism was rife in such a small New England town, and perhaps the relatives and friends of Miss Althea were to be pitied.

But certainly to the young girl the new-old faith brought the opportunity to suffer for it, as it cost her final separation from the lover whose wife she would soon have been, and left her alone with memory in the fine old mansion. Not that Miss Althea lived always alone in the homestead built by her Puritan ancestors; she had an adopted niece as companion, who was too young, Miss Althea felt, to keep Christmas sadly in the old house and the village church, with its congregation composed chiefly of mill-hands from East Harrow, and she had sent her to Boston to spend the holidays.

It was Christmas eve that night, in spite of the storm, and Miss Althea remembered it. Harrow had not outgrown the opinions of its early settlers sufficiently to make much of Christmas eve, but Miss Althea recalled other Christmases when she had been young, and had, like her niece, gone to the city for the bright ten days. It had not been so long ago either; Miss Althea was but thirty-five; but fifteen years is a long time in Harrow, and Miss Althea felt old.

She remembered one Christmas particularly, and it was because she remembered that she sat reading with a rigid determination not to let her eyes stray from her page. She clasped the dark arms of her chair with her slender hands, and turned a leaf at intervals. But though she read slowly, whispering each word to assure herself that she was really reading, she retained no knowledge of the pages as she turned them, and her ears were strained to catch the slightest sound in the storm.

She heard the shrill screaming of a locomotive down at East Harrow, and said to herself that the 10:20 from Boston must be passing.

She raised her delicate face, which was still beautiful, and looked up at the tall clock, finding to her surprise that it was but a little past nine. The slight interruption prevented her re-

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turning to her semblance of reading, and she suddenly realized that it was but a semblance, and that though she had kept her thoughts from straying to that Christmas eve fifteen years ago, the memory was too strong for her, and that the dull aching in her heart and temples came from the feeling that another Christmas eve was passing in the night, that she was in Harrow, and alone.

She clasped her hands straight in front of her, giving up all attempt to control her thoughts. The old grief came surging up in her so strongly that it was useless to resist, and perhaps she could calm herself better if she thought it out clearly over again. It was far wiser that things had come about as they had. Every woman dreams once, and Miss Althea told herself that if the happiness of that Christmas eve had not been a dream it would never have ended as it did. Yet reason has sometimes but little effect on the only living thing that claims its power, and every pulse in Miss Althea's being throbbed rebelliously to her logic, her throat and eyes ached with unshed tears. But the Bellamy women rarely cried, and Miss Althea sat erect, not breaking through her habitual self-control even in her solitude.

A step came quickly up the street; muffled as it was by the snow, Miss Althea recognized young Talbot, her neighbor, and that he had been spending his Christmas Eve with pretty little Annie Davids down below. She felt as though she must cry out, remembering her own lost youth and her loneliness, and as she pressed her hands a little tighter, the young fellow passing broke out whistling an air for ever associated in her mind with that happy time she was trying to forget. A shudder passed over her, and a great storm of sobs that shook her from head to foot, bringing tears, and Miss Althea wept that Christmas Eve as she had not wept for fifteen years, when grief was new to her and very hard to bear. There was something terrifying in the passionate weeping of the slender woman alone with the ghost of happiness on that blessed night, but her tears ceased at last, and she laid back in her chair, sobbing at intervals, and utterly worn out.

The door-bell rang loud and sharp through the silent house. Miss Althea sprang to her feet, startled but not frightened; no Bellamy was ever frightened, and nothing ever happened in Harrow. She hastily lowered the light lest any one should discover the traces of her tears, and smoothing her hair with one hand, while she wiped her eyes with the other, went to the door. The snow blew into her face as she opened it, and a man

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standing on the step, taking off his hat respectfully, stepped inside without waiting for an invitation.

"Good evening, Miss Bellamy," he said; and Miss Althea recognized him as the factotum of the railway station.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hobson?" asked Miss Althea gently.

"There's been an accident, Miss Bellamy; that's what's the matter," he said. "The down-train goin' through here at 9:05 collided—kinder telescoped, you may say. I guess it's a pretty bad mess. Mebbe you heard the rumpus?"

"Yes," said Miss Althea, alarmed. "Am I wanted?"

"Well, miss, you are and you ain't," said Hobson judicially. "You're wanted here—that's about the size of it. They've stowed away pretty much all the victims near the deepo, but there's one man worse hurt'n the rest who wants kinder easy handlin', and Mr. Stanton says, says he, 'There's Miss Althea,' he says, 'she's got room, an' she's got heart, an' she's got soft hands like,' says he. 'Hobson, go ask Miss Althea'; an' I come."

"Yes, of course," said Miss Althea, decidedly, once more in possession of her calmness and Bellamy efficiency in time of need. "Go bring him at once"; and she opened the door for the moderate Hobson, well knowing his inability to get himself off unaided.

"Well, Miss Bellamy," he said, "I knew you'd say yes, an' we might as well bring him right off; but 'twas a form like to get permission. We'll be here inside an hour."

Miss Althea shut the door on Hobson and the storm, and went up-stairs to make ready for her guest with a cheerful alacrity that seemed to betoken enjoyment of her task. She tied a long white apron over the gray silk that she had not time to lay aside, and went to the linen closet to select the finest and softest from her fragrant stores of inherited delicate sheets and pillow-cases, all hemmed by hand with a broad hem, and marked with a tiny "E" and "B," for her grandmother had been Elizabeth Bradford, and in marrying had proved the fallacy of the prediction as to "changing the name and not the letter."

With considerable difficulty Frances Adelaide, familiarly known as "Fran'sad," who had served the household since Miss Althea was a child, was awakened, a fire was kindled on the hearth, and the kettle set on to boil below-stairs. When these and all other possible preparations were made Miss Althea had but a few moments in which to await her guest.

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Fran'sad opened the door, and from the "sitting-room" Miss Althea heard the scuffling of their feet as the men with heavy tread carried their burden up to the chamber she had made ready.

An hour passed before the doctor knocked on the door of the room where she sat eagerly awaiting him.

"Well, Althea," he began, rubbing his hands cheerfully, "there is no need of pitying you, I suppose, for you are the kind of girl to prefer company with broken bones to a sound man. The poor fellow up-stairs is pretty badly hurt, enough so to be a dangerous case, but by no means hopeless. He needs better quarters than any of the other unfortunates, so I brought him here. He will not require much care through the night—only a teaspoonful of this at two and four—at six I will return. He will not be conscious to-night at all, but this must not alarm you; if there be danger it is not immediate. We will have some one to stay with you to-morrow, but to-night it will not be possible. I hope you are not frightened; you are a girl of strong nerves, Althea."

To this white-haired man, who had known her grandmother, Miss Althea's thirty-five years were not, and she found it very pleasant to be spoken to in the old terms which Doctor Longmead alone used now.

"I am not in the least nervous, doctor," she said, "and am very glad to be useful. Fran'sad has hot water ready, and you will prepare to face the storm, please"; and she set before him a heavy-topped, cut-glass decanter, the low, bulging sugar-bowl, a glass and spoon, and went out for the water with which she speedily returned. The doctor belonged to a class and generation of New-Englanders which had not learned the inherent depravity of a glass of negus, which he cheerfully brewed and sipped in perfect satisfaction and peace with mankind, including himself.

"You look pale, my dear," he said, surveying Miss Althea attentively over the rim of his steaming glass. "Don't worry your woman soul with care that poor fellow does not need, and, I would add, don't go out in the snow to church to-morrow, only I know it would be no use.

"I'll drive over to the south parish to-morrow, and bring Aunt Beulah Hopkins to look after him, and you too. Good-night," he added, drawing on his capacious fur gloves, "though I believe it is already another day; so a Merry Christmas, my dear, and, as Tiny Tim said: 'God bless us, every one!'"

So saying, Dr. Longmead pulled the heavy door fast behind

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him, and Miss Althea was left alone with Fran'sad and the unconscious presence in the "spare room." The clock ticked solemnly and, in spite of her assurance to the doctor that she was not nervous, she began to feel that the thought of that unseen figure above her head, lying unknowing and unknown, was unbearable; she arose and went quietly up the stairs. In her own room she laid aside her rustling dress and donned a flannel wrapper of a dark color, that fell in soft folds around her slender figure. Then she stepped gently across the hall and pushed open the door of the sick-room.

She had formed a mental image of a man well advanced in years, gray and grizzled, the reality of which she was prevented seeing by the imperfect light of the fire, with which alone the room was illumined.

Returning to her own chamber, she brought a small lamp and, delicately shading it with her transparent hand, she walked to the bedside.

The face on the pillow was unmarred by the accident, a handsome face, not older than Miss Althea's own. The lamp, light fell full upon it, and the habitual self-control of all the Bellamys stood Miss Althea's patient in good stead then, or he might have suffered. She did not move or cry out, much less faint or drop the oil on his helpless form, but stood as one turned to stone before her lover of other days, the lover for whom she had that night shed as bitter tears as when they had parted fifteen years before.

How long she stood thus she never knew; she was recalled to herself by a faint motion of the hand nearest to her on the counterpane. A gust of womanly tenderness, and the repressed, unextinguished love of fifteen years swept over her. Setting down her lamp, she knelt beside him and would have snatched the hand, but something held her back.

The love and longing that seemed to suffocate her found only one outlet. With frightened, lightest touch she smoothed a wrinkle in the broad hem of the sheet, and then, with tears raining down her cheeks, clasping her hands, knelt looking at him. What had come to him in these long years of separation? Had he forgotten? Would his consciousness when restored fly straight to some woman who held the place that was to have been hers?—some woman who had not, as he had said in those bitter words of parting, "placed a barrier between their love, and had cared so little she could give him up for an idea." Cared so little!

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She did not kiss so much as the tip of his finger. In all these years of her maidenly grieving she had never in the solitude of her own chamber kissed the picture which she had kept hidden away in the drawer of her desk, and upon which she gazed so often, and she did not now venture to touch him as he lay unconscious, perhaps dying.

A sudden panic seized her lest the doctor should be mistaken, and he should know her. Trembling she fled from the room, and dropped motionless into the chair that had been her mother's.

There was but one thought distinct in the whirl of her brain, and Miss Althea Bellamy recognized it, blushing in the darkness. The doctor had ordered the medicine at two; in a little while, then, duty would recall her to that room, she would have something to do for him, and she longed so unutterably to be near and to serve him that her maidenly soul was ashamed. The week that followed gave little time for thought. Aunt Beulah Hopkins came, and for a while it seemed as though Miss Althea's nursing and hers, and Doctor Longmead's skill, would be powerless to save the life for which they battled.

The danger passed, however, and the long days of convalescence began. It was with very mixed sensations that Miss Althea learned from the doctor, as the result of the first conscious hour, that there was no one for whom to send—John Ainger had not married.

Kate, Miss Althea's niece, came home; she found a very much altered home and aunt on her return. The possession of "a real live man," as she said to nurse, brought to their doors in so interesting a manner, delighted Kate's soul, and gave occupation to her restless brain and monotonous hours. Miss Althea, now that John Ainger was recovering, refused to go near the sick-room; a fact that Kate noted at first with indignant wonder at her aunt's strange coldness. But Miss Althea behaved so very queerly that Kate's indignation melted before a perception of something like the truth, though she wondered no less, never having heard of the existence of John Ainger. Miss Althea's Bellamy calm was greatly disturbed; she grew restless, went on long walks, "actually fluttered," Kate thought, "just as though she weren't Aunt Althea."

With shame and annoyance Miss Althea realized that she was growing irritable, and hated herself for noting bitterly how soft and pretty were the little curls around Kate's temples; how fresh her color, light and springing her step as, bound on

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kindly ministering errands, she passed in and out of the room from which Miss Althea was excluded. She did not call this stinging tightening around her heart which Kate's youth and beauty cost her by its own ugly name, but she shut herself up in her room across the hall and cried miserably. And not one word did their guest say all this time; not a question did he ask as to where he was, or why he never saw any one but the plain old farmer's widow and the young girl, neither of whom he could have mistaken for the mistress of the home where he found himself. Kate was young, but she was a woman; she scented a romance in the mystery, and every sense was on the alert; she suspected the doctor of knowing more than she of these matters, and resolved to lay siege to him.

"Docky," she said one day when she found him alone, using her childish name for him, which she did when she wished to be particularly coaxing, looking at him from her soft rings of hair in a very guileless manner: "Wasn't Aunt Althea engaged to some one ever so long ago?"

And Doctor Longmead gave her a queer look from under his heavy brows, and said: "See here, Miss Katherine Pandora, shut the lid down and bridle your curiosity, because hope flies away, you know, when the box is open. If your aunt has any confidences to give, she'll give them."

And Kate was satisfied that she knew enough.

It was not long after this that Kate came to Miss Althea at night, stepping softly across the hall to her aunt's room, where she sat in darkness. "Auntie, dear, do you think it would be very wrong if I took advantage of my position to look at the contents of our guest's satchel?" she said hesitatingly.

"Very wrong—unpardonable, Kate," said Miss Althea sharply. "He is our guest, and ill. We—you must do all your duty toward him; what he is does not concern us. We shall never see him again when he is gone." In spite of herself Miss Althea's voice faltered.

"Then, auntie, I must confess to you all my sins," said Kate, kneeling in mock contrition. "I could not control my curiosity another moment; I *did* open that satchel."

"Kate, I am ashamed of you," said Miss Althea with much annoyance.

"So am I, auntie, dreadfully; but I am rather proud of him. Aunt Althea, I found a *Vade Mecum* in that man's bag, well thumbed, and in it a little pious picture, on which was written,

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'From his friend on the day of his baptism,' and it was signed with the name of a priest in New York. Isn't that lovely?" added the artless Kate innocently. "To think we are playing good Samaritan and pouring oil into the wounds of a Catholic in this benighted region. Why, Aunt Althea, what is it?" she cried, frightened at the effect of her words. But Miss Althea pushed her into the hall and closed the door; and Kate never heard the words that were poured out between her sobs as Miss Althea knelt by her bedside in the dark old room.

There were electric currents all through the house for a month, and Miss Althea grew visibly thinner. John Ainger was able to sit by the window then, and Miss Althea formed a very un-Bellamy habit of going in and out of the back door.

One night she arrayed herself in her gray silk, and thus fortified outwardly in dignified raiment, as a help toward reaching a state of mind to correspond, seated herself by her fireside as she had not done since Christmas Eve. Kate lightly ran downstairs and into the room; Miss Althea did not see her face full of repressed excitement.

"Reading, auntie?" she asked. "What have you there?" recognizing the binding of the *State Geological Survey*, which she thought indicative.

"I—really—*The Newcomes*," stammered Miss Althea, "or, no it isn't either. I took up the wrong volume," added Miss Althea, blushing deeply.

Kate considerately refrained from remarking that the geological report and Thackeray did not stand in the same case. She merely handed her the right volume, at the same time pinning some fragrant roses on Miss Althea's silvery dress. "You are such a pretty girl, Althea Bellamy," said Kate, as she gave a farewell pat to the glossy coils of dark hair; then she ran away. Miss Althea felt her heart beat faster under the touch and praise. She opened *The Newcomes* at the letter Madame de Florac writes to her girlhood's lover; nothing else perhaps could have held her attention that night, but she read that record of enduring love with interest. Some one entered the room; she did not raise her eyes.

"Miss Bellamy," said a voice. Leonore de Florac and Colonel Newcome fell to the floor, as Miss Althea sprang to her feet at that familiar voice, heard again after so many years.

"I hope you—I am glad you are better, Mr. Ainger," she said, trembling.

"Thanks to your hospitality, yes," he said, "but I am still

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a little weak. May I sit down?" She motioned feebly to a chair, herself remaining standing. "You are not changed," he said, looking up at her in the same old boyish way. "It is a queer thing. I was on my way to Harrow to see you when the accident happened; but I did not expect to arrive that night, nor stay so long. Do you think it strange they brought me here, and not somebody else? I do. I hope you are glad to see me."

He waited so long for an answer that she had to give one.

"I don't know," she said very low, like a school-girl and not at all like Miss Althea Bellamy.

"Don't know!" exclaimed John Ainger. "See here, Althea, I came here to tell you something. I have been impatient to get strong enough to tell you, for I could not bear to stay here an hour till I had your answer. You know when we parted I could not see things as you did, and I wouldn't be a hypocrite even to win you, Althea. Indeed, I could not have won you that way; for when your honest eyes looked through me and discovered the humbug you would have scorned me as I deserved, and I'd have lost you here and heaven hereafter. You know I despised the church you believed in, and if it was what I thought it I was right to hate it. I know better now; but I have not got to that. Well, you loved God better than you did me, Althea, and that was one reason I loved you; but we had to part, and I went away. Fifteen years is a long time, Althea, and these have been as long as fifty. There is something in me that makes it pretty hard for me to change in anything, and no one who had ever known you would be likely to care much for other women. At any rate I did not, and there seemed to be very little worth living for after I left Harrow. You may believe that I did not feel any more kindly to the church for robbing me of you.

"It will be a story to tell you later if you will hear it, but in a word about two years ago I wandered into a church in New York one Sunday, I scarcely know how, and I heard a sermon. They are nearly all converts the clergy of that church, and they know how to talk to men who feel as they once felt. I went again and then again; I studied and thought, and I came to see what you had seen as much sooner as you are better than I. Since then I have wondered if your prayers prevailed for me; did you not pray for me, Althea? Well, never mind; I had no thought then of ever seeing you again. After I was really a Catholic I began to long at least to see you and

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tell you what had happened. Then I set inquiries afoot, and learned that you had not married. I did not delay after that; I set out for Harrow, and that blessed accident brought me to your door. Now I am cured—in every sense I am cured. Althea, don't you think we might begin again?"

She walked away as he stretched out his arms to her, and stood with her back to him, leaning against the fireplace.

He arose to follow her, but sank back with a little moan of pain.

Her quick ear caught it, and it melted all her reserve. With a swift, gliding motion she ran to him and knelt by his chair.

"O Jack!" she sobbed, "it is all so foolish and so bitter and so sweet." She ran her fingers through his button-hole; how well he remembered the little caress—the only one she ever freely vouchsafed, and the petals of the delicate roses she wore fell over him in a shower.

He did not dare to touch her for fear of startling her, but sat quite still waiting for her to grow calm. Presently she raised her bowed head and looked at him. "O Jack!" she said, "it can't be you!" He seized her face in his hands and kissed her.

"By this token it can't be any one else," he said, and Miss Althea admitted the proof.

There was a pretty but very quiet wedding in the little village church three weeks later. It was not like a Bellamy to hasten matters so, but John Ainger was impatient, and justly remarked that it was equally unlike a Bellamy to have a Nuptial Mass, and Miss Althea yielded to his reasoning, feeling too that the life together had been delayed long enough.

Kate was bridesmaid, and dressed the bride in the veil worn by five generations of Bradfords and Winthrops and Bellamys.

"There never was a more beautiful bride in this home of traditionally fair daughters," said Doctor Longmead, as he gazed tenderly at Miss Althea's peaceful face, beside the loveliness of which even Kate's youthful bloom faded into dulness.

And so in the blinding snow came Miss Althea's Christmas gift.

Plainfield, N. J.

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THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN MYTH.

BY BOKARDO BRAMANTIP,

Huxleyan Professor of Dialectics in the University of Congo.

(From the Thirty-seventh Century Magazine, April, A.D. 3663.)

CONCLUDED.*

I.

THE first reason is based on the present state of the oldest record evidence. It will not be claimed, I suppose, that there is now extant any book or other document of the nineteenth century purporting to be a narrative of the fact in question. Every presumption is against the preservation of any such document, and its existence cannot be proved.

In the nineteenth century no original manuscript of the first age of the Christian era, or of the preceding two centuries, was known to be in existence.

The oldest manuscript of a date since the beginning of the Christian era was supposed to be the palimpsest of *Cicero de Republica*, of the second century.

The oldest copies of Terence and of Sallust were of the fourth or fifth century.

The celebrated Medicean *Virgil* was also of the fourth or fifth century.

The oldest manuscript of the New Testament, the "Codex Vaticanus," was, as we learn from the article on "Palæography" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of the fourth century.

There was in these cases an hiatus of from three to six centuries between the writers and the oldest extant copies of their writings.

Now, as there is no good reason why history should not repeat itself in this respect, it was to be presumed that no copy or reprint of any publication of the nineteenth century would be found in this the thirty-seventh century, older than from the twenty-third to the twenty-sixth century.

Indeed, a far greater hiatus was to be expected between the writers of the nineteenth century and the oldest copy of their

* Begun in the November number.

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writings in the thirty-seventh, than between writers of the first and the oldest copy of their writings in the nineteenth century. For before the discovery of the art of printing the difficulty of making copies caused it to be a matter of far greater importance than afterwards to carefully preserve these copies. More durable material (parchment) was used, and copies were kept with the greatest care in monasteries, under the supervision of learned communities—the Benedictines and others, who devoted especial attention to the preservation of the sacred books, as well as of the great masterpieces of Grecian and Latin history, and poetry and philosophy. With the invention of printing the ease and rapidity with which copies could be reproduced, and the perishable material used (paper), rendered the long preservation of first editions a matter of little or no importance, and practically impossible.

Deposits in public libraries were no guarantee of long preservation—*i.e.*, for many centuries. The libraries of the British Museum and of the American Congress were as liable to destruction by fire or mob as was the Alexandrian library, the largest of the ancient world. The overthrow of the Roman Empire, history tells us, involved in its fate the destruction or dispersion of all the great libraries of the empire.

But the canker of time would inevitably obliterate printed books, even if they escaped the fury of fire and mob.

The people of the nineteenth century feared the destruction of their printed records, and sometimes attempted to avert or delay this fate by deposits in corner-stones. But where has there been found amid the ruins of New York or Washington or London any record of the Emancipation Proclamation which can be demonstrated to date back to the nineteenth century? What conclusion is to be drawn from all this?

Obviously, that in the hiatus between the original records of the nineteenth century and the oldest extant copies of them an hiatus of, at least, from three to six centuries, the opportunity for fraud and mistake was so great as to render these copies wholly untrustworthy.

It was in view of a similar hiatus that Professor Huxley declared that, in such an interval, "there is no telling what additions and alterations and interpolations may have been made."*

* Huxley's *Essays*, page 265.

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II.

There can be no question that the early narratives of the Emancipation Proclamation, those purporting to be contemporaneous with this alleged event, as well as those written in the latter part of the nineteenth century, are all based on the same "*ground-work*."

And of "the originator or originators of this ground-work" we know "absolutely nothing."

This proposition is susceptible of the clearest and most convincing proof. For what *was* this "ground-work"?

Beyond all controversy it was, mainly, the *newspaper accounts* of the day; and these newspaper accounts, it will not be disputed, were *anonymous*.

Even the alleged contemporary writers of formal history do not pretend to have had any personal knowledge of the proclamation, nor even to have derived their information from eye-witnesses. They undoubtedly obtained their information from this original "ground-work," and based their histories on these *anonymous* reports. It follows from this that no dependence can be placed upon a "superstructure" built upon a "ground-work" of whose originators we know "absolutely nothing." *

III.

The story is wholly irreconcilable with the Constitution of the United States. Modern research has at last disentangled the knotty problem of the organization of the ancient American Republic. It was a complicated structure of States within a state; of powers distributed between a general government and State governments. But it is now agreed by all scholars that the United States were a government of *limited* powers, specifically defined by a written Constitution, and that all powers not expressly or by necessary implication vested in the general government were reserved to the States and to the people.

The tenth article of the Constitution provides as follows:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Fortunately this Constitution, as might have been expected, has come down to our time intact. It is, probably, the best authenticated document of ancient American literature. Now

* Compare Huxley on the "ground-work" of the Synoptic Gospels, *Essays*, page 265.

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there cannot be found, anywhere in the Constitution, any authority conferred on the President to abolish slavery. And as he could not obtain such authority from any other source, it is clear he had no power to issue an Emancipation Proclamation.

The President had taken, as was required of him, an oath to support this Constitution. He is believed to have been, above all things, an *honest* man, and it is inconceivable that he would violate his oath.

It adds greatly to the force of this argument that Lincoln himself, less than four months before this alleged proclamation (of January 1, 1863), when urged to issue an edict abolishing slavery, replied that his object was to save the Union "under the Constitution," showing clearly his determination not to violate the Constitution even for the purpose of saving the Union.

We learn from Greeley's *American Conflict* that as late as August 22, 1862, the President used the following language, in a letter written to Greeley himself:

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery."

And again:

"As to the policy I would seem to be pursuing, as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union; I would save it in the shortest way *under the Constitution*" (vol. ii. p. 250). The italics are mine.

A deputation of Protestant clergymen from Chicago visited the President, September 13, 1862, to urge him to issue such a proclamation. But he argued with them at length against such a proceeding, saying, among other things, that such a proclamation would be as idle as "a pope's bull against the comet" (*Id.*, p. 251).

There is not a scintilla of evidence, presented by Greeley, to show that any new light ever dawned upon the President's mind.

Now, it is true that in the oldest copy we have of Greeley's book—which must have been printed, as I have already shown, several centuries after Greeley's death—the alleged proclamation is inserted right on the heels of the letter from which I have just quoted, and of his interview with the Chicago clergymen. And the following is the only explanation that is given for its abrupt appearance.

After speaking of the President's reply to the deputation, which is mentioned above, the narrative is made to say:

"The deputation had scarcely returned to Chicago, and reported to their constituents, when the great body of the Presi-

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dent's supporters were electrified, while his opponents in general were only still further alienated, by the unheralded appearance of the following proclamation, to wit: a proclamation of September 22, 1862, announcing his intention to issue the final Emancipation Proclamation on the first day of January, 1863" (*Id.*, p. 252).

Now, what sort of an explanation is this? Will it satisfy any rational Historic Critic? What reason does it assign for this "unheralded" and abrupt change of front? None whatever.

Abraham Lincoln is reputed to have been a man of remarkably clear and strong convictions, and of great tenacity of purpose. But to credit this remarkable and sudden change, is it not to make him out vacillating and "infirm of purpose"?

This is incredible. It is altogether more probable that he continued to maintain the position taken by him as late as September 13, 1862, and that the proclamations appearing in our copies of Greeley's book are interpolations of a later age. Everything indicates this. They are too abrupt, and seem out of place in the narrative—out of harmony with the context.

IV.

The argument just presented may be characterized as an *a priori* reason, based upon the absence of constitutional authority, and the improbability that Lincoln transcended his constitutional powers.

The Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution supplements this with an *a posteriori* reason for discrediting the story. By this amendment slavery was abolished. The amendment was adopted by Congress, and ratified by the States, in the year 1865.

Now, if slavery had already been abolished, by the Emancipation Proclamation, on the first of January, 1863, what is the meaning of this solemn farce of the Thirteenth Amendment?

This amendment was adopted by a Congress composed almost entirely of the devoted political and personal friends of the President. And yet they do not so much as *allude* to his alleged great "Proclamation of Freedom," even by way of preamble. The amendment does not purport to *ratify* his act, but to be an original enactment.

This seems very strange.

It puts the advocates of the proclamation in this dilemma: They must either admit that the Congress of 1865 knew nothing of this alleged document, or considered it of no value. But it may be said that Lincoln's proclamation only freed the slaves

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within the Confederate lines, while the amendment enfranchised them everywhere throughout the United States. But this is a very poor quibble. Every one knows that all but a very small fraction of the slaves were within the Confederate lines, and that, if slavery were abolished throughout the Confederacy, it could not survive a single year on the borders of the free States. So that if it had been abolished, by the proclamation, in the Confederate States in 1863, it would have ceased to exist anywhere in the United States before 1865, and there would have been no reason for the Thirteenth Amendment, and nothing for it to operate upon.

V.

I come now to an argument to which I attach the greatest importance, and which any one familiar with Agnostic dialectics must see is fatal to the claim that Abraham Lincoln promulgated the Emancipation Proclamation.

This argument may be termed the argument from *omission*.

It will be conceded, of course, that none of the alleged contemporary narratives of the Civil War is entitled to greater credit for authenticity, competency, and truthfulness than the *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*. He was, himself, not only the most conspicuous chieftain of the war, but was also afterwards President of the Republic for two consecutive terms. His personal relations with Lincoln were of the closest nature. The "Memoirs" were carefully prepared by him toward the close of his life, and were published about the year 1885, less than a quarter of a century after Lincoln's death.

They were looked upon by the American people as a perfectly trustworthy narrative, written by the most competent of narrators.

Now, there is not to be found anywhere in the two good-sized volumes of these Memoirs so much as a single mention of any Emancipation Proclamation! What is to be thought of this?

The inference is inevitable, that General Grant had never heard of any such document.

It is idle to suggest that this matter lay outside the scope of Grant's book. His work is very comprehensive and complete. It deals not only with his own campaigns, but with those of Sherman and the other great generals of the war. It deals also with the political history of the war, including, of course, the slavery question.

It is inconceivable, then, that Grant would make no allusion

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to this great culminating act in the "irrepressible conflict," to this Magna Charta of the African race in the United States, if any such proclamation had been issued.

The significance of this omission can scarcely be overestimated.

For a similar reason Professor Huxley argued that the "Sermon on the Mount" is not genuine, because Mark does not give it—although Matthew and Luke do.*

If "logic is logic," judgment must go against the proclamation, upon the argument from "omission."

If, now, it be asked why I insist that Grant's "Memoirs" are the most authentic and most credible of all the contemporaneous narratives of the Civil War, and why I refuse to give credence to other narratives which *do* purport to give an account of the Emancipation Proclamation, it is a sufficient answer to say that Grant's "Memoirs" *conform* to what I conceive to be the truth of history respecting the matter now in question, and that the other narratives do not. I give the preference to the "Memoirs" for the same reason that Professor Huxley appears to have given the preference to St. Mark's Gospel. It best conformed, he thought, to the view he was advocating of the Crucifixion, and what "happened after the crucifixion." †

In its brevity of narrative it omits some statements contained in the other Gospels, which would, if accepted, have made it impossible for him to stick to his theory.

Indeed we find a great diversity among the advanced critics of the nineteenth century in this matter of preference. Some of them preferred Matthew, others Luke, and others again John.

Renan appears to have varied in his preferences.

My readers will pardon me, I trust, for citing here Mrs. Ward's picturesque summary of the results of German criticism toward the close of the nineteenth century:

"And what is the whole history of German criticism but a history of brilliant failures, from Strauss downward?

"One theorist follows another—now Mark is uppermost as the *Ur-Evangelist*, now Matthew; now the synoptics are sacrificed to St. John, now St. John to the synoptics. Baur relegates one after another of the Epistles to the second century because his theory cannot do with them in the first.

"Harnack tells you that Baur's theory is all wrong, and that Thessalonians and Philippians must go back again. Volkmar sweeps together Gospels and Epistles in a heap toward the middle of the second century as the earliest date for almost all

* *Essays*, pp. 324-325. † *Id.*, p. 328.

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of them; and Dr. Abbot, who, as we are told, has absorbed all the learning of all the Germans, puts Mark before 70 A.D., Matthew just before 70 A.D., and Luke about 80 A.D.

"Strauss's mythical theory is dead and buried by common consent. Baur's tendency theory is much the same; Renan will have none of the Tübingen school; Volkmar is already antiquated, and Pfleider's fancies are now in the order of the day."*

This may at first sight suggest an intellectual Donnybrook Fair. But to one possessing "the historical temper" there is discernible in the midst of all this apparent confusion the constant struggle for *conformity to theory*. This is the theme which brings harmony out of what *otherwise* seems hopeless discord.

In the first place the theory accredits the record, and then the record proves the theory.

Grant's "Memoirs" conforming to my theory, I give them the preference over all other narratives. And his "Memoirs" bear out my theory.

VI.

There is another argument suggested by Grant's "Memoirs," or perhaps it would be more accurate to say another way of putting the same argument—to wit, the *discrepancies* in the narratives.

This was a fruitful source of objection to the Gospels by our Agnostic forefathers in the nineteenth century.

Thus Professor Huxley, in objecting to the story of demoniacal possession in the Gadarene country, or, as he playfully calls it, "the Gadarene pig affair," dwells on the fact that Mark and Luke mention but one possessed man, while Matthew mentions two.† Of course the inference is obvious—there was no such "affair." Unfortunately I do not have at hand any of the histories of the American Civil War written subsequent to the year 1893, or I would be able, I think, to make out a pretty formidable list of just such discrepancies.

But the one I have just been considering, between Grant's "Memoirs" and the other alleged contemporary narratives, for instance Greeley's *American Conflict*, is sufficient for the purpose of the argument.

Attention has already been called to the fact that all these narratives, so far from being independent authorities, are all based on one original "ground-work." The "ground-work" has disappeared in the lapse of time. The strength of the "super-

* *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1889, p. 462. † *Essays*, p. 346.

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structure"—*i.e.*, the narratives based on it—depends, of course, on their fidelity to or conformity with the "ground-work." Now, there is no way by which this conformity can be known to exist excepting by the agreement of these narratives with each other. Here we have the key by which to distinguish the original story from the glosses and interpolations of later times.

In the respects in which they all agree we may, in the absence, of course, of some other objection, concede that they reproduce the original story. But as to all matters in which they disagree with each other, all the narratives are to be rejected. For how are we to account for the discrepancies? And which statement is to be received as true, and which rejected as false? Truth is always consistent with itself; and when witnesses tell different stories one of them must be untruthful or mistaken.

The *discrepancy*, then, between Grant and Greeley as to the matter now in question—Greeley purporting to give the proclamation, and Grant making no mention of it—warrants me in concluding that the story of the proclamation was no part of the original "ground-work" upon which both their narratives are built, and that it should therefore be rejected as spurious.

It is singular how obtuse the Principal of the Law School, and as for that matter, lawyers in general are, to the force of this argument from discrepancy.

They seem to make nothing of discrepancies in the details of a story, and to expect them even from witnesses whom they regard as honest, unbiassed, and intelligent.

The ordinary legal view is thus stated by Starkie in his *Law of Evidence:*

"It has been well remarked by a great observer, that 'the usual character of human testimony is substantial truth under circumstantial variety.' It so rarely happens that witnesses of the same transaction perfectly and entirely agree in all points connected with it that an entire and complete coincidence in every particular, so far from strengthening their credit, not unfrequently engenders a suspicion of practice and concert" (vol. i. p. 468).

Having occasion to visit one of our courts the other day, I chanced to find an accident case on trial.

A boy, some ten years old, running across the street, had been knocked down and killed by the horses drawing some vehicle. The witnesses of the occurrence, all of them, appar-

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ently, people of ordinary intelligence and wholly disinterested, differed very widely in many of the circumstances. One of them said the boy was running from the north to the south side of the street. Another said he was running from the south to the north side. One saw only one boy running. Another saw *two* boys, one chasing the other.

Now, in a mind properly indoctrinated with the methods of Agnostic dialectics, these discrepancies would raise a doubt as to whether there was any boy running at all—or any accident. But, strange to say, neither lawyers, judge, nor jury seemed to have any trouble on these points.

It is fortunate for the "higher historical criticism" that it knows nothing of legal rules of evidence.

VII.

What, then, is the real explanation of the story of the Emancipation Proclamation?

The earliest theory since the era of higher criticism was that of Dr. Dokamok, to wit: that the story was purely allegorical, having as its substratum of truth the triumph of liberty in its "irrepressible conflict" with slavery. But the rising Timbuctoo school considered that Dokamok had gone too far in his destructive criticism, and recoiled from it.

He himself, after his beard had grown, practically abandoned this theory of his nursery days.

The theory which immediately superseded the allegorical was that of the famous Professor Felapton. He was probably the first entomologist of his age. His great work on the "Mosquito" is a marvel of patient research. No one could be better equipped, then, for historical investigation. He unearthed the fact that in the American Republic there were two great parties differing, *toto cœlo*, in their interpretation of the Constitution, to wit, the strict constructionists and the liberal constructionists; and that after the close of the Civil War, which turned the tide towards liberalism, the advocates of liberal construction pressed their advantage with great persistency and fertility of resource. It was under the influence of this liberal tendency that the story had its origin. Told first probably to schoolboys, as a harmless fiction, to interest the boys, and at the same time indoctrinate them with liberal ideas, it very soon came to be looked upon as the tradition of an actual occurrence.

Nothing could be more effectively cited as a precedent to

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extend the power of the chief magistrate beyond the letter of the Constitution, when it became important to invoke the extreme exercise of executive power.

But the view which now obtains nearly universal acceptance among advanced thinkers is the latest theory of the new Timbuctoo school—to wit, that the alleged proclamation is a forgery of the twentieth century.

There is no doubt that some time in the course of the twentieth century, in a very exciting contest for the Presidency, one of the candidates bore the name of Lincoln. His given name is not certainly known, nor is it entirely clear whether or not he was a lineal descendant of Abraham Lincoln, nor even whether he was of the same stock.

It is probable, however, that he was a lineal descendant of the great President.

The American people had come to acquiesce in the law of heredity in the matter of public office. Thus John Adams had as a successor in the Presidency his son, and William Henry Harrison, his grandson. A son of Abraham Lincoln was, as early as 1896, a prominent candidate for the Presidency, and had already been sent as Minister to England.

In the twentieth century the negro vote had become the most powerful factor in elections. It held the balance of power, and both parties were compelled to court its support. Nothing was more natural then than that a descendant of Abraham Lincoln, whom the negroes, out of that tendency to "hero-worship" of which I have spoken, were disposed to look upon as their "Moses," should be chosen as an available candidate by one of the great political parties. And to add to the strength of the appeal to this vote the "Emancipation Proclamation" was devised, and ascribed to the ancestor of the candidate.

The story was told to a people predisposed to accept it, and they did accept it without question. It accorded with their almost idolatrous veneration for the hero of the Civil War, which had led, in some way, to the enfranchisement of their race.

The story was a masterpiece of political strategy, and was completely successful.

The descendant of Abraham Lincoln was triumphantly elected President of the United States.

History informs us that forgeries of this kind were not uncommon in former ages.

Thus, in the Presidential campaign of 1880 a letter appeared

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in the public press, a few weeks before the election, purporting to have been written by the Republican candidate, General Garfield, to a man named Morey, expressing views as to Chinese immigration which were extremely distasteful to the people of the Pacific States. The letter was a forgery; but it was so successful that, before it was exposed, it served the purpose of turning the vote of California to Garfield's opponent.

Then there was in England the case of the forged letters of the great Irish patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell, which the London *Times* bought from a scoundrel named Pigott, and to which it gave the widest publicity.

It is not necessary to speak farther of this forgery, for my readers are, of course, familiar with it through the graphic pages of Gaboon's *Decline and Fall of the British Empire.*

The famous "Forged Decretals" may also be cited. Originating in Spain, in the ninth century, they were only finally shown to be false in the fifteenth. The reason for this is they contained nothing which was not in accord with the general belief, and so found ready credence.

All this goes to show how readily, with the favorable conditions existing in the twentieth century, the Myth of the Emancipation Proclamation could be invented, and palmed off as genuine upon popular belief.

It is hardly necessary, I suppose, to point out the inference to be drawn from this discussion. The value of the theories just stated is by no means to be measured by their truth. It would not impair their value if criticism still *higher* than our present "higher criticism" should, in the future, supersede them all by some theory still more "imaginative."

As said by Huxley, "he would be a rash man who should assert that any solution of these problems, as yet formulated, is exhaustive" (*Nineteenth Century*, April, 1889, p. 486).

The thing is to wipe out the old tradition, and it does not make much matter how this is done. The fertility of the new Timbuctoo school in brilliant theories, "half scientific, half imaginative," leads me to hope that even if none of those thus far devised will "hold water," yet, in some future age, one may be constructed which will be altogether acceptable.

In the meantime, and until the dawn of that millennium, and until all the possibilities of unheard and unheard-of theories shall have been exhausted, the Agnostic is entitled to insist upon a "suspension of judgment."

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THE SOUL OF A BOOK.

BY P. J. MACCORRY.

I HAVE often amused my fancy by feigning the spiritual existence of a good and noble book, apart from the tangible and ofttimes profane material of which it is physically composed. And why not? You read of the soul of a violin sometimes. You hear a snatch of exquisite music, and you speak in rapture of the soul that animated it. You stand bewildered before the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo; and will any one convince you that, after all, you behold but a few jars of paint and some square measurements of canvas? I think not. "Ah, yes!" you will say, "I see the colors and the canvas, but they are not the picture. As well say that bone and sinew and muscle are the man. There is something of a life-principle vivifying every feature and lineament. A soul-energy, unknown and unknowable, illuminates its every grain and fibre; take *that* away, and you have indeed but your canvas and your paint."

Must you, then, deny me my fancy?

You read a good, honest, sincere book, and by what name will you call that vague yet manifest impression which it leaves? You recline within your boudoir, close to the borderland 'twixt day and dark, and the ghosts of the books you have read will come up before you in silent, noiseless procession—veritable shades amid the shades and shadows, losing themselves in shadows.

At this instant there lies before me a copy of "Hamlet." Let us imagine that it is the only extant version; but you have read it appreciatingly—so have I. We consume with strong acids every tracing of the type that to us symbolized the thought. We snatch the very thoughts themselves, and having stripped them of the degrading habiliments of language, we liberate them from all human material ties and associations. We burn to ashes the paper on which the book was written with the cover that bound it, and we scatter these ashes to the "winds and whirlwinds of the wilderness," and will you then tell me that our Hamlet is indeed dead? Far from it! His Psyche, so to say, is ever present, though his vision is of other kind than ours.

In playing this fancy it is presumed that the volume so dealt with has merit and is intrinsically good. An indifferent writing will not admit the operation. An honest conception, a

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fine image, a sincere and upright thought may, indeed, suffer in grace and dignity if clothed in other language; yet it will ever retain its power to charm and fascinate. But how lamentably appears the poverty of many a pompous and pretentious phrase when disrobed of its fine rhetoric. "One that wraps the drapery of his couch about him," when all is told, "does but tuck himself up in his bed-clothes"; and if the latter expression is not beautiful and poetic, neither is the former—for beauty, in essence, is one and unchangeable.

But use this picture and try to make it commonplace:

> "And this our life exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Strive as you may to vitiate or debase it, and you will have naught for your pains save your labor.

There are some men who cannot read a novel without conceiving a strange association between the narrative and some external episode or image which to them, in an unaccountable way, assimilates the trend of the whole story.

The first time that I read "King Lear" I was down in the heart of New England. It was winter—mid-winter. And I remember having closed the book, my heart fresh bleeding from the episodes of human suffering through which I had mentally passed. A beautiful December moon streamed through the naked vines above my casement, till I thought my lamp-light must seem a gross profanity, so I turned it down and out. The night beyond was clear, cold, merciless. I looked away from my window upon the hedges topped with hanging, freezing snow; upon the fields long sleeping in their fleecy blankets.

In the centre of the lawn stood an old, stately tree—stately, indeed, but how unutterably lonely and forsaken to-night! Its leafless members, chilled to the marrow, swayed and shivered in the heartless wind-gusts. It seemed to sob and moan and grow mute again, so terribly like the torture of an afflicted soul. It raised its branches to the hard, cold sky, but found no solace there. It lifted its arms beseechingly to the stars above it, but they only twinkled all the merrier. Then it bowed its great head to earth again in strangely pitiable despair, as if it had long since ceased to find mercy or compassion in the selfish breasts of men.

"How sadly, ineffably like the poor old king," I thought. And ever afterwards a New England winter and the tragedy of "King Lear" were inseparably linked in my memory.

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And the soul of "King Lear"? I find it like a disconsolate spirit wailing through the weary winter's night.

"As You like It" reminds me of "June in Virginia and all the cherries ripe." There is something in it akin to the monotone of a half-asleep wind through the trees and grass, and the fresh perfume of meadows after rain. So that, were the whole realm of literature to instantly return to chaos, "As You Like It" would come to me with each advent of the honeysuckle and rose.

"In Memoriam" is "the shattered fragments of a Venetian sunset"; "Fabiola" is "a frozen cascade tinged with a winter's moon"; "The Spy" is "the flash of a sword in the darkness"; and so on through the whole world of books.

Some are like the odor of beautiful flowers; some like perfume drifting from censers.

The "Divine Comedy" assails your senses like the triple extract of hot-house roses. "Lucile" bears with her the sweet, faint fragrance of new-mown hay.

"Paul and Virginia" is a loose bunch of daisies and apple-blossoms twined round a spray of willow; while the "Lost Paradise" is a basket of rare and extravagant flowers culled and artistically arranged by the skilled fingers of the botanist.

I have known books whose soul seemed to be inextricably associated with music. The "Ode to St. Cecilia" is peculiarly like the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn, while "Little Nell" is an old-time song, trembling and dying on the lips of a sympathetic singer, that taps gently on the inner chambers of your memory and bears you with it away and away.

And so your poem or story may be like a lovely woman, a laughing child, a smiling school-girl, a holy hermit, a gallant soldier, a happy boy. Or else, a rift of sunlight, a flash of lightning, a northern dawn, a cloudless sky, a storm at sea, a peal of thunder. Or yet, the clash of arms, the roar of musketry, the flourish of trumpets, the shout of victory, a flag of truce. Or still, a cathedral by moonlight, a rainbow, a nightingale, a humming-bird, a precious stone, a butterfly, a frosted window-pane, a Christmas-tree, a caged linnet, a dead rose, a lock of hair, a grave, a broken heart, friendship, gratitude, childhood, silence, love, joy, mercy, truth, hope.

And the soul of your book may be found in any of these things as your fancy first identifies it with them.

And those dear friends of ours in fiction—what of them? There are faces whom we recognize at once as those of intimate associates and companions, so ever-present are they to us.

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Others, whom we knew as valued acquaintances, loyal hearts, whose benign influence has made us better men and women. Still more, whom we have met as ships at sea; a signal shown, a shout thrown cheerily, then waves, and knots, and leagues, till at last they dipped 'neath the horizon of our memory, and were gone. Will you tell me, and must I believe it, that these indeed are but dream-phantoms—flimsy, airy nothings?

Can it be that Jane Eyre and Ben Hur, Nina, Thalaba and Copperfield, and the mighty host of others, with all their personalities and individualizing characteristics, so dissimilar, so distinct, so unlike and peculiar in themselves;—can it be that after all they are but the creatures of our fancy, non-existing, save that they wander ever on 'mid the mazes of our fitful visions?

Surely not! They live and loiter in fields Elysian, far removed from our everlasting strife. They recline near bright running waters. They skim in fairy shells 'cross the bosoms of placid lakes. They pass among trees and ever-blooming flowers, and languish by the side of sparkling fountains.

Some rest upon banks of soft matted grasses and weave green garlands; others play upon sweet instruments, inexpressibly soft and full of exquisite melody; while above all rises the confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, and human voices.

And here it is scarcely irrelevant to mention the "great hereafter" of books. We perceive through the haze, with our imperfect intellectual vision, a Paradise and a Perdition, but no Purgatory. And it is well! A compromise cannot be tolerated in literature. A book is either good, or it is of the earth earthy. There is no hither-verge 'twixt these two worlds. No borderland whereat to rest.

> "For God and man and lettered past denies
> That poets ever are of middling size."

In poetry—and by poetry we do not here confine ourselves to verse—one must be eminently good or he is insupportable. "Neither gods, nor men, nor the birds of the air" can tolerate an indifferent writer; so if he is not good he is necessarily bad.

And hence, to the deepest depths of our literary Tartarus we straightway consign all that is foul, or gross, or unclean, or stupid, or profane in literature: for these are grievous sins and must be grievously atoned for. While to our fabled land of peace and blessedness we follow with Hail! and Godspeed! all in books that is good, and virtuous, and truthful, and holy, and sincere.

New York, July, 1893.

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SANCTUARY:

A CHRISTMAS TALE OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

By John J. O'Shea.

HAWTHORNDEN! Sweet, wild, classic home of romance and poetry, miniature epitome of Scottish scenery, sylvan enough to make one forget the city, near enough to the city to make one remember that all Caledonia is not stern and wild. Yes, Hawthornden, thou art pretty enough and sequestered enough, and well enough provided with babbling brook and sombre glade and fronded arbory to suit a poet's fancy, and make even the poor writer of prose fancy himself Muse-inspired while dreaming away an hour down by thy winding braes.

Long ago the virtues of Hawthornden as a nursing-place for the children of fine frenzy were discovered and seized upon. For there were poets in Scotland before the frosts of Puritanism had nipped the tender blossoms of its romance, and some struggled to find expression even under the chilling cloud of its gloomy fanaticism. Even Scottish royalty worshipped not unworthily sometimes at the celestial shrine. Two at least of the Stuart kings were tolerable masters in the gentle art of poesy; and at the Scottish court there were welcome and encouragement for bard and scholar no less than for soldier. Hawthornden conjures up memories of that golden era in Scottish history.

Here resided, in later Stuart days, the poet Drummond, and hither came, in fraternal curiosity, mayhap not untinged with jealousy—for poets, it is said by the malicious, are not always freed by their lofty calling from this weakness of ordinary clay—a brither bard, the renowned Ben Jonson. The rival poets lived here in amity for a couple of months and parted with mutual expressions of undying regret for the separation. But, unhappily for the sincerity of poets' declarations, those all-pervading busybodies the antiquarians have hunted up all about that visit, and they disclose that to outside friends at least one of the sons of song privately intimated the glaring faults which he detected in the other. Drummond thought Jonson insufferably conceited, and he was probably right in his estimate. We

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are left to surmise what "rare Ben Jonson" thought of Drummond, for there is no other guide to help us; but we can guess.

The estimate in which the Reformers held poets generally may be gathered from one grim incident. One of the first acts of the Regent Morton, when he got full powers into his hands, was to seize upon two unhappy bards in Edinburgh who had the audacity to satirize him in verse, and, without any such troublesome formality as trial or inquiry, order them to be "hangit," as the Scotch chroniclers put it—a height of fame to which the unlucky minstrels probably never aspired. No wonder that the gift of poetry in those days was not held as an enviable acquisition.

Not far from Hawthornden is a beautiful poem—a sonnet rather—in stone. It is known as Roslin Chapel. It is a perfect gem of ornamental Gothic architecture—so beautiful that even the withering hand of the iconoclast left its "superstitious" symbolisms in carving intact. Inside, it is a mass of delicate sculpture; and although it is devoted to a colder worship now, those sculptures in many places tell of the faith and piety which raised this exquisite monument to the Most High.

To the verger or sexton who acts as cicerone to the numerous visitors to the shrine the presence of these emblems of Catholicism is a cause of much bungling apology. To a man of stern Calvinistic principles it is a humiliating task to explain why such memorials of an "idolatrous" cult should be suffered to desecrate the place of a purer rite; but as this minor proposition involves the major one, why the chapel is left standing at all, and why he derives a not inconsiderable revenue in the summer from the office of guide and lecturer in it, the subject is not unduly dilated upon. There is more fascination for him and the ordinary run of visitors in the story of the Apprentice's Pillar than in the invocation of saints and the requests to pray for the pious founders which speak from the mute walls; hence he dilates upon the myth of the gifted apprentice who sculptured the masterpiece and the jealous master who murdered him therefor, just as though there were not half a dozen other places throughout Europe where the same dark tragedy is fondly believed to have been enacted.

To the house of Sinclair Roslin belongs, and it was in its possession at the time of the Reformation, and long before that period. The river Esk winds in and out through Hawthornden, beside many a fronded bower and beneath many a

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frowning crag; and in those days a tributary brook or arm of it formed the boundary between the lands of Roslin and those of the lords of Inveresk, who held sway over Hawthornden and the adjoining western territory for several miles.

Neighboring families in Scotland were not always the best of friends; not infrequently they were the worst of foes. The greatest troubles of the country arose, in fact, from inter-tribal feuds. The proximity of Roslin and Hawthornden to the court and the capital did not shut out the savageries which were the prevalent characteristics of the remote Highlands. An old-standing dispute about boundaries had resulted in the killing of one of Sinclair's gamekeepers by the Earl of Inveresk's men; and when the murderers were brought to trial and condemned to execution they were rescued in the streets of Edinburgh by a large force of Inveresk's adherents. There was nothing very irregular about this proceeding. The strong hand was in those days the hand of the law in bonnie Scotland, and things legal were generally managed on

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can."

Such, according to one legend, was the origin of the feud. The Sinclair of the time took the frustration of justice in a philosophical way. His revenge would come in time, he was wont to say to his more impetuous adherents; everything comes to the man who waits. Still he was not above giving the wheel of fortune a vigorous push whenever it came in his way; so one fine morning, when he was informed that a band of gipsies, driven out of Edinburgh, had settled themselves and pitched their tents upon his lands at Roslin, he astonished everybody by giving imperative orders that no one was to molest or meddle with the outcasts. He himself went down to their encampment and gave them welcome, pointing out a piece of ground which he said was more advantageous for a settlement than the spot where they had first squatted. By this unlooked-for generosity he secured the everlasting gratitude of the tribe, and accomplished one of his own ends at the same time. For the ground upon which he got the gipsies to settle was the piece which was in dispute between himself and the lord of Inveresk, the title to which the whole bench of Edinburgh judges were unable to determine. He knew that gratitude secured his

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lands from depredation by the tribe for ever; as for his unfriendly neighbor, what became of his live stock was, as he said himself, "nae affair of his."

And so it came to pass that the gipsy encampment at Roslin became in time a part of the recognized institutions of the Scottish kingdom.

Whether the gipsies always respected the decalogue with regard to their neighbor on the Hawthornden side, or whether they did not, was thenceforward a polemic between them and the gamekeepers of Inveresk. The gipsies stoutly maintained the affirmative; the onus of proving a negative fell on the latter, and they invariably failed to do it. But one thing was certain; the live stock of the latter diminished at times without apparent reason, but it never happened that any of the gipsy band was found trespassing upon the lands of Inveresk.

Though the times were troubled, Arcadian quiet reigned over these peaceful scenes. The turmoil and the wrangling of the capital never found an echo there—as yet. Although only a few miles from Edinburgh the wayfarer might, while pausing to rest in the glen of the Esk, fancy himself cut off by many leagues from the sights and sounds of the busy city.

The merry ring of girlish laughter might often be heard from a little shady bower under a steep bank which frowned above the stream as it fretted and curled in and among a heap of little boulders which served as stepping-stones. These stones were worn smooth from immemorial usage. They had served for ages as a causeway between the two banks, and saved the expense of the construction of a bridge.

Two winsome little maidens had planted here a post of observation whence they could observe at times all who came to this crossing, and if any unlucky wight should chance to miss his footing on the slippery stones and got soused knee-deep into the water, his chagrin was heightened at the sounds of mirth which greeted him from the shady nook above, not easily accessible from below if his curiosity or his resentment should stimulate him to give chase.

They were schoolmates, these blithe Southron lassies. Elsie Carr, the elder, was about sixteen. She was the daughter of Hamish Alpin Carr, head gamekeeper on the Sinclair property. She was a perfect Highland rose—fair, yet with a full flush of health upon her delicate cheek. No red deer of the hills was fleeter of foot than Elsie—none half so graceful in its motion.

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Her heart was as light as her springy footstep, for no cloud of sorrow had as yet come to darken it.

Janet Lyle, her favorite schoolmate, was only a few months younger. She, too, was gay at times; but she was wayward and sensitive, and could be dour enough if she fancied she were slighted, or her mother, who cared the gate-lodge at Inveresk, scolded her for some eccentric behavior. She was a blonde little beauty, too, but of a different shade from Elsie. Her hair had a golden glow about it which when the sun played through its filmy, irrepressible curls, gave one the idea of a saint's aureole, and her delicate cheeks were a good deal freckled —an effect which added to rather than diminished her good looks.

"Ye did no' tell me yet aboon yer trip to Edinbro' toon," Elsie," said Janet, as the girls met for the first time at the stile which was their usual trysting-place in the evenings, after Elsie's return from a visit to an aunt who kept a booth in the Salt Market in the big city. "Heich, but it's a gey lang while syne I've been awa' o'er there, Elsie; I often fash to see the braw place again, lassie. Is there much news, Elsie? Tell me all the sights ye saw there."

"Guid sakes! it was nae muckle, Janet," replied Elsie Carr, smoothing her kirtle and arranging her tartan-knot at the proper place at the shoulder. "There were a couple o' puir loons hangit in the Grass Market for making and passing those bawbees they call false lyons or hardheads, and a wheen mair for piracy in the Solway. Twa gentlefolk of my lords of Cessford and Buccleuch had a bout in the streets with rapiers and pistols, and a' their men on baith sides joined in the fray. The provost and the bailies ca'd out the train-bands, and haled a score of the brawlers to the Tolbooth, but they made the warders a' fu' at nichttime, and a' the lot got loose and mizzled awa'. Ane old guidwife was burned for haudin' converse wi' a warlock and raisin' a hump on the back of her next-door neighbor's guidman forby; and six men were hangit beside, by order of the judges, for heresy."

"Guid sakes! And do ye ca' that only a mickle, Elsie?" cried Janet, stepping back a pace and holding her friend's two hands out at arm's length. "I gar think it's a hail kistfu' of news, Elsie. And did ye see mony gay gallants o' the court while ye war there? They tell me the toon is fu' of sic just the noo."

"I just saw ane party riding out wi' hawks and hounds ane

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day," answered Elsie. "But they say it is a dour time at Holyrood, for the queen regent, puir leddy, is sair troublit about the reivings and burnings of John Knox and his pack o' lazy limmers."

"She maun be, guid faith," replied Janet. "St. Bride keep them far awa' frae Roslin! But did none o' the braw gallants cast a roguish e'e at yersel', Elsie, as they rode by? I'd lay a wager they did. Come, now, Elsie, out wi' the truth!"

"Fie, get awa' wi' ye, Janet! Dinna ye think I'd nae keep out o' the sight o' such callants? My auld aunt, Ishbel, wadna let me if I had a mind till. She wadna hae me raise the blind even a wee bit, as they rode by."

"I guessed it. It was nae fault o' yours, Elsie. Ye are a sly wee lassie—I ken ye well, ye ken," laughed Janet. "But let us gang down to yon wee nook. I've got a dolefu' ballad here I'm going to read for ye, 'The Lament of Robin Oge'—he that was hangit for sheep-stealing last year at Stirling. Oh! 'tis a pitiful rhyme, lassie—'twill make ye weep, when it don't make ye laugh, I trow."

Only a brief while had the two damsels been in the little bower when Janet suddenly dropped her ballad with a half-cry. A sound from across the river caught the girls' ears—a shuffling sound of feet springing and sliding down the stony side of the dell, with angry, panting mutterings and imprecations. Peering through the interlacing branches which screened their little den, they saw what made them turn pale and look at each other fearfully.

A young man, quite a stranger to the girls in appearance, was scrambling over the stepping-stones, his feet slipping into the water now and then in his haste, but keeping on his course somehow, despite this fact, without stumbling outright into the stream. Only a few yards behind was another man of much heavier build, in the act of giving chase. He was puffing violently from his exertions to keep up with the fugitive, but he stuck to his pursuit tenaciously.

"'Tis Donald Dhu, Janet!" cried Elsie, "and he does not mean well to that stranger he's chasing. See, he has grippit ae dirk in his hand. Call to him, Janet. He'll heed ye, lassie."

Janet, no less alarmed than her companion, thrust the branches aside, and putting her head through the leaves, cried out as loudly as she could:

"Haud yer hand, Donald Dhu! Take heed ye do that stranger nae hurt. Put up yer dirk, I say. Mind what I bid

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ye, mon. If ye dinna stop, I'll ne'er ope my lips to ye again. What are ye fashin' yersel' for, at a', at a'?"

The personage thus addressed looked up in amazement when he heard the girl's voice. He appeared to have been totally unaware of the existence of such a place of surveillance until then. He paused as he was about to place a foot on the first of the stepping-stones on his side of the stream. Then, returning his gleaming blade to its leathern sheath, he sat down on a grassy mound on the bank and burst into a boisterous laugh.

"And so this is what ye are at, Mistress Janet, spying on honest folk from yer peep-hole, instead of sitting at home quietly knitting stockings or mending quilts for yer good old grandam. 'Tis weel I found ye out at last, my lassie, for the next time ye ca' me an idle callant I'll know how to answer ye back. But I'll gie that chiel yonder the benefit of yer intrusion on our little sport. Only for it he hadna got out o' Hawthornden wi' a dry skin or a hail skin either. But let him go the noo."

The stranger had by this time gained the opposite bank, and stood on a little grassy slope right under the maidens' bower, looking up at the two fair faces peering curiously at him, a look of deep gratitude plainly visible in his glance.

"Did ye e'er see a mair beautiful face, Janet?" whispered Elsie to her companion, whose gaze was no less intently riveted on the countenance of the stranger than her own. "He looks just like ane of the saints in the picture of our Lord's Supper in the chapel yonder—St. John's, I think."

"I' faith ye are richt, Elsie. He does in sooth look just like that ane—only he is sae delicate-like."

The stranger had a striking personality, despite the fact that he was spare and not above the middle stature of mankind. His face, which was naturally pale, had become more so from the reaction of excitement. It had quite a womanly tenderness and softness in its contour, and a smile of indefinable charm, which seemed habitual to it, played around the mouth. His eyes, which were dark, were full of gentlest pity and charity. His garb was that of a quiet civilian—sober and destitute of adornment, yet neat and well-cut. He bore no arms, so far as the girls could observe.

"I am at a loss for words wherewith to thank you, fair maidens," he said, speaking up at the two girls. "I can only pray God's blessings on you for saving me from yon furious man. If you would now only add to your service to me by

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telling me the nearest way to the chapel of Roslin, you would fill up the measure of my gratitude."

"If ye just climb up the bank where ye see the path there —just round yon alder-bush—I'll show ye the way from here," answered Elsie.

"Ye had better be quick about it too, ye milk-faced loon, else I may change my mind," shouted his pursuer from across the stream, who did not appear to have his ruffled feelings much mollified by the interest which the stranger had evidently created.

When Elsie returned from her mission of courtesy she found her companion in confab with the man called Donald Dhu. The two were seated on the trunk of an elm-tree which had been blown down in a recent tempest. Janet seemed angry, and Donald Dhu looked anything but comfortable.

"And for why did ye hunt the mon wi' yer dirk, Donald Dhu?" asked Elsie, heedless of these appearances. Her feminine curiosity would not allow her to pay much attention to them. "He's a sweet civil gentleman, an' 'twas a shame for ye to draw sic a weapon upon his like."

"Howt, lassie, ye dinna ken what ye are prating aboon!" returned the culprit doggedly. "I'm fashin' now that I let him gang so softly awa'. Didn't he tell Bess Brownie, our queen's ain dochter, that she was doin' the work of auld Nick when she asked him to let her tell his future? The lassie hersel' wad hae ripped him up, I warrant, if I hadn't come between the pair and chevied him awa'."

"Oh, ye are a nice pack, the whole tribe of ye!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes flashing with real passion. "I wonder how the laird of Roslin ever cam' to let such a disreputable set squat down at his gate. Quiet peaceable folks hae no business passin' by yer lazy louts even in the broad daylicht."

"Hae a care, lassie, what ye say," muttered Donald Dhu, his brow darkening ominously. "The gipsies are as guid and peaceable as ither folks, if they be left alone; sae keep a civil clapper in yer heed."

"Hoot, awa' wi' ye! I dinna care that much aboon the lot of ye!" cried Elsie, snapping her fingers at the angry man. "Ye are only bullies and braggarts the best of the men of ye; and as for the rest—"

Janet Lyle did not allow her irate friend to finish the sentence. She clapped her hand up to her mouth and pulled her away, waving her hand at the same time to the object of Elsie's

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wrath, in token of her wish that he too should leave the scene of hostilities in the interests of peace, and giving him an expressive look which plainly said, "Do not heed her now; she is only angry for the moment."

The two girls hurried away over the fields towards Roslin, and Donald Dhu sat down upon the tree which they had abandoned and looked darkly after them. A bitter smile had succeeded the angry flush which had been called up by the hot words of the impetuous girl, and a very sinister gleam in his eye, as he continued to gaze after her.

"De'il gang wi' ye for a glib-tongued quean!" he hissed savagely. "Ye'll come to no guid end, I'd swear. Ye'll get a guidman, maybe, that'll wring the neck off ye for a scoldin' virago."

He was a large, well-made man, but his movements indicated a very indolent habit. And indeed laziness was his besetting sin. It was this that made him give up his farm under the lairds of Roslin, and throw in his lot with the tribe of gipsies who found a home on that estate, much to the disgust of the surrounding gentry and the general disquiet of the neighborhood. The tribe received him with open arms, for Donald was a man of standing in his way, and had a bit of money besides; and such accessions to their ranks were always welcome. He still kept up his acquaintance with such people as he knew about the place, however, telling them that he had gone on a visit to the gipsies to study their ways, and hinting he might, as soon as it suited his humor, go back to his old life again.

Janet Lyle's father and mother had been his next-door neighbors; hence the familiarity which existed between Janet and himself. Since Janet had bidden farewell to her childhood days, however, there appeared to be another sort of magnetism for Donald. He was constantly hovering about the cottage, and always trying to snatch an opportunity of talking with Janet.

The companionship of Elsie Carr with Janet was a matter which troubled him not a little. Elsie was so honest and guileless, so outspoken and so hasty, that she hurted his susceptibilities not seldom. He was a sensitive man in his way, and when anything that involved the subject of sloth or want of energy on the part of any one soever was accidentally mentioned, he instinctively thought it a direct reflection upon himself.

That night the stranger was closeted with Sir William Sinclair and the dean of the collegiate chapel of Roslin, Father Francis, for several hours. He was the bearer of secret com-

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munications of much moment from Rome, touching the preservation of such Catholic institutions in Scotland which had as yet escaped the ravages of the iconoclasts. At dawn the next morning he departed unnoticed, as he thought, and on foot, for Leith, where the ship which had brought him over was in waiting to convey him back to France.

Father Seton—for such was the stranger's style and title in religion—was a typical priest of that stormy period. A disciple of Loyola, he was a devoted follower of that saintly and intrepid son of the church. Beneath a disposition of angelic sweetness and overflowing sympathy, he bore a heart as brave as ever beat under the red cross of the crusader. By the laws of the new *régime* in Scotland it was certain death, preceded by the fearful ordeal of "the question," for a priest who would not renounce his sacred calling to be found within the realm, after he had been banished therefrom by legal process. Yet he had been twice previously engaged on missions similar to that which had brought him to Scotland now. His ostensible calling was that of a dealer in precious stones; hence he was able, by carrying a small case of these objects with him, to escape the vigilance of the authorities. Missing his way a little in his quest of Roslin, he had come across the gipsy encampment there, and his hatred of the charlatan arts of these wanderers had, as we have seen, very nearly been the means of landing him in his first serious dilemma. It was destined to be the cause of still further trouble to him from the same quarter.

Other feelings beside those of resentment had been aroused in the breast of Donald Dhu by the result of his rencontre with Father Seton. His suspicions were also awakened. The air was full of babble about priests and popery. Stories of papist machinations were rife everywhere. Liberal rewards were offered for the apprehension of the proscribed priests. As it was the cupidity of the nobles which brought about "the Reformation," so the cupidity of the people was appealed to to keep it out of the kingdom. By offering generous premiums for the seizure of ministers of the banished religion, the band of conspirators hoped to turn the common eye away from their own gigantic frauds in seizing upon the church lands, the patrimony of the poor, and the source whence the education of the young had hitherto been provided for. Now the poor were left to starve, and the school-house was shut up, and brigandage and ignorance reigned everywhere outside the strong castles of the plunderers. To divert men's minds from the true source of

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those monstrous evils it was the maladroit policy of the time to raise the clamor of danger from popery.

It was not only the principals in the Catholic religion who were thus attacked. The zeal of the informer was stimulated by the creation of a much wider field for his energy. All those who harbored the banned clergy were equally made guilty before the law, and to discover these and drag them into the light was made an office hardly less lucrative than the other pursuit. In every considerable city and town in the kingdom, and especially in their outskirts, there were people always on the watch for suspicious-looking strangers, and noting the movements of such, and where they found accommodation. Then, more truly than in the days of the usurping king, might the poet's description be justified—a place

> ". . . where nothing,
> But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile,
> Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
> Are made, not marked; where violence seems
> A modern ecstasy."

Donald Dhu had no desire and no necessity to become a discoverer; but two motives now sharpened his faculties—he was curious about the identity of this stranger, and he was angry that the incident was the means of stirring Elsie Carr's anger against him. As for the religious motive, he did not care anything. Truth to tell, he did not trouble himself much about religion of any kind. Born at a period when the bonds of religion and morality were very lax, he became cynical when he found men of notoriously evil and dissolute lives attacking the old system, persecuting its clergy, and burning its churches, under pretence of abhorrence of those vices which were notoriously rampant amongst their own class. He had grown up amidst denunciations of persecution, superstition, and vicious luxury, only to find those who had been denouncing these traits of the time the most cruel of the persecutors, the most abjectly superstitious, the most shamelessly immoral in their own lives. No wonder, with such an environment, he was cynical.

Still there was that in his composition which prevented him from doing anything to acquire wealth in the way he saw others acquire it. He had no aversion to getting money, but he did not care to have any red stain upon what he got.

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The name of blood-money earner was not a wholesome one to bear about with one. He was not free from the superstitions of his age; and the traditions of his country were rich in tales, many of which had been told in his hearing over and over again by the winter fireside, of the curse which clung around such money, away down the ladder of time.

Yet Donald Dhu's animosity was great, and it was all the more impelling now from the fact that there was a possibility of his being able to satisfy it. There was a relative of his who had no such scruples as he himself had about earning blood-money. This man was a notorious witch-hunter and priest-hunter; he had made a calling of the hideous business. A sort of human ghoul, he seemed to gloat over his sanguinary work and to exult in the smell of burning flesh, as it rose from the bloody floor of the Grass Market, with the smoke of the burning pyre, and the shriek of the miserable victims whom he had helped to consign to the torture.

It was not long until his horrible peculiarities were noted by the people, and he became hated to such an extent as to make his public appearance dangerous. In the popular directory he was soon particularized as "Rab the Leech," in reference to his taste for blood, and whenever he was seen in the streets he was hooted and pelted with garbage. So that, in order to keep such a valuable instrument of government safe, the authorities at last decided on giving him a permanent home in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh.

In his earlier days Rab the Leech had been a travelling peddler, and in pursuit of his avocation he had visited almost every part of the kingdom. This experience was an invaluable one to him in his new *rôle* of discoverer. It gave him so wide a knowledge of individuals in all ranks of society that his testimony in questions of identity was regarded as incontestable. If any one was likely to know who this stranger was, thought Donald Dhu, his kinsman Rab was the man. He determined to pay him a visit.

He started betimes the next morning on his journey, and as he skirted the demesne wall of Roslin he stopped to give his rough Highland pony a bite of the rich grass which bordered the roadside for several hundred yards. As he reined in he heard the sound of voices beyond the wall. That curiosity which was a dominant trait in his composition was at once in active motion. He got down off the animal's back, and, by the help of his hands and feet and a few inequalities in the wall's surface,

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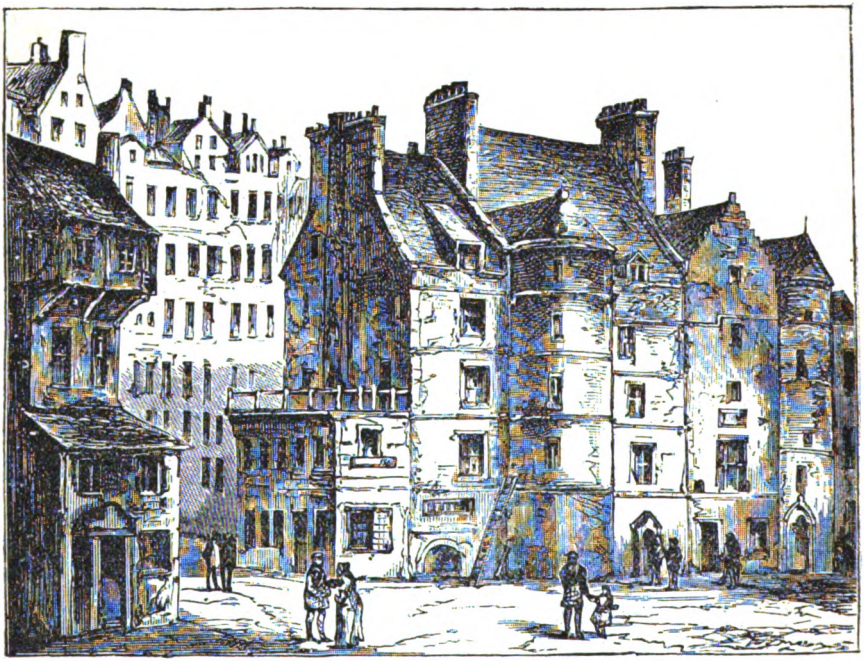
he was enabled to get his head over the top and look beyond.

The very object of his journey to Edinburgh—the strange, smooth-faced, gentle-looking stranger!

He and the pastor of the chapel were sauntering leisurely arm-in-arm, away toward the demesne gateway some hundred yards away. What they were conversing about Donald Dhu



THE TOLBOOTH.

would have given a good deal to know, but though he could hear their voices he could distinguish no more than one articulate sentence spoken by the stranger:

"You may trust me, if I am alive, to be back here before the feast of the Nativity with the answer to her majesty's request; that is the shortest time—"

This was all Donald Dhu could distinguish, but it was enough to excite his wonder still further. If the stranger was not what he suspected, he was perhaps some one of more importance still. He might be treading on dangerous ground, he thought, in prying into his business—but he would be cautious.

He remounted his steed and started afresh on his journey.

He reached "Auld Reekie" in time to get breakfast in the

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Duke of Albany's inn on the Grass Market, and then, making his way up the Canongate, but with no small difficulty, owing to the presence of an excited, yelling crowd about John Knox's house, he reached the dingy and foul-smelling stone pile known as the Tolbooth.

He found his kinsman pacing up and down the flagged yard. A number of persons were doing the same—but they all kept away from Rab the Leech. Thieves, drunkards, and malefactors of various kinds, as they were, they loathed the companionship of one who earned "blood-money." Donald Dhu beckoned him to come over to a corner.

"I ken the chiel weel frae yer description, Donald," he said, with a sudden gleam of avarice and cruelty in his eye. "He's ane Jesuit whilk the queen used to have aboon Holyrood before they made them a' skip. Bide a wee, or come up the stair wi' me till I don ae bit beardie and ae auld cloak that I gang around in whiles, the pesty rabble hae grown sae troublous. Then I'll gang wi' ye down to Leith, and see if there be sic a body to be seen lurkin' round there."

They made their way to the seaport after a couple of hours, but they might as well have remained at home. Leith was in the hands of a French garrison, and Rab the Leech was very near being captured by the sentries as an English spy because of his outlandish appearance. It required all Donald Dhu's eloquence to persuade the guards that they were two liege subjects of the Scottish crown.

So back to his retreat in the Tolbooth slunk Rab the Leech, and Donald Dhu returned to his friends, the gipsies at Roslin, his curiosity only partially satisfied.

The months rolled on, and the white mantle of the North had spread its sheen over brae and highland. The stars glittered gloriously through the clear cold air, and a solemn hush lay over lake and valley, when the midnight of the Nativity drew near. It was not wont to be so in the years gone by. From the sweet-voiced bells of Roslin always came the notes of joy and adoration. Their throats were silent now, lest they might attract the notice of the fierce zealots of a frozen creed.

But the faithful Catholics around knew full well that, as of old, the Christmas midnight Mass would be celebrated in Roslin Chapel. The secret was known, too, to a few devout and stalwart Catholics in and about Edinburgh, who, entirely deprived of their privileges of worship there, did not shrink from a short night-journey to obtain them.

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So quiet and still was the scene that one might fancy even an angel's whisper could be caught from below through the sanctified air. Over all the slumbering landscape seemed to rest the peace of God. None would suspect that there was room there for the passions of avarice, jealousy, and revenge.

But, alas! so it has been from the beginning. That spirit which roused the demon in Herod still stirs the bosoms of the malign. What wonder that it should be found hovering, in those evil days, around the forbidden altars—even here in beautiful Roslin?

Donald Dhu had broken with the gipsy girl. She had discovered that he had apparently transferred his attentions to Janet Lyle, and, after a very stormy scene, he had left the camp for good. The fierce Zingari girl was bent on vengeance, but she kept her secret. Pride forbade her to speak of it to any of the tribe, but she was on the watch for an opportunity to vindicate her wounded dignity.

Janet Lyle was by no means averse from the additional interest which Donald Dhu began to evince in her. She knew he was a young man of substance, and, save for his somewhat morose disposition, a likely lad enough. But an estrangement from her friend Elsie Carr had been the result of her acquiescence in his wooing. Elsie could not bear the sight of the man. She was a girl of keener discernment than Janet, and she had little difficulty in penetrating his true character. The incident of his attack upon the inoffensive stranger had to her eyes thrown a flood of light upon it.

There was a little social group around the table of the gamekeeper's cottage that night, waiting for the drawing nigh of the hour for the midnight Mass. Elsie Carr's foster-brother, Robert Blair, had come from Edinburgh to spend the Christmas with her parents. He was a modest, manly young fellow, and looked upon almost as a son by Carr and his wife, for his parents had been their dearest friends. They had died many years before, and at their decease the Carrs had taken the charge of their boy. It was a dying request of Mr. Blair, and the Carrs willingly undertook the responsibility, and well and faithfully carried it out.

Robert Blair was now apprenticed to a cloth merchant in the Salt Market in the capital, and whenever he got a holiday his first thought was to go over to see his foster-parents—and to see his foster-sister, Elsie. If he loved them, he positively adored her.

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The yule-log burned brightly on the hearth, and as the little party sat in its cheerful glow the gamekeeper told many a pleasant story of the old-time Christmas Eves beyond in the "great house," when the Lord of Misrule and his merry company were given *carte blanche* in the matter of festivity, and the mummers played pranks in the hall, and the "waits" came around at midnight to recall the revellers to the more solemn thoughts of the season. Suddenly there was a pause in the talk and laughter.

There was a faint cry for help. They all heard it. Robert Blair snatched his hat and dashed out. The gamekeeper, not so nimble in his movements, followed him in a few minutes, and the two women sat listening with blanched, expectant faces.

Some moments, that seemed ages to them, passed ere there was any sign from without. At last the two men reappeared, and with them another whom they supported. He was pale and gasping, and blood was flowing from a small wound on his forehead.

It was the stranger whom Elsie and Janet had saved from Donald Dhu a few months previously.

"I am not much hurt, my good friends," he said, in answer to the anxious inquiries of the two women. "I was attacked by an unknown man just as I neared Roslin, whither I was journeying, and I struggled with him as best I could. He overpowered me and threw me to the ground, and in the fall my head was dashed against a sharp stone. But the villain took from me my cloak, in the pocket of which was a most precious document. It was to retain possession of this that I struggled so hard, and its loss affects me more than I can well describe."

"Let us go out and search for him," cried Robert Blair eagerly. "He cannot be very far away. Perhaps he is one of the gipsy band, and if that be so he will have to give your property up, for the lord of Roslin will have no plunderers on his lands, I warrant, if their guilt be proven."

The older man agreed to the suggestion, and the two started out in search of the marauder. Meanwhile a little scene of a stirring kind was being enacted outside, in the vicinity of Roslin Chapel.

Donald Dhu—for it was he who, muffled in a great plaid, had made the attack upon Father Seton—had fled upon the approach of his rescuers. But other eyes were watching him—

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the eyes of a vengeful woman—and as he turned the corner of the rustic laneway which led to his own home the gipsy girl, stepping out from behind a tree, suddenly confronted him.

As she did so something bright in her hand gleamed before his eyes. Donald Dhu started back in affright and ran with the speed of a deer down the road towards Roslin Chapel.

The woman was no less nimble-footed than he, and hardly less powerful. She instantly gave chase.

Desperation nerved the limbs of Donald Dhu, however. Encumbered as he was with the heavy cloak which he had wrested from the priest, he threw away his plaid, and raced at wonderful speed. He knew the value of his prize, and was determined to keep it at all hazards.

How he had become aware of this fact is simply told. The secret had been imparted to him by his kinsman, Rab the Leech. That old sleuth-hound knew from Donald of the priest's intention to return to Scotland. Those in power who employed him had told him, from knowledge gained by secret agents, of the departure of a messenger from Rome to the queen regent, and Rab had no difficulty in concluding that he must be the man who had previously escaped his clutches. As the time for his return drew near he watched the arrival of ships and strangers at Leith with almost sleepless eyes, night and day, for he knew the prize was worth the labor.

At last the opportunity came, quite unexpectedly. A vessel had dropped anchor during the night-time, and as the spy was hastening along the quay early in the morning he saw the very man of whom he was in search enter an inn of an obscure character at the least frequented portion of the thoroughfare.

He was at a loss how to act. The port of Leith was still in the hands of the queen's French allies. He could expect no countenance from these if he desired the capture of the stranger; more probably he would jeopardize his own skin.

He had no resource but to go back, as fast as his legs could carry him, to Edinburgh and seek help there. But there was much delay about this. The bailie who had charge of the police could not be found until the afternoon, and it was not until night was falling that the party set out for Roslin. On the way the spy paid a visit to Donald Dhu, and told him to watch for the stranger's arrival also, and notify his coming to the ambushed party. This was the trap which the unlooked-for intervention of the gipsy had rendered futile.

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Seeing that he was not gaining anything in the race from his enraged pursuer, and knowing that if he continued it he must be driven into the midst of her gipsy friends, the fringe of whose camp touched the road not more than a quarter of a mile away, Donald Dhu bethought him of another means of escape. He knew a portion of the wall where some dilapidations on its surface afforded footholds and handgrips, and for this he made a dash and succeeded in climbing up just as Bess had come upon him.

He sat on top of the wall panting for breath while the girl hurled fierce invectives at him from below. He thought it prudent to remain seated there as long as she was in the neighborhood, lest she might try to get over the wall too. He was determined to push her down if she did so.

At last Bess turned to go. "You may think yersel' safe the noo, ye white-livered hound," she said, shaking her clenched hand at him, "but ye are only putting off the day. Ye'll dree yer weird as sure as yon stars will pale before the morn, and the red de'il will hae yer craven soul for aye."

Slowly she retraced her way toward the camp, Donald Dhu watching her retreating figure as long as he could keep its dim outline in view. As he sat straining his eyes, peering into the night, he thought he heard the sound of a voice faintly afar off, and he trembled, he knew not why. His ears had not deceived him. Away down the road the baffled woman, as she walked moodily along, had been met by the armed posse from Edinburgh. Rab the Leech, who was some yards in advance, planted himself right in her path, and demanded, in tones of wolfish eagerness, had she seen any one pass as she came along.

A sudden thought shot into the girl's brain, and a wild gleam flashed from her eyes as she answered the question.

"I did, sure enoo. There was a chiel lurkin' beneath the wall of the chapel yonder, and as I drew near he scaled the wall like ane squirrel and loupit awa'."

"Heich, that's guid! Ye're a bonnie lassie, and there's a merk for your news," cried Rab, in a sudden and unwonted access of generosity. "Come on, my braw lads, the quarry's yonder, only a few yards off!" he shouted to the squad.

The men broke into a quick trot, their heavy boots beating a sort of sledge-hammer chorus upon the frost-baked road, and their steel breast-plates and basinets glinting swiftly in the pale starlight.

At the gate of Roslin—a gate of beautiful, heavily-interlaced

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iron-work—they drew up, breathless. Then Rab the Leech gave the bell a tug which instantly woke a great clattering response within and a host of echoes without.

An old man who acted as sacristan appeared inside the gate in a few minutes, demanding angrily the cause of such an ill-mannered summons.

"Open the gate, in the queen's name," replied the sergeant of the troop. "We are in search of a traitor, and we believe he is in hiding here."

"I must not open the gate without ither orders," answered the old man, hesitatingly. "Bide a wee there till I gang an' see what's to be done."

"Open the gate, I tell ye, without delay, or I'll hold you as a traitor too in aiding and abetting traitors," cried the officer sternly. He was a zealous Puritan, and the work in hand was just what suited his spiritual views as well as his temporal prospects in the Edinburgh police.

"What is the matter?" demanded another voice—that of Father Francis, who had come hurriedly from his quarters on hearing the clamor. "Why all this disturbance in a peaceable place, at such an unseemly hour?"

"There is resistance to the law here, which amounts to mutiny and sedition, and aiding and abetting of treason," answered the sergeant stiffly. "If you are the person in authority, I command you to open this gate instantly and give up the traitor who is in hiding on these grounds."

"I know of no such person, or of any one being in hiding here, and I do not believe it is the case," replied Father Francis with quiet dignity. "But this is beside the question. You ought to be aware that there is a right of sanctuary here, and if any fugitive from justice claim its shelter he must not be given over to the civil law until it is proven to the satisfaction of the lord of Roslin that his case comes within the category of those which are outside the privilege of sanctuary."

"I shall listen to no such claim of popish superstition," cried the enraged officer fiercely. "That is all swept away, and the law of the land is the only law now. So open the gate this instant."

"It is the law of the land upon which I am standing," said Father Francis imperturbably. "The right of the lords of Roslin to the sanctuary is as firm as any of the other rights in their title-deeds, and no law can sweep these away, except an attainder for treason."

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"You refuse then to open your gates at the command of the law?" queried the sergeant savagely.

"Until I shall see the legal authority which commands me to open them unquestionably I do," replied the priest calmly.

"Then you will take the consequences," said the zealot grimly, putting his pistol to the keyhole and firing.

This did not suffice to open the gate. The stout lock was not removed until several more shots had been fired. Then there remained a great upright bolt to be undone, and this was not accomplished until one of the men had clambered over the wall and got inside.

"I protest most solemnly," said Father Francis, standing in front of the troop before they had formed inside the gate. "I protest, in the name of God and in the name of the lords of this soil, against this sacrilege and violation of the sanctuary of the precincts of Roslin Church. Now I have done my duty, and if you proceed in the teeth of my legal protest, you must abide the consequences."

"I undertake the responsibility," replied the officer haughtily. "Now stand aside, whoe'er you be, and if you will not aid us in our search, I warn you not to offer any further opposition."

As he spoke he rudely pushed past the priest, and went about making his dispositions to search the place. The party were scattered about the grounds, and it was not long until a shout from a distant corner announced that the prey had been secured.

Donald Dhu was dragged into the light of a pile of furze, which one of the party had managed to kindle by means of a flint and steel. His appearance caused no little amazement. His attempt at explanation was by no means satisfactory to any of the party, and he was hurried off, a prisoner.

He had hidden the priest's cloak and the letter it contained under a pile of brushwood, with the design to produce the latter when he had perfected a tale, which he was revolving in his mind, as to how he had come by them. He had no intention of allowing his kinsman to reap the reward whilst he had run the risk.

But his scheme came to naught, because when he came to prove his tale neither letter nor cloak was to be found where he said he had hidden them. In a couple of days afterwards his body dangled from a gibbet on the Grass Market, for Rab, furious at his treachery, had handed him over to the tender mercies of the law, set in motion by Bess the gipsy.

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At his trial she swore how she saw Donald attack a man and rob him of his cloak, and the surmise was that the victim had crawled away and died of his wounds in some lonely corner.

The disappearance of the cloak and the letter was a simple matter enough. When quiet once more reigned over Roslin, on the departure of the invaders, Father Francis and the sacristan had gone over the ground to see in what condition the foray had left the consecrated place—for here were the tombs of the Sinclairs from time immemorial. When they came upon the place where Donald had hidden his prize, their attention was attracted by the marks of recent disturbance of the debris, and they made a search which resulted in its discovery. Great was the surprise of Father Francis, but, much as he would like to know what this document, sealed with the papal seal, but bearing no address on its envelope, contained, he durst not open it—at least until he saw some reason for so doing. But his joy was deep when, a little later on, Father Seton, accompanied by Robert Blair, came over to see him and discovered his lost treasure.

"It looks like a miracle," he said. "I thought it was gone for ever—or at least gone into the hands of our enemies. It is a letter from his Holiness respecting the disposition of some holy relics which her majesty had come by after the sack of the cathedral in Edinburgh, and its loss would be great indeed, as well as giving our secrets to the enemy and imperilling her majesty mayhap, too."

Grateful were the hearts, though few, therefore, which worshipped at the midnight hour at Roslin. The fate which overhung their country and their creed was happily hidden from their ken. But as they walked in the starlight, and gazed through the blue depths at the mysterious beauty of those luminous witnesses to the divine power, they bethought them of the Star of Bethlehem long ago, and the troubled world upon which it gleamed. If their own time was dark they knew that in no event could it be hopeless, for there were hearts in bonnie Scotland that no gold could buy, minds that no sophism could warp, and these would keep the faith as long as grass grew and water ran.

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THE EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

LINDEN.

LINDEN CITY is our name, but the city of Linden is a small village of five hundred inhabitants.

As my friend Father George and I stepped from the train we were met by a little committee of "leading men" among the Catholics, the noisy spokesman being one of the four Catholic saloon-keepers who monopolize the business of drunkard-making here. But between George and me, both strong temperance advocates, he and his associate wreckers were made aware of what these missions to non-Catholics mean on the score of saloons and saloon-going. George capped the climax as we alighted at our dear friend Michael's house. "Let me take your satchel," said the saloon-keeper. "No," answered George sharply, "the holy oils are in it, and it is not right to allow a saloon-keeper to carry them." Before this mission was over the attitude of the church towards drunkenness and its occasions was well developed.

The hall was formerly a roller-skating rink, seating about four hundred and fifty persons. Our young people decorated it as if for a Fourth of July celebration, lining the walls with fine evergreens and adorning the little stage with bright rugs and carpets, the centre occupied by a large and gorgeous certificate of membership in the Independent Order of Foresters! We had a good choir of eight or ten girls who sang the hymns vigorously, and helped to adorn the platform with their gay-colored dresses and hats. The national colors were draped and hung plentifully in all directions.

The Catholics of this neighborhood entered into the spirit of the meetings with great ardor; unfortunately so, I might almost say, for they took up much room that could have been filled with non-Catholics unable to obtain entrance. But whatever inspires Catholics with such courage and confidence is good missionary work anyway. From far and near the country people drove in, and packed and jammed into the hall till it was a solid mass of humanity.

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The answering of the questions seemed to be of peculiar interest to the entire audience, savoring as it did of an exchange of belligerent compliments under our flag of truce. A slight unpleasantness with the Freemasons was occasioned by somebody wanting to know, through the query-box, why the church is opposed to Freemasonry. Among other reasons I assigned the death penalty invoked in the Masonic oath. This annoyed the Masons, who are strong here. Privately they denied the accusations to their Catholic neighbors, and the night following put into the query-box a long list of the excellences of their "order," taking care, however, not to deny any specific accusation. I repeated it, and challenged denial over the signature of some responsible member of the fraternity. That was the last of it.

There seems to be a smaller proportion of members of the A. P. A. here than at Beechville, though they are all too numerous. Anyway my audience seemed more sympathetic. Our literature—leaflets and copies of *Catholic Belief*—were greedily taken and read by non-Catholics.

My lodging has been quite pleasant, being with the family of a sturdy farmer, one of the early settlers. In his parlor an altar was improvised by Father George, and then I heard confessions and said Mass, having every morning a house full of worshippers and a good many penitents.

I leave this place with regret. The whole region about here is a fine field for missions of this sort; most of the towns, small though they be, have some kind of a public hall adapted to our purposes. A missionary could get audiences two-thirds non-Catholic in twenty places in these three adjacent counties; perhaps as many as that in one of the counties alone. It is not hard to interest people with what is in itself intensely interesting—the truths of eternal life.

One evening we had four Protestant ministers with us, and that evening there was a larger number of questions than usual, mostly stimulated by the topics and leaflets of the previous evening. So many of them were written in the same handwriting that I suspect that one of the ministers had a hand in them. I give some specimens out of my box in Linden:

When was the power delegated to the priests which you assume is theirs on the first page of your leaflet? You quote John xx. 23; if you read the chapter you will see Christ was speaking to all the disciples.

Can you reconcile the decrees of the Vatican Council (the

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history of which is written by Dr. Vaughan) and the decrees of the Council of Constance, held in 1413?

Does one of your most learned commentators, Bellarmine, speak truthfully when he says: Should the pope commend vice or prohibit virtue the church is obliged to believe vice to be good and virtue to be evil? Do Romanists believe nonsense of this kind?

Does the Church of Rome ever change?

Is the Church of Rome to-day the Church of Rome of the middle ages, with all the deviltries of the Inquisition?

How do you reconcile your teaching in the last paragraph but one in your leaflet (last night) with the following passages of Exodus xx. 4; Leviticus xxvi. 1; Deuteronomy iv. 16, 5, 8, 27, 15?

Why do you continue to call yourselves Catholic when all intelligent men know the title is false?

Can you account for the irreverence of Dr. Vaughan, who when referring to the Pope (Doctor, Pastor, We, Our), he always uses a capital letter, but when in referring to God he uses a small letter? What an irreverent assumption!

How do Catholics manage to wink at history so as to believe in the monstrosity called Papal infallibility?

The following came on one piece of paper:

What is the reason the priests cannot get married? Is it not contrary to the teaching of the Bible, which says: "Multiply and replenish the earth"?

Do priests pardon all sins?

Will you explain the Catholic side of the confessional?

Why is "Mass" said in Latin? What good is it to people who do not understand Latin to hear it?

Why are all priests Democrats in politics?—A PROTESTANT.

One thing edified me much—both in Beechville and Linden—the conduct of the new generation of Catholics. The young men, married and single, storekeepers, lawyers, farmers, eagerly caught at the chance of assisting to make the lectures successful. They peddled "dodgers," they lighted up the halls, they were the "gentlemanly ushers," they handed out the literature, and they argued and talked and canvassed before and during and after the lectures. They are fine material. Religion may well place its confidence in them; they will be, in their own way, most efficient missionaries, if only they are directed by enlightened priests.

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The expenses here have been six dollars for the hall and two dollars for printing. Add five dollars' worth of literature (exclusive of about thirty copies of *Catholic Belief* which Father George pays for), and the total is thirteen dollars. This was quickly made up by the Catholics of the place, with plenty to spare; the surplus being expended for our literary propaganda.

I had persuaded myself at first that my Linden audience was uniformly two-thirds Protestant, but further inquiry leads me to suppose a smaller proportion on some of the evenings. I regret this; but what is one to do? You cannot forbid Catholics attending, and if you should attempt it you would fail to keep them away. Anyhow, it is well worth while spending six evenings in addressing over two hundred non-Catholics in favor of the true religion, much as one regrets there were not twice as many.

I am solicited to take up some towns in this vicinity by their pastors, but must go to the other end of the diocese, hoping to return to this neighborhood before the mission year expires. A fine young priest said that he had found the expenses would be more than he could stand—something like one hundred dollars. He was pleased with even our Beechville figures, and amazed at the Linden ones.

We have no church in this village, the Catholics attending that at a little railroad junction some three miles away.

Such a Catholic baby show as Linden gave us was edifying in the extreme. The mothers were bound to hear the lectures. I regret that I *must* regret that such good folks did not stay at home and leave more room for non-Catholics.

A curious instance of aiming at the goose and hitting the gander occurred at this Linden mission. One evening an objection was given in against administering communion under one kind. There happened to be a careless German Catholic present, a piece of hickory of many years seasoning. It appears that he had imported that very difficulty himself from the old country. He declared himself well satisfied with the answer given, and approached the sacraments at the Forty Hours' Devotion opened at Father George's church the Sunday following.

The reader will understand that I live in my dear Michael's farm-house as one of the family, as I also did with the Sobieskis at Beechville. I sit down with the household at their common table, and every other way I am one of them. This gives them the joy of feeding and lodging and entertaining a priest on

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terms of familiar intercourse. They would perhaps keep me apart in solitary grandeur, but this would not suit me nor be just to them. Meantime these good souls have the gentle manners of true Christians and know how to make one happy.

I hear that the Beechville Antis are going to have a fiery A. P. A. lecturer to counteract the impression of the mission—to induce the good Protestant people to swallow back their vomit of religious hate.

I also hear that the Methodist minister of Linden will give a lecture in the hall on Monday night to draw his people back into the wallow of prejudice. But Fair Play had six nights for the truth in each place, and has left behind many hundreds of good leaflets and several score of good books, a permanent mission which is not easily defeated, especially when backed by such noble Catholics and so good a priest.

GRAPETOWN AND PEACHVILLE

have between them a population of eleven thousand, being separated by the pleasant waters and reedy banks of a little river. They both offer the common spectacle of Protestant disunion, many churches and none of them quite prosperous. The Lutheran confusion is strikingly shown in the first-named town, there being four different churches rejoicing in that holy tutelage, one of them the result of lawsuits among the brethren.

Father James resides in Grapetown, and visits Peachville every Sunday, where he has built a truly beautiful church. He met me at the cars just as the drenching rain, which the farmers had been praying for, ceased to fall—a very kindly man, a zealous priest, and actively interested in this apostolate. He had "billed the town," or rather both the towns, for more than a week beforehand. Big posters of cotton cloth were to be seen in conspicuous places, and dodgers were to be had everywhere. Good notices were also published in both the little evening papers. The moment Father James learned that I was an old soldier, he got out a thousand extra dodgers for the special benefit of my comrades.

A good priest like Father James is much respected by non-Catholics, and this helped the fair-minded editors of the local dailies to give us the extended and favorable reports which appeared each afternoon. But in one or two cases I found that my discourses had suffered from the editor's unfamiliarity with Catholic terms; entering his quill orthodox they came out heterodox in some particulars. But the more important things I

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wrote out myself, and these being faithfully reproduced enlarged my auditory by some thousands every day.

It seems that I am never to speak in anything less than an opera house or academy of music—everywhere I go I find these names given to the public halls. The hall in Grapetown is a good one, accommodating nearly six hundred. The stage was tastefully draped with the national colors, a fine picture of Columbus forming a centre-piece. The church choir sang pleasant hymns, and the first evening the seats were well filled and some persons standing, more than a majority being non-Catholics. I had preached at the High Mass on the missionary spirit, finding the people an agreeable and intelligent-looking congregation, dominantly of German stock. I feared that they would attend the Academy of Music too well.

But we did not suffer here from *embarras des richesses;* three-fourths of our congregation are farmers, and many being Germans, there was always room to spare after Sunday night. Tuesday's meeting was a full audience or nearly so, and the other evenings the attendance was good enough. But the place is quite a summer resort, the towns-people read the big city's morning papers before noon, and amusements are plenty; altogether not the best environment for our work. But some of our people exerted themselves zealously.

One French Canadian farmer living nine miles from town, and who had suffered from the taunts of his Protestant neighbors, challenged them to come into the lectures. They agreed for one night, and so he transformed his big hay-wagon into a carryall and brought in seven of them besides his own family. It is likely that some of them never heard a priest's voice before. Voice enough they certainly heard, and brought home with them the printed truth besides.

The query-box gave me a thriving trade in both these cities, and at the risk of wearying the readers of my preceding article I give a pretty full selection. As all of my four missions have been given in hot-beds of A.-P.-Aism, inquiry has centred mainly on the question of civil allegiance and the public schools; also concerning convents, which have been most villanously slandered all through the West by travelling ex-priests and ex-nuns. But some other points are curiously touched in the following questions:

Was Solomon inspired to have three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines?

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Why do Catholics hate Tom Paine?

Why are there so many different denominations, all keeping the same day and professing to serve the same God?

What is your idea of Spiritualism (as a religion) as a means of saving one's soul?

Can a Protestant go to heaven?

If the Catholics believe in the Bible why don't they let the laity read it?—A CITIZEN.

Why do Catholics never invite Protestants or non-professors to their meetings?

Does the church believe that an infant dying without baptism can be saved?

When were the crucifix, scapular, and rosary instituted in the church?—and give the religious significance of each.

Give the significance of the vestments worn by the priests and bishops.

Give the reason why the Catholic Bible contains more books than the Protestant.

Why is it that nine-tenths of the saloon-keepers are Roman Catholics, and claim to be Christians?—A CITIZEN.

Why does the Catholic Church allow saloon-keepers in the church, when all lodges do not allow them?

In your delivery last evening you would have the saloons all closed at all times. Why is it the saloon-keepers of this town and others are Catholics, while they are not allowed in the Protestant church unless they have reformed?

Why do Catholics hold a wake over their dead and have whiskey and tobacco?

Why do the Catholic priests, or fathers, grant absolution, instead of asking God to pardon our sins, as the Bible directs?

If sin is a matter between man and his God, how can a pope or any other man forgive sin?

Why do Catholics object to free schools?

In what country, or otherwise nation, of this civilized world will you find the most ignorant people? and what is the prevailing religion?

Why don't your church hire Protestants to teach in the parochial schools?

Why is it that they have to pay ten dollars to pray a soul through Purgatory?

Why do you charge for Masses for the dead?

Do you mean to say that no Catholic priest ever received money for praying souls out of Purgatory?

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Where is Purgatory situated? What authority have you that there is such a place?

Why cannot a priest marry as well as any other man? (This question was asked four different times.)

Please explain why priests, as a rule, wear no beard, and why you have a full beard?

Why are Catholic priests so arrogant?

What right has the church to have officers called "Fathers"? It is written "ye shall call no one your father but God."

Why are not convents open to the inspection of the public?

Which is worse to go to, a convent or to states prison?

(Signed) STRICT OBSERVER.

Please answer why a sister, when she takes the black veil, can't see her dearest friends?

A woman once being admitted to a convent, can she leave of her own accord?

Why are members of some convents prohibited from speaking?

What is the real object of a convent?

What is the real mission of Satolli?

Is it not true that seventy-three per cent. of Catholic soldiers in the late war with the South were deserters? and what proof have you if not so, and why the pope sent his blessing to the South and not to the North?

To which power does a true Roman Catholic, who is also a citizen of the United States, owe the highest allegiance in *temporal affairs*, to the Pope of Rome or to the government of the United States?

Are the Catholics of this country arming?

Why did you not answer the above question last Friday night by yes or no?

Why is it that all Catholic priests are Democrats, and why do they preach to Catholics to vote Democratic ticket, not Republican or Prohibition?

In vol. iii. Ecclesiastical Sermons, page 83, Cardinal Manning says: "Why should the Holy Father touch any matters of politics at all? For this plain reason, because politics are a part of morals. Politics are morals on the widest scale." If this is true will a good Roman Catholic say: I take my faith from the pope, but I will not take my politics from the pope?

Are you not bound to receive, believe, and disseminate the word of the pope as to what he decrees in matters of faith,

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morals, and politics so far as politics have to do with the church?

Are not all Catholics bound to accept the creed of Pius IV.?

Is it the teaching of the church, that purely secular schools are not good for Catholic children?

Protestantism is a heresy condemned by your church, is it not?

Does not the pope claim allegiance from every Catholic?

Has not the pope the right to give countries and nations which are non-Catholics to Catholic regents, who can reduce them to slavery? (See St. Thomas, vol. iv. page 91; also Dr. S. F. Von Schulte, Laws of the Church of Rome.)

Does the Roman Catholic Church teach that the pope is a supreme sovereign over the world?

Your dogmas teach that Protestantism is a heresy and a mortal sin, do they not?

The dogmas of your church teach that the church is superior to and not dependent on the state, do they not?

When the Pope speaks *ex cathedra* is he not supposed to be obeyed as the voice of the Holy Ghost?

Is not the temporal power of popes acknowledged by the church?

Do you believe in restricting immigration?

Should the pope command one thing from the chair, and the laws of the state another, every good Catholic would have to obey the pope, would he not?

Please answer this question plainly, concisely, and without any qualifications, in the same spirit that it is asked: Reason is God's greatest gift to man, and without it man is unable to judge of what is right and what is wrong; therefore, if man cannot in the exercise of this gift—reason—agree with the Christian doctrine, is he therefore eternally condemned?—in other words, which is better and more justifiable, an honest infidel or a hypocritical Christian *according to the teachings of the church?*

AN HONEST INQUIRER.

Loud applause greeted some of my answers to queries the second night in Grapetown, and as it came from the Catholic portion of the audience, I requested that henceforth there should be no more of it, as it might not be pleasing to our non-Catholic friends.

All the time I could possibly spare from the principal dis-

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course was devoted to answering the queries, in some cases extending to forty minutes. Golden opportunities were thus found for teaching just what Catholicity is, in our outer and inner lives. The quotations from Cardinal Manning gave occasion for a momentary indulgence in a modest flight of rhetoric about that noble character. He was indeed a citizen of the world and a Catholic of the Leonine type.

Catholic convents and sisterhoods stimulate questioning to a high degree of activity. This is owing to the great flood of filthy lying which has poured over this section, leaving in some minds the most incredible delusions, and in not a few the direst suspicions. The misfortune is that multitudes have never seen a Catholic sister or convent; and also that the sisters' demure appearance and singular attire, as well as the walled-up seclusion of their convents, have anything but a missionary influence. In a community penetrated with the suspicion that the church works her ends by underhand means, by deceit, hypocrisy, and secret conspiracy, Catholic life must sacrifice some of the privileges of holy solitude if it would enter upon an apostolate. Our Protestant brethren will not allow one of themselves to lead a secluded life; such a one is voted a miser, or has bad antecedents, is a misanthrope, and certainly is selfish. How narrow the area of inalienable personal right becomes when one begins to barter for souls! One is reminded of old St. Serapion, who several times over sold himself into slavery to heathen families and thereby converted them to Christianity.

By the time our four meetings in Grapetown were over Peachville was eager for us. Thursday night we opened at the opera house with a splendid attendance and a shower of questions. The next two nights our audience was hardly half-sized, a terrific storm prevailing, one of the worst this lake country has known for years. But even those evenings we had a fair share of the most intelligent Protestants of the town, and several prominent members of the A. P. A. The place is new and full of an adventurous, active-minded element. Sunday night we closed with a splendid audience, numbering more than six hundred. We always had a large preponderance of non-Catholics, except perhaps the nights of the storm—a bright, inquisitive kind of people. The men outnumbered the women at the meetings in both places.

I must beg the printing of the following challenge, which was the incident of the Peachville mission. "Professor" Sims

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is an A. P. A. lecturer, one of a band in the regular employ of the organization. He has a voice of much power and is a specimen of the vulgar sort of stump-speakers. Our more elderly readers will remember the professor's book of reference, Dens' theology, as figuring extensively in the Hughes and Breckenridge controversy. There is no use denying that the old Adam in me longed to accept the challenge. I regretted, for a brief moment, that I was not Dennis Kearney, the sand-lot orator. I think I could have outyelled my antagonist, and outcavorted him. But I should have hurt my office and my cause in stooping to such fisticuffs. So, in substance I told my audience in Peachville: neither peace of mind, nor the business of persuasion of the truth, nor mutual understanding and good will, would be helped by "the joint debate." But I answered all the propositions and questions in the challenge, and condescended to the pun that the main reliance of the professor was not Dens' theology, but dense stupidity on the part of some of his fellow-citizens. I also said that the difference between my work and his was that between a law-court and pugilism. But read the challenge:

"QUESTIONS FOR PRIEST ELLIOTT TO ANSWER.

"On Thursday evening, October 12, Rev. Father Elliott commenced his first of a series of lectures in the opera house. He advertises to answer all questions concerning the Roman Church and its attitude toward our free institutions.

"Professor Walter Sims, of Bay City, Mich., has repeatedly challenged any bishop, priest, Jesuit, or any person who will produce authority as representative of the Roman Catholic Church, to discuss this question before an intelligent American audience. Now, why don't Father Elliott accept this challenge? It is respectfully tendered. He would confer a great favor upon his Catholic admirers if he had the bravery to face Mr. Sims, George P. Rudolph, Evangelist Leyden, or Major Ryan before a representative assemblage of citizens in this city.

"A large majority of the laity of the Roman Catholic Church do not believe what is contained in the following questions, and for their benefit we ask Father Elliott to answer, as he has agreed to do:

"Do not the canonized dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church demand of every Roman Catholic unquestioning belief in, and obedience to the following inexorable rules for the guidance of political, social, and religious life?

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"That the pope is both an infallible spiritual and temporal sovereign. That the will of the pope is the supreme law of all lands. That the pope has the right to annul state laws, treaties, and constitutions, etc., and to absolve from obedience thereto. That the pope can annul legal relations of those in ban, especially their marriages. That the pope can release from every obligation, oath, and vow, either before or after being made.

"That the pope can ignore the government of non-Catholic countries and give them to Catholic sovereigns. That the official voice of the pope is the Holy Spirit. Does not the pope command, dogmatically, obedience to the following unchangeable laws of the church?

"That she has the right to require the state not to leave every man free to profess his own religion. That she has the right to exercise her power without permission or consent of the state. That she has the right to deprive the civil authority of the entire control of public schools. That she has the right of perpetuating the union of church and state. That she has the right to require the state not to permit free expression of opinion. That the education outside the Roman Catholic Church is a damnable heresy. That the constitutions of states are not superior, but subordinate, to the constitutions of the church.

"Are not its members organized into societies, arming and drilling under priestly direction? Does it not demand of its members obedience to the pope as to God?—therefore, how can they be true citizens? Does it not teach that oaths are not binding, except when made subject to its laws? Does not your church offer rewards for the persecution of heretics? Does not your church rob and oppress its own people, keeping them in the bonds of delusive ignorance and superstitious fear? Did not your church cause you to take an oath containing the following extract, at your ordination to the priesthood: 'I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state, name Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates,' or words to that effect?

"Now the question arises, What will Mr. Elliott do in regard to answering the foregoing questions, which are asked merely for the benefit of the members of his church? Every well-informed Protestant knows how to answer them. The pope of Rome, in every official document emanating from 'his high chair,' either admits or does not deny but what they are the laws and teachings of his church. Therefore, Mr. Elliott would not dare brand them as false accusations. Will he admit

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they are the laws and teachings of his church? No, certainly not; because every intelligent Catholic who desires to become an American citizen would be compelled to leave the church, and thereby ruin Rome's chances of subjecting this free country to her un-American laws and superstitious teachings. . . .

"The above questions are some of the momentous ones which are at the present time causing alarm and widespread dissatisfaction among the enlightened and loyal American citizens of this country, and so considered by them to be a menace to our government; therefore we challenge Rev. Father Elliott to discuss these questions with Professor Walter Sims, of Bay City, before a representative audience of our citizens, a suitable place to be determined upon by a committee from both sides, on October 17, 25, or even at a later date. An official notice, either by letter or in person, accepting this challenge, will be earnestly and hopefully looked for at this office."

The journal printing this is a weekly Democratic sheet recently gone over to the anti-Catholic party.

In another column of the paper appeared the following: "The Roman Catholics of America are prepared for conflict. Everywhere they have formed or are forming secret and military companies, under the names of Hibernians, St. Patrick's Cadets, St. Patrick's Mutual Alliance, Knights of St. Peter, Knights of Columbkill, the Sacred Heart, etc. These secret societies are not only drilled but they are well armed, some of them with arms bought by themselves, some got from the State governments. They parade our streets several times a year under the name and mask of State militia."

On the Wednesday following our closing Sunday the great challenger delivered an afternoon address in the Grapeville Rink—he was refused the Academy of Music—and one in the evening. In spite of a brass band parading the streets his audience was almost nobody in the afternoon, but a better attendance was secured for the evening.

The speaker had been introduced by a prominent citizen of the town, who boasted that the A. P. A. had in a short time secured a membership of two thousand voters in this county. Consider this as a specimen of hundreds of counties in the United States, and consider the rubbish these multitudes are content to be fed with, and tell us if it is not time we had some representatives of Catholicity foot-free to go here and there and anywhere, to expose this gigantic confidence game? And consider whether prelates and priests and laymen are not right in "making the

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American Eagle scream" in the interests of Catholic love of country.

Some complained that the lectures were in part "too deep," though I fear a professor would say that I was too superficial in my arguments. But in truth one may deal with deep things, "aye, the deep things of God," before a haphazard American audience, but he must use common language and forswear scholasticism—syllogizing. The people can cross high mountains, but they cannot fly across.

The expenses for both missions were $12 for printing, about $5 for my literature, and the Peachville Opera House cost us $24, the Grapetown Academy of Music being free: total $41.

The effect produced was distinctly repressive of the A. P. A. ferment. Prejudice certainly was lessened, and many non-Catholics, including the editors of both the dailies, expressed themselves as pleased with our religion, shown to them in its true colors. Here is a clipping from the Peachville *Palladium:*

"Rev. Walter Elliott, the Catholic priest who is delivering a series of lectures in this city on the Roman religion, took occasion Friday evening to answer some of the attacks made on his church by recent speakers, and his replies were fair, courteous, and dignified. The assertions of this priest, who is doubtless qualified to speak the truth regarding his denomination, will go far to allay any fears that may yet exist as to an uprising of Roman Catholics."

And what a lovely time I have had here! The balmy breezes of the American autumn, the glorious sky, the sparkling waters of the lake, this whole region a sanitarium for all life—human, animal, and vegetable—the stalwart race of men and women, the fervent Catholics, the delightful company of Father James—how pleasant the life of the missionary, sure enough!

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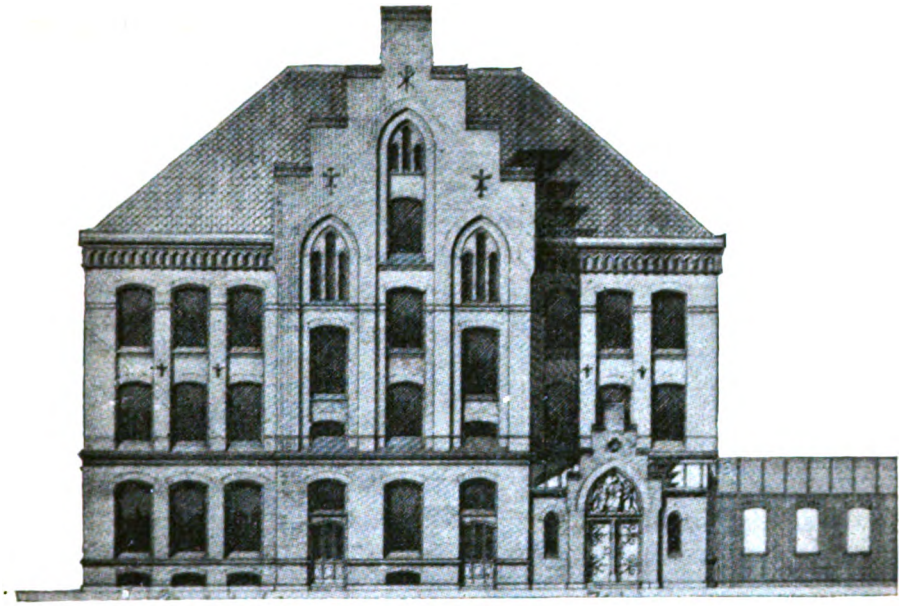

CHURCH OF THE ROSARY, BOYESGADE, NEAR FREDERICKSBERG.

A SKULL, A PRINCESS, AND A BLACK FRIAR.

BY V. C. HANSEN.

A FRENCHMAN who has been watching with sympathetic interest the striking progress of the Catholic Church in Denmark during the years in which Monsignor Johannes von Euch has been at the helm, recently wrote to his friends in France:

"Doubtless the monsignor is a scholar and a diplomat, besides being a priest of eminent piety; but all his accomplishments would have gone for naught had it not been for the skull, the princess, and the Black Friar. These three gave him his opportunities, which, I admit, he seized and utilized with the skill of a master."

The skull was that of King Canute of Denmark, who some time toward the close of the eleventh century weeded out the last remnants of heathenism within his realms, enforcing obedience to the church with such persistency that at last some of his subjects rebelled against him, and killed him in a church in front of the altar. Subsequently he was canonized, and to the

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church in the city of Odense, in which his murder had taken place and his body was preserved, was afterwards given the name of St. Canute's. Along with all the other Danish churches, at the "Reformation" in the sixteenth century it passed into the hands of the government, and was henceforth used as a Lutheran place of worship. The late king, Frederick the Seventh, had the remains of the saint enclosed in a casket of iron and glass, and placed in the crypt of the church.

In spite of great weakness, King Frederick was a man of bright intellect and a big heart, and he became more popular than any other Danish monarch for the last two centuries. One day in 1863 he entertained at one of his country seats a German bishop who was visiting Denmark, the then Prefect-Apostolic, Dr. H. Grüder, and the present Bishop von Euch, at the time Dr. Grüder's curate. The king was very affable and good-natured to both.

"Do you know," he suddenly said, "that I enjoy your company exceedingly. My regard for Catholic clergymen is very great. To tell the truth, I should like to be a Catholic myself, only you know the Danish constitution, the constitution I have myself granted my people, contains the clause that the king must always be a Lutheran. But if there is anything I can do for you just tell me, and be sure you'll get it."

The prefect then suggested that the skull of St. Canute be removed from its present place and turned over to the Catholics.

"It was not until your majesty's reign," said Dr. Grüder, "that we Catholics obtained freedom of worship here in Denmark. Would it not be a crowning act of justice if you restored the relic of the only saint among your illustrious predecessors to us—to us who share the faith he died for, and who alone among your subjects honor his memory in the way in which his and our church prescribes that it should be done."

"Certainly," replied the king, "that is a perfectly just and sensible request. The next time I go to Odense I will see that the skull is handed over to you."

But only a few months later the king was a corpse, having had no chance to visit Odense before his sudden and unforeseen death.

Thus the Catholics did not get the skull; but they remembered their saint just the same, and a few years ago they made up their minds to celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of his death with as much solemnity as their small number (not

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fully four thousand out of in all two million Danes) would permit. It was Prefect von Euch's wish that the widest publicity possible be given to the celebration, and the press willingly published the information he caused to be sent to it. Throughout his career Dr. Grüder had sedulously avoided anything ostentatious or demonstrative, and probably his individuality, which was markedly that of a scholar and an ascetic, made this

Bishop Johannes von Euch.

seclusion a necessity. Monsignor von Euch, no less learned and pious, but possessed besides of the inborn dignity and ease of manner of a German nobleman, step by step trod a new path, and events have proved it the one that leads to success.

One feature of the celebration was to be a visit to the relics of the saint. Application was made to the Lutheran church authorities, and permission was granted on condition that no

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speeches be held, hymns sung, or any other devotional utterance made by the Catholics while in the church.

There is a little Catholic chapel in Odense, and from that, on the day appointed for the visit, a procession marched out, wending its way to St. Canute's. The tall, commanding figure of the prefect-apostolic at once attracted the attention of the many Protestants who had come just to see what a Catholic celebration was like. At the entrance of the church a surprise was sprung on all present. The Lutheran provost of the city suddenly appeared in front of the church facing the procession, thus forcing it to stop short, whereupon he began reviling Catholicity in general and the worship of saints in particular.

The present writer has always regretted that he did not witness the scene, but one of his friends, a Protestant, who did see it, afterwards rendered his impression of it in something like the following words:

"It was decidedly an unfair match. Our provost is a short, thin man, who tries to make up for his physical deficiencies by standing on tiptoe and raising his squeaky voice to an unnatural pitch, while your prefect has the physique of a Prussian officer of the guards, and a certain faint smile of quiet irony hovering in the corner of his mouth, which is more crushing than a harangue of an hour's length. For five or six minutes Monsignor von Euch listened to the provost's invectives, whereupon, with a firm step, he passed by the angry little man, followed by the procession. They immediately went down into the crypt, spent some moments on their knees in silence, and then returned in as orderly and dignified a way as they had come. The provost had disappeared. And now the next time please send us somebody not over six feet; we should like that a great deal better!"

"And still better would it be for you," I added, "if we should send one that has not the law with him."

This was the point. Everybody admitted that the Catholics had done nothing but what was their full and clear right, while the provost had allowed his temper to get the better of him in a way which even his friends must deplore.

The conservative papers, which in Denmark are all wedded to Lutheranism, showed indirectly how indefensible was the conduct of the Protestant clergyman by passing over the event in absolute silence. But some of the liberal journals candidly ridiculed the zealous little dominie, and, although nothing further occurred in direct connection with the case, as a matter of

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fact from that day the impression got abroad that Monsignor von Euch was what the French call "*un homme fort*"—a man of strong character and firm purpose, of whom one might reasonably expect to hear more some day.

And something was heard. Now and again it would leak out that the conversion of some distinguished person had been effected, chiefly through Monsignor von Euch. It is true the aggregate number of these converts was not large, but each and

Princess Marie of Orleans.

every one was in some way or other remarkable, be it for charity, for noble birth, or for learning, and their social standing and private life were universally recognized to be unimpeachable.

Doubtless by this time the cause of Catholicism in Denmark was furthered, indirectly at least, by the marriage of Princess Marie of Orleans to the youngest son of the Danish king, Prince Vlademar. The princess, a bright and talented woman, has succeeded in attaining a degree of popularity exceeding by far that of any other of the royal ladies at Copenhagen, and this

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she has accomplished against very heavy odds indeed. More distinguished-looking than beautiful, with a somewhat forbidding expression on her strong features, she did not at once attract the sympathy of the Danes. But it soon became manifest that with sundry eccentricities—amazing at times, harmless always—she possesses a tender heart, a great sense of the humorous, and an inflexible will. She was fully aware that her religion was distasteful to her new countrymen, nor could she be kept in ignorance of the venomous attacks on the Catholic Church for which her arrival in Denmark was the signal; and recalling the lukewarm attitude towards their persecuted church of other Catholic princesses, whose lot by marriage had become cast with Protestants—as, for example, a certain Swedish queen in this century—the student of matters human would hardly have had reason for surprise had he seen this young woman evince more diplomacy than religious zeal. But nothing of the kind took place. With firm and quiet dignity, as remote from ostentation as it is from half-heartedness, the Princess Marie never misses an opportunity to testify to her sincere Catholic faith. Strictly observant of her regular religious duties, she does not confine herself to this—she visits Catholic hospitals, is present whenever a corner-stone is laid for a new church or a Catholic structure is dedicated, attends Catholic lectures, and calls at Catholic schools. As, at the same time, her charities extend to the deserving of all denominations, with no discrimination whatsoever, it need cause no wonder that at the present hour she may not only be said to have conquered all prejudice against herself on account of her religious allegiance, but that to her must be ascribed a considerable part of what has of late been accomplished in Denmark in the line of breaking ground for the Catholic propaganda.

Be this not misunderstood: to this day Danish converts to the church suffer, and for a long time to come they will have to suffer, serious inconveniences as a consequence of their acting up to their convictions; the hour has not yet struck—may it never strike!—when a conversion may be suspected of having been brought about by worldly considerations. But, on the other hand, what has already been said will be sufficient explanation of the fact that nowadays, outside of the ranks of the Lutheran clergy themselves, few Danes only would be found willing to denounce and abuse the church which numbers among its most devout members the beloved Princess Marie.

Thus had the Danish mind been gradually prepared for the

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momentous event which took place now three years ago—the coming of a French Dominican, one of the "*Black Friars*," as were designated the sons of St. Dominic in the North during the middle ages.

Why to invite just this man—Père Lange—to preach at St. Ansgar's in Copenhagen should, with no exaggeration, be styled a master-stroke of Monsignor von Euch's, the reader will presently be made to understand. For years the Danish mission has been almost exclusively in the hands of German priests, secular and religious—the latter Jesuits only. But in this fact itself lies the explanation of the scant success said mission has until very recently encountered. By a strange coincidence the very year in which religious liberty (including, of course, freedom of worship for Catholics) was restored to Denmark—1849—was the second of a bloody war, in which Germany abetted those subjects of the Danish king whose desire it was to sever the connection with the government at Copenhagen, and set up an independent state formed of the two duchies, Schleswig and Holstein. Denmark came out successful, but none the less embittered against its southern neighbor; and for years the weaknesses and oddities—real or pretended—of the German people constituted the stock-in-trade of political pamphleteers, newspaper men, dramatists, and the editors of humorous weeklies. No new farce was possible without at least one character disporting itself in broken German, no issue of a "funny paper" without some cartoons and verse caricaturing German politics, manners, and language. The war of 1864 depriving, as it did, Denmark of the duchies, of course only deepened and sharpened the resentment, and altogether it is more to be wondered at that the German priests were at all able to make Danish proselytes than that the latter were few and far between. Imagine Russian missionaries trying to win over Poles, or Jews preaching a new religion to anti-Semites, or, for that matter, English ecclesiastics exerting themselves to change the convictions of Irishmen, during the worst years of misrule and suppression in the Island of Saints!

Lately, to be sure, the mutually hostile feeling between Danes and Germans has abated considerably, owing chiefly to the judicious efforts of certain liberal writers and politicians, whose organ is *Politiken*—a daily of the highest ability. But it will take long before a Dane will be able to listen, without an occasional smile, to a sermon in which for the *k's* in the end of a syllable are substituted the softer German *ch;* while on the

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other hand the soft Danish *d*, which should be pronounced much the same as *th* in "that," is invariably made to sound as hard as the initial *d* of a popular English oath.

And now consider the advantages of a French preacher with a Danish audience! The friendship between Denmark and France dates back as far as the time of the first Napoleon, when the little northern nation shared the fortunes and the ill-luck of the great conqueror long after everybody else had forsaken his standard, and throughout the nineteenth century French literature, French plays, and French paintings have been studied and imitated in Copenhagen more industriously and systematically than, perhaps, anywhere else. Sarah Bernhardt

Père Lange.

and the elder Coquelin, while sedulously avoiding the Fatherland, may always count on large audiences in the Danish capital, where the show-windows of the bookstores are continually glowing with yellow-covered French novels, a museum is devoted exclusively to French sculpture, and no café or restaurant that makes claim to anything above the lowest standing would dare be without, at least, *Le Figaro* and *Le Monde Illustré*.

Fully aware of this state of things, and considering the moment for decisive operation to be at last there, Monsignor von Euch three years ago caused the French Dominican Père Lange to begin a series of lectures—*conférences*—at St. Ansgar's.

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It soon became evident that something unusual was stirring up the religious life—ordinarily not over-active—of the city. Not only was the church crowded as often as Père Lange was expected to speak, but the papers over and over again commented on his discourses; Lutheran ministers denounced him from their pulpits; parents refused their children permission to go and hear him.

As might have been expected, by all this the interest in the Black Friar was only augmented; numerous persons called on him, he could hardly answer all the queries that came to him through the mail, all sorts of associations vied in inviting him to lecture before them. A highly significant fact was that not only the professedly liberal students' club, but even its elder rival, the union of conservative students, who for the greater part support the state church, applied for the honor of seeing the Dominican within its walls.

Of course to obtain such a success a man—even a Frenchman—has to be something above the average; nor would even the most embittered enemy of Père Lange deny that the abilities of this monk are of a high order. His ascetic frame and somewhat careworn features—offset, to be sure, by a pair of brilliant dark eyes, beaming with humor and kindliness—were of no little advantage among a people with whom "the bloated monk" is a standing figure in novels, plays, and pictures. But above all it was his eloquence that charmed all and convinced not a few—an eloquence of a peculiar direct sort; never turgid or loaded with imagery, hardly even strongly pathetic, recalling less the thunder-like efforts of famous orators and demagogues than the discourse of a man anxious to convince a friend in the matter that is dearest to his soul—a discourse welling straight from the heart, yet tempered with intelligence cool and circumspect, enforced with an array of learning that seems inexhaustible, and a skilful taste in the choice of words that, like that of the best prose writers of his countrymen, seems as nearly flawless as anything purely human can possibly be.

For the last three winters Père Lange has been lecturing, and his success has been continually on the increase, as the most telling testimony to which may be cited the confirmation last spring, by Bishop von Euch, of over a hundred converts. The significance of this number will be better appreciated when it is kept in mind that, with some four hundred thousand inhabitants, Copenhagen contains not fully two thousand Catholics.

Another circumstance should be dwelt upon in particular:

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with hardly an exception these one hundred men and women all represent the highest education and enlightenment of their people, all of them being not only conversant with the French language, but capable of following and grasping fully a theological argument in that idiom. Consequently their conversion could not have been one of a purely emotional character, such as at times occurs with people of muddled brains and limited knowledge, and is not to be relied upon with absolute confidence.

Of the honors paid to Père Lange by non-Catholics none could have been more flattering than the reception which the liberal students tendered him at the close of last winter's course of lectures. It was preceded by a brief speech by the Dominican, and an ensuing discussion, of which a passage-of-arms between him and Dr. Georg Brandes was the most noteworthy feature. Later in the evening, at the reception, Dr. Brandes—the famous rationalistic critic, the friend of Renan and Taine, the literary adviser of Henrik Ibsen, Björnson, and the entire younger school of radical northern authors—again stood up, this time to express in simple, heartfelt words his profound respect and admiration for the monk, adding that the latter might be assured of a sympathetic hearing whenever and as often as he would return to Denmark.

No one doubts that Père Lange will return.

As for Monsignor von Euch, already a year ago the Pope acknowledged his wise and faithful service by making him a bishop—the first Catholic bishop north of the Elbe river for fully three centuries and a half, his spiritual jurisdiction extending not only over the Danish Catholics, but over those of Sweden and Norway as well. Since then considerable work has been done by way of erecting schools and churches, but much more is yet to come. The recent action of the Norwegian minister of worship, in forbidding the singing of Cherubini's *Stabat Mater* at a concert in a Norwegian church, solely because it was a "Catholic composition," has only, by the universal ridicule with which it was received in the press, served to bring out still more markedly the fact which is day by day becoming more manifest, that the time of the undisputed sway of bigotry in the northern kingdoms has passed away for ever.

Copenhagen, Denmark.

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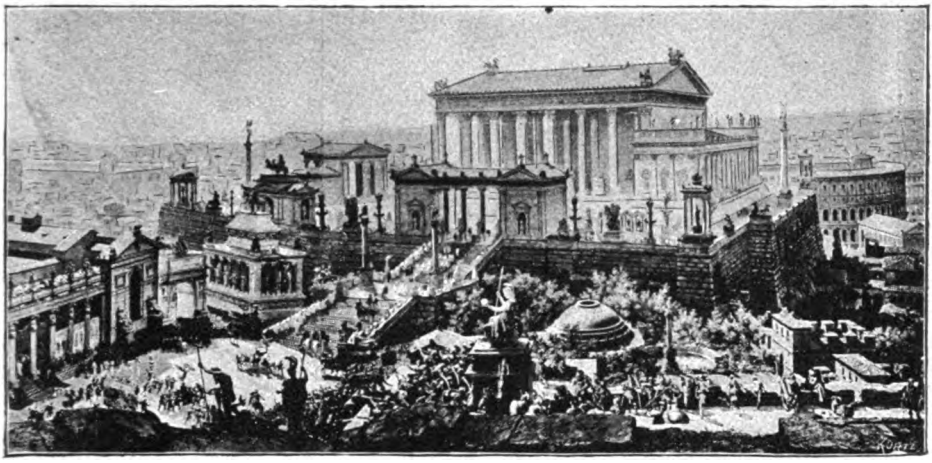

ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS.

THE TWO CITIES.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

I.

ROME, throned beside the Tiber, in the blaze
Of boundless power and glory world-complete,
Beheld the nations prostrate at her feet;
She saw with joy, thro' burning cities' haze,
Chained bands of bondsmen drag along her ways;
She saw the ravished fields, the trampled wheat,
The wreck of homes, her haughty foes' defeat
Swelling the pomp of thrice-victorious days.
And seeing these her heart was filled with pride—
The fierce pride of the soulless conqueror—
As to her cheeks a flush of triumph came;
Nor reckoned she how trodden peoples died
The graveless victims of red-handed war,
While countless millions cursed the Roman name.

II.

High noon has struck; in robes of purest white
The crownless Lady of the Lake appears;
Beneath her many a stately palace rears
Its glittering domes in marbled height on height:

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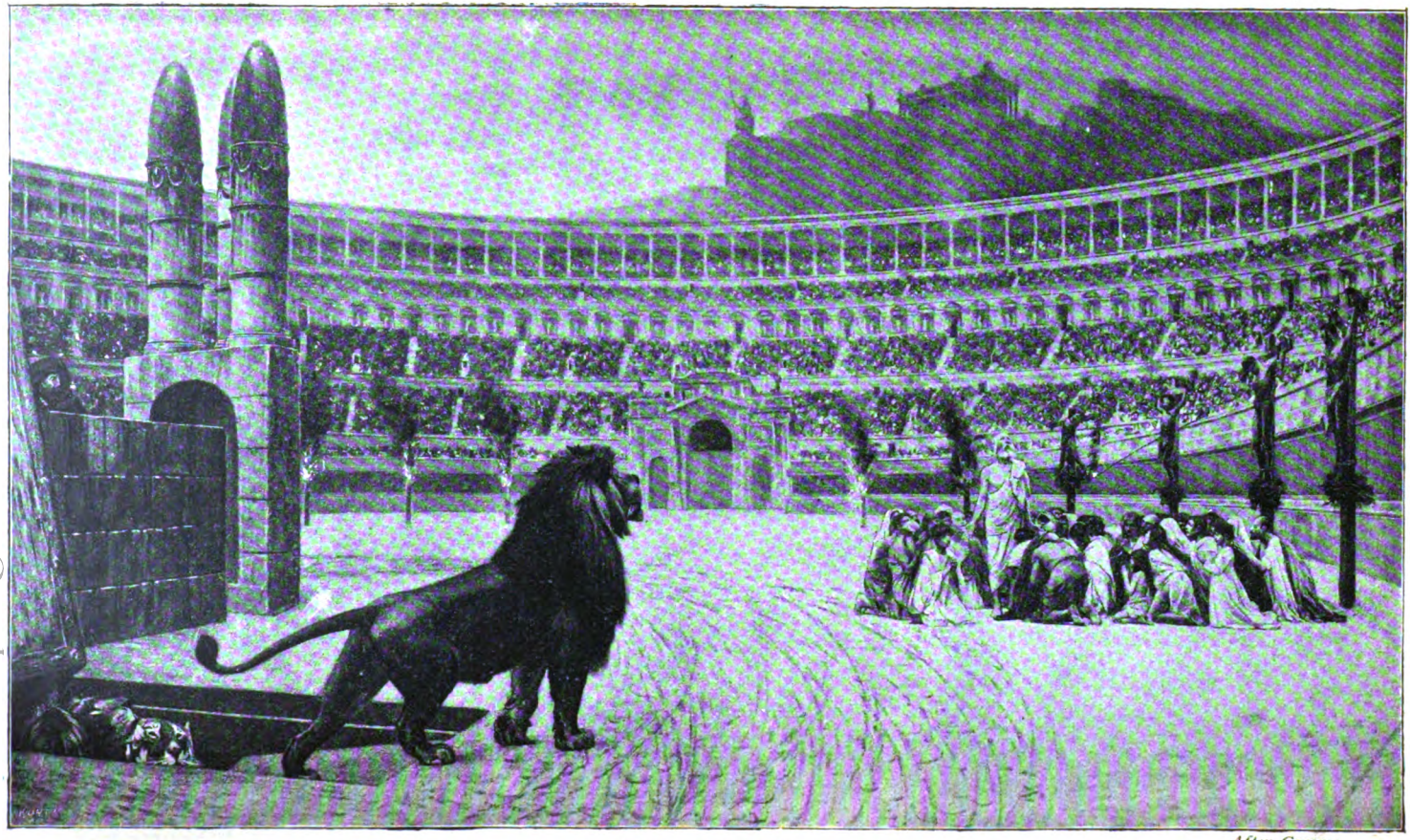

THE LAST PRAYER.

After Gerome.

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Far, far below a silvered thread of light
Winds thro' the green; the pigmy boatman steers
His tiny craft, and, like dull thunder, hears
The millions' voice hum in its smothered might.
Within the stretches of the giant halls
In noblest riot of magnificence
Arise the marvels of the land and sea,
Until from rush of wonders wonder palls
And Reason, in her fairy-house, cries—"Whence,
Whence may the fulness of this glory be?"

III.

The white-robed Lady gazed again; she saw
Not India's bales of precious merchandise,
Nor ocean's gems, nor mountain's golden prize;
But, as a vision, shone the love and awe
Of banded freemen for the reign of law,
The new-world answer to the ancient lies
That honor fails and human progress dies
Beyond the sacred circle monarchs draw.
Yet vaster tidings spoke the under-soul
That glowed beneath the outer show of things,
Flooding with meaning the majestic plan:
The blended units form the mightiest whole
Where Love is king and blessèd Justice brings
The triumph of the brotherhood of man!

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WORKS OF SUPEREROGATION.

BARNY BRYCE'S VIEW.

By Clarence A. Walworth.

IN a pleasant village in that beautiful valley which lies between the Hoosick and the Taconic mountain ranges, through which the Housatonic flows, dwelt Squire Hubbel and his amiable lady. The squire was a lawyer of some considerable note, with a taste also for farming. When recreating he sometimes drove a good horse and sometimes talked politics. Mrs. Hubbel was a good housekeeper and looked well after her children. She was noted for her piety and a great exactitude in all religious duties; a good neighbor, moreover, and with a kind heart for the poor. She was a great reader of the Bible, and it would be difficult indeed to point out to her any passage in it which she had forgotten. She was in no way especially remarkable for self-conceit, but if anything in her character approached to it, it was a persuasion that there was very little in the way of religious doctrine, either false or true, which she did not sufficiently understand. With this brief description of the good lady we venture to introduce her to our readers, as, with her shade-hat on her head, one fine summer morning she descended the steps of her back piazza to take a look over the garden. Although fond of horticulture, her object was not so much just then to inspect the garden-beds as to sow good seed in the mind of the gardener. Barny Bryce was there working very busily but very cheerfully, and little expecting to be himself overhauled by the good lady, for whom he had a most profound respect and to whom he had good reason to be grateful.

After a few words had passed between the two concerning the flower-beds and trees, Mrs. Hubbel said, opening a small book which she had in her hand:

"Barny, what do you think of works of supererogation?"

"Faix, madam," said Barny, "that's something I never tried yet, and I don't know if I should be able to do it."

"It's no garden-work, Barny. It's a Catholic doctrine, you know."

"Oh, well thin, Mrs. Hubbel, if it's anything accordin' to

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good Catholic doctrine, I'll try my hand at it, if you'll only tell me what it is."

"I said it was a Catholic doctrine, Barny. I didn't say it was good doctrine."

"Oh! never mind, Mrs. Hubbel, if it's Catholic, I'll run my risk on the goodness of it. Tell me what it is you would like to have me do, and I'll set about it at once."

"I see you don't understand me yet, Barny. Let me read you something from this little book, and you'll understand what I mean better. It is 'The Book of Common Prayer,' used by our friends the Episcopalians. I am not an Episcopalian, you know, but what I am going to read explains very well what the doctrine of works of supererogation is. The Episcopalians have a profession of faith which they call 'The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion.' I am going to read the fourteenth article to see what you think of it."

"Please, ma'am, don't," said Barny. "I never dealt in them articles, and I don't want to." He had already begun to perspire from head to foot.

"It won't hurt you," said Mrs. Hubbel. "I'll read it slowly, and then you tell me what you think of it." She then read as follows: "Voluntary works, besides over and above God's commandments, which they call works of supererogation, cannot be taught without arrogancy and impiety. For by them men do declare, that they do not only render unto God as much as they are bound to do, but that they do more for his sake than of bounden duty is required: whereas Christ saith plainly, 'When ye have done all that are commanded to you, say, we are unprofitable servants.' I suppose you understand that, Barny."

"Super-irrigation is a big word, madam; I can't remember that I ever heard of it before, and I don't feel like handling it. Couldn't ye tell me what it means, ma'am, in shorter words, and then maybe I can tell you what I think of it."

"Why, Barny, do you believe that we can do more for God than we ought to?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. On that pint you can put my name down square as voting in the negative."

"Well, if you are a good Catholic, you are bound to believe that. That's what your church teaches and what all your priests preach."

"Troth, my leddy, if ever a Catholic priest preached the likes o' that it was some Sunday when I stayed at home."

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"Do you believe that you can keep all the commandments of God?"

"I'm sure of one thing, Mrs. Hubbel. I haven't kept them all—not always. And you may take my word for it, that I never heard any man or woman of my religion say that he had done it."

"But your saints, Barny—your canonized saints. Perhaps some of them may have done more for God than they ought to, with an overplus of good works laid up to their credit."

"If I should have the luck to meet a rale saint I shouldn't like to hear one of them say so, madam, and I don't believe he wud, aither."

"Do you believe that it is possible to keep all the commandments of God?"

"With the help o' God's grace, you mean, my leddy?"

"Well, yes—anyway."

"Troth then, Mrs. Hubbel, I do believe it. What for would God be giving us commandments when he knows that we've no chance to keep them?"

"But our Lord Jesus Christ teaches us to say, that after all we do we are still unprofitable servants. Doesn't that show that no man can keep all the commandments?"

"I think you've left something out, my leddy. If I remember right, there's something else he said in that little book you have in your hand that might make it clearer."

Mrs. Hubbel then opened the Book of Common Prayer, and read the text again: "When ye have done all that are commanded to you, say, we are unprofitable servants."

"Wait a minute, Mistress Hubbel," said Barny, scratching his head. "Give me time to think a bit. Doesn't the Blessed Master tell us to howld ourselves for unprofitable servants afther that we've kept all his commandments? It seems to me that we have his own words for it, that if we don't keep thim, it isn't for the reason that we can't. And even if we did keep thim all, he deserves better work from us still. It seems to me, thin, that God doesn't command us to dò all that he'd like to have us. There's more that might be done yit. If the Holy Church teaches what that little book calls super-irrigation, isn't that what she means by it? I remimber very well, for I've seen it in our catechism, that there's such things as precepts—that is, commandments of God—that no Christian can neglect without being punished for it; and that there be other things called counsels of perfection which he puts us up to do,

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gently like, advising us kindly for our better good, without threatening us with damnation or any other punishment if we should fall behind, so to speak."

"Now, Barny," said Mrs. Hubbel, "you're going a little too far. Do you pretend to say that anything and everything that we can do to please God is not a commandment for us?"

"Troth, madam, with all respect for your better judgment, I think that's about the size of it."

"O Barny, Barny! isn't that lowering the commandments of God?"

"Well now, Mistress Hubbel, it's not meself that 'ud wish to make too little of any commandment. But isn't it, perhaps, God himself that's plaised not to make too many commandments, and that out of regard for our weakness; and isn't it perhaps himself that will be all the better satisfied wid us when we do some things to plaise him widout being ordered?"

"There's some show of truth in what you say, Barney; but it has a dangerous look, too. Is it not safer to look upon everything we can do to please God as a law?"

"Faix, madam, that would be the ruin of me entirely. And sure, if it isn't true, what's the use of thinking it? I'd rather trust my soul to the mercy of God than to be saving it by any tricks of my own raison. And so would you, my leddy—I know you would."

"I would, indeed," she replied.

"And now I do be thinkin' of it, I'm minded to ax ye, How do you like the traitment I've given to that corner of the garden over by the back fence there, where nothing seemed to grow and nobody cared to go like?"

"I like it well, Barny. Those lilies-of-the-valley thrive admirably; and how tastefully the paths are laid out! I meant to have thanked you for that before. You must have worked out of hours, Barny, to get all that done so quick. And the lilies are special favorites of mine."

"I knew that, Mrs. Hubbel, and then I bethought me there's nothing else would grow so well in that shady corner. I'm glad they plaise you. I've been waitin' for you to say it. There's some other flowers there that I thought 'ud plaise you. It's far I wint to find some o' them."

"I'm perfectly delighted with them, Barny; they are just what I would have ordered if I had known where they could be got."

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"You didn't order them, madam?"

"No, Barny, I did not."

"You wouldn't have been displaised wid me, then, if I hadn't done it?"

"No, indeed."

"And you do be plaised now, Mistress Hubbel, that it *is* done?"

"I am indeed pleased, and I thank you with all my heart."

"Wud it plaise you better to remimber that I had done it all by your own express orders?"

"In that case I should have been satisfied, of course; but I am better pleased as it is."

"O bedad! thin, madam," said Barny, "I do belave I've super-irrigated the garden; and I'm safe out of it, too, and I knew I wud be."

Mrs. Hubbel laughed in spite of herself and said: "Barny, you're a great rogue, whatever one may think of your doctrine." Barny himself, however, looked serious, which the good lady noticed, and asked him what he was thinking of.

"If I were to tell you that, ma'am, it might spoil all I've gained by the super-irrigation."

"How so?" she inquired.

"To be honest wid you, thin," said he, "when I look back over the long time I've served wid ye, I've had orders from ye, betimes, that I haven't carried out; and considering all the kindness I've had at your hands, and considering the kind words you've said to me the day, I'm a long way back in my accounts wid you. I'm willing to take all you'll allow, madam, to the super-irrigation."

"I am well satisfied, my good friend, with yourself and with the garden, and would not willingly change you off for any one else."

After a pause of a few moments, during which Mrs. Hubbel seemed lost in reflection, while Barny hoed away vigorously at his garden-beds, the former recommenced the conversation.

"There seems to be something reasonable in what you have told me, Barny," she said, "but at the same time I find it hard to believe that any one, however good he may be, can keep the commandments of God so perfectly that he can get beyond that and accomplish more."

"Faix, ma'am," replied Barny, "I am not saying that any man does that. All I meant to say was, that there be some

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necessary things that are commanded, and that there be other good things that there's no commandment for, that God would be pleased to see us doing, all the same. These be what we call in our church counsels of perfection, ma'am. That's not to say that one must be perfect before he can do them, but only that its more perfect to do them than to let them alone. Am I making it clearer, ma'am?"

"I don't know," the lady replied, "perhaps it might be made clearer."

"Well, thin," said Barny, "here goes for a venture, though I may bring up in a fog. Did you ever, my leddy, hear of a sister of mine that's in a convent? They call her Sister Ann."

"Yes, Barny, I've heard you speak of her more than once, and from what I hear you must have reason to be proud of her."

"Troth she was always a good girl, was Ann; and if ever she broke a commandment of God—that is in the middle of it —I never saw the pieces nor heard of it. But when she came to be seventeen or eighteen years old, she tuk it into her head that she wasn't good enough, and nothing would suit her but to be a sister. We all tried to keep her to home, but she wouldn't be set by us. Leastways, we made her so unhappy that we had to let her go. We tould her there was no command for it, and she allowed there wasn't. She would be glad, said she, to stay wid her friends at home and do as they axed her. But then God was calling to her on the other side, said she. But then for all her waitin' and waitin' and listening to the likes of us, he never seemed to let go this hould and so at last the priest give in to her, and we all give in to her, for fear we might be crossin' the Lord that wanted her all to himself. Maybe, ma'am, that's one of the works of super-irrigation. Not a commandment, you know, with a threat behind it, but a friendly advice like from the Lord above. It seemed like as if he was plaised wid her, too, that she did more than there was any commandment for. She's been there twenty years or more, and the longer she stays the happier she gets. She had a good deal to give up, poor child, and it must have cost her more than a little; but it would have cost her more to resist what was drawing her the other way. If God doesn't give her back more than he gets from her, I'm much meestaken. And maybe he'll turn over some of the good she does, and some o' the sacrifices she makes, to our account that she's left behind her.

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For, as I look at it, Mistress Hubbel, if super-irrigation is what I takes it to be, it's something that the Lord will let pass around without any emptying of the bucket it comes from."

"Without any emptying of the bucket it comes from! What do you mean by that, Barny?"

"You've heard, Mrs. Hubbel, of the Apostles' Creed? It's something we Catholics learn when we're little. It's something we Catholics often say over, not to forget it. Oh, yes! you must know it yourself, ma'am, and belike you believe it, too."

"Indeed I do know it, and believe it with all my heart."

"Well, then, Mrs. Hubbel, every time we repeat it we have to say 'I believe in the communion of saints.' Now, that's a doctrine, my leddy, that I make great account of, and this is my idea of what it means. Everything good that the Holy Church has is a sort of common property among us. The church is a holy family like, and whatever good thing one Catholic has belongs, afther a fashion, to the whole of us. Some are good, very good, and some are not so good, and some are so far from being good that they're a shame to all the rest. The best of all is our Lord Jesus Christ himself. Great as he is, and good as he is, he's one of the family all the same; and I'm sure of this, ma'am, that there isn't a single Catholic amongst the whole of us, let him be a saint, or a common Christian, or an out-and-out blackguard, but he's all the better off for having the Blessed Master at the head of the family. Isn't it one of the holy apostles—you'll remember yourself which one it is—that says, 'of his fulness we all have received grace for grace'? The goodness that's in him runs over like, for the good of all. And the same thing, I'm thinking, may be said of every good Christian in the Holy Church. The goodness that's in him and the good things he does comes all, of course, from the good Master, but it doesn't stop with him. It keeps flowing over. It couldn't help it. It's a way wid all things in this world, good or bad. Now, don't you see, my leddy, how in this way the Holy Church gets to be very rich. It seems to me that the Holy Church gets filled up in this way wid great blessings. It's a great treasure like, that the Holy Church has the keeping of. It's her business to look after us all, and in this way the good Master fills her lap full to help her to do it. The Holy Church is a great corporation, ma'am, so to speak, and we all have a chance to get our share of the dividends. It's a poor way I have of expressing myself, Mrs. Hubbel, but I think you ought to have some idea of my meaning. Isn't it yourself that I've heard singing from

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the window betimes a beautiful song? I can almost give you the very words of it:

> "'Refreshing showers of grace divine
> From Jesus flow to every vine,
> And make the dead revive.'

I don't think we ought to be far apart, Mistress Hubbel, on the pint of super-irrigation. The principal difference between us, I'm thinking, is nothing more than this: that all this great irrigation of holy grace and good works and merits goes on in the Holy Church—though I'm not denying that outsiders may get some of the spillings of it, and I'm not the man to grudge them all they can get. You don't make so great account, ma'am, of the church as I do, but when I repeat the holy creed, ma'am, I find the three articles of faith coming close together: 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints.' The Holy Church stands right in the middle, ma'am, between the Holy Ghost and the Communion of Saints."

"Well, Barny, your faith is strong, and your heart is in all that you have said. I came here thinking that I might teach you something, but I've got more instruction for myself than I was able to give to you. Good morning, Barny," she said, and walked away slowly and thoughtfully towards the house. Barny's eye followed her stealthily from under the broad brim of his straw hat, until her form disappeared beyond the closed door. Then, pausing from his work, he laid down his hat upon the ground with a deliberation which was simply emphatic, and crossing both arms upon the handle of his hoe, he gave utterance to his thoughts as follows:

"Did any one ever see the likes of her? There be many ways, I am towld, that lead to the Holy Church, and if she don't get her pretty feet into one of 'em before the year gets much older, then I don't know what the blessed angels are thinking about."

Albany, New York.

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A PLEA FOR THE WAGE-EARNER.

BY WILLIAM I. SIMMONS.

THE prosperity and happiness of the wage-earners, the workers of skilled industry, is one of the important questions in the welfare of a country, because with the farmers they compose the intelligent masses of the community.

With the farmer there is no difficulty. He is the most independent man in the nation, and also, probably, the most patriotic. He is more independent than the business man, the banker, or the railroad magnate, for he owns the land, and is not at the mercy of any stagnation in trade or fluctuations in stocks. In fact, all these commercial agents, to a great extent, depend upon him, and the wage-earner, though indirectly, yet more completely than all. If the harvest is abundant, the railroads prosper; the farmer spends his money and business increases; he invests in new farm implements and improvements, and an impetus is given many industries. If the crops fail, the railroads are dull and there is a general stagnation in trade. But the farmer is the independent man. He has his home and enough to live upon. He simply has to curtail in the superfluities and pleasures of life. This is especially true of the farmer who has no encumbrance and has cleared his farm of all mortgage. But it also holds good of the farmer who may be under the weight of debt, while the prosperity of the banks and investment companies, and through them the general commerce of the country, depend upon the farmer's ability to meet his obligations.

But it is not the same with the wage-earner. As a rule he is dependent upon his weekly earnings, and if that source of revenue is cut off, he seldom has much to fall back upon. Even if he is trying to own his own little home, his economy is all invested in that, or is regularly consumed in paying interest and taxes. And his less thrifty neighbor, who is paying rent, is no better off, for he has squandered his surplus, over and above the requirements of the family each week, in drink or some other foolish way. So the wage-earner, whether he is a prudent or an improvident man, has little or no reserve fund and is cer-

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tain to feel hard times most keenly. As a result he is inclined to be a discontented, and sometimes a dangerous, element. He sees the capitalist getting richer and richer every year out of his toil, he chafes under the large profits which he is making for others, until he conceives that he should have a share of them; then he demands higher wages, and a "strike," with generally an ignominious defeat, follows. This does not put him in any better mood, and, unable to see any way towards bettering his condition, he remains always dissatisfied with the existing state of things and ready to become a breeder of discord.

The farmer, on the other hand, is contented. If he has to work hard, he reaps the benefit of his toil. There are no vexed socialistic questions to trouble him. He is a peaceful, law-abiding citizen; patriotic in time of war because he has his home to defend.

Yet the farmer's condition was not always such a happy one. The present farmer is an evolution of modern progress and civilization. Formerly he was little better than the serf of the landed prince or baron. But by degrees he began to acquire possession of the land, and interested legislature, seeing that instead of a menace he was a bulwark to the state, began to confirm him in his holdings, until now we find the farmer the most potential factor in every nation.

There has been considerable talk, and perhaps some little action, with regard to reviving the industries in Ireland. There is only one way to successfully renew Irish industries, and that is to let the people own the land. Just so soon as it shall become possible to divide up the land and we have the Irish farmer in the true sense of the term, in place of the Irish tenant, the Irish industries will be born again. They cannot be nursed or developed by any forced patronage. The farmer will develop them, and they will have a natural life and growth in direct ratio to the farmer's prosperity. We do not mean by this that the farmer will make all the demand for the home industries. The Irish industries must compete with other markets, and this they could do with the opportunity in many branches. But the opportunity will never come until Ireland can sell in open market. And she cannot sell in open market until she can export her goods. But ships will not go to her ports to carry away her goods unless they can enter with a cargo. Our railroads penetrating into the remote interior have developed this country. But the railroads would never have been built to carry the products of our West to the seaboard if they had to return with

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empty cars. It is the farmer who has developed the West, and the great industries that have sprung into existence all over the West, and which made such an astonishing exhibit at the Chicago Fair, have followed the farmer, and are in direct ratio to his prosperity. In like manner it must be in Ireland. The Irish farmer must first exist, and put into circulation in his own country the earnings of his labor, instead of sending them to landlords across the channel, before the dawn of her industries shall begin in Ireland.

But what is the solution for the wage-earner's difficulties?

Place the wage-earner on the same footing as the farmer, and his difficulties will disappear. Make him a proprietor like the farmer. It is true that he cannot become a proprietor in exactly the same sense as the farmer, but he can become a profit-sharer. Make it possible for him to become a shareholder in the industry in which he is engaged. He is intelligent now; he will become responsible then. The troubles with regard to wages, hours of labor, and strikes will disappear.

Let the operatives in our large mills, for instance, have the opportunity to become, to a certain extent, part of the corporation. In the first place, they would become stable employees, and consequently better citizens. They would be interested in the profits of their mill, and therefore in the quality of the product, and they would become better workmen. The question of wages would resolve itself into the question of cost of production in order to make a reasonable profit. The profits would not have to be so great, and the wages could be proportionately larger. The hours of work would be settled by the demands of trade and the capacity of the mill; not by the capacity of the human machine for endurance.

The same would hold good for all other large industries. If the wage-earners participated in the proprietorship they would become more industrious, more interested in their work. They would enjoy a sense of security in their employment, and would be stimulated to possess their own homes and settle down permanently in the locality. Thus they would learn lessons of economy, and a noble ambition would replace their feeling of uncertainty and discontent. They would make better citizens and take a deeper interest in the welfare, improvement, and prosperity of their town.

Another advantage which would accrue from a participation of the wage-earners in the ownership of the industries would be to exclude foreign capital. The syndication of our industries

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by foreign capital, which has been going on the past few years, if it be not checked, will eventually prove a serious detriment to our financial prosperity, if not a national menace. No nation can afford to be owned by those who have no interest in, not to say sympathy with, her government and institutions. The wonderful growth of our industries, and the enormous profits reaped from them, has attracted the attention of foreign capitalists who could obtain only a small rate of interest from their home investments. The greatly increased earnings which their money would bring them in this country has made it a good business investment for them to offer such large prices for our industrial plants, that the offer has generally been too tempting for American owners to refuse. As a consequence, not only are English syndicates buying up our industries one after another, but they are even getting possession of the land in the large Western farms and ranches. With this state of things ever on the increase, what should we expect for the future of the country? The farmers would gradually descend to the present level of the wage-earners, except that instead of laboring for those who were identified with the interests of the country, the greater part of the toilers of the nation would be little better than bondsmen of foreigners, who cared nothing for their prosperity or welfare, who would have no interest in them except to get out of them the greatest amount of labor for the least amount of compensation. And so long as money could have any influence in legislation we could look for only those laws which would aggrandize our foreign owners. This may appear like an exaggerated picture, and we have too great a confidence in the stability of our institutions to believe that such a state of things will ever happen. But the changes that take place in the destinies of a nation are generally wrought by small and slow beginnings. And this capitalization of American industries, if it be not diverted, may lead eventually to serious distress among the working-classes, if not to grave political divisions and complications.

The resources of this country are so vast and the development in modern machinery so great that the question of capital requisite for our mining, agricultural, and industrial interests may be a serious one. But is it necessary to go outside of our own country? Is not the constantly increasing need of more capital an opportunity to enlist the earnings of the many wage-earners? They would be content with a much smaller interest on their investment than would pay foreign capitalists, and

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this would drive the latter out; at the same time, with a decreased profit, wages could be maintained at their maximum standard, while competition with foreign countries would be at an advantage.

The objection will be advanced that the wage-earners are not competent to control as shareholders large industries. Those who plead this objection know little of the intelligence of the workers of skilled industries. Many of the owners and superintendents of the large mills here in New England have risen from the ranks. In all industrial centres (we except such cities as New York and Boston) the wage-earners control and direct by their votes the municipality and its care of the town. If they want certain improvements they elect the men who will inaugurate them. Witness how the politicians of all parties bend their chief energies for the wage-earners' votes. They are considered sufficiently intelligent to exercise their influence, so far as it may go, in the national administration. But one of the best instances in proof of their ability as safe and prudent business managers is the building associations, by means of which the wage-earners have been securing for themselves homes. Everywhere these associations have been conducted on safe lines, and everywhere they have prospered; the few failures were where they were not managed by the working-people themselves, but were organized as purely business speculations. It is a noteworthy fact, that during the panicky times through which we have just passed the distress and stringency were felt less in Philadelphia than any other city. The savings-banks were not jeopardized, and altogether there was a feeling of security which was not seen elsewhere, and all because Philadelphia is a city of homes; from the lessons of prudence and responsibility taught by these building associations.

We do not claim that this state of things would bring about a millennium. It would not make every wage-earner a sober, industrious, upright man. But it would be a factor towards that end. It would tend to develop the better qualities in the industrious workman. It would put an ambition before him in life, it would lessen the temptation to spend his earnings in drink, and help to elevate him morally and intellectually.

Already we see this same idea developing in a small way among the large business firms. The proprietors have found it to the advantage of their business to interest those in charge of different departments, and these have been taken into the firm as stockholders. Everywhere, instead of "Smith and Jones,"

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we see now "The Smith and Jones Company." Let our large industrial corporations take up with this same idea and extend the privilege, not merely to the heads of departments but to the wage-earners themselves, on some such principle as the building associations, by which the investor gradually becomes possessed of a certain amount of stock, and we shall have no more danger from the intrusion of foreign capital, and no lack of funds with which to enlarge our present plants and build new ones.

This does not reach the question of the laboring classes it is true. And there will always be those who do not want to work, and whose only ambition in life is to foment trouble. But with the farmers and wage-earners well provided for and contented, the most intelligent classes of the masses, the steadying power, the balance-wheel of the nation, will be safe. The more you increase the responsible citizen, the more you strengthen the state.

This is the age of the masses. In every nation this fact is becoming more emphatic each year. The masses are demanding the control of affairs. Wherever it is not granted them a revolution is the result. They have numbers, they have strength. All they need is more systematic and regular organization, and intelligent guidance. More and more they are feeling their power. They do not always know just what they want; or we should rather say, that they know what they want, but do not always know how to obtain it. But they are gradually learning. They must necessarily make many mistakes, and they will constantly be led into excess by unprincipled leaders. But, as they find them out, these leaders will go by the board, and conservative and sound principles will guide their actions. The revolution which is going on in all the nations for the rule and control by the masses will be gradual and fraught with many political vicissitudes where their will is opposed. The murmur is heard throughout Europe; it is constantly overturning the governments in South America. In the end there need be no fear that the principles of anarchy will prevail. In every great movement there are always extremists, and the anarchists are the extremists. The masses do not want anarchy; the principles of the anarchists are not held by the masses anywhere. There are always some who do not want to work for a living, who want to destroy.

We may give all due acknowledgment to the condition of the wage-earner now, in comparison to his condition in former

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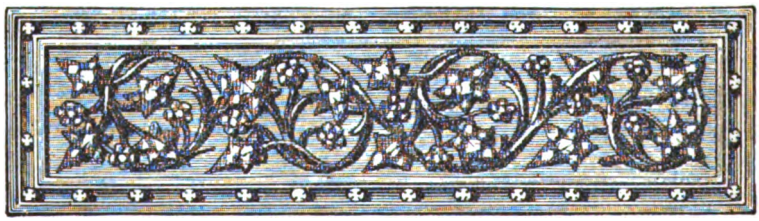
times; yet that does not alter the fact that he is a mere tool for the capitalist, no better than the machinery which is constantly displacing him in his work. We are suffering from that unjust development of legalized privileges known as the corporation. The capitalist will not easily give up his hold on the industries. But it will be well for him to look to the future, and take the initiative in that, which sad experience may wrest from him in the end. The wage-earner is becoming a thinking power. The masses are content to labor, but they are no longer willing to be slaves. They are demanding more and more a voice in their own government, and a share in the fruits of their labor.

The idea of profit-sharing has already had its birth and is destined to grow. It has an organization and a quarterly organ, and it will, probably in a very few years, form an important element in our political parties.

Make the masses *responsible*, or they will destroy. Let them *own*, let them have a personal interest in their nation and country, and they will not want to destroy; they will build up and protect.

Providence, R. I.



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THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM OF REGULATING THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC.*

THAT the United States Commissioner of Labor should be responsible for the publication of a report on the Gothenburg System of Liquor-Traffic may, at first sight, seem incongruous. The law under which his office is constituted provided that he should acquire and diffuse among the people information relating to the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual, and moral prosperity. It argues well for Colonel Carroll D. Wright's insight that among those questions he regards the regulation of the liquor-traffic as of an importance at least equal to that of any other. Hence we have this volume of two hundred and fifty-three pages devoted to what is commonly called the "Gothenburg System" and published under the auspices of the department of which he is the head. Its author is Dr. E. R. L. Gould, a statistical expert of the department, who collected the materials on the spot. Although a great deal of attention has been paid to this system in Great Britain, on account of several attempts to introduce it in a more or less modified form in that country, the report of Dr. Gould forms the fullest and most accurate account of the system which has yet been published. We propose to call our readers' attention to some of the characteristics of this method, and to the most important and crucial point—the results of its working; for in the matter of temperance legislation success in diminishing drunkenness is the criterion of excellence.

Prior to the introduction of the system in Norway and Sweden there was practically free-trade in spirituous liquors, private persons being allowed to distill the common drink of the country, called bräuvin, and to sell it almost at their pleasure, there being scarcely any restriction and but a trifling excise-tax. In fact, the liberty to produce and to consume spirituous liquors had come to be regarded as one of the natural rights of man; the brandy of the country was considered absolutely necessary for domestic use. While it is true that the drunkenness which naturally resulted from this state of law, or no law, was treated

* *Fifth Special Report of the Commissioner of Labor.* The Gothenburg System of Liquor-Traffic. Prepared under the direction of Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, by E. R. L. Gould, Ph.D. Washington: Government Printing-Office, 1893.

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as a crime, and strict regulations were made against it, the results which followed upon free-trade were disastrous. Dr. Sigfrid Wieselgren, to whose exertions the adoption of the new system is largely due, thus describes the practical consequences of "liberty":

"The very marrow of the nation was sapped; moral and physical degradation, insanity, poverty, and crime, family ties broken up, brutal habits—all those grim legions that ever range themselves under the banner of intemperance—took possession of the land. It was bleeding at every pore, yet seemed unwilling to be healed. The legislators complained of the vast increase of crime caused by drunkenness; the king charged the public functionaries to exert their utmost influence to check the evil; patriots joined together in temperance societies; the diet made creditable efforts in the same direction."

Nothing less, as is clear from what we have just quoted, than a complete change in national habits was required in order to reform evils so wide-spread. And yet a vast improvement has taken place, and the way in which it has been accomplished is full of instruction for those living in other countries who are at times tempted to despair, although the state of things is not so hopeless. The first step in the direction of improvement was due to the efforts of ministers of religion and the formation of a Total-Abstinence Society. And as illustrating the extent to which drinking habits prevailed, it must be mentioned that total abstinence did not mean abstinence from wine or beer, only from spirituous liquors—wine and beer being then and at the present time, we believe, looked upon as temperance drinks. For twenty years the advocates of total abstinence worked on under great discouragement, and with but little prospect of success. Things, in fact, grew worse and worse, but when they became unbearable the temperance advocates met with their reward. In 1855 a law was passed which was so successful in its effects upon the rural districts as to cast doubt upon the frequently-made assertion that people cannot be made temperate by legislation. "In 1855," Dr. Wieselgren says, "brandy could be bought in almost every cottage; in 1856 one might travel through whole provinces without finding a single place where it was sold. . . . There was but one opinion about the immense benefit which the rural population derived from the new act." This benefit, however, was not shared in by the towns.

The right given by the law of 1855 to every community to forbid within its limits all traffic in liquor in quantities under

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forty-one and one-half quarts did not extend to them. In fact, their position became worse, for in proportion as the traffic was shut out from the country it was naturally concentrated there. Although 88 per cent. of the population belonged to the country, and only 12 per cent. to the towns, of 11,846 persons sentenced for drunkenness in the year 1856, 10,507 belonged to the towns and only 1,339 to the country. It was soon made clear by experience that so far as the towns were concerned the new laws did not fulfil their desired object.

The Gothenburg system was adopted in order to supply the defects of the legislation which had been the outcome of the previous total-abstinence movement, and to do all that was possible for the inhabitants of that town. It started with recognizing the fact that it was idle to attempt entirely to suppress the manufacture and the sale even of spirituous liquors. Nor did its authors try to obtain additional legislation; they made use of the law as it existed, and by availing themselves of its powers they carried into effect a plan which has spread in a more or less modified form from town to town, not only in Sweden but also in Norway and Finland. In 1864 the municipal council of Gothenburg appointed a committee to inquire into the condition of the pauperism of the town. This committee consisted of persons who were most deeply interested in the question and best qualified to find the means of amelioration. It found that the greater part of the misery and ruin then existing was due to the consumption of brandy, and declared that if the community really wished to find an efficacious remedy it must exert its utmost energy to overthrow the enemy which had brought poverty, destitution, and crime into their midst. The committee accordingly proposed that the authorities, making use of the right accorded to them by the existent law, should hand over the licenses hitherto disposed of at auction to a company consisting of persons who would engage in the undertaking, not for the sake of profit, but solely for the good of the working-classes; the shareholders were not to derive the slightest profit from the concern beyond the ordinary rate of interest on capital invested, and all the profits accruing therefrom should be devoted to the welfare of the working classes or paid over to the town treasurer; that the premises hired by the company were to be clean, light, and roomy, and at the same time to serve as eating-houses for the working-classes; the food department and sale of beer, ale, and coffee, with the profits arising from them, were to be put into the hands of a manager, who

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would have to account for the sale of all spirituous liquors; and lastly, that no such liquors were to be sold on credit or pawn-ticket.

Such is, in outline, the Gothenburg System. As will be seen, it is a scheme for regulating the sale of brandy, and does not interfere with the sale of wine or beer. The sale of these is regulated by ordinary legislation, an account of that for Norway being given in this report. The committee of which we have spoken were not satisfied with merely making suggestions and forming a plan; they made arrangements for putting it into execution. Through their efforts the company was formed; its offer to assume all the public-house licenses was accepted by the authorities, and on October 1, 1865, operations were begun. Its starting point and basis were found in the existing law—the law of 1855. This law provided that licenses should, as a rule, be sold by auction, but a clause empowered the authorities to grant all the licenses which would otherwise have been thus sold to any company which might be formed for the purpose of acquiring them.

The characteristic feature of the Gothenburg plan is that the company did not aim at making more than the ordinary interest on the capital invested. The surplus had to be handed over to the town. Inasmuch also as it had a monopoly, there could be no competition, and no temptation to put down prices. Neither was it a matter of importance to multiply licenses, or even to use all the licenses granted by the authorities—the moderate gain aimed at being secure in either case. No doubt, however, the success attained is in large measure due to the character of the projectors and controllers of the system; these being men who really had at heart the advantage of the community. Had it fallen, or should it fall, into the hands of those in whom greed of gain is dominant, no doubt a way would be found to multiply the desired good. The success it has met with hitherto proves that this has not yet happened. However, in Norway it has generally been thought better to apply the profits, which in Gothenburg are given to the town for the diminution of the rates, to other purposes, such as asylums, museums, homes. In Bergen, for example, no less than seventy-eight different institutions have had a share in these profits. This was done because it was feared that the desire to diminish the rates might be a strong temptation to the company to promote the sale of its goods.

The plan has been adopted in seventy-seven out of the ninety towns of Sweden, and in almost all the towns of Nor-

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way, although it has encountered opposition of the most desperate nature. The interests of the distillers were seriously threatened, and they made the strongest efforts to repeal the law of 1855, which forms the basis of the system. Not succeeding in this, they tried to enlist the working-men on their side under the pretext of supplying cheap food. In the report is found a record of the long and the ultimately successful battle which it has been necessary to fight—a record which will afford encouragement and instruction to the opponents of the liquor-traffic in other countries. For this and for precise and technical details of the plan we must refer our readers to the report itself.

We will conclude by briefly indicating some of the results to the country at large, so far as they can be ascertained, of the working of the plan. First as to the diminution of the number of licenses. In the ten years 1881–90 bar-trade licenses declined absolutely about thirty per cent. in Sweden, while the total number of retail privileges was brought down from 83 to 39. The number of inhabitants in proportion to both kinds of licenses advanced thirty-five per cent. The average annual consumption of spirituous liquors has fallen from 10.3 quarts per individual in 1856 to 7.42 in 1890, although it must be stated that this decline has not been regular and continuous, the amount having reached 12.47 quarts in 1875. In Norway, however, there has been a fairly regular decline from 7.00 quarts per individual in 1876 to 3.3 quarts in 1890. Passing from drinking to its effects, drunkenness, we find that in 1855, during nine months of which year the trade in drink was free, 138 persons in every thousand were convicted of drunkenness, and only 44 in 1891. This diminution must, however, be credited to the law of 1855 rather than to the Gothenburg system, for no decline appears to have taken place since its adoption. In Stockholm, however, the number of convictions has been reduced from 49 to 33 per 1,000 inhabitants. For other details as to crime, pauperism, and deposits in savings-banks, as well as for a discussion as to certain places where there has been an increase in drunkenness, we must refer our readers to the report, students of which will, we believe, come to the conclusion that the Gothenburg System has contributed largely to the raising of the Scandinavian countries from the abyss of crime and degradation to which free-trade in spirituous liquors had brought them. On the whole, the report affords great encouragement to the advocates of temperance, for it shows what great good may be done by their efforts even in the most adverse circumstances.

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LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY has taken down from "some friendly door where weary travellers love to call" *A Roadside Harp*,* some notes of which have been heard before and are remembered pleasantly. She sweeps the golden chords with cunning fingers, and her music has certainly the claim of individuality. She is no conventionalist, and cares little for treading the ancient ways, choosing rather to lay down roads or by-paths for herself in virgin territory. There is about her work a flavor of Browning mystery at times, when the gem of thought must be sought for with pickax and lantern; but it is certain to be found in the end, clear and polished beyond cavil.

To minds which delight in treading intellectual labyrinths without a clew to guide them but their own mother-wit this class of poetry, rich in idea, is no doubt grateful; and very often the more recondite the meaning the keener the zest with which it is sought. The non-cryptic order of song—verse that can be read "at sight"—is the chant which will catch most ears just now, though whether or not it is that which will live the longest is a proper subject for learned speculation. As we grow in refinement we may advance in subtility of thought and expression, and the judgment of the future may say, lo! this is perfection. Such a process has taken place more than once before, and though the critics of the succeeding age have dubbed it decadence, who shall decide what Olympians in the olden time were unable to settle?

There are two conspicuous positive qualities about Miss Guiney's poetry, apart from her occasional obscurity—those, namely, of variety in thought and freedom from mannerism and affectation. The iris of her song is many-hued. Now her theme is solemn to the sublimest flights of thought; anon she sings of the lowliest flower of earth as tenderly as Burns did of his

* *A Roadside Harp*. By Louise Imogen Guiney. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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modest daisy. In the poem entitled "Vergniaud in the Tumbril" we find strains of patriotic feeling more elevated, though less theatrical, than in Byron's "Two Foscari." Again, in "Sherman: an Horatian Ode" we have an example of the production of the most impressive effect from the use of the simplest diction and the unplastic staccato in verse. A dozen of sonnets on "London" give some graphic pencillings, as full of color as Turner's pictures, of the great city and its impressions.

We fain would cull examples from this choice bouquet of song, but that an arbitrary circumscription forbids the temptation. This *morceau*, however, from its seasonableness, cannot be denied:

TRYSTE NOEL.

"The Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefore,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O, the place·co'd I but finde!

"The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed lays her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

"The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!"

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Miss Guiney dedicates her book to two young poetical friends, Dora and Hester Sigerson, daughters of Dr. George Sigerson, of Dublin, in whom the poetical and literary faculty ought to be hereditary.

A more fascinating book for boys than the *Claude Lightfoot* * of Father Finn we have rarely, if ever, had the pleasure of reading. We do not mean to compare it with such treasures of the time when we were juvenile and curly as the immortal *Robinson Crusoe*, or that prodigy of mendacity, he of Munchausen, or the romances that delighted the soul of Scheherezade. Comparisons in such cases are of no value. But for a real bright, live book of the present day, redolent of youthful life and gaiety, faithful as the reflection of a mirror to the originals of modern boy life as beheld in many of our Catholic institutions, we have not as yet seen any one which approaches this fine work of Father Finn's. The second title of the book is *How the Problem was Solved.* Well, in this tale the author has solved a problem which has often vexed the minds of other writers—the problem how to make a religious book as interesting to the average literary cormorant, boy or girl, as pirate or highwayman, or love-smitten imitator of Romeo. The humor in the story abounds, too, from cover to cover—delicate, refined humor, such as leaves no soreness in the mind, or sharpens the edge of one's cynicism. The climax is, it must be confessed, somewhat daring, but yet not impossible. To teachers, no less than pupils, this work must be of great interest, as a study of youthful characters, and the way of dealing successfully with unusual ones—for Father Finn is evidently a close observer of youthful idiosyncrasies. There must be many boys like Claude Lightfoot, whose mission on earth must seem to most teachers merely to be to torment the soul and test the patience of the unhappy pedagogue, and yet who if only taken in hand by one who really understands human nature, may turn out to be the rarest jewels in humanity. Claude is a delightful crèation. He is a merry little cricket, so full of animal vitality that he cannot sit still for two consecutive seconds, and this quicksilver quality of his is the means of getting him into many a scrape, from each of which he emerges in a more or less demoralized manner physically and sartorially, but with highly creditable results ethically and morally. We are sure he will be an immense favorite everywhere, once he is known.

* *Claude Lightfoot; or, How the Problem was Solved.* By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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The cause of truth in history is bound to be a gainer by the publication of a new edition of one of the most valuable works of the distinguished Irishman, the late Thomas Davis. This is a history of "the Irish Parliament of James II.," * an assembly about whose transactions the cloak of mystery has been wrapped by English historians and Irish ones of un-Irish proclivities. One of the first acts of that model of civil and religious liberty, William III., when he got a firm hold of his father-in-law's seat, was to cause the records of the Parliament over which he presided in Dublin to be destroyed. Having thus burked the evidence for the defence, the next step was to blacken the character of the defendants, and this has been done most unsparingly by the Williamite historians ever since the days of the Dutch avatar.

Thomas Davis was a Protestant, and his father was a Welsh gentleman who held a commission in the English army. Hence, although young Davis was born at Mallow, in the south of Ireland, he can hardly be described as an Irishman. Yet he was intensely Irish in his sympathies—passionately anti-Saxon. In this respect he was almost a phenomenon. His name in Ireland has been, is, and will be the synonyme of purity in the too often selfish field of patriotism. As a poet and prose-writer Davis occupies an exceptionally high rank. This work of his on the Parliament of James II., if not the most brilliant, is perhaps one of the most useful of his literary achievements.

It was not easy to get the materials for it, owing to the destruction of the parliamentary records, but Thomas Davis's position, as a student of Trinity College in Dublin, gave him access to the materials for his work. He has left a record of the proceedings, following an introduction of his own, the value of which is freely attested by Mr. Lecky.

A popular reproduction of this work of Davis's has now been given to the world, thanks to the patriotic efforts of a new literary association whose object is the publication and popularization of Irish prose and poetry. At the head of this association stands Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and the work under notice has another introduction, written by him, but mainly made up from a previous work of his own, *A Bird's-Eye View of Irish History*. Whether the superimposition of this retrospect on Davis's work was relevant or in good taste, is a question very much open to debate. There is no use in any one,

* *The Patriot Parliament of* 1689. By Thomas Davis. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

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even Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, attempting to bracket Thomas Davis and Charles Gavan Duffy together, for Davis was a sort of secular saint in the '48 movement, while Duffy only proved himself a very able writer about it.

This much-abused parliament of King James's was the first one in Ireland which was anything like what a real parliament should be. It was presided over by the king, and it was duly summoned from the two estates of the realm. It was non-sectarian. The fact that the greater bulk of its members, Lords and Commons, were of the Catholic faith takes nothing from the impartiality which characterized its convening. Many of the Protestant lords who should have been there were absent in England helping on the rebellion against their lawful king, and many of the commons who could have been there held aloof for the reason that they were waiting for the opportunity to rebel in Ireland.

King James is held up to odium as a bigot, a despot, and a would-be foister of "brass money and wooden shoes" upon a people of unstained integrity and irreproachable fairness in matters of creed. Those who after his defeat proceeded to prove both, by the wholesale confiscation of their neighbors' estates and the enactment of the most ferocious penal laws against their religion that the malign ingenuity of man could devise, do not want to know what James's Parliament really did; but the outside freedom-loving world may. It passed thirty-five acts, and at the very forefront of these is one making perfect freedom of conscience and worship the law of the land, and to carry this out it was ordained that the Protestant clergy were to be supported by Protestant tithes and the Catholic by Catholic tithes. Another act declared the charter of Irish freedom for which Grattan and his fellow-patriots had to struggle for so many years, a century later, to wrest from the defenders of "civil and religious liberty," and only wrested from their fears and not from their sense of equity. Another of these statutes provided for the putting of the coinage of the country on the basis of standard value. So much for the popular bogies about unfortunate James and his rule.

A more serious question is discussed by Davis—the dealing of this Parliament with that atrocious instrument of his brother Charles known as the Act of Settlement, by means of which those who had helped to send his father to the scaffold were confirmed in their plunder of the unhappy Irish gentlemen who had laid down their lives and their fortunes for that father's

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defence. We would strongly commend to Messrs. Higginson and Channing a perusal of Thomas Davis's work on this subject before they write any more English history for American readers. When Mr. Lecky acknowledges his indebtedness to this work for a great deal of his illumination on this stormy period, as he does very handsomely, they need hardly be diffident if they be earnest in the search for truth.

M. Paul Du Chaillu, who has lately been dining with the Fiji Islanders in the Midway Plaisance, seems to wish to give a taste of the indigestion which he, perhaps, experienced as the result thereof to the believers in what some now regard as the Anglo-Saxon Myth. Hengist and Horsa now take rank with Homer and Prester John and Napoleon Bonaparte as dubious entities, and it is M. Du Chaillu's purpose in his new work, *Ivar the Viking*,* to show that the hardy Norseman is the true progenitor of the modern John Bull. It is due to the distinguished traveller to say that he has thrown himself into the task of demolishing the antique superstition with characteristic earnestness. He gives us a picture of viking life full of detail and bearing every evidence of painstaking research. In doing this he goes beyond the belief of earlier archæologists in clothing his heroes and heroines in gorgeous vestments of silk and other refinements of early civilization. Mr. Charles Kean, the actor, who was an eminent authority upon these matters, says, in the introduction to some of his Shaksperean plays, that silk and velvet were unknown in Northern Europe at the period taken by Shakspere for "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." It may also be noted that his picture of ancient Scandinavian life is calculated to give the reader a much higher opinion of the pagan civilization of Scandinavia than the contemporary records of the peoples who suffered from the ravages of the vikings usually convey. To the unfortunate inhabitants of the Scottish, the English, and the Irish coasts they never appeared in any other light than as a race of unmitigated savages, cruel, barbarous, and inimical to progress beyond any other scourges which ever made piracy and brigandage their usual means of livelihood. They positively revelled in the destruction of the monuments of Christian civilization and learning, whether pagan or Christian. Their inroads were the means of retarding civilization by many centuries in those countries which they made their hunting-grounds. There is no doubt that they formed a large component part of the successive waves of conquest which swept over England, but

* *Ivar the Viking*. By M. Paul Du Chaillu. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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whether that proportion was smaller or larger than is generally believed is now a question which hardly interests the modern world to the extent that M. Du Chaillu would seem to estimate. Still it is only fair to the travelled and erudite author to say that he has produced a work of much value, both from a literary and antiquarian point of view, and has thrown a flood of light, as the result of his patient researches, upon the mode of life, the religious practices, and the social conditions of the early inhabitants of Ultima Thule.

Those who love the realistic in literature could hardly have a better instance of its felicitous use than that afforded in the unpretending little volume entitled *The Flight into Egypt*,* by Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich. This gifted lady acquired such a reputation for sanctity during her lifetime that the process of canonization in her behalf has been set on foot. Her literary work is hardly less worthy of the laurel wreath. The pictures of the trials of the Holy Family during the painful ordeal which she depicts are marvellously impressive. To a faultless purity of diction, and profoundly womanly sympathy with the human and spiritual aspects of her theme, she has joined a painstaking study of localities and the mode of life in the East at the time treated of which makes it read as though it were the chronicle of an absolute eye-witness. Her volume, small as it is, is enough to stir the reader, no matter how indifferent or case-hardened, with an irresistible pity, the ordinary Christian with a still more intense devotion and love of the three already so dear to their hearts—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

It is pleasant to behold the self-complacency of age in its introspection over a well-spent life. In the case of those so fortunately circumstanced it appears a providential arrangement that the limitation of their years is kept out of view by the demands of a still-active career, the deference of friends, and the devotion of their immediate circle. The Rev. Dr. Deems, the respected pastor of the Church of the Strangers, appears to be singularly favored in this respect. He has passed the supposititious limit of man's earthly existence, and this fact has impelled him to put his sentiments over his survival into print, in the pages of a handsome volume which he calls *My Septuagint*.† It seems to have been a presentiment with Dr. Deems that he

* *The Flight into Egypt*. From the Meditations of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich. Translated from the French by George Richardson. New York: Benziger Bros.; London: Burns & Oates.

† *My Septuagint*. By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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was not destined to outlive that span, and his pleasure on finding that he is still good for something is manifest. He gossips very pleasantly over it, and he writes of many things besides—theology, evolution, the higher criticism, etymology, Christian communism, and other matters. We may not agree with his letter on some of those topics, but we cannot help agreeing with their spirit. It is evidently that of a good man, seeking to do and say the best thing he can according to his light. The literary style of these essays, *malgré* their occasional pardonable egotism, is exceedingly pleasing.

A new literary venture, entitled the *Hour-Glass Series*,* has been begun, in the hope of winning for American authors some of that patronage which it is the fashion now to lavish upon European literary men whose chief object seems to be to exalt public men of the Old World at the expense of those of the New. The series begins with some excellent short studies of American statesmen, Fisher Ames, Henry Clay, and others, by Daniel B. Lucas, LL.D., and J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL.D. The character of the literary work in these short studies is admirable, and their historical value high. Political questions are discussed in them in an impartial spirit, and none can fail to recognize the high plane upon which the authors place the qualities of morality and personal honor as essentials in public men. They form a very valuable addition to our stock of historical literature, and we trust that the authors shall meet with such success as may encourage them to persevere in their praiseworthy task.

The Birthday Book of the Madonna† is a compilation of appropriate passages from the works of the fathers and the poets who have made the Blessed Mother an especial theme of praise. The selection displays taste and judgment; and the fact that the proof-sheets were revised by Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., the editor of the *Irish Monthly*, gives them a literary hall-mark which cannot be questioned.

An exceedingly tasteful gift-book has been produced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is a selection of Longfellow's poems of the home;‡ and each of these is illustrated

* *Hour-Glass Series: Fisher Ames, Henry Clay, etc.* By Daniel B. Lucas, LL.D., and J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL.D. New York: Charles Webster & Co.

† *The Birthday Book of the Madonna.* By Vincent O'Brien. New York: Benziger Bros.; Dublin: Gill & Son.

‡ *The Hanging of the Crane, and other Poems of the Home.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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with a choice steel engraving. The volume is daintily bound in cream-colored linen with gold embellishments.

The dialogue form of argumentation is very effectively utilized in a discourse against secret societies* by the Rev. J. W. Book, R.D. The secret society is the deadliest enemy to religion and social order, and just now the world is getting an object-lesson in its evils by the revival of the Know-nothing spirit in many parts of the United States. The Catholic who gives countenance, under such circumstances, to the principle of secret association is either a weakling or a traitor to his faith. It is desirable that this little volume of Father Book's be as widely read as possible by the Catholic community at large.

A good book is always interesting; a good book which makes its appearance at a timely moment has a rare value. The appearance of such a book as the story of *The Brotherhood of Charity*† at this especial juncture has, to our mind, a peculiar significance. It was out of the storm of the Revolution in France that this notable fraternity sprang originally; it was in the glare of the burning convents in Boston, in the earlier Know-nothing days, that it sprang into existence there, under the inspiration of a New England Puritan mind just converted to the Catholic faith. The story of Father Haskins's conversion and the founding of the House of the Angel Guardian in Roxbury, Boston, is one of the most remarkable chapters in the whole history of the Catholic Church on this continent. It affords another instance of the wonderful power of the simple but sincere piety of the poor over minds of the highest training whose early bias has not obliterated their native love of truth. To Father Haskins the people of Boston owe the introduction of the Brothers of Charity, whose unselfish labors have done so much to solve many grave social problems in that city. The narrative of how this was accomplished reads more like a chapter of mediæval romance than a sober page of modern history. It is well told by Mr. Thomas Dwyer, the work being introduced by a preface by the Rev. Father Nilan, D.D., of Poughkeepsie. There are some fine plates scattered through it, and the typography is an excellent example of the training which is given in the printing-house of the Angel Guardian establishment.

* *Thousand and one Objections to Secret Societies.* By Rev. J. W. Book, R.D. Published by the author at Canneltown, Ind.

† *Glimpses of the Brotherhood of Charity.* By Thomas A. Dwyer, B.A. Boston, Mass.: Press of the House of the Angel Guardian.

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1.—CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

"The best scholastic authors" whom Brother Louis has followed are, he tells us, "Goudin, Sanseverino, Liberatore, Kleutgen, Prisco, Gonzalez, Taparelli, and others." The translator commends especially the works of Liberatore and Zigliara. Brother Louis' work has received the highest commendations in Europe. How far the translator has modified it we are unable to say, not having seen the French original. The author aimed to compose a compendium representing in a brief and concise form the doctrine of those larger text-books which have been most approved by the highest authorities in the church, and are in general use.

Our criticism is confined to the mere expression of an opinion on the success of the author, as we have his work in the English adaptation, in fulfilling his purpose. We abstain from pronouncing any critical judgment on the particular parts of the work, its propositions, and its arguments. As a presentation in a compendious form of the system taught in the most approved large text-books it is most eminently successful, and superior to any other similar work in the English language. Used as a manual in the intermediate schools, and supplemented by the oral instructions and explanations of a competent professor, it must be a most useful work. We congratulate the Christian Brothers for their very necessary and also very difficult achievement in making this excellent contribution to the study of scholastic philosophy. The mechanical execution of the book is in good style.

2.—WEISMANNISM.†

This work merits an extended notice on account of the ability of its author, shown abundantly here as well as elsewhere. And yet a thorough and adequate notice of it could hardly be written without producing a book about equal in size to the volume itself. It is difficult to condense; for it is much condensed already. One cannot give the sum and substance of it without giving pretty much the whole thing.

It may, however, be worth while to state as briefly as possible what "Weismannism" (so-called from its author, Professor Weismann) is. It is a theory of heredity, which leads to and im-

* *Elementary Course of Christian Philosophy.* Based on the principles of the best Scholastic Authors. Adapted from the French of Brother Louis of Poissy, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: P. O'Shea.

† *An Examination of Weismannism.* By George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

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plies a new theory of evolution; speaking, that is, of evolution strictly, as applied to biology. According to this theory the set of cells in all organisms which reproduce in what may be called the ordinary way, and not by simple division or breaking up, which cells are manifestly distinct from those of the rest of the body, are not formed or generated in each individual from the other cells, but are absolutely separate, simply an inheritance from the parents, who have similarly received their own from their parents. In each body they remain unchanged in their character during the life of that body, receiving change only by the combination required for the formation of a new body. As Dr. Romanes well puts it, these germ-cells are, as it were, parasites in the body, nourished, it is true, by it, but not adapting themselves to it; so that changes in the body, such as the loss of a leg, would be a matter of indifference to them, and would not, therefore, affect the new body which results from their combination; which indeed corresponds well with observed facts. Congenital peculiarities of the parent are apt to be repeated in the child; acquired ones are not.

Evolution by natural selection, then, according to this theory, becomes simply evolution of the germ-plasm. Variations in it, however, produced prior to the period of development, in the course of ages, of the organism at which its manner of reproduction changed, are produced subsequently simply by combination; advantageous variations being preserved, disadvantageous ones perishing. According to Weismann, the variations in the earlier period were produced by the pressure of external circumstances, according to the theory of Lamarck; now it is sheltered from such action, and only natural selection operates, at any rate in ordinary cases. The new method of reproduction once brought in has, by producing exceptionally advantageous combinations, the advantage over the old, and tends to be perpetuated in spite of the death of the individuals produced by it.

So much for the theory in general. It is hardly worth while to state the subsequent modifications that Professor Weismann has given it, to meet arising difficulties, or to account for phenomena more perfectly. For the fact is, that it is too speculative in its character to be at present, if indeed ever, of much importance. It is, for the credit of science, a pity that there should be so much of this kind of theorizing, which has to be retracted more or less extensively as real knowledge progresses, and which does not serve materially to guide or direct observations or experiments.

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Dr. Romanes, though professing great regard for Weismann, hacks away so lustily at his theory as to leave very little of it standing; all, as he says, for the benefit of the theory; but really his pruning goes almost to the roots of the tree.

3.—MESSITER'S HYMNAL.*

The high reputation which Dr. Messiter justly enjoys as the efficient choir-master of Trinity Church in this city would warrant our assurance that any selection of tunes he might make for congregational use would be marked by correct taste and good judgment; and in the main the present collection does not disappoint us in our expectations. He has borrowed largely from well-known hymnals published in England, many of their effective tunes being already familiar to the congregations of Episcopalian churches in this country—at least to those who have been able to sustain choirs possessed of more than common musical ability. As a book to be used by all classes of persons, old and young, the strong and the weak-sighted, we think its typography, both for the notation of the music and for the words, is lacking in distinctness, especially when one considers the prevailing dimness of light in very many churches. The half-note employed for the unit of measure, as a rule throughout, and that in very light-faced type, is very trying to the eyes. It hardly becomes us to criticise the collection of words adopted. We may say that looking it over it impresses us with the conviction that, if it is to be taken as expressing the doctrinal sense of the ecclesiastical powers in the Episcopal Church, then the Low Church element is yet decidedly the dominant one.

4.—POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.†

Not only has the notion once entertained of poets, that, from an intellectual point of view, they were poor creatures, imaginative dreamers, gone by, but in this age we are accustomed to regard them as philosophers of considerable merit. We have come to expect from them not only beauty of expression and the intuition of hidden relations, but a master's skill in treating problems of life and nature. Accordingly we read meanings in

* *The Hymnal.* Revised and enlarged, as adopted by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, with music, as used in Trinity Church, New York. Edited by A. H. Messiter, Mus. Doc.

† *Problems of the Nineteenth Century.* Essays by Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. Edited by J. G. Wenham. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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and into their verses—a line often serves for a precept, a poem is the inspiration of lives, and they are not seldom made the equals of the great teachers and thinkers whose names are identified with a school or a system. Thus we witness, sometimes not wisely, to what is, however, a great truth, viz., that poetry and philosophy are twin sisters. It is, however, on occasions like the present, when a poet of note steps into the arena of controversy and reasoning; when he lays aside the embellishments, and, let us say, the obscurities of metrical diction, when he attempts the conduct of serious arguments in every-day prose, that we can better judge the extent and solidity of his powers, and Mr. De Vere's contribution to truth by means of these essays, though small in compass, is considerable in its power, its reasoning, and its opportuneness. Two of the five essays which make up this little volume deal with theism in general, the other three are more specially Catholic. In the former he shows the extent and power of the appeal which religion makes to a man's whole nature, to the will as well as to the intellect, and hence the falsity of many current subjective difficulties. Men misconceive the nature and force of religious truth because often it is not producible in words and arguments, their narrow view of its scope, their scientific predisposition to the visible, the outwardly forcible and demonstrable, makes them blind or impatient or suspicious of the extent and far-reaching subtlety of religious arguments. In the three latter essays he shows the fallacy of private judgment as the rule of faith, and the consequent unsettlement of minds who fain would believe but find no solid support in themselves for their opinions and tenets. We have but indicated in a most general way the nature of matters treated of; they merit careful perusal for their intrinsic importance as well as for the clear-cut and masterly treatment given them.

5.—DIURNAL POETRY.*

The present volume forms one of what is now a very large class—a selection of passages for every day of the year—and is a very good specimen of that class. The author is well versed not only in the literature of recent times, but also in the spiritual writings of earlier days. We find passages from Boëthius, Richard Rolle, Fra Thomé de Jesu, Blessed Henry Suso, and

* *The Day Spring from on High.* Selections arranged by Emma Forbes Cary. Boston: and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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—a thing specially worthy of notice—from several Saxon writers. The bulk of the work is derived from Catholic sources, and will not fail to suggest holy and elevating thoughts, and to enlighten the darkness which the daily concerns of life tend to create.

NEW BOOKS.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati:

The History of Illinois and Louisiana under French Rule. By Joseph Wallace, Counsellor-at-Law.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London and New York:

The True Story Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. *English History for American Readers.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Channing. *Politics in a Democracy.* By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. *Glimpses of Eskimo Life.* By Fridtjof Nausen, translated by William Archer. *The Outdoor World, or Young Collector's Handbook.* By W. Farneaux, F.R.G.S. *Practical Essays on American Government.* By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey.* By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Edited by Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., and Rev. Robert J. Wilson, M.A. Vols. I–II.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Thomas Harvard son of Robert, called College Tom. By Caroline Hazard. *Rachel Stanwood.* By Lucy Gibbons Morse.

PRESS OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN, Boston:

Glimpses of the Brotherhood of Charity. By Thomas A. Dwyer, B.A.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

Blessed Gerard Majella, Lay Brother. Translated from the Italian by a Priest of the same Congregation. *Ordo Divini Officii Recitandi Missæque Celebrandæ*, juxta rubricas emendatas Breviarii Missalisque Romani, cum votivis Officiis ex Indulto pro Clero Sæculari, Statuum Fœderatorum officiis generalibus hic concessis utente, concessus. Pro anno Domini MDCCCVIC (1894).

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Connor D'Arcy's Struggles. By Mrs. W. M. Bertholds. *Purgatory.* By Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J.

CROTHERS & KORTH, New York:

St. Luke: Thoughts on St. Luke's Day. By a Daughter of the Church.

GILL & SON, Dublin:

Smiles and Sighs. A Volume of Poems, by Michael Francis Sheehan, with an Introduction by Rev. Michael P. Hickey, C.C.

PAMPHLETS.

The Standard of Value and Legal-Tender Money. By William Richards. Washington, D. C.: The Church News Publishing Company.

The Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy. Philadelphia: 1705 Chestnut Street.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

IT will be a source of profound gratification to the wide circle of our readers to know that the magazine whose career they have faithfully followed has had a well-merited success. It is only a little over two years since the responsibility of producing the magazine, apart from the editorial work, was assumed by the Paulist Fathers. To them the undertaking of making the magazine was one of no small weight and anxiety. It involved the erection and management of a printing and publishing establishment, and much subsidiary business, requiring not only close attention but technical knowledge attainable only by expert training.

During these two years many difficulties have been so far surmounted as to enable them to carry out their initial design with regard to the magazine. This is to make it a representative organ of Catholic thought—to keep it abreast with the times and, without lowering its standard, make it truly popular in the best sense of the word.

After one year in its new home, at the beginning of the Columbian celebrations of last year, there was added the feature of pictorial illustrations. Among religious magazines THE CATHOLIC WORLD was the pioneer in this movement.

These various improvements have been so well received, and the popularity of the magazine has manifested itself in such an increased subscription list that the publishers feel that the time has come for another forward step. This is made in the notable reduction of the subscription price from $4.00 to $3.00 a year. This reduced price will secure for it a still more extended circulation.

It has never been our purpose to conduct this magazine as an enterprise for making money. We have always looked on the Apostolate of the Press as a vocation too sacred to degrade to mere financial ends. The vast importance of making our in

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fluence felt in as wide a field as possible has been a growing sense with us ever since the beginning.

The sun of a new day for the Church in this country is already high in the heavens. The black clouds of designing conspiracies lying athwart its face, obscuring no little of its light, have moved away. The policy of Leo is inspiring the leaders and moving the masses. The clarion note of Mgr. Satolli, to advance "with the Gospel of Truth in one hand and the Constitution of American Liberties in the other," is leading the way. The general mobilization of the Catholic army along the lines of reconciliation with national aspirations, and the bending of all the energies on the human side of the Church towards the infusing of a deeper sense of the Gospel into the masses, is stirring the most lethargic into an unwonted activity.

Momentous questions, whose far-reaching consequences will be felt for weal or for woe in the generations to come, are proposed for a definite solution. A false science is searching every thread of the seamless garment to find out a flaw. The tempest of irreligion blows strident and strong. Above all, there is a deluge of pernicious literature constantly flowing. Where it is not deemed advisable strategy to assail directly the main forces, it is sought to corrupt the hangers-on by insidious approaches and to disaffect their devotion to their leaders. We were never more in want of a sound popular literature for the family or a higher literature for the teachers in Israel than at present. We feel called upon, as far as we may, to do our share in supplying these intellectual and moral forces which will make for the greater good of the church and for the country.

Keeping steadily in view the *dictum* of Father Hecker, that between the Catholic Church and the American Spirit and aspiration there is no possible antagonism, THE CATHOLIC WORLD has never lost an opportunity of impressing on the Catholic body the truth that the good Catholic cannot but be the good citizen, and that there is no more effectual barrier against a false socialism and the other dangers threatening the civil order than the ever-widening influence of the organized Christianity, whose voice is heard with respect among the masses. The first spiritual democracy of the Christian age wherein the sole passport

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to advancement is the claim of intellect and piety, where hereditary rights have no weight in ecclesiastical preferment, must of a necessity sympathize with the great civil democracy wherein intellect and integrity are the only qualifications for the highest of civil offices. The practical spirit of this country sees in the true practice of Catholicism nothing but an effectual help towards the solution of the enormous social problems, and these problems are destined to be in the near future the most formidable difficulties with which the civil government will have to deal. It is the purpose of the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to lose no time or opportunity in discussing such problems as they arise, in a practical way, with a view to helping in the work of their solution.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD by this new and latest step will enlarge the scope of its influence, and, working on the lines laid down in the beginning by its founder, will endeavor to do its share in bringing about the reconciliation of the Church with the Age.

THE appeal made in the October and November numbers to assist the heroic efforts of Bishop Paul of Tarsus to revive the faith among the Catholics in the native city of St. Paul and the surrounding country, and to enable him to resist the proselytizing efforts of inimical missionaries, is calling out many generous offerings.

We subjoin a partial list handed to us by Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, C.S.P.:

Paulists,	$100.00
John B. Richmond, M.D.,	5.00
Walter F. Atlee, M.D.,	5.00
Rev. T. J. Jenkins,	9.70
H. L. Richards,	10.00
Louise Saniweska,	5.00
A Friend,	10.00
Charles P. Romadka,	10.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Council, No. 90, C. B. L.,	7.20
Annunciation Council, No. 71, C. B. L.,	5.00
Rev. D. L. Murray,	5.00
Mrs. E. Macauliff,	1.00
Mrs. Anderson,	5.00
E. E. S. Eagle,	5.00
Frances M. Scott,	1.00
Rev. J. J. Pike,	5.00
Genazzano Council, No. 164, C. B. L.,	5.00
Presentation Council, 228, C. B. L.,	5.00

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Milwaukee public library has an energetic superintendent of the circulating department, Miss Stearns, who is desirous of reaching not only the better educated class of readers, but also the poorer people. She wishes to make the public library an educational centre, and to have it advertised as much as a store. New plans are to be put into operation to extend the circulation of books in the schools. At present every public-school teacher is allowed to take as many books from the library as she thinks she can use among her pupils, who draw them out by cards, as is done at the library. Every eight weeks the stock of books is renewed by the library. The plan has been so successful that it is impossible to supply the demand for books, and the library board has recently appropriated five hundred dollars to buy juvenile books to meet the needs of the year. As soon as the number of books increases efforts will be made to introduce the system into the parochial schools as well. There are now twenty-eight hundred books out in this kind of circulation.

The advantages of the library will be extended also to the scholars of the evening schools, many of whom are grown men and women trying to master the rudiments of an education, or to make up deficiencies of their early school-days. Miss Stearns is taking three evenings every week to visit the night-schools in order to find out what sort of books are required. As soon as she ascertains this each school will be supplied on the same plan as the day-schools. Another innovation is the establishment of a case of books at the rooms of the Young Woman's Christian Association, so that girls who patronize the "noon rest" may be able to exchange their books without going so far out of their way. These books will be selected with a view to meeting and educating the tastes of the young women who will read them. When one reflects that the average girl who patronizes the "noon rest" works from eight to six, with only an hour at noon, the advantages of a system that will permit her to get library books without taking any of the precious minutes between closing-up time and bed-time will be perceived. Miss Stearns thoroughly believes that one of the reasons why a great many people do not read library books is because they are too tired at night to come to the library after them. That is why she is so anxious for the library to go to the people.

* * *

We are pleased to know that the notice of the Cathedral Library of New York City, which appeared last month in this department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, was highly appreciated by those devoted to its welfare. The success it has had is entirely due to a few workers who have given time and labor in a field of activity which is much neglected. With regret we learn that considerable debt has been contracted, that with the exception of gifts from a few friends, amounting to about seven hundred dollars, no considerable donation has been received since the library was organized. Wealthy patrons have not yet fur-

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nished the means to secure the perpetuity of the good work, and there is reason to fear that unless speedy aid is obtained from generous benefactors the hopes entertained for future developments cannot be realized.

* * *

An article in a recent number of the *Forum*, by C. B. Tillinghast, gives the experience of the Massachusetts Free Library Commission, composed of five persons serving without salary, though appointed by the governor of the State During three years a careful study was made of the intellectual wants and tastes manifested especially in rural communities. People have been encouraged to make suggestions as to the character of the books most useful and desirable for their town, and to furnish lists of such works as they considered of special value. It was found that the patrons of the library are almost entirely young people. The farmer depends for his reading largely upon the newspapers of the day and the agricultural journal, and seldom visits the library. It is probably due to his reading of the excellent periodical literature upon the subject of agriculture, and to the fact that this and the newspaper consume all the time he has available for reading, that books upon the science and art of agriculture are, as a rule, seldom called for and are likely to remain upon the library shelves unread. The younger members of the family not only use the library, but are liberal patrons of it; hence the study of their preferences and the guidance and moulding of their taste are among the most interesting, and certainly the most profitable, duties of the librarian or trustee.

Eliminating from consideration the class of special students who naturally cluster around the larger libraries, more people will read books of a high class in the country town than in the great city. The books that have been suggested by the towns for purchase have almost without exception been good books, showing a tendency to healthy and useful literature. It is probable that the era of cheap publication has modified to some extent the use of libraries, in both urban and rural communities. It is well known that the best of non-copyright literature can now be purchased in a variety of editions and in fairly good type at a merely nominal price. This may in part account for the fact that while there seems to be a relative increase in the use of the reference over the circulating department in the larger libraries, a better class of reading is also demanded for home use. The effort of the modern newspaper to supply the demand for general reading by the publication of syndicate stories written by the most popular authors; the marvellous development, especially upon the artistic side, of the illustrated magazine; and the liberal discussion of the live questions of the day in politics, sociology, and economics by the higher grade of serials and reviews—all of the greatest educational value—are at the same time indications of what the people will read.

It seems to be a fact, much as it is to be deplored, that the good old classics of English literature are not so widely read as they were a generation ago. Graces of style do not appear to have the charm for the present that they exercised over the preceding generation. Whether this apparent fact is in any degree due to a diminishing literary spirit and enthusiasm in the atmosphere of our higher institutions of learning, is a question which may be suggested as worthy of thoughtful consideration by those upon whom the great responsibility of education rests.

Fun is appreciated in the long winter evening by the country fireside, and every library should supply the best that literature affords to drive dull care away, and to direct attention to the humorous side of a life that at its best is likely to have too many serious hours.

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The State of Massachusetts has only forty-seven towns that are without free libraries. There are three hundred and five libraries in towns and cities embracing about ninety-seven per cent. of the population, from which the people are entitled to take books for home reading free of expense. The circulation is five millions per annum. New Hampshire has established a library commission, and Connecticut recently provided for the same work to be done by a committee appointed by the State board of education.

* * * *

The Catholic Reading Circle *Review*, published at Youngstown, Ohio—price two dollars per annum—has now reached its fourth volume, which begins with many notable typographical improvements. It has a strong claim on every one who desires the permanent extension of the new intellectual movement that has awakened so much dormant talent among Catholics, as indicated by the work accomplished in our Reading Circles. Our best wishes are again extended to the editor, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, with the hope that he may have the gratification of speedily enlarging the circulation of his excellent magazine. What he needs more than good wishes is to have the substantial encouragement that comes only from subscribers who pay in advance.

The official report of the second session of the Catholic Summer-School, held at Plattsburgh, N. Y., is now ready, price twenty-five cents. It contains a graphic account, illustrated with numerous portraits, of more than fifty lecturers, with abstracts of the addresses delivered at the teachers' conferences, the meetings of Reading Circle representatives and Sunday-school teachers. The badge of the Summer-School is also a choice souvenir, which may be obtained for twenty-five cents. At the Catholic Congress many were heard to express good wishes for the Summer-School on Champlain. Their good wishes may now be put into practical shape by sending for the pamphlet, which contains the only complete narrative yet published of the proceedings at Plattsburgh. Orders should be sent, with cash in advance, to Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio.

One of the Reading Circles in New York City has already paid for and distributed fifty copies of the Summer-School's official report. Perhaps others can do better, or as well.

* * *

Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., has reached the foremost place among writers of fiction illustrating Catholic boy-life at school. His characters are true to nature, and the dialogue is incessant. We wish every Catholic boy could have among his Christmas presents at least one of the four volumes by this most successful writer published by Benziger Brothers, New York City.

By a friend of young readers we are informed that Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, have some excellent books on their juvenile list, among which these are especially noted: *Westward with Columbus*, by Gordon Stables; *Ivar the Viking*, by Paul du Chaillu; *David Balfour*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; *Jack Hall* and *Jack in the Bush*, by Robert Grant.

* * *

The priest who received the following letter will be pleased to meet the sailor whose habit of careful reading is indicated in his own words:

DEAR FATHER: You will please look over this book, and if you deem it fit place it, or a copy of it, in your library. The volume is in bad condition, but this is because my brother loaned it, while I was away at sea, to persons who do not know much about books. I have never seen another copy of the book, and I

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bought this one while in Cork Harbor. I have read the book five times, and find it lively and interesting. I have not much fault to find with it, save in chapter xvi. pages 231–239. But this is fixed up in coming chapters. I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

A SEAMAN,
Late of Barkentine Toboggan.

The above letter, together with the volume to which it refers, was handed me by the Rev. Director of our Reading Circle. It was like meeting an old friend to have the novel *Shandy Maguire* placed in my hands, for it was the first Catholic book I ever read. In the year 1870 I was a pupil of the high-school in a Western city. The desk across the way from my own was occupied by a red-haired Celt of my own age. It was his wont to pile his books on his desk and against them lean his open geography, and behind this to place his light literature for reading out of sight of the professor. His continued laughter made me curious to see his book, and on petition he promised me the volume just as soon as he had finished. Thus *Shandy Maguire* came into my hands. Needless to say I enjoyed it as much as my quondam friend of the high-school. Father Boyce—Paul Peppergrass—was pastor of St. John's Church at Worcester, Mass., when *Shandy Maguire* was written. Recently I was in the room where he wrote it. The only relic of Father Boyce, save the affectionate remembrance of him by his people, that I discovered were some old-fashioned solid silver spoons engraved with his name, which are still in use on the table of the present pastor of St. John's, Monsignor Griffin. There is wit and pathos in Father Boyce's stories. Alas! that tragedy and comedy should always so strangely mingle in all true stories of Irish peasant life. A gentleman from the North of Ireland told me that Father Boyce's books contain perfect specimens of northern Irish dialect. I wonder if our friend of the "*barkentine Toboggan*" has seen J. Jeffrey Roche's *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly*. He would find it a most entertaining volume, just the book for the long hours of sailing in quiet weather, especially that part descriptive of Boyle's own voyages en route to America. We do not wonder that our friend of the *Toboggan* makes complaint of the manner in which his book was used. A certain Bridget O'L. has written her name no less than nine times on one page. And then, as if in compensation for this, she has written "God save Ireland" as many times, and adds these lines of poetry :

"Thy face is always near to me,
Though thou art far away;
It is a beacon light and fair."

Doubtless she was thinking of a lover lad away out here in America. Apparently she was too much overcome to finish the lines. Many others have left their autograph on the blank pages of the book. To all members of Reading Circles who would like to look upon a natural picture of peasant life in Ireland we recommend *Shandy Maguire*, or Father Boyce's other book, *The Spa Wife*.

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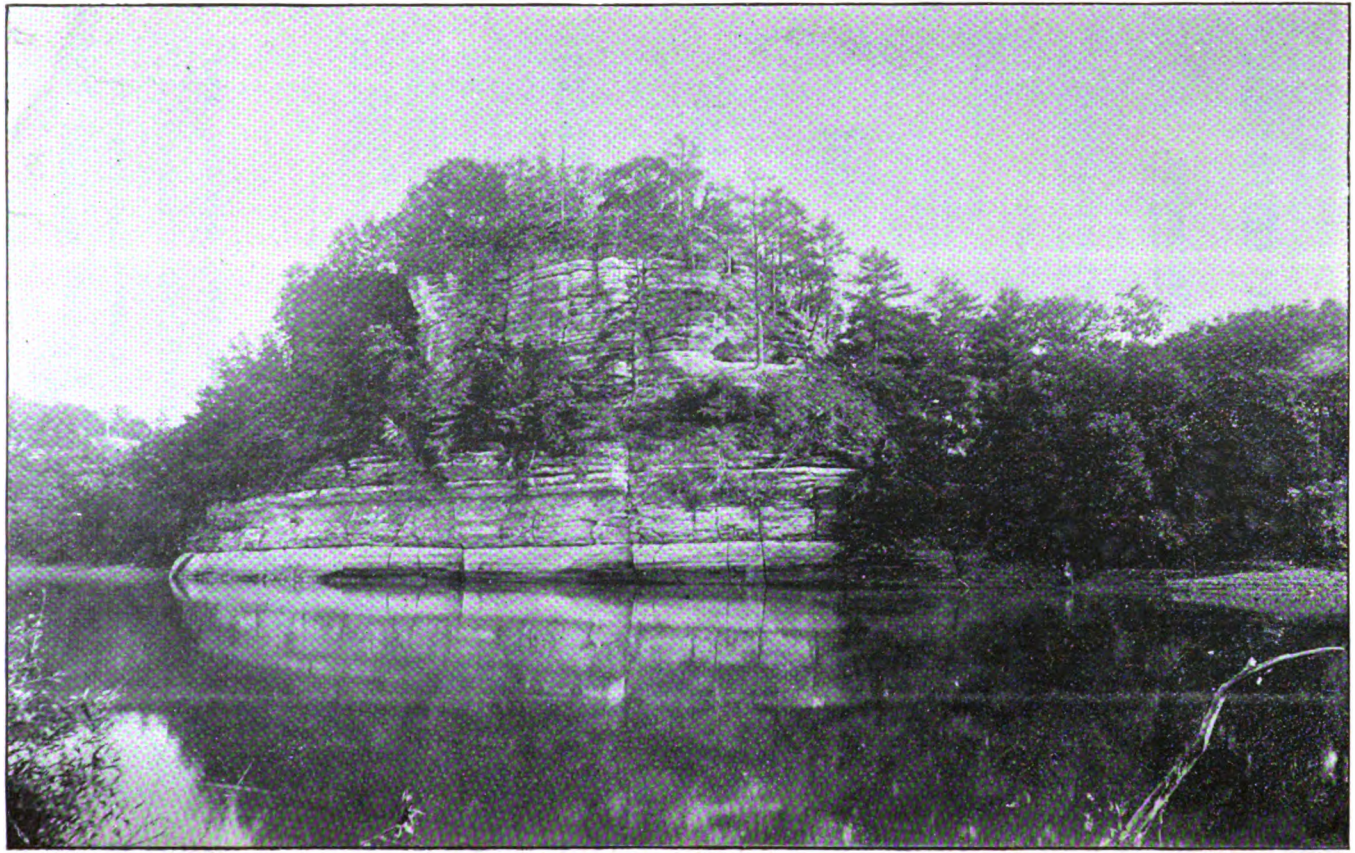

LIKE SOME IMPREGNABLE CASTLE OVERLOOKING THE RHINE. (*See page* 478.)

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVIII. JANUARY, 1894. NO. 346.

THE COMING CONTEST—WITH A RETROSPECT.

BY REV. ALFRED YOUNG.

Says the *Congregationalist* in its issue of October 26: "The battle between Protestantism and Romanism (*sic*) is yet to be fought; and, if we do not wrongly read the signs of the times, it is to be fought on this continent sooner, perhaps, and with more terrible earnestness than we have thought."

E it so; we are agreed; but, in the name of justice and of our enlightened civilization, let the duel be one between reason and reason, history and history, doctrine and doctrine, principle and principle—a fair, honest, open fight, and, if Protestantism dares to accept the condition, with no favor. Let us have no fraud, no forgery, no un-American, secret, skulking methods of the midnight assassin, no firebrands of the incendiary, no social ostracism or political disfranchisement of fellow-citizens for conscience' sake, no violations of a freeman's right of domicile by Massachusetts "smelling committees," no combinations to effect a nullification of the constitutional guarantee of the freedom of religion, no setting up of a tyranny in this free land which would hamstring the opponent by depriving parents of their inalienable rights; in a word, no resort to methods of warfare which are damnable in the sight of God and of man, and which would stain the records of American history, whether successful or not, with an ineffaceable blot of disgrace.

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But we fear it is not a high-minded and honest contest for intellectual and moral superiority that the *Congregationalist* is alluding to. The signs of the times point to quite another kind of battle as imminent—the contest inaugurated by various Protestant attempts to hamper us Catholics in the free enjoyment of our civil and religious rights as guaranteed to us, as well as to others, by our common Constitution. As is generally the case in warfare, whether of swords or words, one is the unprovoked or the provoking aggressor. Who is the aggressor in this impending conflict? Everybody knows it is Protestantism of a peculiar stripe. It is an unprovoked aggressor. It cannot be shown that we have ever attempted to obstruct or deny to Protestants their full and free civil and religious liberty. They have not dared, among all their misrepresentations of us and unfounded charges, even to accuse us of having done so. This Protestantism is the provoking aggressor. This article will rehearse enough evidence to prove that fact. Our self-constituted enemies dare not attempt to show just cause for the kind of conflict in which they are set upon forcing us to take the defensive part.

The intellectual and moral contest has always been waged ever since Protestantism came into existence. It is a necessary and, in its nature if it has not been in its methods, an honorable struggle for the vindication of truth, and must go on. The result does not cause us any anxious fear. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.* If Protestantism possesses intellectual and moral superiority, if it surpasses Catholicism in its harmony with truth, justice, and charity, if it be a safer and more powerful defender of the rights of God and the rights of man, then we must go to the wall. If the contrary, then Protestantism must disappear.

Put forth your hand here, Brother *Congregationalist*, and attach your sign manual to the above, and we are with you ready for such a contest. And now, if you are an honest antagonist, lift up your voice and unite it with ours in calling out —Hands off! For, don't you see, standing out there on the field, and a little too close too, that Pharisaical hypocrite—the "National League for the Protection of American Institutions"? (*pace* the high and mighty *Independent*, who really cannot stomach such vulgar, naughty words as Pharisee and hypocrite, though fitly spoken now as they were aforetime by the mouth of One yet higher and mightier). And cannot you see lurking behind him the League's secret, masked auxiliary, "The Ameri-

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can Protective Association," with hands already "damned for forgery and dripping with deceit," fumbling in his breast for the stiletto, and eager to rush out and stab us in the back?

You may say of this last-named miscreant, He is no hired masked assassin of ours. Well then, pray tell us, whose hired assassin is he? Won't you ask your Protestant brother, the Baptist *Christian Inquirer*, who lauds this satanic agent's political platform, including its call for the appointment of legislative "smelling committees," to "officially inspect convents and monasteries," and who, in these words, expresses its pious hope of the assassin's success:

"Well, theirs is a much better platform than either of the great political parties can get up. It is a platform of ideas, and not words merely. The order is said to number one million voters. A party with the above principles will go to victory like wild-fire" (issue of October 5).

Perhaps the Baptist *Christian Inquirer* may be able to tell us who it is that pays the blood-money.

You are shocked, no doubt, Brother *Congregationalist*, at hearing such an opprobrious epithet as *Pharisaical hypocrite* applied to the League for the Protection of American Institutions, of which the Rev. Dr. James M. King, Methodist preacher, is the active promoter and trusted secretary; whose programme is enthusiastically endorsed and repeatedly urged upon their readers by the entire Protestant religious press of the country; and on whose roll of members are to be found the names of many most respectable persons of unquestioned personal integrity. But the epithet is well merited all the same. A Pharisaical hypocrite is a false religious pretender, seeking, under the guise of an apparent zeal for the right and true, the accomplishment of base and unrighteous purposes. Such is the league whose hypocrisy we denounce. And here are our proofs.

The league is an association of Protestant religionists. The names of some infidels, agnostics, and indifferentists may be found among its adherents, but only because they are willing to run with the hounds, if perchance they may aid in capturing the hated prey.

The hated prey is the Catholic religion now prosperously speeding on its way of divine truth and charity, peacefully, righteously, full of self-sacrifice, infringing on the rights of no man, obedient to the laws, patriotically loyal to its heart's core, the friend, protector, and comforter of the poor, the weak, and

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the ignorant equally with the rich, the powerful, and learned, in all their manifold sorrows and sufferings of body and mind; whose doctrines are not only in perfect conformity with the fundamental principles of American liberty and rights, but also most vigorously uphold and defend them.

"Capturing the hated prey" means to obstruct the progress of the Catholic religion; to nullify its beneficent influence, and to hinder its numerical increase. Its enemies, interested in procuring its weakness or destruction, have hitherto failed in effecting their purpose, despite all the moral and intellectual influences they have unceasingly brought to bear, added to their practical faithlessness to the political contract expressed in the Constitution, Article vi.: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The fact of this faithlessness of Protestants is notorious. There is plenty of evidence if called for.

The obstructive force of ignorant prejudice has been no less well understood and diligently fostered by calumnies and misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and practice uttered in Protestant pulpits, in their religious newspapers, and through the active circulation of the vilest defamatory books and tracts.

They have received with open arms, and made use of, a horde of disgraced apostate priests and monks, and other disreputable characters posing as escaped nuns, whose pretended exposures of Catholic practices and convent life have befooled and debauched whole sections of the country. Protestant pulpits have been open to them from which to vomit forth their lies and indecencies before crowded audiences whose eagerness to drink in the salacious recitals, and readiness to have their puerile fears and vindictive passions aroused, show to what a base intellectual and moral level their religious teachers have already reduced them. Even at this day the unholy welcome which this sort of literature receives at Protestant hands has been taken advantage of by the A. P. A.'s, who advertise and industriously circulate the vilest publications to defame the most sacred institutions of the Catholic Church.

Working to secure the same end are the well-known efforts of sundry Protestant societies of benevolence, established chiefly in favor of poor and abandoned Catholic children, to whom they gave bodily succor at the price of the loss of all knowledge of their sacred religion. Do you not blush, O *Congregationalist*, at the sight of all these dishonorable manœuvres of your unworthy brethren?

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Failing in all these efforts to down the Catholic religion, we are now confronted with this Pharisaical League which has precisely the same end in view under the thin guise of patriotism and the defence of American institutions. They carefully avoid mentioning either the name of the Catholic religion or their purpose to subject it to social and political persecution in any of their official documents. The omission is hypocritical.

But no one is deceived by the assertion that their association is neither partisan nor sectarian, saying it indeed, but meaning just the contrary. It is founded and inspired by anything but pure patriotic motives, and is plainly intended to inaugurate a Protestant, sectarian, religious and political crusade against Catholics, as the frank, undisguised interpretation of its spirit and aims by the entire Protestant pulpit and press proves beyond all question.

Their affectation of patriotic defence of what is neither threatened nor attacked as the end of their association is Pharisaical. Everybody knows the pretence is false. Overcome in every intellectual and moral contest, thwarted in all their attempts to put us under the ban by misrepresentation, calumny, and efforts to capture the rising generation of Catholics, they turn for help to the state, in the hope of bringing about, through the enactment of obstructive and tyrannical laws, what their malicious and ignorant religious bigotry has not been able to effect.

In the pretensions of this League, and in all the support of it given by the united Protestant press and pulpit, we see the most evident proof of its Pharisaical, hypocritical character. They first raise a false alarm. "There must be no union of church and state!" Which implies that some one is attempting to bring that about. It is false. No such attempt is made or even thought of by any church or any political organization; unless, indeed, it be this disguised venture of theirs to renew the attempt made by the Evangelical Alliance in 1889 to unite the power of the state with their Protestantism in putting down the Catholic Church, as we shall prove further on.

Of course this League means, as abundantly evidenced by its friends and supporters in journals, sermons, Fourth-of-July orations, and by every other means of catching the ear of the public, that the Catholic Church is planning and plotting to bring about a union between itself and the state. Protestants ignorantly suppose that we would count such an union as an advantage greatly to be desired. They know what help it would be to them if they could succeed in establishing it in their favor.

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So they charge us with coveting the same support. There could not be a greater mistake. The only kind of union possible to effect would be such as Protestants seem quite satisfied to enjoy, and what they struggle to maintain in England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and smaller principalities in Europe; one that reduces their churches to the position of a mere creature and tool of the state. We have no such slavish ambition. We are working to establish the kingdom of God and of his Christ in the hearts and minds of men, a kingdom of free souls who, "knowing the truth, are free indeed." No state shackles for us, if you please.

It must be owned, however, that the League and its friends have succeeded but too well in arousing the suspicions and fears of the unthinking multitude that the charge is somewhat founded in truth, especially among the more ignorant classes of the South and West. With this false hue and cry industriously circulated, the malevolent spirits at the head of the League's secret ally, the A. P. A. anti-Catholic order, have been able to draw into line a great number of dupes to serve their base purposes at the polls, there to politically assassinate their Catholic fellow-citizens, and thereby shamelessly violating the constitutional guarantee against the subjection of any candidate for public office to a religious test. In vain may the voices of the most trustworthy and eminent Catholics vehemently deny seeking any union of church and state. These conscienceless enemies go on, and will go on, shouting the old lie just the same. But Truth shall have her day. The Catholic Church is no creature of the hour, and she can afford to wait till that day shall dawn, bringing glory and exultation to herself and confusion of face to her enemies.

This hypocritical League has raised a second false alarm, to wit: For the state to aid sectarian educational and charitable institutions is to contribute to the destruction of social peace, of civil and religious liberty, and of the stability of the state itself. We first call attention to the deceptive use of the term "aid." It is false to say that the state was ever asked for or ever gave one dollar to *aid* educational or charitable institutions under the control of religious bodies. We are not quite prepared to say no Protestant religious body was ever so aided (their journals acknowledge they have been), but we unhesitatingly deny that the Catholic Church or any of her religious communities have been. We make this apparently surprising assertion in order to expose the hypocrisy of the League in em-

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ploying the word "aid" in a false, misleading sense. Religion or sectarianism has never asked for aid as such, and never gotten it. All so-called "aid" by grants of money has been asked for, given, and applied solely to pay for the work the state declares itself bound in justice to pay for: an obligation founded on its own claims, from which arises a duty to do certain educational or charitable work itself, or to have it done by worthy agents among its citizens, whether religious bodies or not. Paying one's just debts of duty to honest laborers in one's own field is not granting them or their religion "aid." And they who falsely confess that they have been receiving such "aid" to their religion, in order to bring odium upon others, are hypocrites.

If the state has consented to engage religious bodies, Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, to act as its responsible agents, it has done wisely and justly, knowing that thereby the same end is fully as well accomplished as by its secular officers, without just offence to any one, and all state interference with or abridgment of the religious rights of its citizens is avoided. The state abstains, as it should, from questioning the conscientious claims of its citizens. It admits them as presented, and so grants them what it has a perfect right to grant in consideration of those claims. The conscientious claim of the Catholic, and of some Protestants too, is that all parents, no matter what their faith, have a right to see that their children are educated in the religion they profess, that crime or poverty or other social disability cannot confer upon the state or any other organization or person the right to disbar any man, woman, or child from receiving the religious ministrations of their own faith, or the right to force other such religious ministrations upon them. All the efforts of this un-American League are flatly in contradiction of these principles of equal conscientious liberty.

If Protestants are prepared to forego the exercise of their rights in this matter let them, but the state has no right to demand that they should; and if ever we Catholics were to use our power through the state to force them to do so, contrary to their will, as they are now, at the beck and call of this League and its confederates, are trying to force us to do, then we should richly deserve what they now deserve—the contempt and execration of every honest man who calls this free country his own.

But just look at the hypocritical anxiety of this League for the safety of the state. It calls out that the state must "save

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itself" (with the League's help, of course) from the threatening encroachments of "sectarianism." Does or does not that term mean "religion"? They dare not answer, for such an admission would make them show their hand. Dare they assert that the prosperity and general practice of religion is a "standing menace to the state"? Do they take American statesmen or the enlightened voters of this country for a lot of fools? What is to be gained by lying to the people like that? Is it not past all question that no influence is equal to that of religion to secure national peace, freedom, and permanence? Are Protestants not sectarian? What so despicable as this hypocritical fawning upon the state at the expense of their own self-condemnation?

These double-tongued persecutors so manipulate their accusation about the state giving "aid" to sectarianism as to make it say to the popular audience: "These Catholics want the state to do what it cannot lawfully do—to teach religion in the schools." What schools? In the state schools? It is false. In our parochial schools? It is false. We protest against the right of the state doing anything, by word or mouth, by books or teachers, or by grants of money *ad hoc*, to have any control or power or voice in the teaching of religion in any school.

But who did want, if they say they do not want now, that the state should take upon itself the teaching of religion in the public state schools? Who tried their utmost to induce the state to adopt Protestantism as the State Religion, and force the children of all other and no creeds, Catholic, Jewish, and Nullifidians of every sort, to be daily indoctrinated with a religious principle they repudiate as false—"The Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and practice"? These very jealous spirits we are denouncing. Feeling themselves unable to hold even their own against the fast-increasing intellectual and moral influence of the Catholic Church, and the active opposition to Christianity shown by the millions, we may say, of agnostics and infidels—nearly all the apostate children of Protestant parentage—they began years ago to force their "broad Christianity," as they called it, down the throats of those whose consciences rejected such a "broad humbug," as the Hon. Stanley Matthews, of the Supreme Court, styled it—Protestant as he was. How did they try to do this? By trying to force the reading of the Protestant Bible in the public schools, with the aid of the state law and the state policeman. One must have been a fool not to see the trick they were playing; to compel all children to hear the Bible read every day, so that they should be taught,

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and come to believe, that the only way to learn the true Christian faith and how to worship God is to read the Bible. It was an infamous outrage upon the religious liberty of Catholics, Jews, and unbelievers, all free and equal American citizens, free from all domination over and interference with their conscientious convictions.

Catholics felt and resisted this covert attack upon the fundamental principles of the faith of their children. It was not the mere reading of the Bible, or even of the Protestant version, that aroused their opposition; it was the assumption of the Protestant, anti-Catholic principle taken for granted as the reason for having it read at all. And to enforce this principle they appealed to the then universal respect in which Protestants held the Bible, and in the same breath denounced our objections with the old falsehood, that we did not believe in the Bible; that we were not allowed by the church to read it —one of the most astounding lies that was ever perpetrated. "Rally to the support of the Blessed Book which these papists fear and would burn!" was their war cry. And surely their success in humbugging their ignorant people, so effectively and for so long a time as they did, is one of the most astounding facts in the history of their dishonest attacks upon us. If any sense of shame is left in them, with what confusion of face must they to-day look back upon this iniquity? Who now is shown to be the friend, the true believer in and guardian of the Bible?

They utterly failed in this attempt to make a practical and most effective union of the Protestant "church" and state as everybody knows. Their real intentions being exposed, the clear-headed and fair-minded American people of all and of no faith scorned to dishonor themselves by collusion with such a nefarious design. But what a wail of disappointment and spiteful incrimination of the motives of Catholics went up through the length and breadth of the land from Protestant pulpits and the Protestant press!

Then they began their plot to secure the same end in another way, leaguing themselves together in politico-religious secret lodges, and in bands with high-sounding, patriotic American titles, to bring pressure upon the government to pass laws and constitutional amendments which would block the progress of the Catholic Church, and hamper us in the free exercise of our parental rights and religious liberties. For many years

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previous the Evangelical Alliance had been doing this dirty work, and attempted to drive just such another amendment to the Constitution through Congress under the leadership of the same man, Rev. Dr. James M. King, Methodist minister, who is the real founder and master-spirit of the National League. This was in 1875, and James G. Blaine presented the bill in the house, but he slyly kept silence when the vote was taken. The Alliance tried it again in 1889, and we have before us a printed stenographic report of the hearing given its advocates before the Senate Judiciary Committee, Senator Henry W. Blair being its chairman. The whole report is occupied with virulent and calumnious attacks upon the Catholic Church, the Papacy, the Jesuits, and our educational and charitable institutions by the active agent of the Alliance and other Protestant ministers. They did not scruple to make use of garbled and even out-and-out forged "extracts" from eminent Catholic writers. In their speeches both Rev. Dr. King and Rev. Philip S. Moxom, of Boston, offered in evidence of their absurd charge that the Catholic parochial schools "produced" a vast majority of the illiterates, paupers, and criminals of the country the fraudulent table of statistics manufactured by Dexter A. Hawkins, and still more fraudulently tinkered by the Hon. John Jay. This fraud had been already exposed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1884, of which magazine their speeches showed they were lynx-eyed readers. A further and more minute exposure was made by the writer of this article in the *Freeman's Journal*, November 29, 1890, and in the *Independent*, January 15, 1891.

The report proves beyond all doubt that the amendment they then proposed was an artful attempt to compel the state to teach the vague "principles of the Christian religion," as so formulated in their proposed amendment; which Protestants would be satisfied to have taught in the public schools, and thus either disbar all Catholic children from entering them or expose themselves to the danger of being Protestantized, just as now they are in danger, in common with Protestant children, of being secularized and alienated from their Christian faith in the state schools in which all religion is tabooed.*

* *Religion and Schools.* Notes of Hearings before the Committee on Education and Labor, United States Senate, February 15 and 22, 1889, on the joint resolution (S. R. 86) proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States respecting establishments of religion and free public schools.. Washington: Government Printing-office.

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We copy this provision embodied in the proposed amendment: "Section 2. Each State in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate for the education of *all* the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years, inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, *and the principles of the Christian religion.*"

Then follows the prohibition against any State according money to any "sectarian school or institution."

These fiery, unscrupulous bigots discovered that they had overleaped the mark. A certain Rev. J. O. Corliss, a Protestant minister, and a Professor Alonzo T. Jones, of Michigan, quoting largely from the Hon. Stanley Matthews—all Protestants—pricked the beautiful bubble the Alliance was blowing; and it was quite evident, when the committee rose, that the whole thing was an ignominious fiasco. The foundation of the League immediately after, proposing a new amendment with the provision obliging all States to teach the "principles of the Christian religion" left out, proves that the game for uniting church and state by Protestants was up; all their fatuous lying labor lost. And now they shamelessly turn round and falsely accuse us of just what they were foiled in attempting to do in their own favor. Before the struggle comes at the polls we Catholics should reprint and circulate that damning report over the whole country. Nothing could more effectually expose their base hypocrisy.

But who shall worthily picture the pitiful dismay, the woe-begone countenance, the snarling, disappointed rage of these plotters, defeated of their cherished hopes, and with all the venom of their calumnies and forgeries, intended to defame the Catholic Church, poured out to the last drop, to be obliged to listen to the following "unkindest cut of all" from the Hon. Justice Matthews, quoted by Professor Jones, who, with Rev. Dr. Corliss, exposed their designs and opposed the amendment, backing up their argument with the names of two hundred and fifty thousand petitioners opposed to its adoption. Justice Matthews, after taking unnecessary pains to affirm his Protestant faith, thus discoursed, as quoted by Professor Jones:

"I know the Protestant prejudices against the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Roman Catholic system of faith. But I am bound to look upon them all as citizens, all as entitled to

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every right, to every privilege that I claim for myself; and further, I do in my heart entertain the charity of believing that they are just as honest and just as sincere in their religious convictions as I am. I will say further, that from the study I have made, as time and opportunity have been given to me, of the doctrinal basis of the Roman Catholic faith, I am bound to say that it is not an ignorant superstition, but a scheme of well-constructed logic, which he is a bold man who says he can easily answer. Give them one proposition, concede to them one single premise, and the whole of their faith follows most legitimately and logically, and that is the fundamental doctrine of what the church is, what it was intended to be, by whom it was founded, by whom it has been perpetuated, being the casket which contains to-day, shining as brightly as before the ages, the ever-living, actually present body of God, teaching and training men for life here and life hereafter.

"Now, that is the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church; that is the doctrine that is believed in by the Roman Catholic people; believed in sincerely, conscientiously, under their responsibilities, as they understand them, to answer at the bar of Almighty God in the day of judgment, according to the light they have received, in their own reason and their own conscience; for you must bear in mind that the process by which a Roman Catholic attains his faith is the same by which we do. We seem to make a difference, in that respect, as if a Roman Catholic believed in his church in some other way, by some other organs than those which a Protestant uses when he comes to his convictions. Why, there is no compulsion about it; it is a voluntary matter: they believe or not, as they choose; there is no external power which forces them to believe. They think they have sufficient reason for their belief; it may be an insufficient reason, but that doesn't make any difference to you and me; it is their reason, and that is enough.

Now, they have—at any rate so far as the impersonal spirit of jurisprudence is concerned, so far as the presiding genius of the civil law is affected with jurisdiction, so far as that artificial reason which consists in the collective wisdom of the state can take any notice—civil rights and religious rights equal to yours and mine.

"Protestants have no rights, as such, which do not at the same time and to the same extent belong to Catholics, as such, to Jews and infidels too. Protestants have a civil right to enjoy their own belief, but they have no right in this respect to any preference from the state or any of its institutions. It is not a question of majorities against minorities, for if the conscience of the majority is to be the standard, then there is no such thing as right of conscience at all. It is against the predominance and power of majorities that the rights of conscience are protected, and need to be."

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Poor Senator Blair, the chairman of the committee, suffering from an aggravated attack of Jesuitophobia, and his worthy compeers, the Rev. Drs. King, Moxom, Gray, Dunn, Morris, and the rest of the defeated plotters—how they must have squirmed as they sat there forced to listen to such plain, honest, just, straightforward, unhypocritical, upright, and true American doctrine as that! No wonder they hadn't another word to say, and that, when the quoted words of Justice Matthews were ended, we should read: "The committee then adjourned."

Failing to force their Protestantism into the common schools and to establish Protestantism as a state religion, now, in their fixed determination to obstruct and, if possible, overthrow the Catholic Church in America, they are willing to pay the Judas price of betraying the faith of their own children and sacrificing them to the Moloch of secularism, provided they may thereby stop by ever so little the favor which the Catholic Church is evidently gaining in the eyes of fair-minded Protestants and unbelievers; and thwart the astounding and unlooked-for advances she is making, not only in numbers and religious influence, but in all the fields of social, scientific, intellectual, and moral life and progress.

In their despair they cry out: "Stop the Catholic Church! Come, O state, to our aid! Secularize all schools, all prisons, all reformatories, all charitable institutions, even the hospitals of the sick and dying! Shut out from them their God and their faith! They won't take our Protestantism. Well, then, they shall not have any religion at all, and we are prepared to take the plunge and go down into the abyss of atheism, with all that is ours, if we can only drag the Catholic Church along with us to the same fate!"

It was evident that the failure of the attempt to make a union of church and state by the Evangelical Alliance, through its efforts to pass a constitutional amendment obliging the teaching of the "principles of the Christian religion" in all schools, was precisely due to that provision. It was the second attempt made by this body, as we have shown. Why did it not make a third? Because they knew that their attempt as *Protestants* to throttle the Catholic Church had been detected, the Alliance being undisguisedly Protestant and anti-Catholic in all its aims and methods. So they resolved to drop the pretension to gain their ends as religious antagonists, and pose

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simply as a band of loyal patriots shouting out that the American state and its institutions were in danger, and that the Pope, the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church were attacking them and bent on their destruction. That accounts for the foundation of the "National League for the Protection of American Institutions," organized the same year, immediately after the signal defeat and discomfiture of the Alliance. We say again, as has been well proved, that their title is the proclamation of a false and unfounded issue. Nobody is attacking American institutions, and no "League" is needed to protect them. The verbal concealment of their religious animosity and aim, and their pretence of being inspired solely by patriotic motives, is a cloak of hypocrisy. Their own aiders and abettors have boldly torn aside the mask and shown them up in their true colors. The League is nothing else but the Evangelical Alliance under another name. It is true they have realized how futile would be the hope to bring about the constitutional adoption of Protestantism as the state religion, to be forced, willy-nilly, down the throats of the people, and so they contented themselves with framing a new proposed amendment, quietly leaving out the provision obliging the teaching of the principles of "Protestant" Christianity, or, as Mr. Blair put it in committee, "the principles of the Christian religion so limited as to specifically and emphatically exclude the Christian principles of one or two *sects*."

So we have their original plan of attack upon the Catholic Church by invoking the aid of the state modified and disguised in this fashion:

"No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

Further comment upon their definite purpose than we have already made is unnecessary to prove that they have none other but to make an organized attack upon the rights and privileges of Catholics. Since its foundation the League has not been idle; circulating documents by the tens of thousands, securing arti-

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cles in newspapers, and sermons from preachers, who have industriously poisoned the minds of their hearers with such calumnies against the Catholic religion as might serve their purpose.

Are these petitioners honest in the self-sacrificing proposals they offer in order to thwart the Catholic power? We think no one is so silly as to believe it. If they could once succeed in having religion tabooed as a dangerous element to the safety of the state, under the title of "sectarian schools, churches, or institutions," everybody knows that they would not scruple to so manage their own schools, churches, and institutions, as they have already done, by the absence of any distinctive religious title, and by placing them under the control of secular boards and other officers, so as to still be able to claim the aid and support of the state all the same, not as sectarian, but as secular or undenominational institutions, knowing well that Catholics will not, like themselves, sail under a false flag, but will boldly, at all costs, and under every tyranny, still confess the name of Christ, and never deny that their schools, their churches, and their works of charity all belong to God.

See how cunningly also these real sectaries appeal for help in their nefarious designs to the voice and power of the infidel, who despises them as cordially as he hates what is true Christianity. There is to be, as they hope, no aid to what is "sectarian."

They are quite willing to apply to themselves this odious, opprobrious term if they can fasten it also upon Catholics. They do not dare to use the words "religious" or "Christian." That would likely shock the fair-minded American non-Catholic and non-persecuting public into a realizing sense of their rascally intent and methods in plotting against the 'free exercise of religious rights' which none have ever yet dared to openly deny to every man living under the protection of the American flag.

So they use the term "sectarian." "We Protestants will put on a secular dress and be of no 'sect' before the law. Catholics won't secularize either their name or their dress, and so we will have them on the hip, claiming, as they will continue to do, to be 'religious' bodies and churches and schools. We will take care, then, to have 'religious' read 'sectarian.' Thus they will be forced out into the cold, but we shall draw from the state funds just the same, being before the law only secular."

So much for the "National League for the Protection of American Institutions," its parent, the Evangelical Alliance, and its secret ally, the A. P. A. "order": worthy co-laborers in the meanest piece of work that any American citizens ever un-

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dertook. Our brother the *Congregationalist* will please take notice that in the honorable and fair coming contest for intellectual and moral superiority that is to be waged between Protestantism and what it, with maliciously false pretence, styles "Romanism"—thus persistently reiterating the unfounded charge that "Catholics are politically subject to the domination of a foreign potentate"—all such un-American and un-Christian leagues, alliances, and hired bravos must be first drummed off the field. We need no such help. Why should Protestantism? To be forced to call in such vile, discreditable aid, or to tolerate their presence, looks very much like showing the white feather at the start. Off with them, or your honor is lost!

In the language of the National League itself—language verbally honest but to be condemned as hypocritical in its mouth by all the methods it has resorted to in order to gain Protestant ascendency—

"In this country denominational advantages should be gained and triumphs should be won by moral suasion, not by legislative influence, or by an appeal to political majorities."

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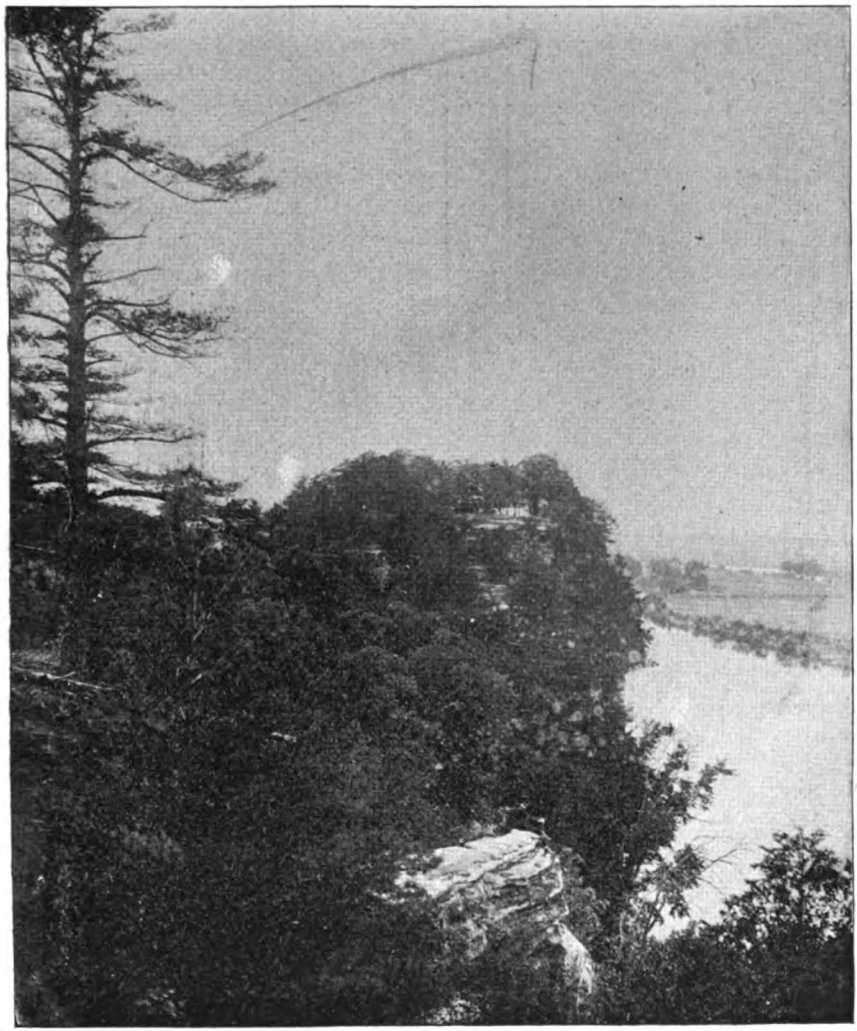

A VIEW FROM THE VALLEY SUGGESTS A WATCH-TOWER COLD, GRIM, AND DEFIANT.

STARVED ROCK.

BY REV. FRANK J. O'REILLY.

WHEN the early landmarks of the church in the United States come to be fully outlined few will be found of more peculiar interest, none surely more unique in setting, more picturesque in background, than Starved Rock. The very name now begets an interest which research, however prolonged, fails to exhaust. Religious and military annals each give the

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historic spot names which time seems to have forgotten in the interest of its present and suggestive one. As if human nature were ever loath to part with memories of brave deeds and noble daring even when such are to be chronicled of savage tribes; for they at times rise to an appreciation of what, to them at least, is home, and are willing to stand between it and the ruthless invader. Whatever else Thermopylæ may convey, it will always stand for the bravery of the Spartan band who there asked for burial place rather than their country be encroached upon. Balaklava can never again tell so interesting a story as "the wild charge of the Light Brigade."

Little wonder, then, when a fair September day, 1673, saw Père Marquette, Joliet, five oarsmen, and two Indian interpreters forcing their way up the stream now known as the Illinois river—little wonder when they came suddenly upon the great Illinois town, La Vantum, situated near the present site of Old Utica, the Indians, who never before had seen the face of white man, were quick to believe them from unseen worlds sent for wrathful purposes by the Great Manitou. Measurably disabused of false impressions, the wampum displayed by Joliet, with the pipe of peace in one hand and a small cross in the other, Père Marquette approached to tell the Indians of Him who first brought peace on earth to men of good will. The preaching, truly responsive to the apostolic injunction of teaching all nations, was not without early and lasting fruit. Chassagoac, the head chief of the Illinois Indians, continued in the faith till death, in 1714. A large mound, back of the town of Old Utica, still marks his resting-place; and a life-sized portrait showing him to have been a fine specimen of physical and mental manhood is among the interesting collections of the Jesuits claiming the attention of the western traveller at Rouen, France.

FIRST MISSION IN THE GREAT WEST.

In the spring of 1675 Marquette returned with two companions. The warm welcome extended to him by Chassagoac and his five hundred inferior chiefs was a bright augury for the work of the cross. The sequel proves how the signs of augury did not fail. At Marquette's suggestion the Indians tore down the temple to the god of war and erected in its stead the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, a name which he had already given to the Mississippi River, a name, too—a link in the long chain of traditional evidence is it not?—showing how general then, and tender, was the belief in the dogma of spotless con-

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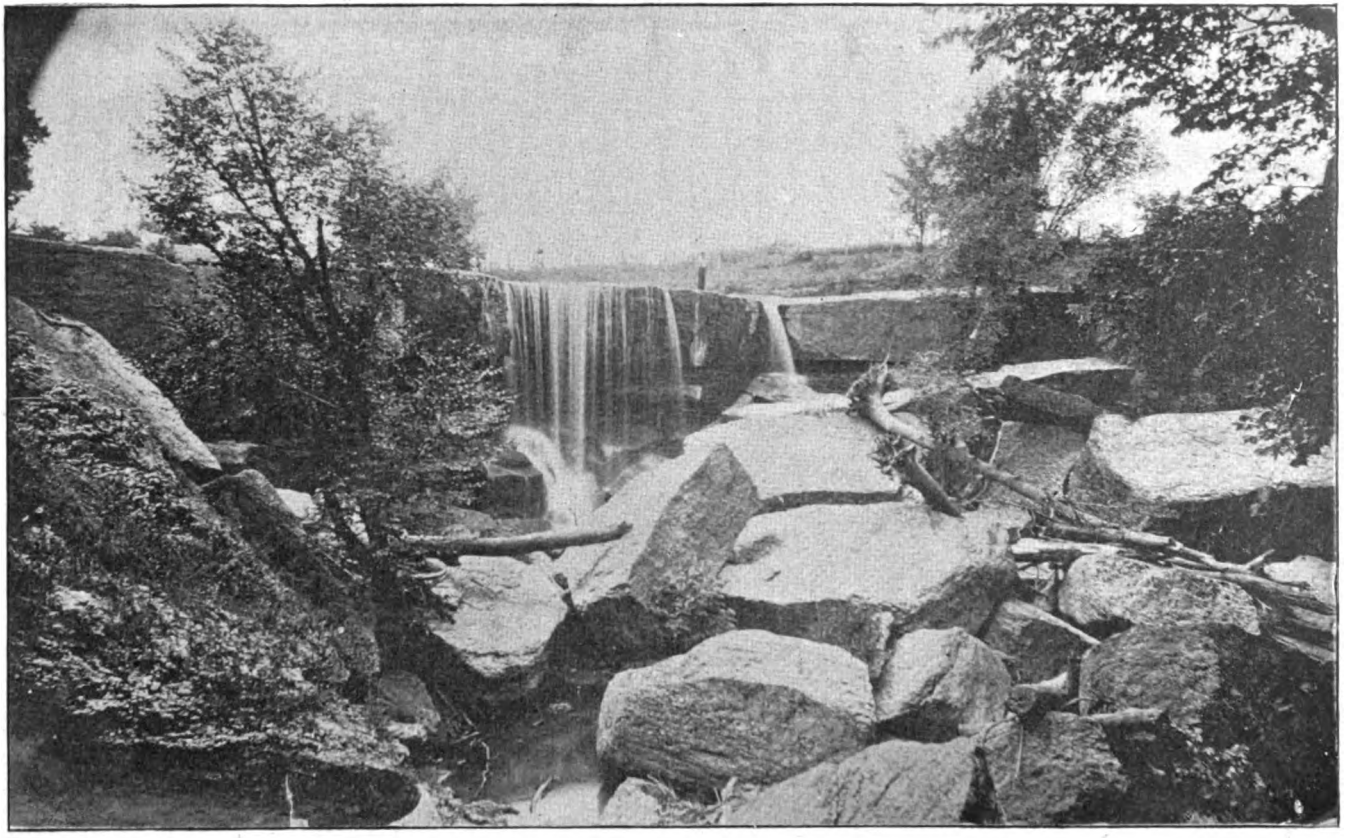

BAILEY'S FALLS, NEAR STARVED ROCK.

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ception, which upwards of two centuries later found its way into the realm of fixed belief. Easter day witnessed him telling the new converts of the fruits of the Resurrection. His stay, however, was destined to be brief: worn out by zeal and exposure, he felt the end coming. Desiring to return to Mackinac, he called his spiritual children about him and tearfully told them his race was run. His work was ended; at best only a few days remained to him. How reluctantly the Indians parted with him and how tenderly they cared for him is evidenced by the journey of five hundred of them as far as Lake Michigan. On the eastern shore of this great body of water, not yet having reached their journey's end, in May, 1675, departed the spirit of one whose thirty-eight years show life to consist not so much of length of years as of wealth of deed, and of whose memory a grateful country, now awakening to an appreciation of her heroes, will yet bear fitting, permanent testimony.

La Vantum—the Indian for a place of importance, capital of a tribe—was given to the great Illinois town by the French and half-breeds at Peoria. The Jesuits and early explorers speak of it as the great Illinois town, where chiefs and warriors from a distance were wont to meet in council. Joliet called the place Kaskaskia; hence the confusion occasionally arising when reference is made to the place which now bears that name. Here lived, at different times, from eight to twenty thousand Indians. The town stood on the site of Old Utica, although some antiquarians mistakingly locate it near Buffalo Rock, an eminence seven miles to the north-east known to later history as Fort Des Miamis. From the discovery of Joliet and Marquette we note the lapse of nearly a hundred years until the last of the Illinois tribe, taking refuge on Fort St. Louis and succumbing only after a most dauntless fight, have left us the memorable story of Starved Rock.

LA SALLE AND TONTI.

Late in the year 1679 La Vantum was visited by La Salle, the explorer whose name is written everywhere throughout the great West. We see and read of him in every enterprise until his cruel, untimely death in the wilds of Texas. The Jesuits Hennepin, Gabriel, and Zenobe were among the visitors here; and Tonti, a name connected with all the memories of this region where his remains have long since rested.

Tonti is an historical synonyme for deathless devotion to a leader. "The finest fact," remarks Mrs. Catherwood, "in the

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Norman explorer's career is the devotion he commanded in Henri de Tonti. No stupid dreamer, no ruffian at heart, no betrayer of friendship, no mere blundering woodsman—as La Salle has been outlined by his enemies—could have bound to himself a man like Tonti. The words of this friend and the words this friend has left on record thus honor La Salle. And we, who like courage and steadfastness and gentle courtesy in men, owe much honor which has never been paid to Henri de Tonti." While

ITS SIDES OF GRAY SANDSTONE.

strolling through the Louvre, at Paris, a few years ago, the writer happened to find himself gazing intently upon a figure unique, tall, graceful. Some artistic hand, some sympathetic mind, mused I, has made the country of his adoption treasure up the memory of one of the half-dozen men whose names are linked not only with the history of Starved Rock but with the opening up of the great West. Beneath that picture were written these simple words: "Henri de Tonti, la Voyageur des Amérique."

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FIRST COLONY IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Fort St. Louis, Rock Fort, Le Rocher are names synonymous with the subject of our meagre sketch, whose peculiar surroundings, favorable to defence, made it occupy a position unique and distinctive in the early Western explorations. A natural fortress, like some impregnable castle overlooking the Rhine, sullen and perpendicular it rises from the water's edge. A deep chasm separates it from the neighboring cliffs on the east. The view from the valley, showing three sides of gray sandstone, suggests a watch-tower cold, grim, defiant. To-day its summit is covered by occasional tufts of grass, straggling wild flower, growth of cedar, with just a hint of ivy creeping over the edges as if to preserve it from the blasts, which seemingly, however, have made little impression upon it. Stands it conscious of the distinction, one thinks, of being the most picturesque, the most romantic, the most historic spot in the explorations of the mighty West.

Upon the rock as early as 1682 La Salle built the fort around which gathered the first colony in the Mississippi valley. Here journeyed Allouez; in 1692 came Sebastian Rasle, whose brutal martyr-fate upon the Kennebec remains the disgrace of early New England. Father James Gravier, succeeding Rasle, built a chapel within the fort just eighteen years after Marquette had established the mission of the Immaculate Conception at La Vantum, distant three-fourths of a mile to the north-west. The Jesuit Charlevoix, who visited this locality in 1721, tells of the chapel being in ruins: it was destroyed by fire three years previous. The fort which La Salle and his forty soldiers built and placed under the protection of the French flag stood thirty-six years, and the colony dwelling there was named Louisiana in honor of Louis XIV. In 1683 La Salle, leaving the fort in command of Tonti, sailed for France; thence to the mouth of the Mississippi, whither in an unknown spot his remains still lie unburied. Twice, indeed, did the faithful Tonti go in search of his master to bear back the body to the Rock, at whose feet some thirty-three years later, broken in health and fortune, he himself was destined to find last resting-place.

THE ROCK OF REFUGE.

We again look to the rock in 1769. In a passionate moment Kineboo, chief of the Illinois Indians, stabbed Pontiac. The chief of the Ottawas was a man whose strong personality

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FRENCH CANON, IN THE REAR OF STARVED ROCK.

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made him a leader, not merely among his own tribe but of all who yearned for a guiding force. History rightfully calls him the greatest of the North American Indians. Over his dead body vengeance was vowed. War, not of conquest but unto extermination, was declared. The Miamis, Kickapoos, Shawnees, Chippewas, and remnant tribes which had fought under Pontiac came forward to avenge his death. The villages of the Illinois were destroyed, their property carried off. La Vantum alone remained. Within it were gathered ten thousand souls, a fifth of whom being warriors. Throwing up fortifications on three sides, the river protecting them in the rear, the Illinois now made their last stand in defence of home. Thus passed the summer. The early autumn grew apace, when in the midst of festivities—the result of seeming security—the united enemy suddenly bore down upon them. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued; those who scaled the new-made fortifications fell within the breastworks. Seeing the fate of their companions in arms, the avengers of Pontiac retreated to Buffalo Rock. Repulsion served to madden them the more; eagerly awaiting the dawn, they renewed the battle. For twelve hours furiously on went the contest. Night gathered to witness its continuance, till at length, interrupted by a blinding storm, the Illinois, quickly launching their canoes, crossed the river and ascended the rock where Tonti with his hundred and fifty followers had once put to flight two thousand Iroquois warriors. History, sad to relate, was not destined to repeat itself. True, like Schamyl on Ghunib's height, ninety years later, they looked serenely down upon the enemy. But what traitors or new-found paths could not do, hunger and thirst wrought. Twelve days of siege sufficed to witness the twelve hundred souls who climbed the rock die of famine. Rather than yield, they nursed hunger and thirst. Mindful of this steadfast deed, even if in savage warfare, thoughtful sentiment has journeyed to the scene and written clear and large the words: Starved Rock.

Matson in his *Pioneers of Illinois* says: "Whoever will take the trouble to examine the soil on Starved Rock will find in many places a peculiar dusty sediment among the dirt showing decomposed animal matter, which without doubt is the remains of human beings." "I have," he adds, "visited the catacombs belonging to different Italian cities, also those around Jerusalem, and walked over the dust made from the remains of human beings, and find the sediment among the dirt on Starved Rock to be of the same kind."

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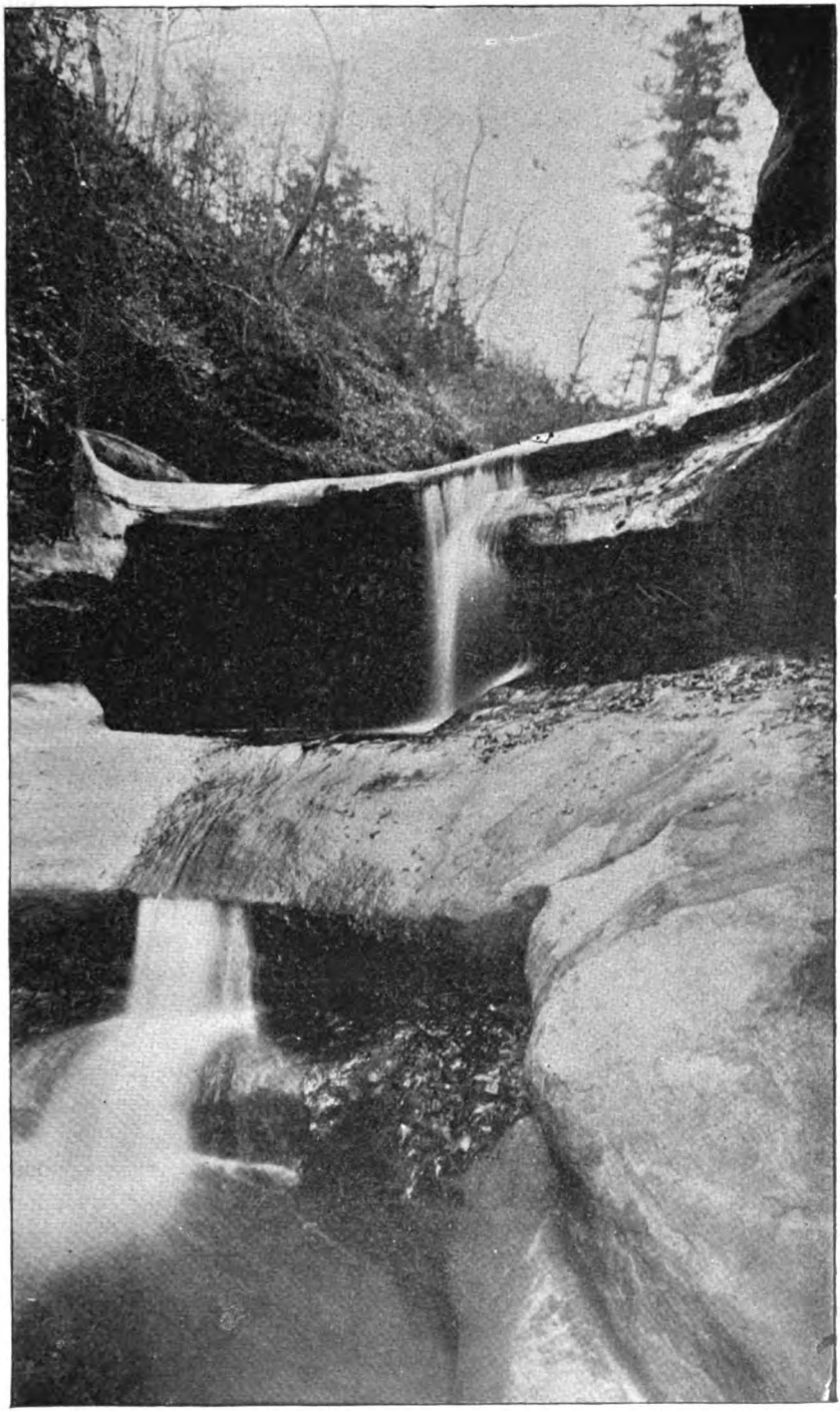

THE MOST ROMANTIC SPOT IN THE WEST.

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THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

The same fort-like walls remain, the same cedars. A hundred and fifty yards to the south the traveller is still pointed out the high knoll called Devil's Nose, where after the tragedy of Starved Rock the Indians, connecting its memories with the voice of the storm, thought they could hear the Prince of Darkness freeing his nostrils. Eastwood across a deep chasm is a high cliff known as Maiden's Leap. The name perpetuates the hopeless deed of an Indian maiden who, crossed in love, sought the yawning gulf below. All else has undergone a change. Where once starvation dwelt, the tourists flock to be refreshed. The enterprising summer-hotel man is loath to leave the rock longer to the past. The great meadow to the north is occupied by farms in close succession. The cement mills and potteries of the busy little town of Utica tell how accurately Joutel in 1714 described the mineral worth of the surrounding country.

This, then, is the historic rock of the Mississippi Valley. At its base still laps the rippling waters abreast whose flow Père Marquette—all whose paths were peace—first went, scarcely dreaming even he in his great prophetic heart, which never quailed nor lost hope amid the scenes of primeval nature, that within the borders of that State, to a great city by the unsalted seas, two centuries later, would come the envying stranger from all the climes—come to ask recognition from the newer civilization of which this early missionary was the veritable "hewer toward the light." Standing here to-day under the stars and stripes one beholds the setting sun making luminous the gilded crosses of the church of many nationalities, whose industry has made the valley a smiling plenty, and is content to forget the shout of "*Vive le roi*" which in the past re-echoed from the height, for in its stead we have a Union strong, a people free. Recently standing there, however, the writer could hardly suppress the wish, if fuller details be now wanting, that before the modern spirit has entirely invaded it some South Sea idyller may come to perpetuate in fitting phrase the half-forgotten memories of Starved Rock.

Peoria, Ill.

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A GREAT FORWARD MOVEMENT.

By Alice T. Toomy.

SOCIAL settlements are an outgrowth of the realization that all classes of society are interdependent. Want, suffering, or injustice prevailing in the lowest stratum of society will invariably make its results felt in the uppermost crust. The spread of the spirit of democracy has made it evident to practical observers that we need not only to *believe* in the brotherhood of man, but also to *live* our belief. If we would save souls we must treat the bodies as not beneath or unworthy our social contact. Political democracy, with moral and social ostracism, can bring but little elevation to the masses. The enfranchisement of contact with higher thoughts and conditions will do more to make good citizens than even the ballot itself.

THE GREAT PRINCIPLE OF "ALL FOR EACH AND EACH FOR ALL" IS THE SECRET OF HARMONY.

The first notable social settlement was established at Toynbee Hall, London. At this place some young Oxford graduates determined to devote not only their substance but themselves to the moral and social elevation of the poor. These young men built a large house in one of the most degraded districts of the great city of London, and invited the poor of the neighborhood of all ages and nationalities to pass their spare time within its walls. Here a coffee-room, gymnasium, debating club, etc., offered recreation and instruction, as well as refreshment, to all who chose to visit its hospitable

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quarters. The success of this method of helping the poor was so quickly manifest in good order and law-abidingness, where disturbance and even danger to life had been the rule, that social settlements soon sprang up elsewhere.

The first social settlement in America was begun some years ago in Chicago by Miss Jane Addams, a lady of great refinement and culture, who has inspired several other noble women to devote their lives to the moral and social elevation of the needy. Describing the motives which constitute the subjective pressure towards social settlements Miss Addams writes: "The first is the desire to make the entire social organism democratic, to extend democracy beyond its political expression; the second is the impulse to share the race life, and to bring as much as possible of social energy and the accumulation of civilization to those portions of the race which have little; the third springs from a certain *renaissance of Christianity*, a movement toward its early humanitarian aspects." Miss Addams' description of this social settlement will find many of its needs duplicated in all large cities. Hull House is a roomy old residence whose parlors are open for varied instruction and amusement. One ample room receives a weekly assemblage of working-men to debate on the current topics of the day. One evening each week is here devoted to the entertainment of Germans, when whole families assemble and recreate, using their native tongue and amusements. On another evening the Italians meet and recreate in a similar way. Attached to Hull House is a restaurant and coffee-house, where deliciously cooked food is sold at cost price either to be used on the premises or carried home.

THE CLUB IS COMPOSED OF WOMEN OF DIFFERENT RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

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Attached to the settlement is a day-nursery and kindergarten, where working mothers may leave their children to be well cared for and taught while they labor in the family support. In connection with this is a mothers' club which meets weekly for discussion, and to receive lessons in hygiene, domestic economy, and the care of children. There are classes of instruction at Hull House in every department of knowledge from the kindergarten up to college extension. Public baths and a gymnasium are open at different hours to boys and girls, men and women. Permission has been obtained to fence in a large vacant lot near by, which, covered with a deep layer of sand, is provided with swings, seesaws, climbing poles, and swinging rings; thus constituting a delightful playground for the youth of the vicinity. A branch of the Free Public Library has been secured for Hull House, to which is attached the usual reading-room and supply of newspapers from many countries.

These efforts at moral and social elevation are responded to as the dry earth welcomes and absorbs the rain. Good order and self-control mark all its assemblies. Many a strike and grievous injustice has been averted by the influence of these gentle, noble women of Hull House. Nor are they unaided in their work. Many men of culture and social distinction devote their evenings and best efforts to teaching and entertaining this hitherto neglected class of humanity.

Many guilds and organizations of working-women have had their origin in Hull House. Out of the moral strength gained by organization has developed a co-operative home composed of nearly fifty young women who live under one roof in harmony and comfort. This "Jane Club" was begun by an energetic young Catholic woman, Miss Mary Kenney, who with a few companions commenced the club in a flat of seven rooms; they have gradually added to their numbers and space until they now use nearly all the flats in two adjoining houses. They employ a cook and chambermaid, and elect their officers, namely, a president, vice-president, steward, secretary, treasurer, and librarian, from their own body every six months. The president and steward form the house committee, buying and paying bills. Every week there is a business meeting of the whole, when all complaints and dissatisfactions are discussed and submitted to the household, thereby silencing the usual grumbling; finances and all family rules are considered by all. They have nice parlors and dining-room, piano, books, pictures, all the appliances

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of ease and comfort, well-furnished bed-rooms accommodating from one to four persons according to size, bath-rooms on each floor, and they keep an excellent table, all at the cost of three dollars a week each. The club is composed of women of different religious belief, but the majority are Catholics. So well has the lesson of respect for the rights of others been learned through organization that, as courtesy to the Catholic members, they have concluded that meat should not be cooked in the house on Friday. This rule was made on the hygienic basis that a total change of diet was desirable on one day in the week. On the other hand, in deference to the prejudices of some of the inmates, it was resolved that no dance music should be played on Sunday. This great principle of all for each and each for all is the secret of the harmony of this co-operative home.

THE CLUB WAS BEGUN BY ENERGETIC CATHOLIC WOMEN.

The purpose of this paper is to show that, with similar elements, such co-operative homes can be established everywhere. Most of the members of the "Jane Club" work in factories, but are affiliated with labor unions. It is the consciousness of the support of organization that gives them their moral stamina resulting in the harmony of fair play to all. This dignity of self-help and self-government dispels the theory of the need of matrons or patrons to manage homes for working-women. The woman who can, during eight to ten hours daily, so conduct herself as to protect her morals against factory inspectors, foremen, and shop-walkers of doubtful or of no morality, ought in the common sense of things be able to take care of herself in her home, be it large or small, without guardianship or custodian. Statistics tell us that there are one hundred thousand

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women earning their living in New York alone. Of these more than one-half are without a family home. What a boon and missionary work it would be to show and teach them that by combination and the exercise of good sense they can secure for themselves comfortable homes and kindly companionship at a cost of three dollars a week!

Two essentials are needed for establishing such homes: a sum of money obtained by loan, without interest, payable in small in-

They have nice Parlors.

stallments, wherewith to purchase furniture and household outfit, and a nucleus of club members, composed of women belonging to labor leagues, who have acquired the moral backbone of organization. The money ought to be easily obtainable, because in every city where such homes are needed there are to be found good men and women able and willing to promote true independence. Such a loan would involve no further gift than the loss of the interest on the sum loaned. Payment would be guaranteed by a lien on the furniture. Reduction of rent might be secured through philanthropy or the sense of certainty of payment and of good care of the premises. Given the money to buy the outfit for housekeeping and women trained in harmony through unity of interest, and this system of co-operative homes at three dollars a week can become general throughout our country. What women have

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succeeded in doing in Chicago can be done anywhere else with similar conditions. In order to secure the completest economy it is important that the person who cooks should be a club member. Thus her interests become identical with the general need of carefulness. It is well known to all housekeepers that the most dangerous economic leakage starts in the kitchen. Since cooking is coming to be recognized as an art there need be no sense of inferiority because the club membership is fulfilled over the cook-stove. Carefulness in purchasing as well as judicious estimate of quantity of supply are necessary to balancing accounts. The suggestion that members should not take on their plates more than they are sure to consume constitutes a large element of saving. With the vast increase of artificial wants, and the dense ignorance of domestic economics, we are being driven to becoming a nation of boarding-houses, where home-life is unknown and, worse still, undesired. It would seem, therefore, that every success like the "Jane Club" which offers the elements of home-life in unity of interests and purpose should be known and promulgated by all lovers of humanity.

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WILLIAM HAZLITT:

A CHARACTER STUDY.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

I.

THE titles of William Hazlitt's first books bear witness to the ethic spirit in which he began life. From his beloved father, an Irish dissenting minister, he inherited his unworldliness, his obstinacy, his love of inexpedient truth, and his interest in the well-being of his fellow-creatures. Bred in an air of seriousness and integrity, the child of twelve announced by post that he had spent "a very agreeable day" reading one hundred and sixty pages of Priestley and hearing two good sermons. A year later he appeared, under a Greek signature, in the Shrewsbury *Chronicle*, protesting against sectarian injustice: an infant herald in the great modern movement towards free play. The roll of the portentous periods must have made his father weep for pride and diversion. William's young head was full of moral philosophy and jurisprudence, and he had what is the top of luxury for one of his temperament: perfect license of mental growth. Alone with his pa-

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rents (one of whom was always a student and a recluse), and for the most part without the school-fellows who are likely to adjust the perilous effects of books, he became choked with theories, and thought more of the needful repeal of the Test Act than of his breakfast. He found his way at fourteen into the Unitarian College in Hackney, but eventually broke from his traces, saving his fatherland from the spectacle of a unique theologian. During his same year of revolt, 1795, he saw the pictures at Burleigh House, and began to live. Desultory but deep study, at home and near home, took up the time before his first leisurely choice of a profession. His lonely broodings, his early love for Miss Railton, his four enthusiastic months at the Louvre, his silent friendship with Wordsworth and with Coleridge; the country walks, the pages and prints, the glad tears of his youth,—these were the fantastic tutors which formed him; nor had he ever much respect for any other kind of training.

BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS.

The lesson he prized most was the lesson straight from life and nature. He comments, tartly enough, on the sophism that observation in idleness, or the growth of bodily skill and social address, or the search for the secret of power over people is not in anywise to be accounted as learning. Montaigne, who was in Hazlitt's ancestral line, was of this mind: "*Ce qu'on sçait droictement, on en dispose sans regarder au patron, sans tourner les yeulx vers son livre.*" Hazlitt insists, too, that learned men are but "the cisterns, not the fountain-heads, of knowledge." He hated the school-master on principle; and has said as witty things of him as Mr. Oscar Wilde. Yet his little portrait-study of the mere book-worm, in the *Conversation of Authors*, has a never-to-be-forgotten sweetness. His mental nurture was a noble one; it was of his own choosing; it fitted him for the work he had to do. Like Marcus Aurelius, he congratulated himself that he did not waste his youth "chopping logic and scouring the heavens." Hazlitt once entered upon an "Inquiry whether the Fine Arts are promoted by Academies"; the answer, from him, is readily anticipated.

"If arts and schools reply,"

he might have added—and it is a wonder that he did not—

"Give arts and schools the lie!"

Mr. Matthew Arnold left a famous essay on the same topic,

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and some readers recollect distinctly that his verdict, for England, was in the affirmative; whereas it was no such thing. Now, no man can conceive of Hazlitt allowing himself to be misunderstood, especially upon so vital a subject. He pastured; he was not trained; and therefore he would have you and your children's children scoff at universities. Indeed, though the boy's lack of discipline told on him all through life, his reader regrets nothing else which a university could have given him except, perhaps, milder manners. Hazlitt was perfectly aware that he had too little general knowledge; but general knowledge he did not consider so good a tool for his self-set task in life as a persistent, passionate study of one or two subjects. Again, he is pleased to remark, with bluntness, that if he had learned more, he would have thought less. (Perhaps he was the friend cited by Elia, who gave up reading to improve his originality! He was certainly useful to Elia in delicate and curious ways: a whole ore of rich eccentricity ready for that sweet philosopher's working.) Hear him pronouncing upon himself at the very end: "I have, then, given proof of some talent and more honesty; if there is haste and want of method, there is no commonplace, nor a line that licks the dust. If I do not appear to more advantage, I at least appear such as I am." The complaint may be made that a remark such as this is rhetoric and not history. But divorce that remark and the truth of it from Hazlitt, and there is no Hazlitt left.

LOVE OF INDIVIDUALISM.

He stood for individualism. He wrote from what was, in the highest degree for his purpose, a full mind, and with that blameless conscious superiority which a full mind must needs feel in this empty world. His whole intellectual stand is taken on the positive and concrete side of things. He has a fine barbaric cocksureness; he dwells not with althoughs and neverthelesses, like Mr. Symonds and Mr. Saintsbury. "I am not one of those," he says concerning Edmund Kean's first appearance in London, "who, when they see the sun breaking from behind a cloud, stop to inquire whether it is the moon!" And he takes enormous interest in his own promulgation, because it is inevitably not only what he thinks, but what he has long thought. He delivers an opinion with an air proper to a host who is also master of his own vineyard, and can give name and date of every flagon he unseals.

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HIS ELIZABETHAN LECTURES.

His conservative habit, however, seemed to teach him everything by inference. In 1821, familiar with none of the elder dramatists save Shakspere, he borrowed their folios, and shut himself up for six weeks at Winterslow Hut on Salisbury Plain. He returned to town steeped in the sixteenth century, and with the beautiful and authoritative Lectures written. Appreciation of the great Elizabethans is common enough now; seventy years ago it was the business only of adventurers and pioneers. Here is a critic indeed who, without a suspicion of audacity, can arise as a stranger to arraign the Arcadia, and "shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo as the oldest acquaintance" he has. Who is ripe for a like feat?

"Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen?"

The thing, exceptional as it was, proves that William Hazlitt knew his resources. His devoted friend Patmore attributes his "unpremeditated art," terse, profound, original, and always moving at full speed, to two facts: "first, that he never, by choice, wrote on any topic or question in which he did not, for some reason or other, feel a deep personal interest; and secondly, because on all questions on which he did so feel, he had thought, meditated, and pondered, in the silence and solitude of his own heart, for years and years before he ever contemplated doing more than thinking of them." Unlike a distinguished historian, who, according to Horace Walpole, "never understood anything until he had written of it," Hazlitt brought to his every task of appreciation a mind violently made up, and a vocation for special pleading which nothing could withstand.

HIS LOVE FOR THE HIDDEN.

He was continuously drawn into the by-way, and ever in search of the accidental, the occult; he lusted, like Sir Thomas Browne, to find the great meanings of minor things. The "pompous big-wigs" of his day, as Thackeray called them, hated his informality and his enthusiasm. He had, within proscribed bounds, an exquisite and affectionate curiosity, like that of the Renaissance. "The invention of a fable is to me the most enviable exertion of human genius: it is the discovery of a truth to which there is no clue, and which, when once found out, can never be forgotten." "If the world were good for nothing else, it would be a fine subject for speculation." It is his

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deliberate dictum that it were "worth a life" to sit down by an Italian wayside, and work out the reason why the Italian supremacy in art has always been along the line of color, not along the line of form.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

He depended so entirely upon his memory that those who knew him best say that he never took notes, neither in gallery, library, nor theatre; yet his inaccuracies are few and slight, and he must have secured by this habit a prodigious freedom and luxury in the act of writing. He would rather stumble than walk according to rule; and he was so pleasantly beguiled with some of his own images (that, for instance, of immortality the bride of the youthful spirit, and of the procession of camels seen across the distance of three thousand years) that he reiterates them upon every fit occasion. He cites, twice or thrice, the same passages from the Elizabethans. He is a masterly quoter, and lingers, like a suitor, upon the borders of old poesy; but one of his favorite metaphors—"like the tide which flows on to the Propontic and knows no ebb"—is prosody and fatalism purely of his own making.

AS A PAINTER.

The events of his life count for so little that they are hardly worth recording. He was born into a high-principled and intelligent family at Mitre Lane, Maidstone, Kent, on the tenth of April, in the year 1778. His infancy was passed there and in Ireland, his boyhood in New England and in Shropshire. Prior to a long visit to Paris, where he made some noble copies of Titian, he came in 1802 to Bloomsbury, where his elder brother John, an advanced liberal in politics and an excellent miniature-painter, had a studio; and here he worked at art for several joyous years, finally abandoning it for literature. The portraits he painted, utterly lacking in grace, are fraught with power and meaning; few of these are extant, thanks to the fading and cracking pigments of the modern school. The old Manchester woman in shadow, done in 1803, and the head of his father, dating from a twelvemonth later—two things to which Hazlitt makes memorable reference in his essays—are no longer distinguishable, save to a very patient eye, upon the blackened canvas in his grandson's possession. The picture of the child Hartley Coleridge, begun at the Lakes in 1802, has perished from the damp; that of Charles Lamb in the Vene-

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tian doublet survives since 1804, in its serious and primitive browns, as the best-known example of an English artist not in the catalogues. Its historic value, however, is not superior to that of two portraits of Hazlitt himself: one a study in strong light and shade, with a wreath upon the head, now very much time-eaten; and another representing him at about the age of twenty-five, with a three-quarters front face turned towards the right shoulder, which appeals to the spectator like spoken truth. It is all but void of the beauty which characterizes the striking Bewick head (especially as retouched and reproduced in Mr. Alexander Ireland's invaluable Hazlitt book of 1889) no less than John Hazlitt's charming miniatures of William at five and at thirteen; and therefore can deal in no self-flattery. It is fortunate that we have from the hand which knew him best the lank, odd, reserved youth in whom great possibilities were brewing; thought and will predominate in this portrait, and it expresses the sincere soul. It would be idle to criticise the technique of a work disowned by its author. Hazlitt had, as we know from much testimony, a most interesting and perplexing face, with the magnificent brow almost belied by shifting eyes, and the petulance and distrust of the mouth and chin; but a face prepossessing on the whole from the clear marble of his complexion, remarkable in a land of ruddy cheeks. His lonely and peculiar life lent him its own hue; the eager look of one indeed a sufferer, but with the light full upon him of visions and of dreams:

Chi pallido si fece sotto l'ombra
Sì di Parnaso, o bevve in sua cisterna?

In 1798 Hazlitt had his immortal meeting at Wem with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He described himself at this period as "dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the wayside," striving in vain to put on paper the thoughts which oppressed him, shedding tears of vexation at his inability, and feeling happy if in eight years he could write as many pages. The abiding influence of his First Poet he has acknowledged in an imperishable chapter. For a long while he still kept in "the o'erdarkened ways" of Malthus and Tucker, or in the shadow, a dear one to him, of Hobbes; but in 1817 the flood-gates broke, the pure current gushed out; and in the "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays" we have the primal pledge of Hazlitt as we know him, "such as had never been before him, such as will never be again."

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LECTURER, REPORTER, AND CRITIC.

In London, as soon as he had abandoned painting, he became a parliamentary reporter, and began to lecture on the English philosophers and metaphysicians. Later, he furnished his famous dramatic criticisms to the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Champion*, the *Examiner*, and the *Times*, and acted as home editor of the *Liberal*. He married on May-day of 1808, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, Miss Sarah Stoddart, who owned the property near Salisbury where he afterwards spent melancholy years alone. He fulfilled one human duty perfectly, for he loved and reared his son. A most singular infatuation for the unlovely daughter of his landlady; a second inauspicious marriage, in 1824, with a Mrs. Isabella Bridgwater; a prolonged journey on the Continent; the failure of the publishers of his great *Life of Napoleon*, which thus in his needful days brought him no competence; a long illness, heroically borne, and a burial in the parish churchyard of St. Anne's, under a headstone raised, in a romantic remorse after an estrangement, by Richard Wells, the author of *Joseph and his Brethren*—these round out the meagre details of Hazlitt's life. He died in the arms of his son and of his old friend Charles Lamb (who had been his groomsman, "like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony" for his laughter, twenty-two years before) on the 18th of September, 1830, at 6 Frith Street, Soho.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

His domestic experiences, indeed, had been nearly as extraordinary as Shelley's. Sarah Walker, of No. 9 Southampton Buildings, is a sort of burlesque counterpart of that other "spouse, sister, angel," Emilia Viviani. Nothing in literary history is much funnier than Mr. Hazlitt's kind assistance to Mrs. Hazlitt in securing her divorce, going to visit her at Edinburgh, and supplying funds and advice over the tea-cups, while the process was pending, unless it be Shelley's ingenuous invitation to his deserted young wife to come and dwell for ever with himself and Mary! The silent dramatic withdrawal of the second Mrs. Hazlitt, the well-to-do relict of a colonel, who is henceforth swallowed up in complete oblivion, is a feature whose like is missing in Shelley's romance. Events in Hazlitt's path were not many, and his inner calamities seem somehow subordinated to exterior workings. It is not too much to say that to the French Revolution and the white heat of hope it diffused over Europe he owed the very impetus within him, and fed

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with this new liberty his moral probity, his mental vigor, and his physical cheer.

A VERY THIN CUTICLE.

Hazlitt's erratic levees among coffee-house wits and politicians, his slack dress, his rich and fitful talk, his beautiful fierce head, go to make up any accurate impression of the man. Mr. P. G. Patmore has drawn him for us, a strange portrait from a steady hand: in certain moods "an effigy of silence," pale, anxious, emaciated, with an awful look ever and anon, like the thunder-cloud in a clear heaven, sweeping over his features with an indescribable still fury. He was so much at the mercy of an excitable and extra-sensitive organization, that an accidental failure to return his salute upon the street, or, above all, the gaze of a servant as he entered the house, plunged him into an excess of wrath and misery. Full of generosity at other times, he would, under the stress of a fancied hurt, say and write malicious things about those he most honored. He must have been a general thorn in the flesh, for he had no tact whatever. "I love Henry," said one of Thoreau's friends, "but I cannot like him." Shy, splenetic, with Dryden's "down look," readier to give than to exchange, Hazlitt was a riddle to strangers' eyes. His deep voice seemed at variance with his gliding step, and his glance, bright but sullen; his hand felt as if it were the limp, cold fin of a fish, and was an unlooked-for accompaniment to the fiery soul warring everywhere with darkness, and drenched in altruism. His habit of excessive tea-drinking, like Dr. Johnson's, was to keep down sad thoughts. For sixteen years before he died, from the day on which he formed his resolution, Hazlitt never touched spirits of any kind.

II.

With all this fever and heaviness in Hazlitt's blood, he had a hearty laugh, musical to hear. Haydon, in his exaggerated manner, reports an uncharitable conversation held with him once on the subject of Leigh Hunt in Italy, during which the two misconstruing critics, in their great glee, "made more noise than all the coaches, wagons, and carts outside in Piccadilly." His smile was singularly grave and sweet. Mrs. Shelley wrote, on coming back to England, in her widowhood, and finding him much changed: "His smile brought tears to my eyes; it was like melancholy sunlight on a ruin." A man who sincerely laughs and smiles is somewhat less than half a cynic. If any there be

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alive at this late hour who question the genuineness of Hazlitt's high spirits, they may be referred to the essay "On Going a Journey," with the pæan about "the gentleman in the parlor," in the finest emulation of Cowley; but chiefly and constantly to "The Fight," with its lingering De Foe-like details, sprinkled, not in the least ironically, with gold-dust of Chaucer and the later poets: the rich-ringing, unique Fight, predecessor of Borrow's famous burst about the "all tremendous bruisers" of "Lavengro"; and not to be matched in our peaceful literature save with the eulogy and epitaph of Jack Cavanagh, by the same hand.

SOME ODD PARADOXES.

Divers hints have been circulated, within sixty-odd years, that Mr. Hazlitt was a timid person; also that he had no turn for jokes. These ingenious calumnies may be trusted to meet the fate of the Irish pagan fairies, small enough at the start, whose punishment it is to dwindle ever and ever away, and point a moral to succeeding generations. Hazlitt's paradoxes are not of malice prepense, like Mr. Oscar Wilde's; they are the ebullitions both of pure fun and of the truest philosophy. "The only way to be reconciled with old friends is to part with them for good." "Goldsmith had the satisfaction of good-naturedly relieving the necessities of others, and of being harassed to death with his own." "Captain Burney had you at an advantage by never understanding you." Scattered mention of "people who live on their own estates and on other people's ideas"; of Jeremy Bentham, who had been translated into French, "when it was the greatest pity in the world that he had not been translated into English"; of the Coleridge of prose, one of whose prefaces is "a masterpiece of its kind, having neither beginning, middle, nor end"; and even of the "singular animal," John Bull himself, since "being the beast he is has made a man of him":—these are no ill shots at the sarcastic. Congreve himself, with all his quicksilver wit, could not outgo Hazlitt on Thieves, *videlicet:* "Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains; but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman!" How was it this same sense of humor, this fine-grained reticence, which wrote, nay, printed, in 1823, the piteous and ludicrous canticle of the goddess Sarah?

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MENTAL AND BODILY PABULUM AT ONCE.

Hazlitt was a great pedestrian from his boyhood on, and, like Goldsmith, a fair hand at the game of fives, which he played by the day. Wherever he was his pocket bulged with a book. It gave him keen pleasure to set down the hour, the place, the mood, and the weather of various ecstatic first readings. He became acquainted with *Love for Love* in a low wainscoted tavern parlor between Farnham and Alton, looking out upon a garden of larkspur, with a portrait of Charles II. crowning the chimney-piece; in his father's house he fell across *Tom Jones*, "a child's Tom Jones, an innocent creature"; he bought Milton and Burke at Shrewsbury, on the march; he looked up from Mrs. Inchbald's *Simple Story*, when its pathos grew too poignant, to find "a summer shower dropping manna" on his head, and "an old crazy hand-organ playing 'Robin Adair'." And on April 10, 1798, his twentieth birthday, he sat down to a volume of the *New Eloïse*, a book which kept its hold upon him, "at the inn of Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken!" The frank epicurean catalogue, as of equal spiritual and corporeal delight, is worth notice.

AS A METAPHYSICIAN.

Hazlitt would have set himself down, by choice, as a metaphysician. Up to the time when his *Life of Napoleon* was well in hand, he used to affirm that the anonymous *Principles of Human Action*, which he completed at twenty years of age, was his best work. He was rather proud, too, of the *Characteristics in the Manner of Rochefoucauld's Maxims*, his one dreary and deliberate book, which contains a couple of inductions worthy of Pascal, some sophistries, and a vast number of the very professorisms which Hazlitt scouted. Maxims, indeed, are sown broadcast over his pages, which, according to Alison, are yet better to quote than to read; but they gain by being incidental, and imbedded in the body of his fancies. His vein of original thought comes nowhere so perfectly into play as in its application to affairs. His pen is anything but abstruse,

"Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind."

He did not recognize that to display his highest power he needed deeds and men, and their tangible outcome to be criticised. His preferences were altogether wed to the past.

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LITERARY STYLE.

His manner is essentially pictorial. His sketches of Cobbett, and of Northcote, in the *Spirit of Obligations;* of Johnson, in the *Periodical Essayists;* of Sir Thomas Browne and Bishop Taylor; and of Coleridge and Lamb, drawn more than once, with great power, from the life, will never be excelled. His philippic on the *Spirit of Monarchy*, or that on the *Regal Character*, is a pure vitriol-flame, to scorch the necks of princes. His comments upon English and Continental types, if gathered from the necessarily promiscuous *Notes of a Journey*, would make a most diverting and illuminating duodecimo; the severe analysis of the French is especially masterly. The *Spirit of the Age*, the *Plain Speaker*, the Northcote book, the *English Comic Writers*, and the noble and little-read *Political Essays* are packed with vital figures. This lavish accumulation of material, never put to use according to modern methods, must appear to some as a collection of incomparable interest awaiting the broom and the hanging committee; but until the end of time it will be a place of delight for the scholar and the lover of virtue. Hazlitt's genius for assortment and sense of relative values were not developed; he was in nowise a constructive critic.

A SELF-DEPRECATORY EGOTIST.

It is very difficult to be severe with William Hazlitt, who was so outspokenly severe with himself. Every stricture upon him, as well as every defence to be urged for it, may be taken out of his own mouth. The *Liber Amoris* itself, as the best spirits have always discerned, illustrates the essential uprightness and innocence of his nature. His vindication is written large in *Depth and Superficiality*, in the *Pleasures of Hating*, in the *Disadvantage of Intellectual Superiority*. His "true Hamlet" is as much a sketch of the author as is Newman's celebrated definition of a gentleman. Hazlitt says a kind word for Dr. Johnson's prejudices which covers and explains many of his own. Who can call him irritable, recalling the splendid indictment of merely selfish content, in the opening paragraphs of the essay on "Good Nature"? Yet, with all his lofty and endearing qualities, he had a warped and soured mind, a constitutional disability to find pleasure in persons or in conditions which were quiescent. He would have every one as gloomily vigilant and mettlesome as himself. His perfectly proper apostrophe to the lazy Coleridge at Highgate to "start up in his promised like-

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ness, and shake the pillared rottenness of the world," is somewhat comic. Hazlitt's nerves never lost their tension; to the last hour of his last sickness he was ready for a bout. Much of his personal grief arose from his refusal to respect facts as facts, or to recognize in existing evil, including the calamitous perfumed figure of Turveydrop gloriously reigning, "part of the mechanism for producing good." He bit at the quietist in a hundred ways, and with beautiful venom. "There are persons who are never very far from the truth, because the slowness of their faculties will not suffer them to make much progress in error. These are persons of great judgment! The scales of the mind are pretty sure to remain even when there is nothing in them." He was a natural snarler at sunshiny people with full pockets and feudal ideas, like Sir Walter Scott, who got along with the ogre What Is, and even asked him to dine. In fact, William Hazlitt hated a great many things with the utmost enthusiasm, and he was impolite enough to say so, in and out of season. The Established Church and all its tenets and traditions, were only less monstrous in his eyes than legendry, mediævalism, and "the shoal of friars."

INSENSIBILITY TO CHRISTIANITY.

Hazlitt had no apprehension of the supernatural in anything; he was very unspiritual. It is curious to see how he sidles away from the finer English creatures whom he had to handle. Sidney repels him, and he dismisses Shelley with an apt allusion to the "hectic flutter" of his verse. Living in a level country with no outlook upon eternity and no deep insight into the human past, nor fully understanding those who had wider vision and more instructed utterance than his own, it follows, that beside such men as those just named, then as now, our great and joyous Hazlitt has a crude villageous mien. He had his poetic elements; chief among them, his surpassing love of natural beauty. But he relished, rather, the beef and beer of life. The normal was what he wrote of with "gusto": a word he never tired of using, and which one must use in speaking of himself. Despite his weakness for Rousseau and certain of the early Italian painters, most of the men whose genius he seizes upon and exalts with unerring success are the men who display, along with enormous acumen and power, nothing which betokens the morbid and exquisite thing we have learned to call modern culture. Hazlitt, fortunately for us, was not over-civilized, had no cinque-cento instincts, and would have groaned aloud over such hedonism as Mr. Pater's. Home-spun

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and manly as he is, who can help feeling that his was but a partial and arrested development? that as Mr. Arnold said so paternally of Byron, "he did not know enough"? He lacked both mental discipline and moral governance.

III.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Hazlitt boasts, and permissibly, of genuine disinterestedness: "If you wish to see me perfectly calm," he remarks somewhere, "cheat me in a bargain, or tread on my toes." But he cannot promise the same behavior for a sophism repeated in his presence, or a truth repelled. In his sixth year he had been taken, with his brother and sister, to America, and he says that he never afterwards got out of his mouth the delicious tang of a frostbitten New England barberry. It is tolerably sure that the blowy and sunny atmosphere of the young republic of 1783–7 got into him also. Liberalism was his birthright. He flourishes his fighting colors; he trembles with eagerness to break a lance with the arch-enemies; he is a champion, from his cradle, against class privilege, of slaves who know not what they are, nor how to wish for liberty. But he cannot do all this in the laughing Horatian way; he cannot keep cool; he cannot mind his object. If he could, he would be the white devil of debate. There are times when he speaks, as does Dr. Johnson, out of all reason, because aware of the obstinacy and the bad faith and the weakness of his hearers. Quick to enthusiasm, he is as ready tinder to scorn. Morals are too much in his mind, and, after their wont, they spoil his manners. Like Henry More, the Platonist, he "has to cut his way through a crowd of thoughts as through a wood." His temper breaks like a rocket, in little lurid smoking stars, over every ninth page; he lays about him at random; he raises a dust of side-issues. Hazlitt sometimes reminds one of Burke himself, gone off at half-cock. He will not step circumspectly, from light to light, from security to security. Some of his very best essays have either no particular subject, or fail to keep to the one they have. Nor is he any the less brilliant and absorbing if he be heated, if he be swearing

> "By the blood so basely shed
> Of the pride of Norfolk's line,"

or settling accounts of his own with the asinine public. When he is not driven about by his moods, Hazlitt is set upon his fact alone; which he thinks is the sole concern of a prose-writer. Grace and force are collateral affairs. "In seeking for

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truth," he says proudly, in words fit to be the epitome of his career, "I sometimes found beauty."

Hazlitt's prejudices are very instructive, even while he bewails Cobbett's, or tells you, as it were with a tear in his eye, when he has done berating the French, that, after all, they are Catholics; and as for manners, "Catholics must be allowed to carry it, all over the world!" His exquisite treatment of Northcote, a winning old sharper for whom he cared nothing, is all due to his looking like a Titian portrait. So with the great Duke: Hazlitt hated the sight of him, "as much for his pasteboard visor of a face as for anything else." One of his justifications for adoring Napoleon was, that at a levee a young English officer named Lovelace drew from him an endearing recognition: "I perceive, sir, that you bear the name of the hero of Richardson's romance." If you look like a Titian portrait, if you read and remember Richardson, you may trust a certain author, who knows a distinction when he sees it, to set you up for the idol of posterity. Hazlitt thought Mr. Wordsworth's long and immobile countenance resembled that of a horse; and it is not impossible that this conviction, twin-born with that other that Mr. Wordsworth was a mighty poet, is responsible for various jibes at the august contemporary whose memory owes so much, in other moods, to his pen.

He is the most ingenuous and agreeable egoist we have, outside the seventeenth-century men. It must be remembered how little he was in touch outwardly with social and civic affairs; how he was content to be the detached and always young looker-on. There was nothing for him to do but fall back, under given conditions, upon his own capacious personality. The entity called William Hazlitt is to him a toy made to his hand, to be reached without effort; and, in itself, the digest of all his study and the applicable test of all his assumptions. "His like was of humanity the sphere." His "I" has a strong constituency in the other twenty-five initials. In this sense, and in our current cant, Hazlitt is nothing if not subjective, superpersonal. His sort of sentimentalism is an anomaly in northern literature, even in the age when nearly every literary Englishman of note was variously engaged in baring his breast.

HIS SECOND LOVE.

Hazlitt threw away his brush, as a heroic measure, because he foresaw but a mediocre success. Many canvases he cut into shreds, in a fury of dissatisfaction with himself. Northcote, however, thought his lack of patience had spoiled a great painter.

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He was too full of worship of the masters to make an attentive artisan. The sacrifice, like all his sacrifices, great or small, left nothing behind but sweetness, the unclouded love of excellence, and the capacity of rejoicing at another's attaining whatever he had missed. But the sense of disparity between supreme intellectual achievement and that which is only partial and relative, albeit of equal purity, followed him like a frenzy. Comparison is yet more difficult in literature than in art, and Hazlitt could take some satisfaction in the results of his second ardor. He felt his power most, perhaps, as a judge of actors and acting; the English theatre owes him an incalculable debt. He was reasonably assured of the duration and increase of his fame. Has he not, in one of his headstrong and lofty digressions, called the thoughts in his *Table-Talks* "founded as rock, free as air, the tone like an Italian picture"? Even there, however, the faint-heartedness natural to every true artist troubled him.

A PETTY DESPAIR.

He went home in despair from the spectacle of the Indian juggler, "in his white dress and tightened turban," tossing the four brass balls; "to make them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres, to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors, to throw them behind his back, and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents; to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable; to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time to the music on the stage,—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. . . . It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this? Nothing." A third person must give another answer. The whole passage offers a very exquisite parallel; for in just such a daring, varied, and magical way can William Hazlitt write. The astounding result "which costs nothing" is founded, in each case, upon the toil of a lifetime.

EFFECT WITHOUT EFFORT.

His style is an incredible thing. Its range and change incorporate the utmost of many men. The trenchant sweep, the simplicity and point, of Newman at his best, are in the essays on

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Cobbett, on Fox, and On the Regal Character; and there is, to choose but one opposite instance, in the paper On the Unconsciousness of Genius, touching Correggio, a fragment of pure eloquence of a very ornate sort, whose onward bound, glow, and ring can give Macaulay's pages a look as of sails waiting for the wind. The same hand which fills a brief with epic cadences and invocations overwrought throws down, often without an adjective, sentence after sentence of ringing steel: "Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it." Or he supplies, from his own research, an aphorism of Roman terseness, fit to be in letters of gold among the advocates of "local color," and upon the scholastic walls of the future: "It is not the omission of individual circumstance, but the omission of general truth, which constitutes the little, the deformed, and the short-lived in art."

UNCONSCIOUS INSPIRATION—PERHAPS.

The man's large voice in these brevities is Hazlitt's unmistakably. If it be not as novel to this generation as if he were but just entering the lists of authorship, it is because his wonderfully fecundating mind has been long enriching at second-hand the libraries of the English world. He comes forth, like Rossetti, so far behind his heralds and disciples that his mannered utterance seems familiar, and an echo of theirs. For it may be said at last, thanks to the numerous reprints of the last seven years, and thanks to a few competent critics, whom Mr. Stevenson leads, that Hazlitt's robust work, hitherto persistently underrated or misread, is in a fair way to be known and appraised by the public which is a little less unworthy of him than his own. His method is entirely unscientific, and therefore archaic. If we can profit no longer by him, we can get out of him endless cheer and delight: and these profit unto immortality. Meanwhile, what mere "maker of beautiful English" shall be pitted against him there where he sits, the despair of a generation of experts, continually tossing the four brass balls?

It has been said often by shallow reviewers, and is said sometimes still, that Hazlitt's style aims at effect; as if an effect must not be won, without aiming, by a "born man of letters," as Mr. Saintsbury described him, "who could not help turning into literature everything he touched." The "effect" under given conditions is excessively obvious. Once let Hazlitt speak, as he speaks ever, in the warmth of conviction, and what an intoxicating music begins!—wild as that of the gipsies, and with the same magnet-touch on the sober senses: enough to

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subvert all "criticism and idle distinction," and to bring back those Theban times, when the force of a sound, rather than masons and surveyors, sent the very walls waltzing into their places.

SOURCE OF HIS POWER.

In the face of diction so victoriously clear as his, so sumptuous and splendid, it is well to remember, with Mr. Ruskin, that "no right style was ever founded save out of a sincere heart." It can never be said of William Hazlitt, as Dean Trench well said of those other "great stylists" Landor and De Quincey—that he had a lack of moral earnestness. What he himself was determined to impress upon his reader, during the quarter-century while he held a pen, was not that he was knowing, not that he was worthy of the renown and fortune which passed him by, but only that he had rectitude and a consuming passion for good. He declares aloud that his escutcheon has no bar sinister: he has not sold himself, he has spoken truth in and out of season, he has honored the excellent at his own risk and cost, he has fought for a principle, and been slain for it, from his youth up. His sole boast is proven. In a far deeper sense than Leigh Hunt, for whom he forged the lovely compliment, he was "the visionary of humanity, the fool of virtue," and the captain of those who stood fast, in a hostile day, for ignored and eternal ideals. The best thing to be said of him, the thing for which, in Haydon's phrase, "everybody must love him," is that he himself loved justice and hated iniquity. *Zelus domus tuæ comedit me.* He shared the groaning of the spirit after mortal welfare with Swift and Fielding, with Shelley and Matthew Arnold, with Carlyle and Ruskin; he was corroded with cares and desires not his own. Beside this intense devotedness, what personal flaw will ultimately show? The host who figure in the Roman martyrology hang all their claim upon the fact of martyrdom, and, according to canon law, need not have been saints in their lifetime at all. So with such souls as his: in the teeth of a thousand acknowledged imperfections in life or in art, they remain our exemplars. Let them do what they will, at some one stroke they dignify this earth. It is not Hazlitt "the born man of letters" alone, but Hazlitt the outrider of universal freedom, who bequeaths us, from his England of coarse misconception and abuse, a memory like a loadstar, and a name which is a toast to be drunk standing.

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DEATH OF ST. JOHN, THE BELOVED.

BY "VERITAS."

I'M growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with the weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him—my Master—oft
From Galilee to Juda; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. Even my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my own children gathered round my couch;
God lays his hand on me—yea, his hand,
And not his rod—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.
I'm old: so old I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends; and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear Face, and every word he spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed
For the first time on that sweet Face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it for ever. Then his words

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Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own;
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh, what holy walks we had,
Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes!
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and way-worn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore him. Lord, now I am weak,
And old, and feeble! Let me rest on thee!
So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.

What say you, friends,
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom? Aye, 'tis so, 'tis so;
I know it all; and yet, just now I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills,
And touch my Master. Oh, how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up!—bear me once more to my church! Once more
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head:
How dark it is! I cannot see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush,
My little children! God so loved the world
He gave his Son. So love ye one another.
Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What call the folk my name? The holy John?
Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

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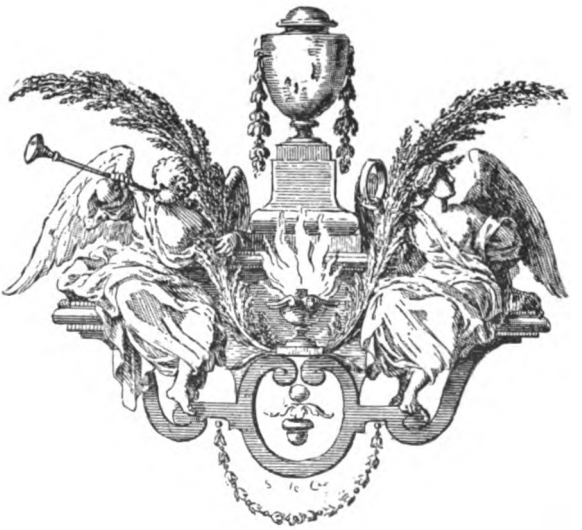
Lay me down
Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when he mounted towards the pearly gates.
I know the way. I trod it once before.
And hark! It is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these that crowd
The shining way? Say!—joy! 'tis the Eleven—
With Peter first! How eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!
How bright thou art! and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee. 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide for ever.



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WOMAN'S WORK IN RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.*

By F. M. Edselas.

O compass within the prescribed limits an account of Woman's Work in Religious Communities is not less difficult than "to do" the Columbian Exposition in the few months allotted for its existence, remembering, as we are told, that allowing three minutes for each exhibit, one hundred years would hardly suffice for the task. In either case only a cursory view can be taken, leaving the rest to be inferred.

Monachism, or the state of religious seclusion, more or less complete, antedates Christianity, being found among the Jews in the time of Elias. It is also a prominent feature of Brahmanism; even to-day the lamaseries of Thibet exceed in number the monasteries of Italy or Spain. China too has its cloisters of Buddhistic nuns; Kuanyim, the goddess of mercy, being their patron saint.

Its primitive form among Christians dates from the persecution under the Roman emperors, when converts took refuge in caves and deserts. Later on preference for seclusion continued what necessity commenced, developing the community life, at first purely contemplative, then combined with the active. Within the last century the latter far outnumbered the former, the spirit of the age, one of active zeal for human welfare, largely shaping vocations for such service; or, with fuller meaning, God thus guided means and instruments towards creation's destined end.

Nature is indeed a great diversifier; she "never rhymes her children or makes two alike," thus meeting the ever-varying, never-ending needs of humanity. Vocations for so many different orders, and for the myriad duties of each, show how Infinite Wisdom ever adapts the demand to the supply, constantly giving us new orders, or modifications of the old, using the fee-

* The above paper, though read at the Catholic Congress, is published here by request. We accede in this instance to the request because, through the pages of The Catholic World, the paper will reach a large class of non-Catholic readers, for whom it was more or less intended.—Ed. C. W.

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blest instruments for the greatest designs—the poor and insignificant of earth being founders of our most efficient orders. "The weak things of this world . . . hath God chosen to confound the mighty."

Our great discoveries and inventions equally prove this fact, and we hold our breath at the outcome. We say this or that man, almost by chance, perhaps, originated such an idea, wrought out a new principle in science. Galileo, grinding his lenses in a fortunate way, gave us magnifiers, then the telescope, our first refractor being from the brains and hands of the great Italian. The experiments of Galvani upon the nervous condition of cold-blooded animals revealed their electricity, which Volta's genius utilized as an agent of wondrous importance. Later on, still further developments were made by Franklin, Ampère, Davy, Faraday, Bunsen, and others down to our own Edison, who have caught and chained the lightning's bolt, making it the electric motor in our economic and other arts.

How wonderful, we say, these discoveries through man's skill and genius. And so it is, of material things we take only a material view, always, always on the same dead level; thus is our material nature stamped and reflected in opinions uttered or unexpressed.

But look higher; give the spiritual forces a chance, awaken their latent powers; then what a change! Before "we saw only through a glass darkly, now face to face," revealing the divine Master behind Galileo, Newton, Herschel, and their *confrères*, giving inspiration and guidance. He was compass, rudder, and barometer for Columbus and other early navigators, sending their rude barks over unknown seas to this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Alas! that we should lose sight of this fact in our mad rush for—we hardly know what. Weak man originates an idea, when he cannot even create a single grain of sand!

> "O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
> And men have lost their reason."

Through these mistaken views of life and its bearings, through our false standards of right and wrong, the greater part of our time is spent in making and unmaking ourselves, in unlearning that "wisdom which is foolishness before God."

Standing proudest to-day among earth's nations, since we welcome them all as friends and brothers to our shores as they

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come laden with marvels of genius and industry never before dreamed by poet, painter, or prophet, we shall still trace through all the great Master carrying out his designs.

In God's creation each sentient being stands in an allotted niche, a spectacle to angels and men. Rightly measuring the scope of her being with the means at hand, the Catholic American woman will work out that true mission.

Animated with these ideas, we see that by no other means could the work of the sisterhood be accomplished. How simple the origin, how grand the consummation! Prayer for the salvation of their own and others' souls initiated the plan; giving relief to the poor, sick, and outcast opened a broader field for devoted charity; bodily wants supplied, ignorance must be enlightened and religious truths inculcated. Thus, education, through the progressive spirit of the age, rounded up the religious life in its beauty and completeness.

Viewed in this light, sisters are before the world as representative women in its best sense, not as relics of a buried past, as fossils for spiritual geologists to examine, classify, and put behind glass doors to be labeled "Foot-prints of Creation"—the first, perhaps, after the Azoic age. No, none of this; let them be the incarnate idea of the Golden Rule, the eleventh Commandment clothed in flesh and blood, to whom its great Author gives this consoling assurance: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The history of different religious orders and of the houses branching therefrom reads more like some legend of remote ages, or tale coined from the brain of a Jules Verne, than a reality; so utterly opposed do methods and results appear.

The laws of finance or of the most ordinary business forms seem utterly ignored by sisters in general; the plans of architects and contractors set at naught to follow their own sweet will. Wading up to their eyes in seas of difficulty personal, social, and financial, even in spite of these, by ways and means past finding out, save to the great-hearted and never-to-be-rebuffed nuns, they manage to come out of the fray with flying colors. Sacrifices that few would face count for nothing with them; to see a need is to meet it, urged on by that supreme motive, the salvation of souls at any cost.

Unlimited confidence is the backbone of their success. Call it presumption, a tempting of God, if you will, yet none the less effective is the result. Look at Mother Irene, in charge of

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the largest foundling home in New York. In her simple faith she says:

"Father, please make a memento for my intention. I just want this piece of land adjoining our grounds."

"That property, mother! Why, do you know its worth? A quarter of a million at least."

"Yes, father, but I must have it as a play-ground for our little orphans."

"Well, mother, how much money have you now?"

"Not a cent yet; but never mind, prayer will win the day." And it did. Every religious house is more or less the fruit of earnest, confiding prayer.

To understand this the better we must deepen and intensify the true conception of a sister's life and work by a fair and critical examination, making due allowance for the defects and defections that more or less mark every organization, perfection never being found this side of heaven.

What, then, are the qualities insuring a sister's vocation? While the purest and holiest motives should be the animus of her work, a large fund of common sense, a practical matter-of-fact shrewdness must supplement the higher instincts; for remember, your real Sister of Charity is not an angel plumed for her heavenward flight; she isn't expected to spend the day in perpetual adoration while her orphans and pupils, the poor and the sick, are—she doesn't know where. As the handmaid of our Lord, he won't do his work and hers too. She must be a minute-woman, ever on the alert, ready for the Master's call. She realizes that the highest aim and purpose, love being the exponent, are sent through her—the lowest organ. Herein lies her true sanctity; none other will pass current. Intense activity, without the enthusiasm of impulse; constant devotion to present duty with a sort of fiery patriotism, so loyal and unswerving as to care for naught save winning souls from their great enemy, mark the high and perfect aim of her whole life.

Do not mistake means for end, the shadow for the substance; the whole is always greater than a part. It is not because of her high or low estate; it is not place, surroundings, and circumstances, prosperous or adverse; not her brilliant qualities, her this or that, which perfect a sister's life. It is *herself*—the great soul *incarnate through and through*, that does the work; it is the assurance of certain conviction and the eternal peace of an unshaken faith; it is her inner life, with its principles

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stable as a rock, pure as the diamond, that make her proof against any hindrance. No difficulty can be an obstacle to such a soul, when that noble aim and high endeavor surcharge her whole being.

Let duty call her to the battle-field or the halls of science, to the leper's hut or to the palace of princes, it is all one to her. A true religious still carries the self-same purpose everywhere. God behind her, as his instrument, she is what she is, does what she does, and her end is gained. Hers is the repose of a heart set deep in God.

Let the world fully realize this, and ceasing to criticise and cavil, it will admire and imitate.

We live in an age of thought, deep, critical, far-reaching, and sisters are no small factors here. Everything is on the alert. What has been, is, and yet shall be, are questions forcing themselves upon us, not as mere isolated events, like separate blades of grass in a field, but as links in God's great chain, girdling humanity and reaching from eternity to eternity.

It is an every-day wonder, both to those within and without the church, that persons of sense and judgment should leave the world and all that it holds dear for a convent life, impelled, as cynics say, by an ascetic whim, a sentimental notion, proof of a soft, weak spot somewhere. Passing strange indeed would it be if this were all; and believe me, none would decry such a step more than religious themselves. Let any one thus impressed step into a sister's shoes, and look through her eyeglasses; a few whiffs of convent air would soon show the mistake.

A mere passing whim stand the test of a religious vocation! Why the very assertion defeats itself, since the indispensables are wanting—intellectual power, moral force, and an intense, sacred purpose that never counts the cost. Flesh and blood with sentimental notions are spurned beneath their feet, utterly unworthy of notice. Call the sisters cranks and idiots if you will, their work a sham; but remember, soft-brained people are liable to dub as a sham that which they cannot grasp. Tell me, could the mind of a crank plan and perfect such enterprises as we daily see carried on, year in and year out, century after century, to the remotest corner of God's universe? Their ideas mere pretension! Show me one solid, noble act ever built on a pretension, and it will be the first of its kind; far easier to base the great pyramid of Gizeh on a basket of eggs or a bag of feathers.

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Sham ideas never started the first steam-engine, never stamped our alphabet in type-metal, never laid between Washington and Baltimore the first electric wire that now in long-drawn threads and cables is our master of masters and servant of servants. Still less could pretension lay the foundation of schools and orphanages, asylums and hospitals. Look a little farther, dig a little deeper before laying such a charge at the door of the sisterhood. Little wonder that Job's comforters, predicting a failure, soon with astonishment say, How is this? How do they manage it all? Though puzzled ignorance may still jeer and laugh, thank God the number of censors is rapidly diminishing. Experience and sound judgment are fast grinding the yeas and nays of old-time prejudice, giving a favorable verdict and above appeal. That which is seen with the eyes, heard with the ears, and which our hands have handled is sufficient refutation. In letters of light, stamped by the Almighty, may be read their sacred purpose, noble work and its marvellous results.

The admission of non-Catholics, even though tardy and almost perforce, only the more surely confirms this.

"Don't know how it is," says one; "make up my mind a hundred times that I'll say '*No*' to the sisters' appeals; but they always get the better of me, and I'm a V or an X poorer each time."—*Richer*, would it not be better to say?—"And now, would you believe it, I actually stop them on the street."

Motives measure actions; real character stamps one for better or for worse; there is your true gauge, my friend, for the worth of a religious. It must out; if valuable, it will be valued; if estimable, esteemed. It is the whole court of heaven speaking through the heart of mankind and saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Nor is this so strange after all; for taking an all-around view of womanhood, she seems possessed with an insatiable desire to have a finger in every benevolent pie, whether it's rubbing goose-oil on Mrs. Neighbor's croupy baby or working out some great plan for the world's reformation. This master-passion of her nature defies all restraint; bluff it on one side, sniff it on the other, hydra-headed, it still crops out, and we who know its blessed effects thank God for it. The work of religious communities through all its ramifications represents the practical wisdom, intensified by critical observation, varied experience, and well-tried sanctity, of generations upon generations, whose traditions become in turn stepping-stones for their successors.

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What have they done? Far easier to tell what they have not done.

Put your finger upon any spot of the habitable globe and there will they be found. It is a corner of God's earth, they say, his footprints are already there; since he leads the way shall we not follow?

In an interesting series of articles running through THE CATHOLIC WORLD may be found a history of the principal religious houses of the country specially devoted to teaching.

An epitome of almost the entire work of the sisterhood will be seen in the unique, wonderful establishment founded at Turin, Italy, by the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo. It is rightfully named the "Little Refuge of Divine Providence," the founder, who died in 1842, having commenced without a farthing, depending solely upon Providence for the means to carry on his work. Fourteen religious communities, two for men, twelve for women, which he also founded, conduct the affairs of the institution. None are duplicates or offshoots of any other religious order. They number some fifteen hundred members, who, with five thousand inmates under their care, reside within the precincts.

The latter are classified in families according to their necessities, and occupy separate ranges of buildings, the whole forming a complete village. The only passport for admission is utter destitution.

"Here are received waifs and strays of humanity, outcasts from society of every kind, the blind, the halt, the lame, the deaf and dumb, orphans, foundlings picked up in lanes and slums, imbeciles and idiots, monstrosities in human form, persons decrepit from age or incurably diseased, who from the nature of their disease cannot be admitted into existing asylums and hospitals; lepers even—all can here find a home without distinction of nationality, sex, or religion."

Those able to do so give assistance in the general duties. The little ones are taught whatever will render them useful or creditable members of society.

Read, meditate, and draw conclusions.

Look at that little band of sisters going forth on a mission to some desert or barbarous land.

"How can you venture? Privation, danger, persecution, even death, may await you."

"Yes, yes," is the brave and cheerful response, "we have weighed and counted the risks; nothing can deter us, for God is there above them all."

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In a cheerful letter written some years since by the advance guard of St. Vincent, sent to make the foundation of one of our largest charitable institutions in St. Louis, the writer says:

"We have been here a month, and for three weeks I used a stick of wood for a pillow, yet sleeping as sound as the log itself; a board on two barrels formed my bed; table ditto, only three boards instead of two. Nothing like consistency, you see. We are all as merry as larks, working hard for our dear Lord."

This, then, is the open secret of their invincible courage, and of its wonderful triumph too. Here is true heroism. Onward, upward, ever and for ever, even to the portals of the tomb, go the brave sisters harvesting souls for eternity.

Is it not the same motive which directly or indirectly touches the hearts of our great benefactors, that loosens the purse-strings of our Drexels and Creightons, of Poland and Cahill, of Armour, McCormick, Rockefeller, Stanford, Pratt, and thousands more?

It is these who make poverty's pulses leap for joy, and the hearts of the widow and orphan sing for gladness; their grateful prayers ascending to heaven, return in tenfold blessings upon their benefactors.

The great success attending sisters' work, with means so limited, is unquestionably due to the admirable system marking the plan of each founder as meeting the special ends in view. With wisely-directed foresight the rules and constitutions enter into minutest and most essential details; each department has its special staff of officers and aids, directly responsible to the superior for efficiency. An interchange of these from time to time is of mutual advantage; latent talent thus brought out adds to the general good of the community. Convent life is, indeed, a wonderful developer. No delicately sensitized plate of the photographer ever evolved more marvellous effects.

Out of an embryo sister, seemingly inefficient every way, a shrewd novice-mistress and wise superior will develop a woman fitted for many and varied duties. Sudden emergencies throw the novice upon her own resources, and necessity quickly becomes the mother of invention. One of these, timid to excess, left in charge of her first class, thus relates her experience:

"They were only little tots to be sure, but none the less did I quake when meeting that row of eager faces. One glance told me they were ready for frolic if I gave them half a chance; that wouldn't do. I must 'head them,' as the boys say, and I

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did, gaining a victory over them; but still better over my weak, foolish nature, making me a woman from that day to this."

Through such perfected system the work seems to do itself. Each new-born day, of course, is consecrated by the baptism of prayer, which with other spiritual exercises is renewed at intervals, closing with the same benediction; otherwise the routine is similar to that in any well-regulated family. Each member, animated by the spirit of her order, feels in a measure responsible for its success, doing all she can to insure it. No honors whatever are attached to any appointments. If there are no mean offices in the courts of kings, much less should there be in that of the King of kings. Merit and ability must mark the positions held, which, being interchangeable, preserve that perfect equality.

This practical view of a sister's life will, no doubt, sadly disappoint many who regard it as a sort of saintly romance, an ethereal existence encircled by a mysterious halo.

Let such remember that only out of these plain, every-day materials are wrought the saints whom we daily meet by hundreds and thousands, ever intent on some errand of mercy, since through all the spiritual life and motive give their touch and spur to every duty. They are the visible conductors of God's magnetism and electricity: charged with this they must do his bidding.

The work accomplished by orders specially devoted to charity, as the Franciscans, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and Mercy, Grey Nuns, etc., is familiar to all. Their foundling houses, orphanages, industrial schools, asylums, and hospitals dot every hill-side, nook, and corner of the world. Many of these also conduct flourishing academies. A wide range indeed, but fully compassed, as results prove.

These various orders, experimental at first, now permanently established, are part and parcel of our social and national organization. With every new settlement the cross marking a Catholic Church soon appears, followed by bands of sisters ready for any call, the supply ever meeting the demand. From this as a nucleus other foundations are made, spreading far and wide like the rippling circles of the sea. The inmates of charitable homes are not only housed but clothed and fed, the children being so taught and trained as to become their own bread-winners, instead of burdens to themselves and to the world.

All this is daily before our eyes; but beyond the bounds of civilization, of which we know so little, the same lines are fol-

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lowed. Among the Indians of the North-west, again, we find the Benedictines, with others already mentioned, facing every hardship, being one with them whose children they clothe and teach as their very own. For such service our government allows the sum of nine dollars per month for each child. That terrible scourge the small-pox, sweeping away five thousand Indians in one season, was rather an incentive than a hindrance to more devoted care of the poor victims; the sisters paused not till the danger was over, or their turn came and they were called up higher.

The Benjamin of orders in the church, that of the Blessed Sacrament, founded by Mother Katharine Drexel, solely for the care and education of Indians and negroes, is full of promise in the wisdom of its plan and in the means employed to insure the same. Breadth of view, devoted love for the poor outcast, and heroic self-sacrifice on the part of its members are the salient features of this new order.

Leaving our own country, go to the leper settlements of the Mediterranean, and to those of Molokai in the Pacific sanctified by the labors of that martyr-priest, Father Damien, whose greatest consolation on his death-bed was the arrival of the Franciscan Sisters for his hundred leper children, and for the seven hundred adult victims of the disease.

With tender, motherly care do they nurse, teach, and toil for these unfortunate outcasts. Those morally infected are not less the objects of care; the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, as is well known, making it their special work, manifesting wonderful tact in dealing with the weaknesses of our frail humanity. Places of refuge for the unprotected enable them to elude the tricks and snares of the evil one. Indeed no trouble of soul or body is overlooked by these devoted women.

The broad field of education here too finds able and earnest workers. Alive to the needs of their pupils, they equip themselves accordingly. The first purely educational institution under the care of religious was established at Georgetown, D. C., in 1799, by the so-called Pious Ladies, soon after merged into the Visitation Order, whose academies, with those of the Loretto Sisters, of St. Vincent, the madames of the Sacred Heart, etc., etc., have sent forth thousands of young ladies as leaders in church, domestic and social life. No longer, then, can the sisters be called old fogies or breathing mummies.

Here at our Great Exposition are they seen, pencil and note-book in hand, harvesting the ripened fruit and grain for

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their pupils. Tangible proofs of what they do for education are before your eyes. Go to the south-east corner of the gallery in the Liberal Arts Building, next to the French exhibit, and see for yourselves that not only the practical side of life receives its due attention but the æsthetic as well. The Dominican Sisters of New Orleans, Sisters of the Precious Blood, of Charity, of Notre Dame, etc., give an exhibit that only true artists can furnish; and yet these are merely types of what may be seen in nearly every convent throughout the world.

Art is indeed innate, intuitive with the sisterhood; the love of the beautiful, as a reflection of its divine Author, must ever be linked with the love of him to whom their lives are consecrated.

The mere alphabet of the work done in religious communities is thus outlined, as a few samples of wheat, grain, and vegetables serve only as hints of the broad ranches, miles in extent, that through skilful culture have become so productive.

Gladly would net results be given were it possible, yet a brief estimate will serve as a clue to the rest, the lowest average rates being above the valuation presented.

Here in the United States are 3,585 parochial schools, 245 orphanages, 463 other charitable institutions, besides 656 academies; total, 5,975 buildings, which, valued at $3,000 each, represent an investment of $14,847,000.

To this must be added the running expenses of these establishments, except the academies, which are supposed to be self-supporting, making a total of at least $25,579,000.

Besides thus providing for the common and higher education of the children, a large number of whom are taken from the slums, many a reformatory, jail, and penitentiary, with their staff of officers, would be a further tax upon the public purse. Let this not be overlooked in our estimate of results.

However extensive this material work, linked with it, and far more effective, is the higher and spiritual life infused into those under the sisters' care, from the frail infant on to the highest prelate, whose first lessons in the principles of theology received from them became the impetus and underlying current of their whole life.

The great question of religion or no religion, God or no God in our school system, agitating, dividing, and colliding educational leaders, here finds its solution in the sisters' work. The grand motive urging, driving them on is that the life of Christ, in its fulness and beauty, in its strength and sanctity, and in

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its sublime perfection as far as possible, may be first implanted and then wrought out of those who otherwise might know little of Christianity beyond a few formulas, and a code of morals shaped too often by human ideals and interests.

Tell me in all sincerity will your child be the worse for such training?

Yet more: Side by side with each lesson, and running through it, the sisters aim to put Jesus Christ, making him the inspiration, life, and motive of whatever is thought, said, and done. Finding how blessed is this constant living of that divine life, they desire nothing less, yea, can give nothing more to these lambs of his flock.

In moulding the character of every child comes in the direct and divine power of Christ, above and far more effective than the greatest of all human influences. We know that the atmosphere of our lives makes us what we are: the more pure and cultured the one, the more complete and perfect the other. Hence, to make this good Master the friend, companion, and counsellor of childhood, to shape inclinations and habits on this divine Model, is to set the spring of every desire and give the spur to every aim and action of the sisters. With clearer vision than others less intuitive, they realize that all the good they do can come alone from Christ; hence their solemn, imperative duty to infuse this divine life into all with whom they are in contact.

The mystic asceticism attributed to them is "only this and nothing more." Here, then, is revealed the great meaning of the work done by every true woman in religious communities, proving that they are in truth God's benedictions to the human race.

Indeed, there can be no more interesting study for the theorist and the reformer, the optimist and the pessimist, the conservative and the liberalist than the origin, growth, and marvellous results of the sisters' work. In noting the varied lines in which duty leads their way, this fact may well be emphasized as a clue to their marvellous success; that in singleness of aim and purity of intention all unite in the one endeavor of making the world better, wiser, and happier through their efforts. Thus do they help on the federation of the human race, that glorious ideal of to-day to be merged into a more glorious reality to-morrow.

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A SABBATH OF THE HEART.

BY JOHN J. À BECKET.

IT had been an experiment. It was resulting in an emotion. He had purposely come under conditions which were almost identical with those of twenty years ago. It was after sunset, and twilight was mellowing the summer's color on land and sea. The place had not changed. Henderson knew that the otherness of it was subjective. It was he who had changed, he and those closely enough connected with him to have what affected them also reflect itself in him. His senses yielded up the same impressions they had received in this quiet old spot on Staten Island in that summer twilight of the past.

The sea-air wandered over the flat fields and stole along the broad country lane with the same salty freshness that it had borne with it then. Yet he reflected that now it bent the slender grasses that grew upon his parents' graves, side by side up there on the slope of the hill. There was a mournfulness to him in this stolid activity of nature. It seemed soulless rather than without sympathy.

There was the old house with its long, sloping roof and gables, and the branches of the large elm overshadowing it. It did not look an hour older. And there was a perfume exhaling from the spot which also recalled that evening, though there was a heavy richness in it far in excess of the faint breath of the roses which had then lain above Ruth Harnden's heart. Her heart! He smiled faintly to himself as he caught his memory putting this touch to the picture. He had learned to his cost, then, the quality of Ruth Harnden's heart.

But that romance of his boyish soul had encysted in his being. How unrighteously it had clung to him and played a part in his life so vastly more important than it deserved! What shame that the blighting of a boy's eager dream should have left a tinge of gray in all the after years! He felt that but for the influence of that early wound he might have gathered the harvest of a man's love. As it was, although nearly forty, he was unmarried, and had the sense of treading the downward slope of life.

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And here in this isolated spot to him, an ardent boy of eighteen, had come the moment whose shadow had fallen athwart his after years! He could recall so vividly how the passion which charged his being had given new meaning to the earth, the air, the sea. They were larger and brighter in that palpitating rapture to which the enamored soul stirs the universe. Then he had looked forward in proud possession of fruitful years to be, through which led the ever-sweetening pathway of life, which he and Ruth were to tread in unuttered joyfulness.

And she had told him with such composure, there on the little porch, that she could not marry him, for she loved Brockway. He remembered that, boy as he was, he had grown hot with wrath that the girl could serenely turn from the hardy freshness of his young love to accept this man of twenty-eight, with his smart clothes and still smarter looks. He had felt then what tinsel his rival was.

But she had married Brockway, and he had heard nothing of her since. Soon after he had left the old place, which chafed him beyond endurance, and now he saw it again for the first time after this long interval. He had succeeded in the way which he cared for least. He had worked hard, and the years to come were well assured of every physical comfort, but so bare of life's higher gifts.

He had not even blood-ties. His parents had died when he was too far away to return. He had seen other girls, other women, fairer and infinitely worthier than Ruth Harnden. But his soul had never invested them with that atmosphere of love which his boy's heart had breathed about her. Had his pure, vigorous nature been one which could have forgotten or outgrown that intense passage, this frivolous girl, with her peach-like beauty, would not have dominated his life as she had done. And the thought was an irksome one to John Henderson. No strong man can feel without regret that the substance of his years has been wasted on a dream. It had not been choice. It was the law of his intense, ardent being.

And now, in this self-same spot whence the shadow had arisen, there was a heavier chill in it than he had felt for years. He resented the loneliness of his life. His rectitude rose in protest against the libation of life's precious wine upon so cheap an altar. It was an immolation without dignity or value. He had come here to see what effect the spot would have upon him. There had been the half-hope that it might act as an

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exorcism and dispel the film of gray which Ruth Harnden had breathed about his soul.

But it had not. He only absorbed deeper melancholy from this personal contact with the scene. He wandered slowly on, passed the house, and looked at the stretch of land behind it. The sight which met his eyes was almost a shock. When he had turned away in indignation at Ruth's rejection, the broad meadow had stretched before him in sober tameness till its green had met the violet gray of the sea.

Now, the immense tract which met his sight was one broad flush of pink! In the quiet evening tones this radiant glow seemed an incongruous passage. He understood now why the air was so charged with perfume. Thousands of roses kissed the moist sea wind with fragrant lips. It was like a dream, this wilderness of exotic blooms. Only under the magic sky of the orient could such a royal carpet lie upon the bosom of the earth with any sense of fitness. Was it a trick of his imagination, abnormally quickened? No! He knew it was real, for the sensuous sweetness enfolded him like a luxurious mist, and the field of swaying roses had sharply defined limits.

Yet as he turned his wondering gaze from their sumptuous splendor to the small back porch he felt he must surely be the victim of an hallucination, one cruel in its mockery. There she sat in her slender grace, her small head resting on one hand, while the other lay in her lap—sat there as if reflecting on the words which had torn their souls apart in the long ago.

He, the most direct of men, to be the subject of such a vision as this! It controlled him. He could not throw it off. The form was softened by the twilight, but it was clear enough and substantial in its semblance. With the feeling of a man in some opium dream he slowly approached the figure. It might be a portent, presaging he knew not what, but he would draw near, until this apparition of his boy's love, this phantom born of memory and an air bewitched with roses, should melt away.

His foot-fall on the grass made no sound; the figure of soft maidenly sweetness there on the old wooden bench was absolutely motionless in its attitude of pensive repose, but it did not fade as he approached; the brown hair became a more distinct aureole to the delicate oval of the face; the faint color in the cheeks might be a pale reflection from the sea of roses. It was a softened Ruth, one with the robustness of her beauty

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chastened to a spiritual refinement, as if the world of rarer air from which she had emerged had purged the slight leaven of material coarseness which had clung to the girl when she sat there in the flesh and said him nay.

And as he found that the dainty vision did not melt away, constrained by his emotion, he murmured in almost a whisper: "Ruth!" There was no movement, no change in this wraith which had come to revive the quick intensity of his boyish soul in John Henderson.

With throbbing temples and the weird sense of consorting with a phantom, projected by his own mind, he drew near, until at last he paused with labored breath and fixed eyes. Oh, what a fair ideal Ruth was this! Those sweet lips could not have uttered such harsh words. The sweet face with its clear tints and the slim, rounded figure in its vesture of white was a reincarnated Ruth, one fit to live in the warm afterglow steeped in the breath of flowers, the Ruth of his boy's pure dream.

And as he gazed at her, with his yearning eyes, the vision, as if moved by some psychic force in his concentrated glance, slowly turned toward him. At the sight of a thick-set man, with pale face and glowing eyes, so near her she sprang to her feet with a movement of fawn-like terror, and a low cry of fright broke from her. Then she sank back upon the wooden bench, her dilated eyes still upon him, and her slight figure trembling.

For the flash of a second's thought Henderson wondered if the jugglery of his excited brain had created a phantom so vivid that it was destined to a logical sequence of phenomena. But the terror of the girl was too palpably human to leave him in a moment's doubt. His big, manly heart felt a quick reproach at creating in this lonely girl an agony of fear. He recovered himself by a strong effort, and, taking off his hat, said in his sympathetic voice:

"Pray pardon this intrusion. Do not be alarmed. I can explain everything if you will calm yourself, and permit me to talk with you a little."

She was almost too weak to speak; her large, sorrowful eyes hurriedly took in every detail of the man before her. His dress, manner, appearance, were reassuring. He remained motionless, with an air of kind consideration which she felt. Finally she spoke rather hurriedly:

"You startled me. I was so busy with my thoughts that I

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did not hear you, and when I saw some one so near I was frightened."

Her voice trembled, though it was soft and clear, different from Ruth's voice as she differed from Ruth, despite such likeness of her.

"You will forgive me for my rudeness when I tell you that I was so startled by this whole strange scene that I had really lost control of myself," Henderson replied, speaking quietly and with a faint smile lighting up the gravity of his face. "This spot was a most familiar one to me in my boyhood. I have not seen it until now for twenty years. Nothing has changed, except that wonderful field of roses, which seems like a fairy touch. I half expect it will fade away at any moment."

He smiled again, faintly. The color had come back to her cheek, and though she was still breathing quickly, the frightened look had died out of her eyes, and one of interest had taken its place. She said to him with more command of voice:

"Yes, that must be a change from the bare meadow. I have only been here a short time myself. It seems that some large manufacturers of perfume bought several acres of this land and they have set it all out in roses. It is exceedingly practical, you see, although it does look like a piece of fairy luxuriance. We get the full benefit of it here. It is very pleasant. The wind from the sea blows over it, and I am sure the perfume is far nicer than any they will ever make from the leaves. But is there anything you wished to know about the old place? Or did you simply want to see it again?"

She was now restored to the quiet composure evidently natural to her. Henderson at once replied:

"I came merely to see the old place. I was born here, and lived here till I was eighteen. Then I left it and have not seen it since until this evening. I know you must be Ruth Harnden's daughter. The fact that I find you here, and that you are so marvellously like her, is proof enough of that. But it is something I had not counted on," he said with his gentle gravity, "and it startled me. I was an old acquaintance of your mother's," he added.

The girl had assumed an air of the closest attention. When he finished speaking she exclaimed impulsively: "Is it possible that you are John Henderson?"

"Yes," returned Henderson. "You have heard your mother speak of me?"

"Oh, *how* strange this is!" she cried, with a slight break in

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her voice. She paused, her eyes fixed upon the grave face of the man before her. Henderson felt as if a sudden moisture had sprung to her eyes.

"Sit there," she said after a moment, motioning to the wooden bench which ran along the other side of the narrow porch; "I must tell you something, and you will see how wonderful this meeting seems."

Then, as Henderson quietly took his seat on the bench, still holding his hat in his hand, she sat up and, with her white hands crossed in her lap, went on:

"I do not know if you are aware that my mother is dead. It is not three months since she died. That was out in Montana. My grandfather was not pleased with her marriage, but before he died, last December, he wrote to her and forgave her. He left this old place to her. But my poor mother was too ill then to come on, and she never rallied.

"Shortly before she died," the girl went on with a cadence of sadness in her voice, "my mother seemed to go back to thoughts of this place. She told me that when she was a girl she had a friend whose value she had not known. That friend was you," she added, after a slight pause. 'Where he is now I do not know,' my mother said. 'He may be dead, he may be married. But if you ever meet him, if he has not changed from the true-hearted boy I knew, tell him that I learned to know him too late, and ask him to forgive me for any pain I ever caused him. And if you need a friend, you can trust him.'

"Does it not seem strange that I should meet you so soon, and on the only visit you have ever made to your former home? I have been here only a week myself. I was taken ill after my mother's death, and did not leave there until the school where I taught closed for the summer vacation. I came here then, and this old home and place have seemed such a haven of rest. So I give you this message from my mother, Mr. Henderson. She seemed to think that she had pained you. If she did, you will forgive her, will you not? Poor mother! You would if you knew how hard and troubled her life had been. And to think that this rest and peace should have come to her too late."

She turned her face toward the stretching wilderness of roses. Henderson was deeply touched. It was so much stranger than she dreamed. He had come back to this spot where the most momentous epoch of his life had been his rejection by

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the girl Ruth, the idol of his boyish dreams, and in his somewhat weary manhood found here in her daughter the full realization of all that he had falsely pictured in the mother.

"There is nothing to forgive," he said softly. "But if there is, I forgive it from my heart. There was no fault anywhere. There was nothing worse than a mistake, and there may not have been even that. And now I must go, for I am afraid this has been a strain on you. But you will let me come to-morrow and see you, will you not? I feel as if I knew you well."

"Yes," said the girl simply. "I shall be glad to see my mother's friend at any time. You are the onl—" But she checked herself as if her emotion threatened to overcome her, and rising, extended her hand. He felt her fingers close on his with a nervous pressure, quick, and full of speech.

And as Henderson walked slowly up the old lane in the dusk with the perfume of the roses about him it seemed to him as if the stone had been rolled from the sepulchre, and that his soul was awakening to a Sabbath of the heart.

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FATHER LIVINGSTON ON LONGFELLOW.

BY J. FAIRFAX MCLAUGHLIN, LL.D.

WE may look in vain outside of the household of Sir Thomas More, as described by Erasmus, for a more beautiful scene of domestic happiness than that presented in the home of the poet Longfellow. Spreading from there the influence of this sweet singer entered other homes, and made him the fireside favorite of the English-speaking race. Of all his poems his own life was the noblest and best.

He is the poet of the people, said Cardinal Wiseman, referring to his popularity in England, where he holds a similar place, added his eminence, to that which Goethe holds among the peasants of Germany. Hawthorne expressed substantially the same opinion, and said that the English universities regarded him as the first poet of the age. Holmes calls Longfellow "our chief singer," and after extolling his genius, dwells upon what he styles his "sense of the music of words, and skill in bringing it out of our English tongue, which hardly more than one of his contemporaries who write in that language can be said to equal." Tennyson was probably the one peer whom the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table had in his thoughts when he expressed this opinion. Indeed Tennyson himself, in the opening lines of *In Memoriam*, pays lofty tribute, not only to the rare power but to the religious soul of Longfellow:

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things." *

Although the admirers of the late James Russell Lowell were anxious to have some memorial of that poet placed in Westminster Abbey, the honor was withheld, and indeed has never been extended to any foreigner with the solitary exception of

* The Laureate borrows this sentiment from "The Ladder of St. Augustine," a poem of Longfellow.

NOTE.—Since the above was written a memorial to Mr. Lowell has been unveiled in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. It consists of two stained-glass windows, containing, among appropriate devices, a medallion portrait of the American scholar. Thus Lowell, who succeeded Longfellow at Harvard as professor, now joins him *in memoriam* at Westminster Abbey.

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Longfellow, whose bust was enshrined in the English Valhalla with touching and beautiful ceremonies.

But our present object is not so much to review the army of Longfellow's admirers, a host that embraces the whole of America and Europe, and many far countries and islands of the sea beyond, but rather to advert to sharp criticism of the poet recently made in eminent Catholic Circles. At the very successful second session of the Summer-School at Plattsburgh Father William Livingston, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, read two papers upon Longfellow, a meagre synopsis of which appeared in the New York *Herald* and the September number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review.*

The first (July 26) was on the life and lyric poetry of Longfellow; and the second (August 3) upon his narrative poems, and dramatic and prose works. "In religion," said Father Livingston, according to the *Reading Circle Review*, "Longfellow was a Unitarian. He did not believe in the divinity of Christ; consequently to us his religious aspirations were not as sublime as people usually suppose. He was a sweet singer. He saw the beauty of the Catholic Church from the outside, but his words of admiration were the work of an artist, and merely for artistic effect." In his second essay Father Livingston found much to admire in "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" as sweet pictures. "But after all," we again quote from the *Reading Circle Review*, "they are pictures painted by an artist's hand, not by a lover's. Father Livingston then presented evidences from among the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' and other poems, as well as from 'Kavanagh,' that Longfellow could express popular anti-Catholic calumnies against the church with as much sympathy as he could express otherwhere appreciation of her beauty."

The reverend gentleman does not seem to regard Longfellow as a great poet of the first rank, but as a word-painter who used Catholic topics as mere accessories of art, praising by formula of words, without believing that his praises were true. He admonished his hearers that they might spend their time more profitably in reading genuine Catholic poets, where the beauties of religious thought, which they would seek for in vain in Longfellow, might readily be found. But his most serious accusation was that our poet did not believe in the divinity of Christ. This is the first time that such a charge, so much at variance with received opinion, was ever made against Longfellow. It is in conflict with the poet's own reiterated utterances throughout his writings, especially in the "Divine Tragedy of Christus," and we take it for granted that Father Livingston's lectures contain

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whatever of evidence he possesses to verify his alleged discovery, which, with all respect, we must regard as a veritable mare's nest.

We have read criticisms before now from the Agnostic quarter deploring the fact that Longfellow was a traditionalist of the Thomas Aquinas school, complaints that he was too Catholic in tone, too much immersed in the literature of the Middle Ages, its monkish miracle plays and minnesingers' chants—an extract from one of the most notable of these complaints we shall presently quote—but this is the first time we have ever heard of a critic who opens fire on the other side, and rejects as a Catholic those splendid tributes to the church to be found so frequently in Longfellow.

Father Livingston regards them all as a mere baseless fabric of figures and tropes, or, as the *Reading Circle Review* puts the matter, "Longfellow could express popular anti-Catholic calumnies against the church with as much sympathy as he could express otherwhere appreciation of her beauty."

But is not our chivalric church champion putting his lance in rest against an imaginary foe when he culls isolated phrases from the tale of "Kavanagh," and narrow verbal deviations from a rigid orthodoxy in some of the poems, as evidences against the poet's candor, sincerity, and truth? Dr. Brownson could afford to smile at the sentimental absurdities, viewed in a theological light, that induced the hero of Longfellow's tale to change his religion. A wife and an establishment figured largely in Kavanagh's weak apostasy; but even in that very story the great Catholic reviewer discovered much to commend as a churchman, and much to encourage the hope that its author would never be found among the enemies of Catholicity. If Kavanagh preferred Arius, the heretic, to St. Athanasius, and left the Catholic Church to become a Unitarian parson and marry a rich wife because Servetus was burned through the wicked machinations of Calvin, let him go and welcome. Conversions to the Catholic Church from the Protestant denominations will never be retarded, nor will apostasy among Catholics ever be hastened, by anything in the way of argument contained in the pages of "Kavanagh." Father Livingston will find Dr. Brownson in conflict with him in his opinion of that book.

"Tales of a Wayside Inn" also furnished room for cavil. But wherefore fret over "Torquemada" when in the self-same volume "King Robert of Sicily" and "The Legend Beautiful," those truly Catholic gems, illuminate its pages? The mission of a great poet is not to be circumscribed and condemned because

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he occasionally nods. So does Homer. We cannot exact from a singer of songs an exhaustive definition of Christian doctrine or an exegetical treatise on original sin, such as Father Livingston would have a right to expect from a student of St. Joseph's Seminary in his second or third year of dogmatic theology. Longfellow might not have carried off a doctor's hat in the Congregation of the Propaganda, but might well know, and probably did know, more about the art of poetry than the soundest theologian of them all. *Ars Poetica* and the Athanasian Creed are two subjects, not one; the author of the "Summa" and the author of "Evangeline" are masters who move in different spheres, and hold distinct places, where the one expounds an exact and divine science, and the other pours forth an unpremeditated but divine lay. *Sed nunc non erat his locus*, exclaimed Horace against some critic of the Augustan age, and the Horatian maxim holds equally good to-day.

We do not concede the point that Longfellow, even under the hard conditions to which he is subjected, has sinned against the doctrines of Christianity, or assailed the church with calumnies. His writings, both prose and poetical, are full of proofs to the contrary. We must read and weigh the evidence from his writings and utterances in order to decide between him and his critic. When Father Livingston asserts that Longfellow did not believe in the divinity of Christ the burden of proof is his, since the poet has proclaimed repeatedly his reverent belief in that sacred and august truth.

But the vindication of Longfellow is away beyond all special pleading, which is utterly beside the question. There are and have been for ages two schools of poetry in the world, the one pagan and the other Christian. That our poet, who drank deeply at the fountains of Catholic art in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, was in this broad division a Christian poet, a mere glance at his life and works abundantly proves.

A Puritan by birth but a Cavalier by nature, he became a traditionalist of the scholastic school by education and choice, and ever shunned the protean brood of false doctrinaires and atheistic philosophers. Logically, therefore, his poetry is pervaded by the true Catholic sentiment of the Apostolic and Middle Ages. Of Dante, the greatest of all Christian poets, he naturally became the enthusiastic disciple and translator, and the closest scrutiny of Longfellow's poems will fail to discover the least tinge of infidelity or the slightest flavor of paganism to poison the well-springs of his muse. It is Châteaubriand

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who draws the true distinction between the handling of religious themes by a great poet, and the treatment of the same themes by a religious writer who is not a great poet. The former subordinates religious and supernatural agencies into incidents and accessories, and brings into greater prominence the natural and human aspects of his subject; while the latter with pious hand makes the marvellous the chief part of his work, mingles divine themes and the things which are God's in overshadowing profusion with natural subjects and human sentiments and affections, until his composition becomes trite with truisms and trivial with commonplaces.

Plutarch says, "There can be no good poetry where there is no fiction," an opinion which Châteaubriand adopts, and even goes farther than Plutarch, for he tells us that epic poetry

"Is built on fable and by fiction lives."

Human sympathy must be awakened if the poet expects to hold his readers. "In every epic poem," says Châteaubriand, "men and their passions are calculated to occupy the first and most important place. Every poem, therefore, in which any religion is employed as the subject and not as the accessory, in which the marvellous is the ground and not the accident of the picture, is essentially faulty. . . . We must not ascribe to Christianity the languor that pervades certain poems, in which the principal characters are supernatural beings; this languor arises from the fault of the composition. We shall find in confirmation of this truth that the more the poet observes a due medium in the epic between divine and human things, the more entertaining he is, if we may use an expression of Boileau. To amuse for the purpose of instructing is the first quality required in poetry."*

Old Thomas Warton, in his wonderful *History of English Poetry*, has traced its rise, growth, decay, and revival with prodigious labor and accurate hand. Bishop Percy's *Reliques* and Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, together with the profound commentaries since the middle of the eighteenth century upon the text of Shakspere, have all contributed immense information relating to the poetry of Europe, and have enabled us to know what is pagan in it, and to point out what is Christian in its origin and sources.

After the downfall of the Roman Empire a new system of arts and letters took root in Europe. It grew slowly, for it had to contend against Goth and Vandal, but it grew surely

* *Genius of Christianity*, White's translation, p. 212.

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and well, for its foundations were divine. St. Paul preached a new system on Mars Hill. Calvary, and not the groves and lanes of the Greek Academy, or the *domus aurea* of the Cæsars, was its life-giving source. It was leading the generations of man from the pyramids to the cathedrals, for it was a system of civilization and literature whose symbol was the Cross, whose life and light were Christianity.

Between the shattered edifice of paganism and the new system stands Dante, the great poet of the Middle Ages, master of Christian poesy, unrivalled and unapproachable, as secure in his supremacy as Homer is securely master of pagan song, or as Shakspere, last of the mighty triumvirate, is lord and master of the poetry of feudalism. Dante was the model of Longfellow, his guide in the days of study and growth, his solace and refuge in the days of sorrow and advancing age; and Dante is as little akin to the paganism of Homer as he is to the pagan renaissance which reached its highest fruition in Shakspere. "It was paganism," frankly declares Taine, a half-pagan himself, "which reigned in Elizabeth's court, not only in letters but in doctrine. From some all Christianity was effaced, like Marlowe and Greene. With others, like Shakspere, the idea of God scarcely makes its appearance."*

The family feeling common to all Christians is never stirred within us or afforded a particle of comfort by Shakspere. It is a phantom God, or at best a platonic God, which he always draws. His vesuvian genius sees heaven as an abyss of doubt, from which he averts his frightened gaze. The future state is but "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Not so Dante. He was a Christian in every fibre. His *terza rima* is a symbol of the Trinity. But not only the triple rhyme symbolizes Christian theology, the whole "Divine Comedy" enforces it. There are three parts, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; there are thirty-three cantos to each part, conformable to the thirty-three years upon earth of our Divine Lord, for although the "Inferno" has thirty-four, the first one is merely a prologue and not properly a canto. Everywhere Christian types and symbols are found, and no other poet has ever lived whose ideas of God are so purely Christian as Dante's both in form and spirit. Such was the mighty genius after whom Longfellow modelled himself. He loved him intensely, turned to him at all times with evident joy, translated him into English with literal fidelity, and enriched the text of Dante with a body of notes bristling with patristic learning, with Chris-

* Taine's *English Literature* (i. 207).

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tian hagiography—here St. Augustine and St. John Chrysostom, there St. Francis Assisi and the Angel of the Schools, everywhere doctors, confessors and martyrs, and the whole constituting a vast store-house of mediæval Catholic literature and primitive Christian lore.

Nor were these the only channels of learning vexed by this profound American poet. The gleemen, the minnesingers, the sonneteers, the minstrels, the troubadours of the Crusades, the authors of the miracle plays, Archbishop Turpin's wonderful chronicle of Charlemagne, the learned Welsh monk Geoffrey of Monmouth's rendering into classic Latin of the life of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table—these were among the prolific sources, not Protestant, not pagan, but all Catholic, of Longfellow's muse. What other poet of the nineteenth century has made such use of the Catholic poetry of the Middle and Apostolic Ages? None whatever. Read his "Divine Tragedy of Christus," the "Golden Legend," the poem on Walther von der Vogelweide the minnesinger, the noble ballad "King Robert of Sicily," paraphrased from the nameless old Catholic minstrel of the days of Edward the Second, his prologues and epilogues to Dante, the "Elevation of the Host," the posthumous drama on Michael Angelo, the incomparable "Evangeline," the masterful monotheistic edda of "Hiawatha"; and then tell us how any Catholic can find it in his heart or head to say a single word against the Catholic spirit of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow! It seems impossible.

Deliberately, and with no fear of his being dislodged by any other poet, we make the unequivocal claim for Longfellow, that as Dante was the mightiest poet of Christianity, so his great American disciple is the foremost poet of the Christian renaissance in this nineteenth century. In the course of a clever but superficial sketch of Longfellow, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the writer raises this question sharply by the following remarks:

"For an American while still in a plastic state to spend much time in Europe is a doubtful and not unfrequently a disastrous experiment, unfitting him for a useful, contented life in his own country. The effect of Longfellow's visit was two-fold. On the one hand it widened his sympathies, gave him confidence in himself, and supplied him with many poetical themes; on the other it traditionalized his mind, colored for him the pure light of nature, and rendered him in some measure unfit to feel or express the spirit of American nature and life. His sojourn in Europe fell exactly in the time when in England the reaction against the sentimental atheism of Shelley, the pagan sensitivity

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of Keats, and the sublime, satanic outcastness of Byron was at its height; when in the Catholic countries the negative exaggerations of the French Revolution were inducing a counter-current of positive faith, which threw men into the arms of a half-sentimental, half-æsthetic mediævalism; and when in Germany the aristocratic paganism of Goethe was being swept aside by that tide of dutiful, romantic patriotism which flooded the country as soon as it began to feel that it existed after being run over by Napoleon's war-chariot. . . . He [Longfellow] was essentially a poet of the past, not like Lowell, a grasper and moulder of the present, or like Whitman, a John the Baptist of the future."

Mr. Davidson, the writer of the scoffing sketch from which the preceding extract is taken, fairly states the truth when he says Longfellow's mind was "traditionalized." But what meaning does he intend to convey by the slighting words, "he was essentially a poet of the past," and the strange comparison of Longfellow with Lowell and Whitman? Who commissioned Whitman? Lowell a grasper and moulder of the present? What did he mould? Are we to understand that, compared with this grasper and moulder and that prophet, Longfellow is "essentially" outranked? Let us ponder this for a moment.

There can be no new John the Baptist, as there can be no other Messias. The flavor of classical paganism, if not of downright infidelity, pervades this figure of speech, and it is redolent of the spirit of an age of unbelief. Your inventors and speculators in psychological problems are not poets. Poets are narrators and delineators; that is to say, writers on the past, describing what has happened and not what is to happen. Hence, Whitman, whatever his merits, leaves the field of poetry when he assumes the place of some one to come. Though an angel from heaven tell us things we believe him not. In these latter days false prophets abound. Mr. Lowell was a highly accomplished, and in some respects a great writer, but just so far as he turned to grasping and moulding the present, in that far he departed from Parnassus. A philosopher has to do with subtle speculations and logical and scientific processes; a statesman grasps and moulds the present. Webster, Clay, Calhoun are better graspers and moulders of contemporaneous history than a poet, just as in war times Napoleon, Washington, Grant know better how to solve the problems of the present than your poet, be he never so wise a moulder. Longfellow, like Dante and Shakspere, was a narrator, a delineator of events past, whether real or ideal, and that, be there no doubt, is the province of the true poet.

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But the *Britannica* regrets further that his mind was "traditionalized" in Europe. Does it repudiate the teachings of St. Paul to the Corinthians and Thessalonians, whom the apostle exhorted to hold fast to the traditions? Does it prefer the Carmagnole and the Ca Ira of the French Revolution to the Psalter of David? the shallow philosophy of Rousseau to the City of God of St. Augustine? the scoffs and sneers of Voltaire to the sublime faith of Dante? Where literature is wanting, says a weighty writer, tradition, whatever its imperfections, "is the great bond between the present and the past, and one of the great distinguishing marks between man and the brutes, which latter have no tradition, and therefore no history."* The traditions of nations are, if understood aright, a more faithful reflex of their true character than the written page of history. He who solves them and narrates or sings them faithfully places the world in his debt for an invaluable service. Old Fletcher of Saltoun spoke well when he said: "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." The aphorism will never be forgotten, because it is true, because a ballad is the musical voice of traditions which outlast the law. History, like the civil law, is a record; traditions, like the common law, are the weightier witnesses for not being a record. Priests are their oracles, poets their interpreters.

But let us cite Mr. Longfellow's own incomparable lines from the "Christus," in which the value of traditions is set forth, and which repel the scoffs of the *Britannica* on the one hand, and disprove Father Livingston's criticism on the other, where he says that our poet only "saw the beauty of the Catholic Church from the outside":

> "Great is the Written Law; but greater still
> The Unwritten, the Traditions of the Elders,
> The lovely words of Levites, spoken first
> To Moses on the Mount, and handed down
> From mouth to mouth, in one unbroken sound
> And sequence of divine authority,
> The voice of God resounding through the ages!
> The Written Law is water; the Unwritten
> Is precious wine; the Written Law is salt,
> The Unwritten costly spice; the Written Law
> Is but the body; the Unwritten, the soul
> That quickens it and makes it breathe and live!"

* *The Catholic Dictionary.*

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The divine commission to the Twelve stamps them for all days witnesses of truth. The wings of imagination, Dantean, Shaksperean, creative imagination, make of poets God's chosen interpreters of the works of nature and of man, born witnesses of secrets which the Greeks called Eleusinian mysteries, and Christians call traditions. Raphael, when he traced his immortal allegory upon the walls of the Vatican, wisely represented Poetry with wings which he denied to Philosophy.

Traditionalized forsooth! The Introitus of that same "Divine Tragedy of Christus" incontestably proves the deep religious soul of Longfellow, and ought to satisfy Father Livingston that the poet did mean what he said, and that it was no hollow formula of words that came welling up from his fervent heart. It is Christian faith taught in all his poems. Pagan classics it is not; Voltairean unbelief it is not; to Darwin it is not akin, nor Lubbock, nor Tylor, nor any of the congeners in the Serbonian bogs of science and delusive human progress from protoplasm to perfectability; neither of Valhalla nor of Olympus is it an offspring. But it is as a voice crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the ways of the Lord!" If not of the body, who can truly say further that Longfellow belonged not to the soul of the church?

Read this sweet poet as he rises to the height of his great theme:

> "Alas! how full of fear
> Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!
> For evermore, for evermore,
> It shall be as it hath been heretofore;
> The age in which they live
> Will not forgive
> The splendor of the everlasting light
> That makes their foreheads bright,
> Nor the sublime
> Forerunning of their time!"

That is Longfellow's answer to the charge of being traditionalized, preferred against him by the Agnostics on one side, and to the imputation of not being in earnest but a mere word-painter, which is heard now for the first time on the other or Catholic side. If ever poet's soul was inebriated with divine love, while his scholar's brows were being crowned with the bays of the Academe in two hemispheres, forerunning his time by voicing aright the Traditions of the Elders, Longfellow was that man by pre-eminence. *Salve et vale.*

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THE NEW CŒNACULUM FOR NEW YORK.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

AS Christ himself is the builder of his church on earth, his apostolate, it is manifest, devolves upon his priests. They are the successors of those to whom he gave the command, "Go forth and teach all nations." The necessity of having a priesthood fit to carry on his work continuously is so obvious that it were a waste of argument to endeavor to maintain it. It would be as difficult to imagine a beautiful building resting on earth without support from below as to imagine a church without a priesthood. God's priests have a two-fold duty. They are the agency by which his grace is ministered to men, and they are the teachers who show the way in which the children of men are to walk to earn that grace. These are but the primary conditions of the Catholic priesthood; the training for their sacred calling involves many correlative considerations connected with almost every problem of human life both in its spiritual and in its moral and physical conditions.

Hence the provision of an adequate priesthood has always been the subject of the most anxious solicitude to those on whom the responsibility devolves. It is the most important duty of the Catholic episcopacy. It touches the very existence of the church. The devotion of its priesthood is, next to the living spirit of God within her, the life of our holy church. It was from the blood of the martyred priests and confessors that it arose; if it have not the same martyr-spirit present in it still, if that spirit had not always been existent in it, it would not be here with us to-day. Every bishop, from the occupant of the chair of Peter downward, is ready to lay down his life, to make every earthly sacrifice demanded of him, for the salvation of his flock and as a testimony to the truth of God. He has pledged his faith in the most solemn manner to do so, on accepting the awful dignity of his episcopate; and we know how steadfastly the Catholic bishops have always, in the hour of trial, redeemed their pledge. We need not go back to the Tudor age or the age of the catacombs for examples; within the

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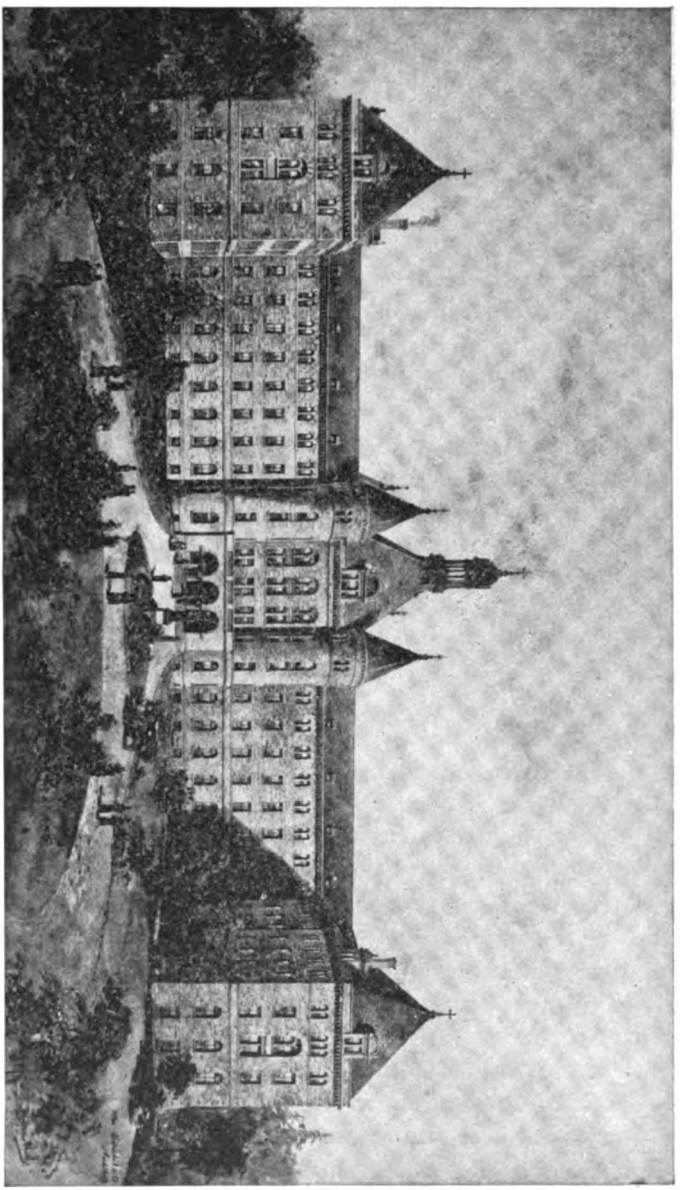
memory of many living two archbishops of Paris have redeemed their pledges with their lives.



THE MAIN BUILDING PRESENTS A STRETCH OF 360 FEET.

There is that in the constitution of the church here below which necessitates the maintenance of an exact proportion, so far as human endeavor can secure it, between all its parts.

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There must be pastors wherever there is a flock. The human family is a microcosm of the church in this respect. There can be no family where there is no head and no direction; no family where there are head and direction alone. Though this simile be weak, it may serve to show the logical impossibility of the existence of a church without an adequate priesthood. If the emphatic mandate of the great Pastor, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," is not to remain a dead letter, the hands to administer the heavenly food of which he spoke must always be here.

Let it not be supposed that because the times have altered so far as the forms of persecution and struggle go, the urgency of having a true priesthood has in any whit lessened. The conflict continues unabated; it is only the character of the warfare that has undergone a change. Though persecution for conscience' sake have no statutory sanction, it exists under myriad forms, and has to be faced and overcome by priest and flock. The conflict is now waged in the moral and intellectual field, and the gladiators must be well trained ere they enter upon it. Under the old conditions perhaps they fought with greater advantage, as they enlisted the sympathies of the liberal-minded and the gentle, of whatever persuasion, by their sufferings. They have now to prove the worth and the truth of their cause by the force not alone of virtuous example but by solid, irrefutable argument and appeal to human reason and conscience. The fierce light of a universal free press is turned full upon their daily lives and words; the subtlest intellects are examining the church's doctrine under the cold microscope of science. And as the years advance all these modern difficulties will grow and multiply with them. No Catholic who knows the history of the past and the tendency of modern thought will venture to say that the conflict is likely to grow less strenuous, although the church gain in adherents. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that this very fact will lend an additional bitterness to the struggle, as the losing side generally becomes the more desperate from the sense of approaching defeat.

We have to consider how the metropolitan diocese is situate in this regard. The enormous growth of the Archdiocese of New York since the early years of the century has made the question of supplying its spiritual needs one of ever-increasing perplexity.

For sixty years the Catholic Seminary has been an intermittent nomad. Its first location was at Nyack, on the Hud-

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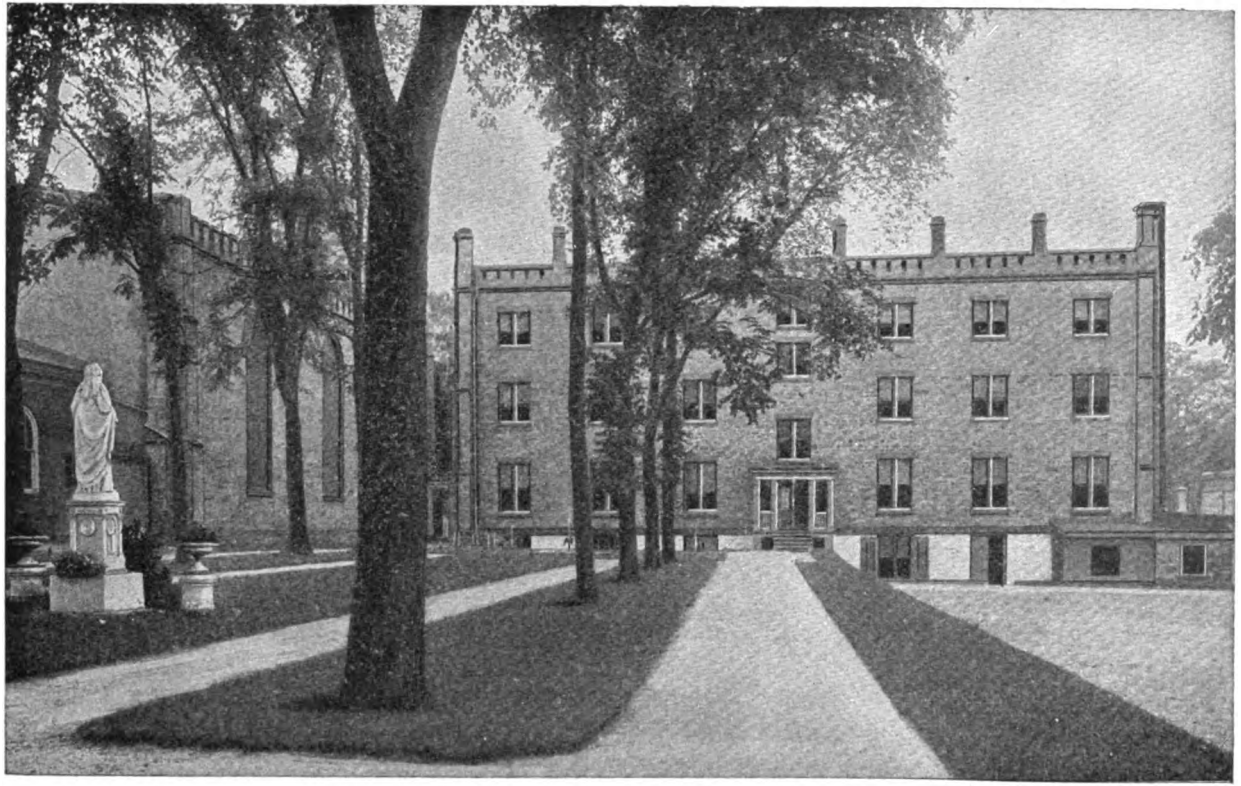

IN 1841 THE SEMINARY WAS OPENED AT FORDHAM.

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son, where, in 1833, its foundation was laid by Bishop Dubois. The building was accidentally burned before it was quite finished, and an attempt was made to found another, not on the same site, with which for some reason the bishop was then not satisfied, on ground in Brooklyn offered by a generous New York Catholic, Mr. Cornelius Heeney. But whilst the negotiations over the settlement were pending, Bishop Hughes, the coadjutor of Bishop Dubois, had fixed upon a site for the new seminary. It was at Lafargeville, in Jefferson County.

The new buildings were completed in 1835, their cost being about thirty thousand dollars, and the establishment bore the name of "St. Vincent of Paul's Seminary." It was not a very pretentious affair, and the small beginnings from which the present magnificent fabric of New York Catholicism grew may be estimated from the fact that when the new seminary began operations its teaching staff numbered only three professors and three tutors, and the scholars six young men and two boys.

It was the idea of the founders of St. Vincent's that remoteness from the attractions of a great city was the first requisite for a theological seminary, and as Lafargeville is three hundred miles from New York this desideratum was fully realized there. This view as to the virtue of remoteness would not appear to have been widely shared in, however, as the institution never prospered, and in a short time Bishop Hughes sold the place to his brother, and, reversing the policy of distance, began building a new seminary at Fordham, in Westchester County, then ten miles from New York City. The site chosen was a spot named Rose Hill. The place had a memorable historical record. Around it had raged for a considerable time the fury of the Revolutionary struggle, and a mound of earth on the grounds of Rose Hill itself covered the bones of some gallant fellows who had laid down their lives for American freedom.

It is noteworthy that the new Seminary at Valentine Hill is also rich in such bracing patriotic stimulus. The hill was occupied, it is believed, by the Massachusetts militia under General Lincoln, in the movement of the American army from Harlem Heights towards the position near White Plains, in the campaign of 1776. It was on Valentine Hill that Washington established his headquarters previous to the battle of White Plains, and from that hill to Chatterton Hill a line of entrenchments extended, along the western side of the Bronx River. At that time the British had several ships of war and transports on the Hudson, and the operations of the American force were

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THE COLLEGE AT FORDHAM REMAINED OPEN TILL 1862.

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directed so as to make any attempt at landing these ineffectual. All the ground, as far as the eye can see, around Valentine Hill is sacred and memorable. It is good to grow up in such a spot as this—good for men whose lives are to be one long-enduring sacrifice, from a temporal point of view, to grow up amid the scenes of heroic suffering and devotion on behalf of fatherland.

In 1841 the former seminary was opened at Fordham, under the presidency of Father John McCloskey (afterwards Cardinal Archbishop); the superior of the institution being the Rev. Felix Vilanis. The seminary, which numbered thirty students, was dedicated to St. Joseph; the lay college in connection with it, which had fifty pupils, was placed under the patronage of St. John the Baptist. In 1845 the State Legislature granted to the college the recognized university privileges. In the succeeding term it passed under the management of the Jesuit order, the Rev. Auguste Thébaud being its first president. Meanwhile another seminary had been founded in the city, on the present site of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and thither the theological students were brought for their better ecclesiastical training. The college at Fordham remained open until 1862, when, in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs arising from the outbreak of the Civil War, it was found advisable to close it.

So rapid was the growth of the Catholic population of the New York diocese during these years that it was soon found its seminarian wants could by no means be met with the existing resources. Seeing this state of affairs, Archbishop Hughes early begun casting about for a means of meeting the difficulty. A great educational building founded by the Methodists at Troy, he ascertained, was in the market, and he conceived the bold project of acquiring this and turning it into a Catholic seminary. The building was situated upon a charmingly embosomed hill named Mount Ida. It commanded a magnificent prospect of diversified beauty for many miles around, embracing the sylvan Mohawk Valley and bordered by the bold blue ridges of the gnome-haunted Catskills. The building alone had cost the Methodists nearly two hundred thousand dollars; the archbishop purchased the entire place for sixty thousand dollars. Yet, although the most advantageous of the several sites which had offered up to that date, the Troy seminary was far from being all that was desirable. It was, in the first place, outside the bounds of the archdiocese; it was, again, at a great distance from the metropolitan city; and a very grave objec-

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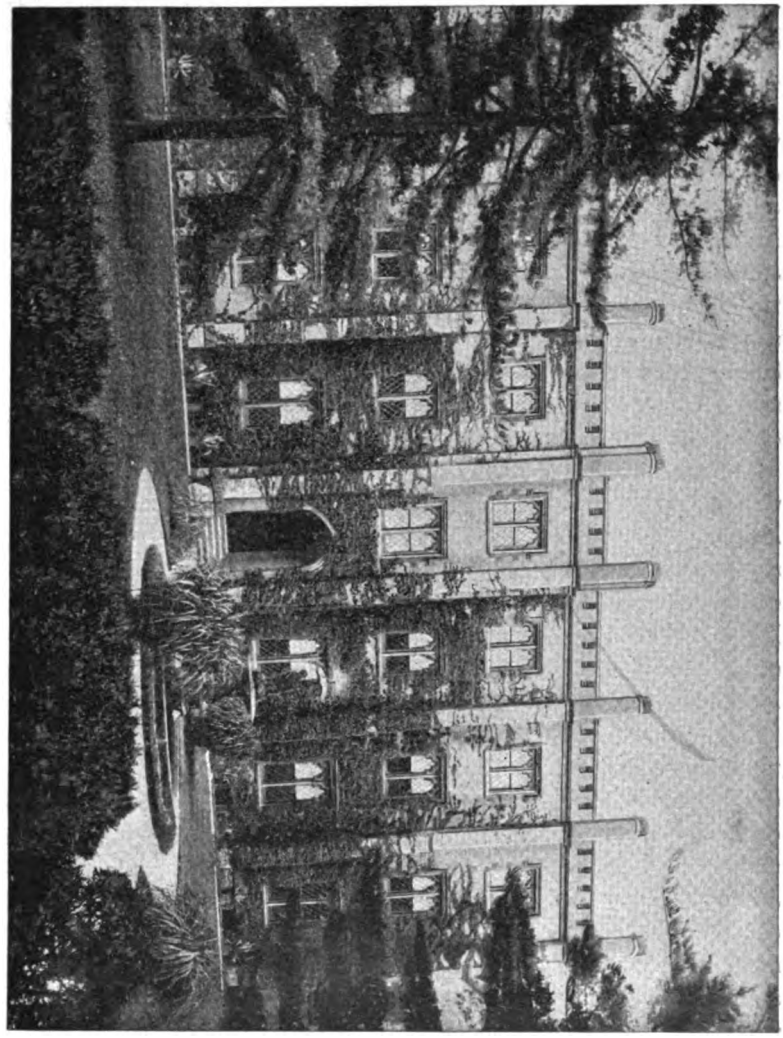
tion to it lies in the trying character of the climate of the district in severe weather. Lastly, notwithstanding its considerable size, it was totally inadequate for the number of students which the ever-increasing needs of the archdiocese necessitate to be kept in training for the sacred ministry.



IT PASSED UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE JESUITS.

These drawbacks were discussed by the clergy at the fourth diocesan synod, and a memorial on the subject was presented to Archbishop Corrigan. Upon this his Grace took speedy action, the importance of the subject brooking no unnecessary

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delay. There is no bishop more sensible of the gravity of his duty in this regard than Archbishop Corrigan; and the zeal and constancy with which he has followed out the recommendations of the synod afford convincing proof of this. He lost no time in acting on the suggestion made to him. A committee of priests and laymen was quickly appointed, and, after examining a number of available sites, the plot of ground near Yonkers, on which stands Valentine Hill, was chosen as fulfilling all the requisite conditions.

Valentine Hill is only a portion of the property. The whole lot was long known as the Valentine Farm, and contains as much as fifty-three thousand acres of land. It was originally held under the British crown by Frederick Philipse, and the estate was known as the Manor of Philipsburg, and dates as such from the year 1693. Philipse was attainted in 1779, and the property was confiscated to the State, by whom it was sold in 1786 to Thomas Valentine. From thence, until its purchase three years ago by the archbishop, it had remained in the hands of the Valentine family. The purchase money was only sixty-four thousand dollars.

The choice of a site was in every way felicitous. On grounds of healthfulness, convenience, propinquity to the metropolis, and adequacy of extent the tract at Valentine Hill presents advantages which could not be excelled. It is only about an hour's journey from New York. On days of special service at the Cathedral this advantage will be fully appreciated by the seminarians and the clergy. Let us look at the Seminary as it appears now.

Spreading out upon the brow of a majestic plateau which rises by a gradual elevation to a fine height above the valley of the Hudson and the shores of the Sound, the great pile of building stands out, a strikingly prominent object amidst an imposing landscape. You come upon it rather suddenly, owing to a sharp curve in the ascending road from Yonkers, and its stately lines and far-stretching façade impress you in the inexplicable way that large buildings unexpectedly come upon do. It looks like a great fortress, seated calmly on the brow of that piece of table-land, watching in the security of conscious strength the advance of some beleaguering enemy. And in truth so it is—a peaceful fortress, a training camp whence shall issue in time the hosts who shall do battle against ignorance and infidelity.

A stroll along the edge of the broad terreplein on which the edifice stands is refreshing at once to lung and eye. The

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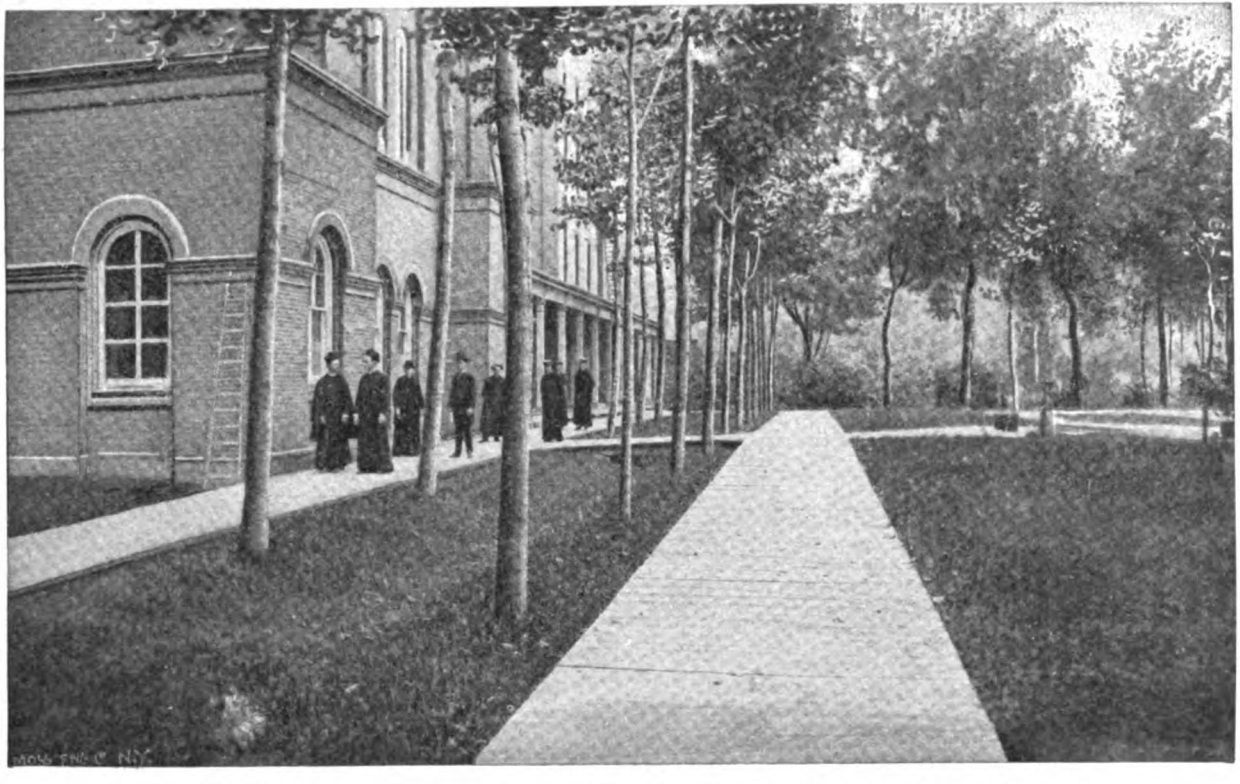

THE BUILDING WAS SITUATED ON A CHARMINGLY EMBOSOMED HILL NAMED MOUNT IDA.

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elevation is such as to insure a grateful breeze at most seasons, a delightfully bracing one at the neutral periods of the year. A great sweep of landscape lies beneath one's feet, beautifully wooded and full of color and melting gray mist, away to the right, where the valley of the Hudson and the heights of Harlem spread themselves in panoramic charm. On the left and eastward, the heights of Mount Vernon and the windings of Long Island Sound make a picture of a different but not less fascinating kind. Such a combination of wood and river, sea and city, all comprised within a radius easily discernible from one spot by the unaided human vision, is rarely found. The environs of New York possess a peculiar attraction because of this kind of combination of scenic beauty and conveniences of modern life; and the founders of the new Seminary have been fortunate in securing a *locale* in which this desirable juxtaposition is most strikingly exemplified.

Without an actual view of the Seminary as it stands, it is difficult to realize its great extent. It is no exaggeration to say that its proportions are those of a university, and its external aspect in keeping with such an idea. When it is considered that it is only a couple of years since the first stone of the great fabric was laid by the Archbishop of New York, the wonder is, how such a vast undertaking could be pushed so far forward in that comparatively brief span. The main building presents a stretch of three hundred and sixty feet to the view of the beholder approaching it from the front, and a height of about one hundred feet from the ground to the roof-ridge.

A wide gravelled walk and drive, with an ample grassy level behind it, leads up to the principal entrance, and from this open space the noble proportions of the structure can be fully taken in, as no intervening objects break the lines of perspective. The arts of the landscape gardener will be effectively employed about here, as well as in one of the enclosed squares which is being laid out as a place of secluded outdoor exercise and relaxation. Extreme simplicity and solidity are the characteristics of the architecture. In fact it may be said that the idea of ornament is altogether eschewed, as likely to mar the effect rather than add any grace. There is a faint attempt at Renaissance outline in the shape of a few of the windows on the upper stories at certain points; but this, it is evident, is only introduced for the purpose of preventing utter monotony in the long line of roof and coping. The roof rises

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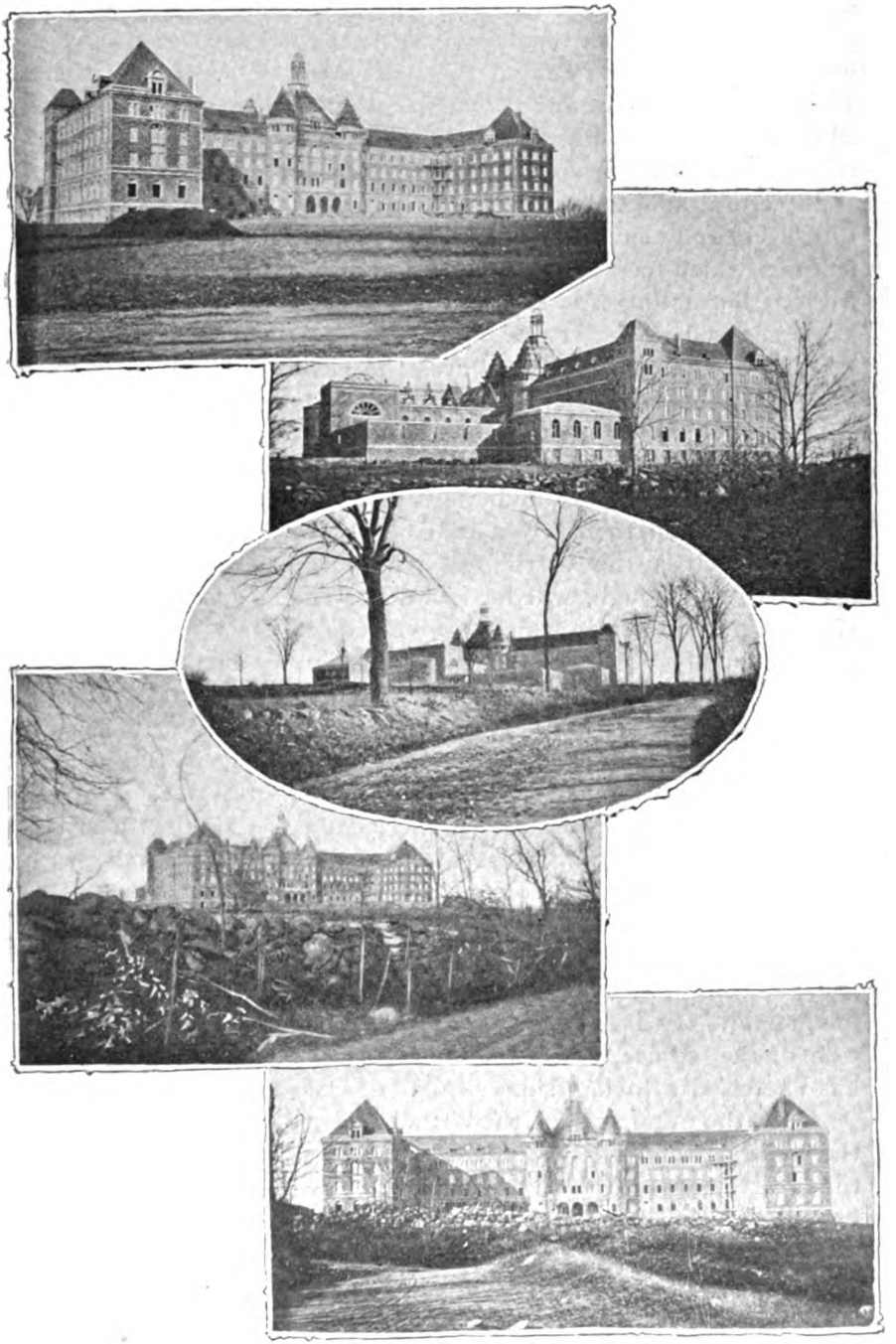

ITS PROPORTIONS ARE THOSE OF A UNIVERSITY.

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steeply over the block which is marked out, flanked by two pointed towers, as the main entrance, as well as over the wings which abut in front and form a sort of courtyard there. These towers are of the French Gothic style, and seem somewhat out of harmony with the few half-ornamental windows referred to, as these are not pointed but arched. The style of architecture adopted throughout is a sort of early Renaissance which entirely shuts out the idea of columns and pilasters—features which certainly add dignity to long lines of buildings without detracting from their simplicity. That extreme simplicity is secured in this style, there can be no question; but the severity of the character produces the effect of bareness as well. The adoption of a different style in a building of such vast extent might, however, involve very considerable additional outlay, and this in itself is no unimportant consideration, as the cost of the building and its fittings, when completed, will probably run up to nearly a million dollars.

Right across the corridor, when the great entrance hall has been passed through, will be found the chapel of the Seminary. Here the architecture which may be disappointing outside will entirely justify its adoption by the uses to which it can be put within. There is no style, in the judgment of critics, better or so well adapted for interior embellishment as this early Renaissance, and this advantage will be fully utilized in the decoration of this portion of the structure—the only one, after all, which needs any decoration, if we go on the architectural formula that the building must always harmonize externally with the purpose which it is erected to subserve.

Although the new Seminary may be regarded in its entirety as a memorial of the labor and generosity of Archbishop Corrigan and his flock, the chapel in especial is the Archbishop's monument. It is he who has furnished the funds for this portion of the edifice, and over its erection and embellishment he has exercised a loving supervision.

Only the outer shell of the chapel had arisen when we beheld the building, and all that could be noted was its ample size and the gracefulness of its lines and its rows of fine windows; but enough was visible to show that in this building the ancient maxim of the architects would be respected. Externally it bears every distinctive mark pertaining to a temple of God; in time the hand of the artist and the sculptor will make these now rugged and bare walls and pillars and ceiling glow and shape themselves into lines of beauty and forms of life such as made

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the psalmist exclaim, "Lord, I have loved the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth!" It is not his own home, but the home wherein his Master resides, that the priest of God desires to see enriched by the hand of art.

In the disposition of the interior the Seminary will show that those who planned its details made ample provision for air and space and light. The loftiness and width of the corridors and the ample size of the rooms strike the visitor immediately as remarkable. The corridors run the entire length of the main parallelogram and then branch off without break into the wings. A walk through them all is in itself no trifling pedestrian feat, so that in inclement weather there need be no apprehension on the score of means of exercise. The entire extent of the ground-floor is to be occupied by the lecture-halls, reception parlors, public rooms, refectory, and kitchen. It will besides give space for recreation rooms, a gymnasium, and other suitable apartments. A cloistered court-yard, which will be tastefully laid out with fountain and parterres, will afford a sheltered recreation ground in the warmer days.

On one of the upper floors of the building will be found the accommodation necessary for the library of the Seminary; and the quarters of the professors will be near this. The laboratory will be near the lecture-halls on the ground-floor.

Every precaution which human ingenuity can devise has been taken to insure the safety of the new building. Nearly all the materials used in its construction are absolutely fire-proof, while the boiler-house for the heating of the structure will be detached. Wood has been used in the building as sparingly as possible—chiefly in the flooring. Even the partition walls in the dormitories, and indeed throughout the whole seminary, are of brick. Besides these precautions, care has been taken to have a copious water-supply always available, in suitable tanks and reservoirs. The modern large building, with its iron girder-work and its substitution of brick-work where wood was formerly used, gives little chance for the spreading of fire wherever it breaks out; in this case the danger has been reduced, through the adoption of every known safeguard, down to its lowest decimal.

It will be noted by the visitor that the outer walls of the Seminary are of granite. By a singular piece of good fortune a quarry of this valuable stone, of an extremely fine quality, was found on the land when it was acquired, and from this quarry the solid masonry of the Seminary has been supplied. There is

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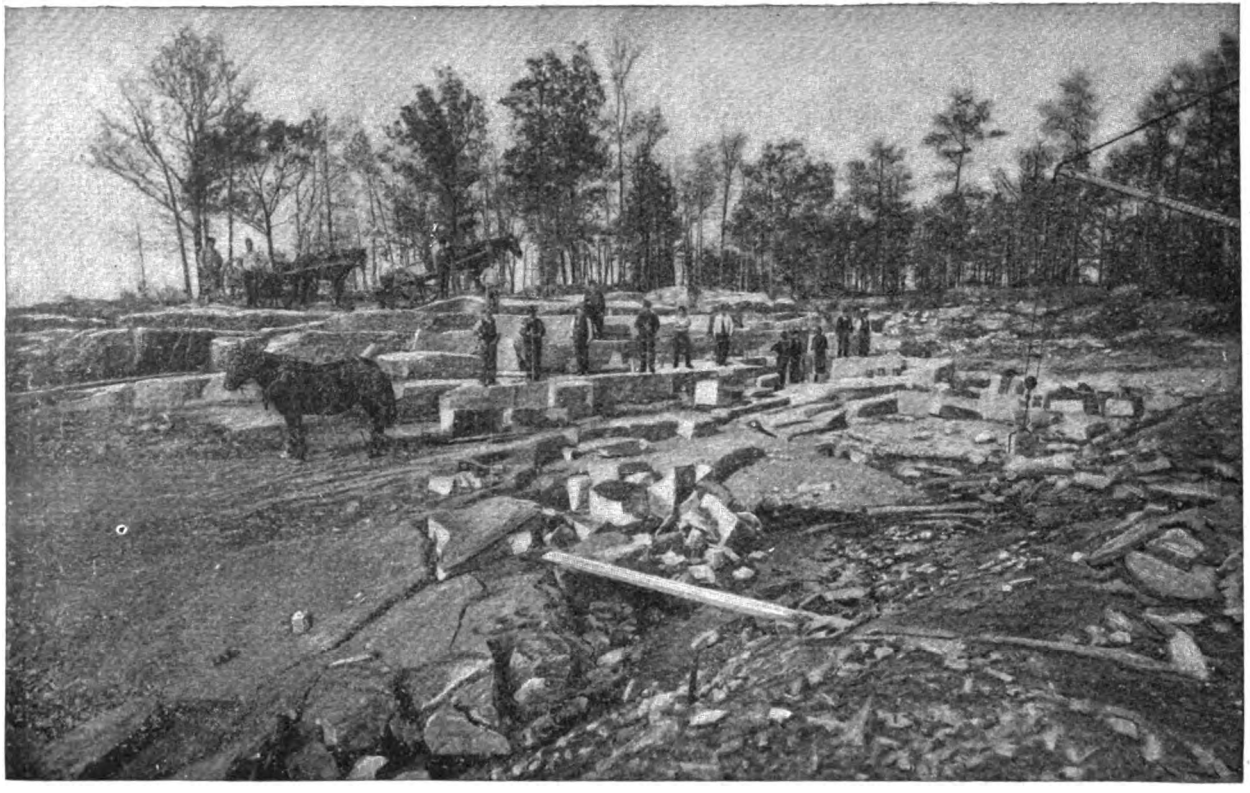

By a Piece of good Fortune a good Quarry was found on the Land.

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something peculiarly appropriate in the utilization of this proverbially durable material, imperishable as the truths which this institution is set up to teach. It is to be hoped, too, that it may be an augury for the permanency of it in its new abode on Valentine Hill.

When completed the new Seminary will form a commanding feature in suburban development. It will be a fair sight for Catholic eyes to rest upon. It is in some respects a type of the antique church whose faith it is destined to promulgate. It is built on a rock, and it stands erect in the face of earth and heaven. It looks toward the East, where that church had its beginning; the sun of the West, as he sinks in grandeur away behind the line of the Palisades, smiles a welcome upon its stately brow, which glistens like a tiara of rubies in his fervid light, and seems to say, *Esto perpetua!*

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ADIRONDACK SKETCHES.—I.

BY WALTER LECKY.

"But think ye nae my heart was sair
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair?
Think ye nae my heart was wae
When turned about away to gae?"

COUNTRY doctor leads a strange life; that is a saying of one of them. His life is one of sacrifice." Those words I wrote in my diary long ago, before these wild hills became my friends. It is an opinion of mine that to enjoy Nature you must be on speaking terms with her. Toby, my good gray nag, seems to know this. No sooner does he come to a lovely snatch of scenery than his usual quick jog becomes a sedate walk. A friend of mine called Toby a brute; it was strange on my part to resent it—why I could not explain. Perhaps I was thinking of Toby being able to feast his eyes on nature, while so many men, so far removed from the brute—I follow the moralists—would find in these same scenes nothing to delight. When I was a younger man I had written, as I have said, that a doctor's life was one of sacrifice; now that I have passed the fifties, I see no reason to change that entry in my diary. My life has been a hard one, full of peril. Our little village lies in these mountains isolated from railways—"which means," said a New-Yorker, Dr. Jenks, "from civilization." The nearest town lies twenty miles to the south, and that by a narrow mountain road. In winter this road is snow-bound, and Snipeville—for that is the name of our village—settles down to cut logs: some logs, such as spruce and balsam, for Dixon's pulp-mill; others for Parker's saw-mill. The village store has been well supplied in the autumn with teas, sugars, coffees, and canned fruits, so there is no want of what we call here the luxuries of life. Every family has killed its fat hog and salted him, filled the cellar with potatoes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, a few beets, and stacked the yard with piles of fuel. We are poor, it is true, but our poverty is of a different sort from that felt by the toilers in the city. Jamsey Duquette sold his farm three years ago and went east. He was glad to come back to

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the mountains. "Doctor," says he, "when you have to buy everything, even the water, and live in three rooms not as big as a hencoop, and never see a hill, or bit of grass, or anything that you were brought up to, you get your senses back and

"A COUNTRY DOCTOR LEADS A STRANGE LIFE."

long to see Snipeville." I had this thought of Jamsey's in my mind when Toby passed Slippery Creek, as he rounded Owl's Head. As was his wont, he became sedate. I lay back in my sleigh, cosy in my furs, chatting with the snow-crowned hills and the frozen Salmon River. Now and then that inner Me, one

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of the most loving of companions, suggested that if my life was hard the pleasure of such scenes as lay before me, and the robust health to enjoy them, more than repaid the sacrifice.

From behind a few straggling choke-cherry bushes came a wild, plaintive laugh. Toby stopped. William Buttons, of Squidville, avows that my horse knows when some one needs my service. It is the old story: if a man or brute shows some signs of intelligence more than the ordinary our imagination supplies the supernatural.

"Who's there?" And I peered into the cherries. "It's me, doctor," she answered; and crazed Jenny Sauvé jumped from her hiding-place, patted Toby's head, gave him a few dried brown leaves to eat, and then seated herself beside me.

"Jenny's a good girl to-day?" Jenny shook her head.

"Where was Jenny going?"

Another wild, plaintive laugh. "Jenny was a pretty girl." The handsome face, with the strange, fiery, wandering blue eyes, curved in suppressed laughter. It has always been a strange thing to me, the pleasure that idiots take in being praised. This reminds me that more than twenty years ago I prepared a paper on the "Sensibility of Idiots to Flattery." I read it to Jenks; he laughed at it, called it unscientific. Jenks is a New York specialist, which means unbounded egotism, linked with scepticism of other men's works.

"Will I drive Jenny to the store?"

"No, no, doctor; go to Skinny Benoit's. Skinny is sick."

"Very bad, Jenny?"

"She cry much; one tooth"; and laughing, Jenny, opening her mouth, beat time on her pearly teeth with the long nail of her index finger. Here I admit that I am no specialist, to use a phrase of Blind Cagy's. I am an all-round man. Tooth-pulling is one of my arts, and it was easy to see, by Jenny, that my service as a dentist was required at Skinny Benoit's. I gave Jenny a few pennies and told her to sing me a song. She clutched the coins in her right hand, hiding them in the folds of her bare-worn calico gown, while she used the left hand to brush back the long, unkempt, vagrant yellow curls, tossed to and fro by the sharp, snappy breeze. A quick shake of the head, like a high-bred horse setting out to win, and she sang in a jerky, sad way:

"J'ai vu la fille du meunier
Comme est belle?

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Avec son bonnet de dentelle
Qui voltige au vent printanier
J'ai vu la fille du meunier,
La belle fille
Au gai
Au gai
Chantait le long de la charmille."

I turned Toby's head and took the narrow wood road that leads to Skinny's.

CHAPTER II.

Henriette Benoit—better known as Skinny on account of her emaciated form—lived in a little maple-grove that yielded enough syrup to smear her morning buckwheat cakes. The house was a log one, the usual kind to be met with in these mountains. Before the door lay a few half-rotten logs, with an axe carelessly stuck in the butt-end of one of them. I drove to the rickety door, that had been years ago smeared with common red paint, and jumped from the sleigh. Jenny, with the grace and ease of a fawn, had preceded me, and while I tied Toby to the half-rotten logs she threw affectionately over his shoulders my big buffalo-robe, and went in search of dry leaves, the only dish the poor thing was able to procure for him. I pulled the latch-string and entered Skinny's house. There is no ceremony, no "bowing and scraping," to use a phrase of William Buttons, about a country doctor. The women folks are always glad to see him, either on account of present or impending ills.

Skinny sat near the stove, with a huge towel tightly drawn around her head. As she rocked herself on her rickety chair she muttered "Ah me! ah mi! ah mo!" ending in a long-drawn sigh. This reminded me that I had written in the medical paper, tabooed by Jenks as unscientific, "that a great deal of sorrow escapes by way of music."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Benoit?" I asked, and put my medical chest on the plain deal table, littered with dishes and broken crockery that Jenny had got from the neighbors.

"Take a seat, doctor, and warm yourself; it's blustering out"; and Skinny rose from the only chair she possessed, and sat on a low stool. The chair, stool, and rough deal table were the only furniture that she owned. For a bed she had placed some oat-straw in one corner of the cabin. On this

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was thrown a worn mattress of dried shavings, a few old quilts, whose faded colors told of long-gone splendor, and a threadbare spread. Despite the scanty furnishings of her home, there was about it an air of neatness and cleanliness.

On the walls were hung a few religious pictures, gotten from a Jewish pedlar in exchange for maple syrup, and a large framed picture of a country store in Canada, with a young man and woman standing in the door full of smiles and happiness. It required some effort to believe that that fair young bride was no other than the towelled Skinny. "Fact is a harder pill to swallow than fiction," is the truest thing that Buttons spat out.

"You're a great one, Granny Benoit, to make such a fuss about a stump."

I opened my chest. Skinny took no notice of my banter, but slowly unfolded the towel from her head; this done she pityingly glanced at me with her little bloodshot eyes, and in evident pain opened her mouth. I held the forceps in my right hand, behind my back, while I curved my left, making a rest of it for her old white head.

"Take the chair; sit higher and lean back your head in my arm, granny."

"Anything you say, doctor," said Skinny, following my commands. A look into the mouth was sufficient to reveal the cause of her pain. The one tooth—the only reminder left of the pearly row so prominent in the framed picture—had got to go. To use one of our mountain phrases, "For years it had stood there alone, like a burnt pine log in a bit of cleared land."

"Are you ready, granny?"

"No, doctor, not yet; let me see him before you pull him—he's the last," and a tear wriggled down, winding its way through the brown drooping wrinkles of her face.

Skinny rose from the chair, pulled out the table-drawer and brought out a broken looking-glass. She opened her mouth and gazed long and wistfully at the solitary stump, the cause of all her woe. I leaned against the rickety chair and this thought, which I intend to put in my diary as soon as I go home, came: "Man's a queer animal wedded to his infirmities."

"I'm ready now, doctor," and Skinny was in her old position. "The poor fellow has got to go," said granny, "and the sooner the better. I won't flinch an inch, doctor; but for heaven's sake don't break it, do your job thorough."

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I nodded assent—a quick jerk and the decayed stump, the last bit of her beauty, as Skinny called it, lay in the palm of her hand. A sad smile hovered over her face as the gaunt fingers lovingly rolled it in a gingham rag and put it away in a little wallet that she carried in her bosom.

"Faith, granny," said I as I wiped my fingers with a piece of batten, "you think more of your enemies than I would. You take them to your heart." Skinny made a feint to smile. Looking up at the framed picture, "I once was proud of these same teeth," said she, "and of this old face. God forgive my vanity! That was long ago in the days of the framed picture. I was not a bad-looking girl either, if I do say it, ugly as I am now; but what's the use of filling strangers' ears with the things that made Skinny as she is?" She buried her head in her towel and was silent.

It seems to me that gossip is half the life of a country physician. I know it is the fashion of writers to hurl hard names against gossip; but take it out of life, and surely then life is not worth living. The philosophers have been great gossippers; that, by the way, is worthy of my diary. I like to gossip. Open confessions, says the moralist, are good for the soul. My curiosity was excited, my appetite whetted by granny's words and way. It was not for nothing that she burrowed in the towel. I had extracted granny's tooth. Could I not extract through gossip the story of her early life, and know something of the framed picture?

The neighbors had declared that granny came to the log-cabin years ago, when the crazy girl was but a baby; from where she was never known to tell. I pulled the stool nearer the stove, and sat down by Skinny's side.

"Will I get cold without that towel?" said Skinny.

"No, granny; the old stump drawn, all will be well."

"Ay, the old stump," muttered Skinny, as she told me unasked the story of the framed picture—the story of a life.

It may be a weakness of mine to listen to my neighbors' business, but it is one that has given me much pleasure. Women are as supple as ivy-plants, is a mountain saying. They want to lean on something. There is no oak like a sympathetic listener. Skinny's tale was full of interest to me, and I take it for granted that there are a large class in this world with the same kind of feeling as a country doctor. To them I will owe no apology for telling the tale, and that in Skinny's homely way.

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"My father came from Lyons," said she, resting her head on the shut knuckles of the left hand, "and settled in Montreal. He had not been long in that city when he fell in love, and married the Widow Le May, that kept the baker-shop in Notre Dame Street. Madame Le May's first-born was me," and Skinny laughed a little broken, sorrow-fringed laugh. "She was the woman for you, doctor; she could bake more bread than half a dozen men. You don't believe it; *mais c'est vrai.* A few weeks after my birth she died." Her voice was tremulous, and tears ran down her crumpled face. "I often shut my eyes and think I see the kind of a woman my mother was. She had long black hair—that I am sure—and her eyes, they were as bright as coals, but black, black. Her mouth was small, and

"SOME LOGS, SUCH AS SPRUCE AND BALSAM, FOR DIXON'S PULP-MILL."

her cheeks as round and 'fat as a plum.' I described her one day to my father. 'Mon Dieu, Henriette! it's your mother. She must be hovering round you like a butterfly; she did like you uncommon well.' After poor mother's death my father, who was a dancing master and could make nothing out of the baking, sold it, and opened a little school of dancing on St. Catherine Street. Here I remained until my sixteenth year, when the life-struggle became too great for my father. One day, it seems like yesterday, I was standing over the tub washing some shirts for him (he was always particular about his linen), when a young man opened the door and handed me a letter. I laid it on the dresser-shelf, thinking it meant a new pupil.

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"As soon as father entered I gave him the letter. He slowly read it, spelling out the words, and hung down his head.

"'Are you sick, father?' I asked.

"'Not sick, but tired, Henriette.'

"I thought I saw a tear run down his cheeks.

"'You are crying, father'; and I dropped on his knee, put my arm about his neck, and we both cried.

"'Henriette,' said my father, drying his tears, 'you are a foolish child; you must not cry; we may be happy yet.'

"'You are not happy now, father—I know you're not'; and I pressed his old gray head to my bosom.

"'No, not happy,' he said; his voice was like his own old fiddle when a couple of strings were broken, 'and you may as well know the cause. My little school has been shut for the last year. I could find no pupils; the sacred art of dancing is dead in Montreal. A fellow called Fournier teaches what he calls a complete course in six lessons. No one wants to study and know a thing thorough in these times, so all my pupils have gone to Fournier. Whenever I seek a pupil madame says: 'M. Bourbonnais, you are too old and stiff to teach mam'selle.'

"'Mon Dieu, Henriette, it maddens me—Bourbonnais, that taught in the châteaux of the Faubourg St. Germain; Bourbonnais—that danced before the empress and was complimented by Taglioni.' He jumped from his seat, and, crumpling the letter in a solid piece, threw it into the fire, and stood there watching it burn.

"'What have you been doing, father?' I said; and I pulled down his head and kissed him.

"'Doing, Henriette? Earning a poor living for all that is left to me in this world—that's you, dear. A poor living indeed, but working hard for it. Every morning before you were awake I took my fiddle, kissed you, dropped a tear on your pretty face, and went out fasting to earn our poor breakfast.

"'I went into the back streets, where I was unknown, and danced and played for a sou.'

"'Some, the poorest, were glad to see Henri Bourbonnais. If they could not give him money, they gave food, which I carried home in the pillow-slip that I sewed one night, while you were asleep, in the inside of my old threadbare coat. The rich passed me by in scorn. Not a few jibed me and made fun of my music, and laughed at my dance. Ah, Henriette, it is so easy to make fun of the unfortunate! Every noon I came home smiling, lest you might guess the truth, but sad of heart. On my way

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I visited a little church, attracted by its flickering little altar-lamp. The lamp seemed always to be going out, yet managed to live on; it was so like your old father for the last twelve months. In that little church, to the right-hand side of its main altar, you can see in yellow letters: 'Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you?' I have knelt for hours before those yellow letters, saying, I am heavy laden; and asking God to keep his promise. Will he do so? My poor old shoulders ache. Fiddling and dancing will soon be beyond me, and then, Henriette—'

"His voice broke in pieces; a big clump of sorrow choked him. I turned away my head; I could not speak.

"'Give me my fiddle, child; if we speak your old father will act silly about these things, and you will ruin your pretty face with tears. Let the fiddle do the talking.'

"The tune he played was one my mother taught him; it is pretty common in Canada with the Scotch. The best I can remember, they call it 'Highland Mary.' Big Donald McKinnon said it was written by one of his father's chums. He must have been smarter than Donald, or his father either, to have picked out of his head such a sweet song. My father liked the tune on account of mother. He used to say he had lost everything belonging to her but that bit of a tune. When he finished I took his fiddle and put it in the old green baize bag—my first piece of needle-work. I have that fiddle yet, doctor, and I would starve rather than part with it.

"He leaned his head on the chair-back and drew a long, broken, heavy sigh. Tears ran down my cheeks as I gazed on his pinched and worn old face. The old clock that he called *Willy-Wag-tail* was the only thing I could hear in the house, and its tick was as loud as the stroke of a hammer. I became afraid and ran to my father. I tried to kiss him, but his face was freezing cold. I spoke to him. I watched his mouth for an answer. Everything was so quiet except the clock. 'God!' I cried, 'you keep your promises—my father is dead!'

"I must then have fallen to the floor. The first thing I remember was a feeling of strange pains, like the jags of a thousand needles plastered over my body. I tried to raise myself; I could not. Then, with all my strength, I tried to turn on my side, thinking to shake off the pains. Strength, did I say?—I had none; and so I lay like a log. Now and then I could hear a voice, a sweet voice, telling me to open my eyes, and I

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could feel a soft hand pressing my cheek. The hand moved to my burning eyes, and I felt something soft, cooling, strengthening falling into them, something loosening the eyelids, putting out the fire and bidding me see. How strange was that seeing! It was as if I had been dead for years, and suddenly awoke. I was in a large room full of little white beds, in every one of which was a woman. Some were as young as me, others younger, some middle-aged, many old. What were they doing here? For by the light that fell on my bed, through the big red-curtained window, I knew it was mid-day. I tried to speak; I could not. I wanted to say one word: 'Father.' My mouth moved, but no sound came to my ear.

"HENRIETTE AND I ARE ENGAGED."

"Dazed, full of fear that I was mad, I shut my eyes, and again I felt the soft pressure of that hand on my cheek. I opened my eyes. Leaning over the head of my bed was a sweet face, with a big white frame around it, like the wings of a bird. I knew by the voice it was living, and that I was not mad. 'Henriette,' it said, 'do not fear, I am only Sister Marie. You are in the Hôtel Dieu. I will take the best of care of you until you are better.' Ah, doctor! when you're sick there's no music like a kind woman's tongue. The voice of Sister Marie was worth the full of your sleigh of pills and medicine. It gave me strength then and there to turn on my side, and it thawed my tongue. I was astonished at my own speaking, it was so strong and my tongue was so easy.

"'Where is my father?' was the first question. The sister bent down her head, and in a soft way whispered in my ear, 'At rest, child'; then, turning her head, 'Yes, my old master,

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Henri Bourbonnais, good old soul, lies in Mount Royal. It is a trial, Henriette, the first mile-stone of sorrow in your life.; but accept it. It is the hand of the Lord.' My eyes filled with tears; the sister faded away like a bit of chimney smoke. I saw an old man surrounded by a noisy crowd of boys, jeering and laughing at his threadbare coat. He played a fiddle and attempted a dance to its music. A window opened, a sunburnt hand tossed him a sou; he painfully stooped and picked it out of the mud, bowed his old white head and muttered 'Merci, madame'; passing to another door. I followed him from door to door, from street to street, until he entered a little chapel and I heard him cry his burden was heavy. A white figure passed and touched his forehead. The little chapel faded from view. I opened my eyes. I heard a voice saying, 'The Lord keeps his promises.' It was that of Sister Marie.

"'To be left so young, and no friends, sister.'

"'The Lord giveth and taketh as is his will,' said she; 'happy are they who submit.'

"'Happy, Sister Marie?' And I closed my weary eyes in sleep."

CHAPTER III.

"St. Henri is a little town a few miles outside of Montreal." The very name brought tears to granny's eyes. Her story was gaining in interest. I threw a big pine log on the smouldering coals, while Skinny continued:

"Doctor, you don't know how much I love that little town. As soon as I was well the sisters found me a place there with a family called Cartier. It was so lonely at first that I wanted to die and be with father. One day Dr. Cartier sent me to Napoleon La Flammes' for a loaf of bread. Napoleon kept his little shop a few doors distant. It was a neat little place, and Napoleon, if I do say it, was such a *bon garçon*. Look at his picture, doctor, beside me. It's as like him as two peas on the one bush. My picture has changed for the worse.

"When I went into his shop he was all smiles. He left half a dozen of his customers waiting and came to me. '*Comment se vous, Mam'selle Bourbonnais*,' he said; and then I saw all the customers winking and shaking their heads. I would have cried then had not Jenny Lavoie said to Victoria Borsu, 'I don't see what Napoleon sees in that black thing.' That was me. After that I was mad, and made up my mind to spite them.

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'I am very well, Mr. Napoleon La Flammes,' said I; 'and how be yourself?' 'Between fairly and middling,' said he, 'Mam'selle Bourbonnais'; and he wrapped my loaf in white paper, that was the best kind he had in the store, and tied it with a red string.

"'That will hold, I'll warrant you, Mam'selle Bourbonnais.' I took my loaf and went out. Victoria and Jenny made faces at me; even Mrs. Chapuis, that lives next door to Cartiers and goes to church every morning, called me Montreal *boue*. When I was on the front step I could hear Napoleon saying, 'Girls, she's a rattler.' I was so proud that I let the loaf fall on the ground. Only for the red string and the white paper, the loaf would have been destroyed outright. Dr. Cartier was a little bit of a man, always scolding about things that did not concern him. Mrs. Cartier was a big, raw-boned woman, that spent her time lying on a sofa reading novels—that kind of books with yellow covers. I was to do all the house-work, besides washing two dirty-looking dogs, Gyp and Fan, in the suds every Saturday. One Saturday I put Gyp in the tub and turned the kettle-spout on his back. I reckon it was a little warm, for he did what he never done before—jumped from the tub yelling like a scalded young one, and ran to Mrs. Cartier, spotting all her book, as she said, with dirty water. My mistress called the doctor and told him that I had warmed Gyp up to boiling. Then, shaking her finger at me and turning to her husband, she said, 'Love, attend to that asylum girl; this book is so interesting.' The doctor ran at me like a bear, danced all around me, called me hard names, threatened me with prison, and ended by slapping my face. As soon as he left the kitchen I took my hat and went down to Napoleon's shop. There was nobody in but Napoleon. As soon as I saw him I began to cry and wish myself dead.

"'Henriette,' said Napoleon, fixing me a seat on a cracker-barrel and sitting down by my side, 'these Cartiers are a low set. They sprung from nothing, as you can easy see. They have killed a dozen girls, and they'll kill you if you don't get out. Now, I'm lonely. I have a good store, five hundred dollars in bank, two cows and a year-old heifer, all in tip-top condition. I have a home, you're out of a home; let us strike a bargain. If you're in it, let me kiss you to seal it'; and he stretched his neck under my mouth.

"I do not know how it happened, but law me, doctor, what a

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powerful kiss Napoleon gave me! 'My brand is on you now,' says he, 'and you need have no fear for the Cartiers.'

"Just then Jenny Lavoie came in with a terrible face on her. 'Shake,' says Napoleon; 'Henriette and I are engaged. Take a bid to the wedding.' Jenny walked up to me and kissed me, whispering in my ear that it was her that put Napoleon's mind on me, as just the thing he wanted. You don't know, doctor, how much deceit and lying there is in Canada. The wedding was a grand affair. Everybody was asked and everybody came. It lasted three days, with a new fiddler every night. That first year was all joy, doctor." And Skinny, possibly comparing it with the gloomy years that followed it, used the towel on her reeking, bloodshot eyes.

"They say that every calm calls a storm; it was so with me," continued Skinny. "About a year after the birth of my son Frank there came what Napoleon called a crash. Money left the country all at once, and Napoleon's books were filled with trust. The best farmers had not a sou. On an evil day Napoleon received a letter from James Weeks—him that runs the Eagle's Nest in Squidville. The prospects, wrote Jim, are on the ups, and a good thing might be made by logging it on the Salmon River. So Napoleon sold his little shop—that's the picture of it that's framed—and came to Squidville. Work was scarce that winter, so in the next fall Napoleon went to guiding."

Her voice was low, passion-tossed, and tremulous. "Jim Weeks got him a party from New York; their name was Jenks. There was in that party Dr. Jenks, his wife, and his son—a young man of twenty-three or thereabouts."

Tears were flowing freely from granny's eyes.

"The first day's hunt was started in the direction of Mud Pond, Blind Cagy putting out the dogs, as he knew the lie of the country better than Napoleon. At the burnt hill Cagy came on a doe and two fawns. The dogs tracked the fawns; and you know how fawns fool a dog, scooting here and there; so Napoleon, thinking to help the dogs a bit, crept through the brush, keeping his eye peeled, as Cagy said, for the old one, that was pretty nigh the youngsters. Young Jenks, who was watching one of the runways, saw him, and, having no learning about hunting, thought he was a deer. He took aim and fired, killing poor Napoleon on the spot.

"That's what there is to that picture, doctor."

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Just then laughing Jenny came in singing:

"Monsieur d'Marlbrook est mort,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Monsieur d'Marlbrook est mort,
Est mort et entérre."

"What about Jenny?" I asked.

Skinny was wiping her eyes with the towel. Looking out on the coming darkness, in a broken way she muttered:

"The night's a bad one; the wind is up, and there may be a drift; besides Toby has the shivers. Go home, doctor; that's another story to be told some other day."

"Come, Jenny," said Skinny, turning to the child, "the big black dog is out; get to bed, or he'll eat you up."

The sweet voice was silent; the mirth had flown. Crouched in a corner, with wild glittering eyes and painful face, was Jenny Sauvé.

I went out, jumped into my cutter, wrapped myself in fur, and away went Toby.

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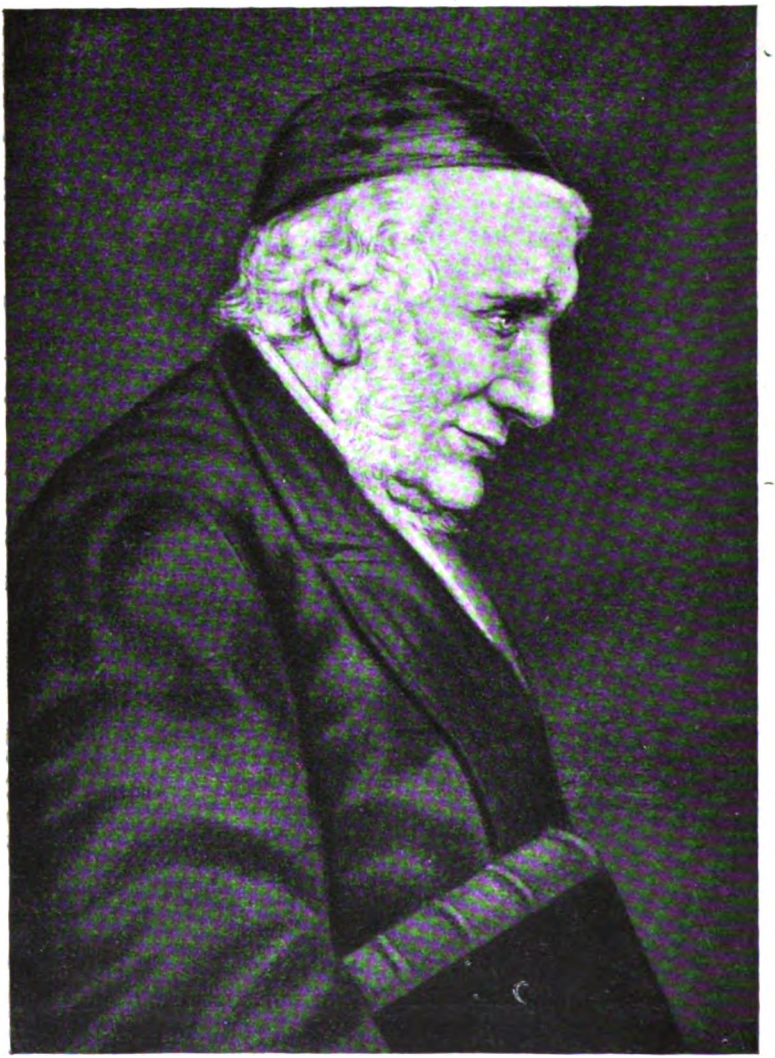

THE REV. EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D.

From a Portrait by Miss Rose Corder.

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THE GREATEST RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE CENTURY.*

DR. PUSEY'S life by Canon Liddon will form, when finished, the most complete record of the greatest religious movement of the present century. The importance of the Oxford movement and the interest still felt in it are shown by the large number of works which have recently appeared, and which throw light upon it from various stand-points. Not to mention the *Apologia* of Cardinal Newman, to which the revival of this interest is chiefly due, we have had Dean Church's *The Oxford Movement 1833–1845*, the Letters of Cardinal Newman to 1845, the *Autobiography* of Isaac Williams, Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement*, Mr. Lock's recent Life of Keble, and the Memorials of Mr. Serjeant Bellasis. None, however, will compare in completeness with this Life of Pusey, of which two volumes of one thousand pages in all have now been published, and two more are to follow. Canon Liddon devoted the latter years of his own life to the preparation of this work, resigning for that purpose his professorship at Oxford. For some nine years he was thus occupied, and before his labors were concluded death came upon him too. He left his work in a state not, in his judgment, at all fit for publication. All the materials, however, had been fully arranged, and an elaborate first draft up to the year 1856 prepared. The editors have not materially altered the character, the scale, or the plan of the work. These two volumes bring the narrative down to the middle of 1846, about a year after Newman's conversion.

That so much should have been written about a life so barren of mere events as was Dr. Pusey's, shows that Canon Liddon's aim has been thoroughly to explain the causes of the movement with which Dr. Pusey was associated. Of that movement Cardinal Newman is fully recognized as the true author, and for Catholics the main and a melancholy interest in these volumes is found in the explanation they afford or attempt of the method in which, when Newman departed, his companions made themselves able to stay. That so many did in fact re-

* *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey.* By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Edited and prepared for publication by Rev. J. O. Johnston and Rev. Robert J. Wilson. London and New York: Longmans. 1893.

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main behind was due, without doubt, chiefly to the influence of Dr. Pusey, although Keble's efforts contributed in no small degree to the same deplorable result. We do not think that the explanation here given will afford strength to those who have refused to follow to their logical conclusions the principles which gave to the Oxford movement its power and life. While the existing predominance of what is looked upon as Catholic teaching and practice in the Anglican Establishment is really due to Newman, these volumes show that Dr. Pusey had no reason, grounded upon the principles which he shared with Newman in defending, for refusing to follow him into the church, but yielded to a sentiment of misplaced loyalty and affection for the communion in which he had been brought up. However praiseworthy such sentiments may often be, they can never serve as safe rules for the ascertainment of religious truth, and may be, and in fact are, appealed to by the members of every sect as proofs not merely of the divine presence with individuals, but also of the claim of their respective organizations to be at least a part of the church founded by Christ. In fact, this appeal forms the chief bar to the attempts now being made to secure union among the various denominations. They have had evidence of God's working in their own souls, and have seen evidences of the same in the souls of others, through their religious ministrations; from these religious ministrations they have derived support and consolation, and gratitude forbids their abandoning an organization in which they have found such marks of the divine favor. This it is which prevents devout Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists from accepting the claims of the Church of England, and this it was and nothing more which prevented Dr. Pusey from following his master—for such he admitted Dr. Newman to have been—out of what he generally speaks of as "our" church into the Catholic Church. "He has not forsaken us, who, in fruits of holiness, in supernatural workings of his grace, in the deepening of devotion, in the awakening of consciences, in his own manifest acknowledgment of the 'power of the keys,' as vested in our church, shows himself more than ever present with us. These are not simply individual workings. They are too widespread, too manifold." This is what Dr. Pusey wrote immediately after Dr. Newman's reception into the church, to keep himself and others where they were. Dr. Newman had written a few months before: "Why should I believe the most certain and fundamental doctrines of our faith if you cut off from me the ground of development. But if that ground is given me, I

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must go further. I cannot hold precisely what the Church of England holds, and nothing more. [I] cannot take [people] a certain way in a line, and then without assignable reason stop them." But this is what Pusey did, not without an ostensible reason, but for the mere semblance of a reason just given.

How weak such a reason is appears clear from what Catholics hold about the workings of divine grace. No Catholic thinks of limiting its operations to the church. No one believes that God founded his church to be a bar to his own workings outside of her visible limits. On the contrary, we recognize these workings with gratitude and joy—a gratitude and a joy equal to that of those who experience them. But we maintain that they are given to lead up, step by step, to the fulness of grace which dwells in the church. If there is anything in evolution, it is the manner in which it shows that God's works are gradual, step by step leading up from the less perfect to the more perfect—a truth recognized by St. Thomas in its general outlines ages ago, and by Him who said: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." It would be absurd to believe that the supernatural order was formed in an entirely different way to the natural; that the Church of God possessed not merely the fulness of grace, but that outside its visible limits there was simply nothing but vice and iniquity, or at best merely natural virtue. But what we do maintain is that all supernatural workings of grace place one in a line towards the church, and will lead to it—that there is no valid reason to prevent this consummation.

And these volumes fill us with wonder that Dr. Pusey did not see this, and gave no reasonable explanation why he did not see it. For, as Dr. Liddon says, his unswerving love and deference for Newman was so great that he "could not bring himself to allow that Newman was doing wrong," either subjectively or objectively, we presume, when he joined the Roman Church. He looked upon him as a prophet, called by God with a special mission in the Roman Church for its reformation and amendment. What he had done was not indeed to be imitated or followed—that would be wrong. How much is involved in such an admission! The wonder grows from what is shown of Pusey's attitude to the church. To Dr. Hook, who, in the year before Newman's conversion, had written about Newman being "blinded to the soul-destroying errors of the Romish sect," and who called Rome a forerunner of Antichrist, Pusey wrote in strong deprecation of such a view, and declared that "the sects were right in classing 'Popery' and

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what they call 'Puseyism' together. . . . Protestantism is infidel or verging towards it, as a whole . . . The churches and what submits to authority will be on the one side in the end, the sects and private judgment on the other."

To Cardinal (then Archdeacon) Manning, who in a charge had said much that was harsh of the church, Pusey wrote in general commendation of his charge, but asked, "Is there quite enough love of the Roman Church? . . . I desiderate more love to Rome." In a letter to the Rev. B. Harrison, written within a month of Newman's conversion, the feelings of Dr. Pusey towards Rome and towards his own church are expressed still more clearly. Mr. Harrison had written to him suggesting that it would be an opportune time for making a pronouncement against Rome, and it is understood that the suggestion really came from the Archbishop of Canterbury. To his honor Dr. Pusey replied that he could not.

"I cannot any more take the negative ground against Rome. I can only remain neutral. I have, indeed, for some time left off alleging grounds against Rome, and whether you think it right or wrong, I am sure it is of no use to persons who are really in any risk of leaving us. I should say that their difficulty is two-fold: the weight of Roman authority as supported by miracles, by the high life of her saints; the tendency of prophecy both as to the visible unity of the church and the eminence of St. Peter (interpreted as it is, of old, of the See of Rome); their oneness in all great points of doctrine, the depth of their spiritual system, their greater zeal and success in missions, the superior devotion and instruction of the poor, their greater fervor, the greater love and devotion in their spiritual writings. On the other hand are our numberless divisions, the plague of division following us everywhere; the direct and unrebuked denial of fundamental truths of the faith, the toleration of all heresy, while truth has been impugned by different authorities in the church, and no one protested against it; our fraternizing with Protestants, the tone of our Articles, our proud contempt of everybody except ourselves, and the hatred of Rome so general among us. . . . Again, there is the want of individual guidance, the infrequency of services and communions, the continual denial of truths they hold by the very ministers who teach them or by our bishops, the difficulty of knowing what is truth." Then referring to their succession and to the workings of God in the Establishment as being the considerations which held him in his place, Dr. Pusey proceeds to make the following remarkable declaration: "I can do nothing

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to reassure people in the way you speak of. I am afraid lest I fight against God. From much reading of Roman books I am so much impressed with the superiority of their teaching; and again, in some respects, I see things in Antiquity which I did not (especially I cannot deny some purifying system in the intermediate state, nor the lawfulness of some invocation of saints), that I dare not speak against things. I can only remain in a state of abeyance, holding what I see and not denying what I do not see. I should say that wherein I have changed it has been through Antiquity."

We have made this long quotation in order to show how near Pusey was to the church at this time when the call to enter it was, perhaps, the clearest he ever received. The judgment of the Establishment as it was in 1845, which Pusey passed, or which he could not combat, remains substantially true of it in 1893. While not denying that there exists at the present time very great activity and zeal and devotion among its members; that vast sums have been expended in church building and church restoration; that among the clergy, at all events, the High-Church doctrines and Ritualistic practices have spread; that services and communions have become more frequent; that colonial and even extra-colonial bishoprics have increased and multiplied, the character of the Church of England remains unchanged. Let any one read the account of the recent meeting of the Church Congress at Birmingham, and he will see how true this is. There he will see how the Eucharistic Sacrifice, which the president of the Church Union declared to be the life of the soul, is declared by the representative of the Church Association to involve a condonation of idolatry pure and simple. While one speaker wishes to strengthen the church by increasing the power of the clergy, another finds the only hope of doing so in giving to the people as a people a share in the government. While the episcopate is, in Mr. Gore's opinion, the divinely appointed form of the church, and one of the means by which the scattered sects are to be brought to unity, the Episcopal president of the congress declares that in no authorized formula of the church is episcopacy declared to be of absolute necessity, and justifies its maintenance only on the ground of proved success.

These are but specimens of divergent and opposed teachings which might be largely multiplied, and which exist upon even more important points, such as the inspiration of Holy Scripture and future punishment. Enough has been said, however, to show that as things were when Dr. Pusey wrote this

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letter—nearly fifty years ago—so they are now. Nay, even in the eyes of friends of the Establishment, the state of things is worse now than ever it was. "Our divisions," the Bishop of Liverpool said a few weeks ago, "in the present day appear far more serious than any we have ever had to face in the Established Church since the era of the Reformation, and to threaten very dangerous consequences. Causes of difference, which at one time only existed in solution, are now crystallized and solidified. The gulf between opposing schools of thought seems wider and deeper. It is impossible to repress the anxious thought, 'What will the end of these things be?'" Few things are clearer than the fact that if private judgment is as wrong as Dr. Pusey says it is, the members of the Establishment have great reason for anxiety, for how can they ascertain the teachings of their church except by its exercise? What else have they as their guide? Nay, more: in what other body of Christians is its power so absolute? In fact, if Catholic doctrines are held, it is upon Protestant principles.

We have devoted so much space to the attitude taken by Dr. Pusey towards the church on the occasion of Newman's conversion that we are forced to omit even a reference to the numerous most interesting and important matters fully treated of in these volumes. It would take many articles to exhaust the subject, for the religious life of the century in one or another form comes under review. We must be content with indicating the religious influences under which Dr. Pusey's youth and early manhood were spent until his ordination, these being the less known parts of his life.

Dr. Pusey was on both his father's and his mother's side of noble birth, and therefore belonged to a class farther removed than it is easy for us in this country to realize from the great middle class which makes up the English nation. His father was a Tory of so vehement a type that he generally placed Whigs and atheists in the same category. He withheld his consent for four years to the marriage of his eldest son with the daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon, because that family was then attached to the Whig party. A more attractive feature in his character was his serious and systematic attention to the wants of the poor; in fact, he made the care of them one of the chief occupations of his life. In religious matters his opinions are not clearly indicated; although he was an admirer of the Evangelicals he seems to have had a distrust of their doctrine of justification by faith. It was upon his mother, however, that Dr. Pusey's early religious education devolved.

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"All that I know about religious truth," Dr. Pusey used to say, "I learned, at least in principle, from my mother." Whether she was High or Low Church we are not told; the staple of her instruction was our Lord's words and acts and the church catechism. Dr. Pusey makes the surprising statement that he learned the doctrine of the Real Presence from her "explanation of the catechism, which she had learned to understand from older clergy." The private school to which he was sent did nothing for his religious convictions, there being, Dr. Liddon says, no energetic recognition of religion as prescribing motives and governing conduct. The same is to be said of the system at Eton, to which he was sent. After leaving Eton he was placed with a private tutor, whose influence, so far as it went, would tend to Latitudinarianism.

While an undergraduate at Oxford disappointed love seems to have been his predominating characteristic, his father having placed a veto on the desire of his son to marry a Miss Barker, and it was not till after nine years that he was able to gratify his wishes. He sought a refuge from his grief in hard work, and thus acquired a habit which he preserved through life. The two men by whom he was most influenced were his tutor, Dr. T. V. Short, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Lloyd, then Regius Professor of Divinity. To the latter was due the impulse which led Pusey to devote himself to the study of Scripture and to its defence from rationalistic attacks. At Lloyd's suggestion he went to Germany in order to make acquaintance on the spot with those who were leading the attack on the Word of God. There he attended the lectures of Eichhorn, Pott, Freytag, and others, and made the acquaintance of Tholuck, Ewald, Neander, Hengenstenberg, and Schleiermacher, to the latter of whom Pusey owed the beginnings of some features of his subsequent devotional life. His visits to the birthplace of Protestantism confirmed him in his determination to study the Old Testament in order to defend England from rationalistic assaults on Scripture, which it was quite unprepared to meet. In all Germany it was thought that the number of professors who contended for the truth of the Gospel as a supernatural revelation supported by miracle was only seventeen. What Dr. Liddon says of Eichhorn was true of the vast majority of the professors: "the religious question 'what after all is true?' would have seemed an impertinent interference with the purely literary and critical question 'what was thought or felt?'" It is interesting to learn that the first work which Pusey undertook in execution of his purpose was a translation of the intro-

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duction to the New Testament written by a professor at the Catholic University of Freiburg. He found himself anticipated, however, by Dr. Wait, and consequently did not proceed with his translation.

Pusey's resolution to devote himself to the defence of Holy Scripture against the attacks of rationalism made it necessary for him to learn Hebrew, and this in its turn led him, in order to get a perfect mastery of that language, to the study of Arabic, Syriac, and the cognate languages. In Hebrew he came to be ranked among the foremost of European scholars. His visit to Germany had largely familiarized him also with the history of modern Protestant speculation on religious subjects.

The direct references to Pusey's opinions on matters of Catholic faith and practice in these early years are few, doubtless, because, like all Protestants, he was living in another world. The references that are made show how long a road he had travelled in order to reach the point attained in 1845 to which we have already referred. His father's extreme Toryism made Pusey a Liberal and he advocated Catholic Emancipation; but as late as 1828 he wrote that Catholics, while they had retained the foundations of the faith and that in their number there were hundreds of thousands of sincere men, had yet fallen as a body into practical idolatry, and that "good works" had a merit ascribed to them which interfered with the merits of Christ. On the other hand, when his brother died, in 1827, Pusey writes to Newman: "Dare one pray for [the departed]? . . . Nothing, I am sure, can be found in Scripture against praying for the dead."

On June 1, 1828, Pusey was ordained deacon by Dr. Lloyd, who had become Bishop of Oxford. Eleven days after he was married.

And here we must leave the reader to learn for himself from Dr. Liddon's volumes the subsequent development of Dr. Pusey's opinions and the course of the Oxford movement. It would be almost an impertinence for us to praise the way in which the work has been done. It is not often that a great man finds a biographer so well fitted to write his life. Dr. Liddon was Pusey's friend and disciple, and any one who is in the least degree familiar with Anglican theological literature knows the place which he holds in it. The one thing to be regretted is that only a small part of the volumes which are to follow will be from his pen.

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DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

By John M. Cooney.

LD Year, thou'rt dying! Fare thee well.
Sweet were the joys thou gavest me;
But will they, when thy latest bell
Shall ring thy parting, go with thee?

Old Year, I feel thou art my friend;
Though not so long, thou knowest me well:
My joys thou knowest, end to end,
And all my sorrows thou canst tell.

Why dost thou leave me, sweet Old Year!
I know my secrets thou wilt keep;
But who, thou gone, shall wish to hear
My laughing joys—my woes that weep?

Another one shall come, Old Year;
May bring new joys and please me well;
But oh! the past to me is dear,
And it is hard to say—farewell.

Old Year, thou goest I know not where;
Thou leavest, but I'll think of thee;
I'll bless for joys that thou didst share,
Nor blame for what thou takest from me.

Old Year, good-by; thou goest now;
Ere long I'll follow thee, and there
Where naught has end, oh! let thy brow
Frown not, but meet me smiling fair.

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THE EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

THE MISSION AT CENTRAL.

HERE we tried the experiment of beginning in the public hall and continuing in the church. It was not a success. We had the Opera House Sunday afternoon full, two-thirds of the six hundred persons present being non-Catholics, and representing the more intelligent classes of this town of four thousand inhabitants. A strong invitation to the other meetings in the church, plenty of publicity otherwise given, the church a gem of architecture, the pastor a public-spirited priest, highly respected by all—everything failed to bring out more than a sprinkling of non-Catholics for the three other lectures given from the Catholic pulpit. They had rather come to a Catholic church "unbeknownst" than at stated invitation. But our one big meeting in the opera house did just so much good. The subject was the church and the republic, and the audience was still as mice throughout. I called at the office of the weekly *Statesman*, and secured a first-rate report of the lecture, as well as a long talk with the editor on vital questions. Just corner a country editor for a half-hour, and you will sift much truth through him to the earnest souls of his three or four thousand Granger subscribers. We also got good notices from the tiny evening paper.

From Central we went to the pretty rural village of

HOMER.

There are two or three Catholic, or half-Catholic, families here among twelve hundred Protestant people. There have been no public shows of any kind in the place for years; the nearest approach being an occasional lecture in one of the three Protestant churches. Hence there is no hall worthy the name.

The Methodists have a large membership, the Presbyterians almost as many, and the Episcopalians cultivate a small "branch." A fairly good hall, with the custom of attending public entertainments, would have given us a fair audience to start with, for our lectures were well advertised. But when

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Patrick and I entered the dirty, badly-lighted "Firemen's Hall," fifteen minutes of the advertised hour, it looked as if I should have to reproduce Dean Swift's "Dearly beloved Roger." But soon a Methodist deacon strayed in, a strong member of the Presbyterian church followed, half a dozen Catholics from the country arrived, some boys and girls tramped in and then tramped out, and so after we had all sat and talked around the old-fashioned wood stove till we were ten minutes late, I ascended the "stage," and, embowered in ridiculously diminutive and very ragged pieces of scenery, opened the proceedings with the "Our Father." We had about thirty present all told.

Next morning we got out an extra dodger, and had copies placed in the stores and houses and on farmers' wagons. The reader will perceive that it is more direct in tone than previous ones:

LECTURES

ON LIVING SUBJECTS BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST,

REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, NEW YORK CITY.

FIREMEN'S HALL, 7:30 P.M.

Friday Eve.—Intemperance: Why I am a Total Abstainer.

Saturday Eve.—What becomes of our dead? The doctrine of heaven and hell.

Sunday Eve.—Can we get along without the Bible?

These subjects, which engage the thoughts of all serious minds, I will treat reasonably, without offence to any, addressing members of all churches, and of none.

I will be glad to answer all questions on moral and religious topics—a query-box being placed at the entrance to the hall. Personal conference invited.

No Controversy! No Abuse! Admission Free!

It had a good effect that evening. I boomed away against drunkenness to the delight of some sixty auditors, the best men of the village, the females being scant in number. I saw a couple of ladies open the door, and, after a disgusted look at our dilapidated room, vanish away. That same night, just as we were ready to start, thirty or forty big Wolverines stamped upstairs and informed us that they must hold their meeting—they *must* do so, as they were the fire company; the law required it. I pleaded and they argued. The result was they bisected the hall by closing the folding-doors, shutting in the stove with them. But the good-natured fellows, with their chief and their "president," soon got through a minimum of routine, adjourned, threw open the doors, and at my solicitation most of

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them remained for the lecture, giving us our first sizable audience. That night, as already said, we had intemperance for our subject, and the cold water as usual started the fires of interest. Saturday night we had what looked like a full audience; Sunday night, though the church members stayed away, we had a hundred persons present, and that meant a good many standers. I was much pleased with my hearers; they were full of intelligence, and totally empty of any knowledge of our religion. The last two nights a few strong-minded women ventured in, over and above the three or four faithful women from the little group of Catholic families six miles northwest. For some reason we attracted the doctors of the place, three being present at one of the meetings.

I boarded at the Commercial House, a temperance hotel and a pleasant resort of "drummers." It was enjoyable to listen to the high politics talked there, not so much with the hope or even desire of aiming at agreement, as of evidencing independence of view and no small variety of sentiment on the present financial crisis. The landlord being an old soldier, we quickly proceeded to an exchange of reminiscences. He is a thoroughly good fellow of the unreligious kind, and charged me only half-price. God bless him, and lead him and his family to the true religion! Amen.

Patrick and I managed to distribute a great amount of literature. Not only did we use leaflets generously, but our zealous pastor furnished us with a couple of dozen copies of *Catholic Belief*. Everything was greedily taken, and will certainly be read.

Patrick by name and American by nature, my factotum combines the Irish and American traits in an enlightened Catholicity—enlightened and most actively zealous. Patrick is the terror of all anti-Catholics in his neighborhood. He talks religion, Granger politics, and crops indiscriminately; knows what he is about on all topics, and has a well-developed appetite for rural ministers. He challenged one of them to mortal controversy in the man's own church, presented himself with an armful of books for reference and for convenience of thumping, and won a victory by his antagonist's default. He lives six miles from the village, but was present with a delegation from the few Catholic families in his vicinity every evening. I used his big family Bible for reference.

Saturday evening after the lecture Patrick drove me out to his home. "Have you any children, Patrick?" I had asked

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him. "Only twelve," he replied. What a lovely home and what a charming family! In came the young lady daughter, a school-teacher in the big town nine miles away, and the married daughter and her husband and baby, and from other families we had about twenty grown persons and a whole troop of children. Sunday morning they heard my Mass and listened to my sermon in Patrick's parlor, most of the adults receiving Communion. Back we came to the village Sunday evening for the last lecture, which was our crowning success.

Nothing of special interest came out of the query box, unless it be that one old deacon asked on a single bit of wrapping-paper for the scriptural authority for transubstantiation, Purgatory, Mass, worshipping images, the sale of indulgences, infallibility of the pope, and celibacy of the clergy. As I was leaving the hall on the last night a gentleman accosted me: "Can you tell me whether it is a law among the Jews to put a headstone on the graves of their dead within a year of the funeral?" I expressed my regret at not knowing. Patrick informed me on our way to his house that the questioner is a dealer in grave-stones, being partner in a marble-yard in the village!

The neighboring country is curiously divided up on religion, there being little societies of Free-will Baptists, Free Methodists, called howling Methodists, Dunkards, or feet-washers, a new denomination of emotionalites calling themselves the Church of God, who are strong in some sections of Indiana, and the assortment of regular Methodists and Baptists usual in country districts.

One of the ministers proclaims it a sacrilege to put up windmills, waving defiance, as he says, against God's right to do as he pleases with the wind. He also condemns fire insurance as a sin of mistrusting God. Remember that this whole section was settled fifty years ago from New England and New York State, and is full of a bright people. Yet such eccentrics get a following for a while, then lose it and move elsewhere, their places being taken by other eccentrics. But why not try this people with the true religion thoroughly and systematically?

Patrick and I discussed the question of a school-house apostolate. It is feasible, and would, if properly persevered in, result in a wonderful spread of the knowledge of Catholic truth among the farmers. Both law and custom give the country school-houses free for the use of lectures and meetings of all kinds, religious and secular. They are often large enough to accommodate a hundred persons, and can be filled nightly by

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wholly non-Catholic audiences if the roads are not very bad and ordinary publicity is given to the lectures. I hope to demonstrate all this before the winter is over.

The expenses at Central and Homer were not great. Apart from the literature, we paid less than three dollars for hall rent, three dollars hotel fare, one dollar and fifty cents railroad fare. Barring our mistake—we must learn by blunders—in using the church at Central the two missions left me full of consolation.

COLLEGEVILLE.

Forebodings about this mission have been turned into joy. We thought that the majority, of six thousand non-Catholics, would ignore us because the town is like a suburb of the big city forty-five minutes distant, and neither curiosity nor fervor of interest in Catholic questions was, we thought, to be expected; and there is no good hall here, a cyclone having within a year destroyed the opera house. But the priest knows how to advertise, as well as how to do everything else, and there is more honest interest in religious matters than we anticipated. The hall we were forced to use seats very nearly six hundred, and every one of the six nights it was filled; the last three we could have filled twelve hundred sittings with non-Catholics alone.

Besides good notices in the evening *Journalette*, we had many hundreds of little bills distributed at the houses. But the two hundred and fifty non-Catholics of our first audience seemed the most efficacious means of advertisement, bringing their friends in plenty the subsequent evenings.

Sunday at High Mass I preached to our people on zeal for souls, and at night on Intemperance and Total Abstinence. Monday evening I opened in the hall with Types of Christian Character, distributing that morning to the public a special announcement of the subject, with a brief synopsis of its divisions. The view taken is the variety of God's providence in shaping men's characters by epochal and racial influences, while maintaining Catholic unity of doctrine, worship, and discipline among all nations, and perpetuity through the ages. The topic was chosen mainly to attract, and succeeded well. The other nights we followed the usual lines with some changes of names, such as Three Infallibilities, Reason, Bible, Church; the Confessional, its origin and object; God and Conscience, etc.

How sorry we were to see our hall nearly half-full of our own people every night. The pastor sent word, through his

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school children, for the Catholics to stay at home, and doubtless many did so. But hundreds of non-Catholics were unable to enter.

My query box was nearly swamped. One evening it took me an entire hour to answer the questions; they were the main interest of each meeting, and took us over the entire Catholic field. They were in many cases sharply put, and often in a spirit more belligerent than inquisitive, and this gave an additional spice of interest. The college is large, having eight hundred pupils, mostly young women, and well equipped with professors. Three of the latter were with us one evening, and I think we had one or two every evening. Towards the end of the six days' course the pupils were well represented, deeply interested, especially in the give and take of the query box. I unwittingly gained a point of much value by refusing to answer one question, which was designed to provoke an attack on the Episcopal Church; I said that I would not answer anything given me with the intention of inducing me to assail any Protestant denomination; I wanted objections to Catholicity, or inquiries about it. This was spread around, appearing in the afternoon paper, and helped the attendance. We distributed a large amount of literature here.

Altogether the pastor and I have been full of gratitude to God for our fine audiences. "It has helped us every way," said he; "it has shown up Catholicity publicly to Protestants, and it has strengthened the faith of the weak-spirited among our own people."

We had to pay eight dollars a night for the hall, and the other expenses will amount in all to twelve or fifteen dollars. The total outlay was almost made up by the pastor asking his people to substitute silver for nickel in the collection the opening Sunday.

Here are a few of the many questions given in. One individual wrote seventeen pages of a question. I remarked in comment that we must draw the line at bound volumes of questions. Of all the questions only two or three were insulting, and but few were frivolous considering the "early disadvantages" of the generality of Protestants. A rank Prohibitionist turned up nearly every night. I was not very sorry, for he gave me a chance to further and further develop the attitude of the church towards saloons as decreed by the Third Plenary Council—a great surprise to Protestants.

If a man disbelieves the inspiration of the Bible and the

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plan of salvation as taught by Catholics, as well as other Christian denominations, will he be lost or go to hell simply for that unbelief?

If Catholics do not attribute divine power to Mary, why do they, in the invocation opening the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, say, "deliver us from all danger"? Would not these words imply the same homage as that paid to God in the close of the Lord's Prayer, "deliver us from evil"?

Why is it said by the priests that Catholics cannot understand the Bible?

Why do priests forgive the sins of a saloon-keeper? Maybe, if this was deprived them, they would discontinue the evil work.

How does saying "Hail Mary" a number of times give an indulgence for sin?—(*Key of Heaven.*)

For what purpose do Catholics count beads?

Why is it that as a rule priests are cleanly shaven and you are not?

Why do you say that no attention should be paid to the words of an ex-priest?

Interrogation Points for Father Elliott.—Why may a priest tell a lie and swear to it to conceal the abominations of auricular confession? (See *Peter Dens*, vol. vi. pp. 22–28; *F. P. Kenrick*, vol. iii. p. 172; *St. Liguori*, vol. vi. p. 276, etc., for proof that the moral (?) theology of the Roman Church authorizes equivocation, mental reservation, to conceal the hidden mysteries and criminal intercourse of auricular confession.) Do you deny that the moral (?) theology of your church so teaches?

WHATNOT.

This is not even a village. There is a little box of a railroad station, some charcoal kilns, a small saw-mill, a Lutheran Church and a German Evangelical one, besides our little St. Joseph's, three small stores, and a busy drinking saloon, together with a score of dwellings. The outside world is reached by farmers' "rigs" and a train called the Plug, in derisive comparison with a slow old horse; a way-station of the most out-of-the-way kind. But do not mistake us. Our Plug brings us the daily papers of the city thirty-odd miles away, and the country is fertile, being reclaimed from the bullfrogs by the country ditch system, all the creeks and brooks for many miles around being man-made.

Less than forty families worship in St. Joseph's Church and are visited once a month by the Collegeville priest. They are

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Germans and Irish and Polaks, all well-to-do farmers. My quarters are next door to the church with a farmer's family, German by race, American by tongue and sentiment, and Catholic every way, a teeming houseful of white-haired children, and John and his wife genial and hospitable, and glad to serve religion and the priest. I said Mass and heard confessions every morning, having quite something to do in a modest missionary way. The saloon is the curse of the place, and drunkenness is common enough, but we have helped the pastor's efforts to overcome the evil. The lecture on intemperance and total abstinence gave the opportunity.

Good preparation had been made for the lectures. I had preached to our people some days before the beginning, and a plentiful supply of dodgers had been given to the non-Catholic farmers of the vicinity. We used the town hall, paying fifty cents a night for lighting and fuel and the services of the janitor, who said to me, "Anything I can do for you, Elder, just let me know." Two hundred was about our audience nightly, and that is pretty nearly all the room accommodates, half, and sometimes two-thirds, being non-Catholics. As usual, the mothers brought their children. On the opening evening one of them, and she a Protestant, sat right before me, with her three little ones slumbering peacefully about her. A loud squawk, followed by the usual attempts at quieting and then by a retreat into the open air, sometimes interrupted the meeting.

My last audience was a brimful town hall, who listened ever so intently to, Why I am a Catholic. Much good literature was circulated, and will be read, together with a yet larger amount in the near future, provision for which the pastor has already made. It was not possible to have music at the meetings, thus increasing the fatigue to the lecturer and the monotony of hearing one and the same speaker each evening.

As this was a wholly rural experience, a few selections from the numerous queries are given as samples of what one may expect from such an audience. With reference to the first one, the reader will understand that I did not say what the questioner said I did, but I gave the usual statement about invincible ignorance as a palliative of guilt.

According to your statement last night, whosoever dies thinking he is all right is saved. Do you think an infidel is saved? They think they are right.

Do you believe in a personal devil; a wholly malignant being, less than God in power and yet capable of assuming all

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forms and appearing almost simultaneously in all parts of the earth?

Do you believe in repenting after death?

Must a person be born again to become a member of the Catholic Church, according to our Saviour's words, "Except a man is born again he cannot see God?" In short, do you hold to the doctrine of regeneration?

Please explain the meaning of the word "merit," as used in the Catholic Church.

Suppose that a man should prowl around drinking, swearing, degrading his parents, brothers, sisters, and so on, living a brutal life; and this being should find, in the last part of his life, that the grave would soon be his doom, and earth had no more fun and merriment for him; and would, on this last day, say, Now I must save my soul; and we will suppose he goes direct to God, or to a priest, and asks forgiveness, will he be found with the angels in heaven?

Why is it that a Catholic priest wears a gown?

Why is it that the Catholic Church is called Roman Catholic?

If one should wish to become a Catholic what process would he have to go through—in other words, what would be the proceedings?

If there is a personal devil how did he originate?

Were the edicts of the bad popes erroneous?

Explain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

As an example of how the resources of civilization may be utilized for our purposes, I may mention that my pastor paid me a visit on his bicycle, making the eight miles in thirty-five minutes over average country roads and in bleak wintry weather. Mr. Jack Frost also paid us his first visit during this mission, freezing up everything pretty tight, and keeping at home some, but not many of my former auditors.

O for some arrangement by which this and like places could be visited again and over again, and the first impressions in favor of Catholic truth deepened into final convictions! Who will say to his bishop, Try me?

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THE POPULAR USE OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. KENELM VAUGHAN.

IT is not an infrequent charge that the Catholic Church has designedly withheld the Holy Scriptures from the laity; and as THE CATHOLIC WORLD is engaged in the spread of the knowledge and love of the Holy Scriptures, these few words which I have been asked to write on the discipline of the Catholic Church with regard to the popular use of the Bible will be very much to the point. Indeed a plain statement of the discipline of the church, in view of the recent publication* of a popular manual for the use of both clergy and laity, will be very opportune.

CHRIST IS THE TRUE WORD OF GOD.

This seeming innovation is only a renewal of the ancient practice of the church. Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God, came down from Heaven more than eighteen hundred years ago, not only as the Redeemer of the world, but also as the Divine Messenger to announce his Father's will to men. "The Father," says our Lord, "who sent me, gave me a commandment what I should say" (St. John xii. 49). "All things whatsoever I have heard of my Father I have made known to you" (xv. 16). "The things that I speak, even as the Father said unto me, so do I speak" (xii. 50). And how did he, the Heavenly Messenger, make known his Father's will to man? He did so through conventional signs invented by men to convey ideas one to another—through language spoken and written. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by his Son" (Heb. i. 1). And his Son now, since his entrance into his sacramental mode of existence, speaks so that all may hear, by his Holy Spirit in the church, of which he says, "He that heareth you heareth me." But as an artist paints on canvas the conception of his mind, in order to draw and fix the eyes of men upon it, so the Divine Messenger, in order to concentrate the world's attention upon his Heavenly Father's will, inscribed that will upon the enduring and imperishable

* *The Divine Armory of Holy Scripture.* Catholic Book Exchange, 120 W. 60th St., New York.

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monument of the written Word. Out of the human family he chose thirty-nine persons to be his special notaries and scribes; through these men, in various ages and to meet different requirements, the Eternal Word unfolded and chronicled his Father's will to men. And so intensely did the church love the Divine Writings of her Founder, that early in her history she gathered together into one volume the scattered portions of the inspired writings, stamped her indelible seal of authority upon it, and called this divine volume the Bible.

When this Divine Messenger arrived on earth, his appearance was like that of other men; in like manner his book bears the outward appearance of any other book, as being composed of paper, ink, and verbal signs. But let us penetrate beyond its mere accidents; let us look upon its substance; we must then confess that, as the heaven is exalted above the earth, so is this book above all those of human invention. For the ideas and sentiments therein enshrined are the outpourings of the Infinite Mind, the revelation of his Divine Intelligence, the effluence of his wisdom and his love. As the face of him that looks therein shines on the water, so the love of the Sacred Heart of our Lord is laid open on the pages of that Divine Book. Thus the Scriptures, so considered in connection with the personal Word himself, have as close a relationship to Jesus Christ himself as our words have to us. They are, in fact, the emanation of his Divine Mind, and partake of the nature of his attributes. Hence the church, in her solemn services, next to the worship which she pays to the personal Word himself, renders to the impersonal word of Scripture the highest veneration.

When the Eternal Word bequeathed to the human race this treasury of his wisdom, he left it not open to the ravages of time and the wicked handling of men. He committed it to the safeguard of the Jewish church. There it was safely kept within the golden ark; and the high-priest, the rabbis, and the scribes were the witnesses of its divinity, its guardians, and its preachers. Then, in later times, it was entrusted by God to the safe-keeping of his divinely-protected church; and he assigned, as the witnesses of its divinity, the expounders of its meaning, and the guardians of its integrity, the bishops and pastors of his church. His church therefore it is who regulates and determines the economy of its use. The inspired words she uses in all her offices enter into the composition of her breviaries, her missals, her rituals, her prayers—in fact, the whole liturgical ministration of her services. They form the witness of her ministry, the vade mecum of her priests, and the text-book of

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her teaching. For the faithful laity also they are a treasury where they seek, not their creed, which is taught them by the infallible church, nor the regeneration of their souls; but strength in faith, support in hope, and increase in charity. But as this gift of God, like all his other gifts, has been open to abuse, the church has been compelled, from time to time, to draw up certain laws and regulations with regard to its popular use. Let us consider the history of her legislation on this matter.

LEGISLATION OF THE CHURCH.

The first fundamental law relating to the use of Scripture was laid down by St. Peter, and is this: "No prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation" (2 Peter i. 20). This law is not directed against its use, but its abuse. For a thousand years or more no other law was needed. During this course of ages the Bible was left as an open fountain in the midst of the one fold, unguarded by decrees of councils or briefs of popes. Thither went the thirsty flock to drink the waters of eternal life. Thither went the afflicted for solace, the tempted for counsel, the wearied for refreshment, and the disconsolate for hope. History abounds with instances of the universality of the study of Scripture. Priscilla, a noble lady, is immortalized in the Acts for her proficiency in the Sacred Writings. We are told that she was wont to expound its pages to Apollo, who himself was "one mighty in the Scriptures." To Demetria, a lady of rank, St. Jerome thus writes: "When you close your eyes and open them, may you be found with the Holy Scriptures in your hands." To Eustochium also he wrote: "When sleep overtakes you, let your face fall upon the pages of that sacred book." History also speaks of St. Monica, St. Cecilia, St. Martha, St. Anatolia, Clotilda, Flavia Domitilla—in fact, of the lay element of the church of those days—as being profoundly conversant with Scripture lore. In the schools also, from the earliest times, children were grounded in the Scriptures. Timothy "from his infancy knew the Scriptures." History says that when Julian the Apostate rebuked St. Cyril for teaching in his schools so unclassical a book, he replied: "If my pupils learn not therein to be eloquent, they learn at least to be virtuous." The psalmist says: "The stream of the river rejoiceth the city of God." This river, according to St. Gregory, is the Holy Scriptures, "which contain shallow places and deep, where the lamb can walk and the elephant can swim." This river, the source of which is from above, flows freely over the Christian Church, invigorating and rejoicing both young and

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old who drink in its saving waters. They alone who abandon those life-giving waters bring forth no fruit, but droop, wither, and die. St. Chrysostom attributes the moral corruption of his day to the disrelish and neglect of Christians for the Holy Scriptures. These are his words: "No one relishes the Scriptures; if the public mind were given to them, we should be free, not from errors only, but from the very source of them. A terrible precipice, a profound abyss, is the ignorance of Holy Scripture. A great obstacle to salvation is not to know the Divine Law. This ignorance has given rise to heresies, corrupted morals, and disturbed the whole supernatural order of things." It was by the revival of Scripture study that this great doctor of the church brought about the increased fervor of those times.

THE SECOND LAW OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

The second law regarding the lay use of Scripture was made in the twelfth century. At that time a tribe of false teachers arose in France—the Albigenses and Waldenses by name. They strove to revive the pagan philosophy of Manichæism; to give their pagan theology an appearance of orthodoxy, they armed themselves with the forbidden weapon of private judgment, broke into the sanctuary of the Bible, mutilated the sacred texts, and clothed their unholy doctrines with the holy words of the Gospel. The ever-vigilant eyes of the church beheld this unprecedented aggression on the written Word. And was she unconcerned? No; as a governor of a certain Spanish city, seeing the Moors strive to poison its fountains, set up a wall of defence round about them, and proclaimed certain restrictive laws against approaching them, so the church, seeing her enemies striving to poison the fountain of wisdom, called together her bishops and in that memorable Council of Toulouse in 1229 passed a law which forbade laymen to read the Scriptures in the vernacular without the permission of their bishop. This law served not as a prohibition, but rather as a bulwark of defence against popular perversion and abuse. But mark, this law was only local, and prescribed to meet local dangers. It was only provisional. For when St. Dominic, with the irresistible sword of the Word, hurled back into the abyss that demon of the night, Manichæism, and restored peace to the church, then ceased this disciplinary law of Toulouse. This fortification was then taken down, for it was needed no longer, and the laymen of the church again had free access to that fountain of living waters.

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OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The third time the church legislated on the lay use of Scrip ture was in the fifteenth century, when another attack was made on the written Word—an attack fiercer and more perilous than the former. The aggressors were the unprincipled philosophers of northern Europe. They armed themselves with the false doctrines of "private judgment" and "individual inspiration." With these destructive weapons they broke into the sanctuary of Scripture, drove out from that sacred temple the books of Wisdom, Judith, Tobias, Ecclesiasticus, and the Machabees; endeavored to deprive them of divine life by declaring them non-canonical, and consigned them to the tomb of the Apocrypha. They held up to ridicule the book of the Lamentations and St. James's Epistle, nicknaming one "the weeping ape of Jeremias" and the other "the epistle of straw." And why? Because upon their pages, inscribed by the Divine Hand, stood their own condemnation—the condemnation of their own unscriptural and unchristian doctrines. The books which they vouchsafed to retain they perverted and profaned. Taking advantage of the art of printing, they published and circulated spurious and faulty editions of the Holy Scriptures; indeed, the present edition of the Bible in use by the Protestant Church of England so abounds with errors that its ministers have appointed a special commission for its revision.

Did the Catholic Church, the faithful guardian of the Bible, witness these doings unconcernedly? No. With dismay she beheld this monstrous aggression on the Word of God. With grief she saw these new religions disturbing and poisoning those hallowed waters with their feet—with the human doctrine of private judgment. With sorrow she beheld her children unable to distinguish the true from the false doctrines, and many of them wounding their souls with that holy instrument of salvation. In her zeal and anxiety for the integrity of the Bible and the safety of her children, she legislated in the Council of Trent against these deplorable evils. The bishops therein formally declared that the books banished by these heretics from the Bible belonged to the Canon of Holy Scripture, and that they who gainsaid their divinity were to be anathematized. The Council of Trent also passed laws inhibiting any person from printing the Bible without a special license,* and any lay-

* Even in England the exclusive right of printing the authorized Protestant version has been claimed by the crown ever since its first publication.

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men even from reading it in the vernacular without a written authorization from ecclesiastical authority.

THE HISTORICAL CUSTOM.

These disciplinary laws may appear, perhaps, arbitrary and unnecessary in these days of free thought and self-indulgence; but in those days of intellectual revolt there was a stern necessity for such strict discipline. So alarming, indeed, were the moral disorders and social anarchy which arose in England at that time from the universal abuse and private interpretation of Scripture, that the head of the Protestant Church himself enacted the following statute: "That a penalty of a month's imprisonment should be inflicted for each offence upon any woman, husbandman, artificer, serving-man, apprentice, or journeyman who should read the Scriptures to themselves or to others, privately or openly" (34, 35 Hen. VIII.) So despotic a law was never enacted by the Catholic Church, and I merely cite it to show the necessity that existed in those days for a stricter discipline with regard to the universal use of Scripture. By the intervention of her legislation the Scripture war abated, the outburst of Bibliomania subsided, the novelty of private judgment died away, and the church was able, by means of the new art of printing, to multiply popular editions of the sacred writings, and to guard them with notes from popular abuse. She then modified the stringent laws of the Council of Trent relating to the lay use of Scripture; and in 1757, under the pontificate of Benedict XIV., she sent forth to the world the following decree: "Versions of the Bible in the vernacular tongue which are approved of by the Apostolic See, or published with notes drawn from the holy fathers of the church or from learned Catholic men, are permitted." Henceforth no special application for leave to read vernacular editions of the Bible was necessary. Every layman or laywoman might read a Bible at will, provided that that Bible was published under the sanction of the church. Later, in 1779, new dangers arose which called for new regulations with regard to the popular use of the Bible. Infidelity in all its hideous forms began to lift up its head in Europe, and to strike a deadly blow against Christianity. To combat this monster of modern days, the church earnestly called upon her children to make a new crusade, and to arm themselves with that holy and irresistible weapon—the Bible. A brief sent by Pius VI. to Martini, Archbishop of Florence, will illustrate this statement. "At a time," he says, "when a vast number of bad books, which grossly attack the Catholic

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religion, are circulated even among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, and to eradicate the errors which are so widely spread in these corrupt times. This you have seasonably effected by publishing the sacred writings in the language of your country suitably to every one's capacity." From this brief we gather that the church not only leaves the Scriptures open to every one, but she does more: she excites her children to fly to that armory in which "are hung a thousand bucklers," and there to equip themselves for the battle against modern scepticism and unbelief.

THE LAY USE OF SCRIPTURES.

Again, Pius VII., writing to the English bishops in the year 1820, exhorts them to encourage their people to read the Holy Scriptures: for "nothing can be more useful, more consolatory, and more animating; because they serve to confirm the faith, to support the hope, and to inflame the charity of the true Christian." These pontifical briefs fix definitely beyond a doubt, if words have any meaning, the actual discipline and spirit of the Catholic Church regarding the lay use of Scripture. This discipline is clearly set forth by a learned English theologian, Father Waterworth, in the following concise words: "If the Bible be Catholic, and contain explanatory notes, everything has been done which the church prescribes, and every person, as far as the church is concerned, is at liberty to read modern and vernacular translations." At the time of the Catholic emancipation certain members of Parliament accused the Catholic Church of withholding the Bible from the people. This false charge, so often perversely repeated in these our days, was met in a celebrated speech by Bishop Doyle, in which he gave utterance to the following declaration: "We [Catholics] have no aversion to the Bible. The possession of it by the laity of our church is best proved by the great many editions it has gone through in Ireland under our express sanction. We prefix to our English editions of the Bible a rescript of Pius VI., thereby showing that not we only, but the head of our church is joined with us in exhorting the faithful to read the Word of God; so that of all the things said against us, there is not anything said of us so opposed to truth as that we are averse to the circulation of

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the Word of God." In America also the laity are exhorted to the reading of Holy Scripture. This is evident from the following passage which we read in the pastoral letter addressed by the American bishops of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to the clergy and laity: "It can hardly be necessary for us to remind you, beloved brethren, that the most highly-valued treasure of every family library, and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, should be the Holy Scriptures. . . . We hope that no family can be found amongst us without a correct version of the Holy Scriptures."

So far for the sketch of the church's legislation on the lay use of the Bible. From it the following deductions may be drawn:

I. The Catholic Church has never closed the Bible to her people: as an open fountain it has ever stood in the midst of her fold.

II. The church permits any person to possess and read the Bible, provided that the version be a Catholic one.

III. The church encourages and excites in clear and emphatic terms the faithful to the reading of the Holy Scriptures.

IV. The church has, however, in her wisdom, made from time to time certain restrictive laws with regard to the popular use in the vulgar tongue; not by way of prohibition, but as a bulwark of defence against popular abuse.

Now let me ask, Do we avail ourselves of the full liberty given us by the church to read the Word of God? How few of us can say we do. Daily we pore over the human words of men in books and journals, and weigh and speculate on their fallible and oftentimes vain and deceitful words. But, alas! how rarely do we take up the Book of Divine Wisdom and of Love, and allow its wise, just, sweet, comforting, and life-giving words to sink deeply into our hearts. Alas! this coldness towards the written Word arises from the fact that the charity of many has grown cold towards the Person of the Incarnate Word Himself.

WHY CATHOLICS SHOULD READ THE BIBLE.

Let us consider some of the reasons why the church would have her children, in these days especially, familiar with the Bible. We are living in an age when faith is rare and weak, and when men's minds have to meet and struggle against intellectual immoralities which are marching daringly over the earth and striving to overthrow the faith of Christian nations. The church therefore earnestly invites her children

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to draw near to the table of the New Testament, and there to partake of that divine "Bread of understanding," in order to strengthen and confirm them in the faith. She exhorts them to give themselves to the study of Scripture, in order to be able to give a reason of the faith that is in them to truth-seeking minds; and also to defend the truths of revelation against infidelity, against which we have to carry on a hand-to-hand fight. For "he who has not the authority of Holy Scripture," says St. Gregory, "is easily overcome." Again, we are living in a sensational age, when the deafening noise and din of worldliness without stuns the ears of men, and hinders them from listening, and catching the still small voice of Jesus speaking from his altar-throne as well as from his tabernacle in our hearts. To meet this obstacle to interior hearing and contemplation the church directs our eyes to his words engraved on the pages of Holy Scriptures. Thus she gathers up our wandering minds and hearts, and centres them in the personal subsisting Word. "Learn," she says, in the words of St. Jerome, "the heart of God in the words of God."

The world is steeped in immorality, and inundated with literature of an immoral tendency; and one of the principal remedies which the Catholic Church points out for this crying social evil is—the dissemination of the great moral book, the Bible. From that fountain of grace she calls upon mankind to draw "purity of morals" and holiness of life. Origen calls that sacred Book, "the pharmacy where are to be found remedies for every evil"; and St. Jerome says that by the reading of its sacred words all vices are washed away. Ecclesiastical history bears out this fact; for it tells how St. Augustine was converted from a life of libertinage to a life of heroic virtue, by taking up casually and reading that sacred Book; and how St. Antony, St. Francis, and innumerable other saints of God were regenerated in heart by reading and meditating upon the chaste words of Him who is sanctity itself.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE USE OF THE BIBLE.

Indeed there is no better disinfectant against the poisonous atmosphere of the world than the reading of Holy Scripture. This truth Cardinal Gibbons forcibly brings out in the following touching words, which one day fell from his lips when preaching on "The Word of God":

"St. Charles Borromeo said that the Holy Scriptures should be the garden of the priest. I may add: it should also be the garden of the layman. But how few there are who visit this

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garden, how few cultivate it, how few pluck its flowers, how few taste of its fruit! I see the Bible lying on the parlor table. But I fear it is there more for ornament than for use. Visit this garden for ten minutes each day, and it will be a sweet recreation. Cultivate it, and your soul will be strengthened. Eat of its fruit, and you will be nourished. Take home with you a bouquet of its flowers. Let others flaunt their fading flowers in their breast. Do you bear in your heart these spiritual flowers, and you will enjoy their delicious fragrance; they will be the best disinfectant to counteract the poison of the worldly atmosphere which you will have to breathe."

The times are dark and troublous, and the church points out to us the Scriptures as a refuge whither we should fly, to seek, in the loving words of Jesus, strength, hope, and rest for our weary soul. If we would but fly thither, we should then be able, like the Machabees, to endure all things, come what may, "having for our comfort the Holy Scriptures which are in our hands."

It is certainly then the spirit of the church that the sacred volume be in the hands of all her children, and she urges her children to dedicate at least some portion of the day to the reading of the sacred page, if not on bended knees as St. Charles Borromeo did, at least with a mind bent in humility, with a heart striving after love, and a will prompt to obey its holy inspirations. Put aside all timidity and foolish scruples as regards its too familiar use, remembering that its disuse is as blamable in us as it abuse. Unstable souls, lacking faith in the divine teaching mission of the church, pervert, alas! and falsify the sense of Holy Scripture, and thus mortally wound their souls with the "sword of the spirit," that blessed instrument of our salvation. But this unhappy fact should not lead us to abstain from its salutary use; as well might Christians abstain from meat and drink because there are some persons who violate the law of temperance.

Let us, therefore—confiding more in the help of the Holy Spirit and of Jesus who sends him—enter daily into the tabernacle of Holy Scripture, and listen there to the loving words of the Word; for thereunto "you do well to attend as to a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawns and the day-star arises in your hearts" (2 Peter i. 19).

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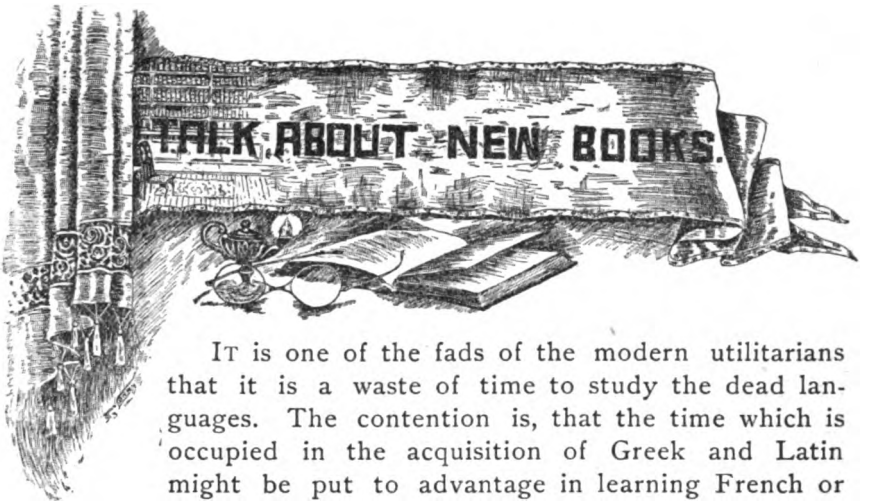

IT is one of the fads of the modern utilitarians that it is a waste of time to study the dead languages. The contention is, that the time which is occupied in the acquisition of Greek and Latin might be put to advantage in learning French or German, or any of the more widely-used Western languages of the present day. This is the dollar view of the case; from that point of view the contention may be right.

We are reminded that even from the utilitarian point of view something may be urged for the opposite side of the argument by the publication of Professor Jebb's lectures on Greek poetry.* The series were delivered last year in the Johns-Hopkins University, in connection with the Percy Turnbull Memorial foundation. As a contribution to modern literature these lectures possess a high value. Their style is chaste and their method admirable. They exhibit a wide erudition, and a full mastery of the subject. With the didactic portions of them we may not at all times agree, and we are not tied to many of the opinions they formulate, or the reasoning upon which these opinions are based. But there can be no two opinions about their scholastic value. They show very plainly how necessary it is for a student going through a course of even English literature to have a knowledge of that early civilization out of which most of the European literature sprung. The influence which the Hellenic mind still exercises over civilization is great and manifold, though perhaps often imperceptible. Without a knowledge of the Greek language it is hardly possible to comprehend what that mind was. How idle, then, to say that it is a waste of time to endeavor to gain such a knowledge! It is a Philistine argument, pure and simple.

It seems to us that in many respects there is an analogy be-

* *The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry.* By R. C. Jebb. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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tween the genius of Greece and the genius of America. In the love of freedom and in the practical bent of their intellect there are unmistakable points of similarity between the respective peoples. It was by applying the practical principle to art that the Greeks attained that excellence which the judgment of ages has ratified as the standard of superiority. They discarded the fantastic and the superornate. The natural beauty of the human form and the unapproachable grace of nature, in tree and fruit and flower, in color and effect, were the standards their mature judgment settled on. A like rule was developed in their poetry. They rejected the transcendental, and sought their sources of inspiration in human feeling. Even the heroes of their myths, half demi-gods as they were, had an immense deal of this humanity about them. Achilles, wandering discontentedly about Hades and murmuring that he would rather be a bondsman on earth than a ruler over spectres in the realm of shade, gives a forcible illustration of this aspect of Greek thought.

We might commend these lectures of Professor Jebb's on other grounds beside those of a scholarly tracing of the genesis of the Greek drama. Incidentally they touch on many phases of Greek national life which have a high historical value; and history, when it is looked at in its bearing upon literary and artistic culture, becomes intensely more interesting than when regarded as history merely. Those who take them up as an intellectual recreation, from whatever motive, will find them a pleasant and a useful pastime.

Simultaniety in literature, in regard to theme and period, is no longer phenomenal, but regarded as the natural effect of mental laws operating over widely-extended areas. Oriental history offers so many temptations to the skilful in romance that the wonder rather is why there should be so few coincidences than that there should be any. Still, a pair of such coincidences, coming within a very brief cycle, does seem a little unusual. In one case there was actual identity of theme. The appearance of General Wallace's *Prince of India*, which deals with the fall of Constantinople, was immediately preceded here by the publication of a serial story on precisely the same theme in one of our Catholic weeklies. Now we have two books coming within the same month treating of the Jewish people in pre-Christian times, and dealing with many similar developments of Jewish life and worship. Hence either our time is distinctively remarkable or we are at the beginning of a period when such coincidences will cease to be marvelled at.

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In *Sephora, or Rome and Jerusalem*,* we have the study of one of those frequently-recurring transition periods in Jewish history when the weakness of the national character led the people into a state of moral and physical decadence which foreshadowed the ultimate ruin of the nation. The particular epoch here dealt with is that just preceding the Roman subjugation of Judea, when the internal canker had eaten its way irretrievably. There was neither valor in the army, wisdom in the council, nor honesty in the people. Antigonus, the king, was a sensualist and a coward; the army was a horde, led by tinselled fops; the spurious morality of the Pharisees had poisoned the moral wells of the nation; and the blight of slavery was over all. The awful shadow of the Crucifixion and the subsequent destruction of the doomed city and race was, in a word, flung broad on the face of the worn-out world of paganism and hypocrisy.

As a romance the story of *Sephora* is a simple affair enough. It is indeed little more than a thread upon which to string many fine pearls of depiction of a memorable time. It brings the reader on to Alexandria and Rome, and back to Jerusalem, and some famous historical personages are encountered in the course of the tour. Cleopatra, Mark Antony, and Octavia are successively met with; and in the glimpses of the characters of each of these which we get we find a general adherence to the impressions of history rather than any bold theories of the author himself; and in this respect the work presents a pleasing contrast to *The Prince of India*, wherein the author's idea of his principal characters seemed to have been inspired by the cynical motto that history in general is a conspiracy against truth.

As a series of grand pictures of the gorgeous barbarism of the time, worked out with mosaic painstaking, *Sephora* is a work which will readily stand comparison with any of that class of literary achievement. In its arrangement and panoramic effect it reminds us a good deal of Gustave Flaubert's *Salammbo;* but it is altogether free from the sometimes rank and repulsive detail which the great master of realism deemed necessary for the production of his literary effects.

The story is an adaptation from the French work of Adrien Lemercier. How far the learned author, Father O'Donohue, has

* *Sephora; or, Rome and Jerusalem.* Adapted from the French of Adrien Lemercier. By Rev. James Donohue, LL.D. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Rev. James Donohue, St. Thomas Aquinas' Library, 145 Ninth Street.

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been indebted to his model we cannot say, as we have not seen it; but we are inclined to think he is entitled to more than the credit of an adapter. The style of the book at least is his own, and it is marked by an elegant simplicity. We cannot but regard such books as the best means, in many cases, of presenting history to the ordinary reader, for its impressions are likely to remain on the mind far longer than bare historical record.

*The Son of a Prophet** is a work which goes back to earlier Israelite days, and has its rise in a more ambitious purpose. The conception may be described as Miltonian in its boldness. To give form and vitality to the shadowy and (to some) impersonal figure which utters its plaints of woe in the Book of Job is the design which the author essayed to carry out. Whether or not such a task should have been attempted in a prose form is a question which may be seriously raised; to our mind, prose is hardly the proper vehicle for the materializing of so sublime a type of heroism as he who speaks from the pages of this immortal book. Taking the work as it is given us, however, it must be owned that the author has shown himself well equipped for the undertaking. A profound sympathy with his subject, fortified by a manifestly ample acquaintance with the historical surroundings, were the chief conditions which he brought to the task. The lesson which the author appears to read from the Sacred Book is that form and ceremonial have little to do with religion, or rather that in the period dealt with they were losing their importance in the shadow of the coming fulfilment of the law and the many lapses into idolatry of the priests and people of Israel. In the endeavor made by the author to explain the apparent inconsistencies in the earlier and later parts of Job's outpourings there is shown great power of dealing with mental problems, and the treatment of the subject as a whole displays a large and varied sympathy. As a general rule the diction is of a high and dignified order, in consonance with the character of the theme; but one is startled now and then by the cropping up of such sayings as "making a record," as if the terms of modern athletics or sport were known in ancient Judea. This fact shows how easily even our writers of a superior class become infected with the spirit of slang.

Mr. Andrew Lang, whose versatile accomplishments in literature ought to make any task in that field facile for him, has

* *The Son of a Prophet.* By George Anson Jackson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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given the world a new work for juveniles. *The True Story Book** deals with the world of fact, and must prove to its youthful readers that the world of reality is quite as full of the marvellous as the realm of the imagination. All the tales here given are not the author's own; several others have contributed to the store-house; but they have all been produced under his own supervision. They deal with hair-breadth escapes and maritime adventures of many kinds, and are told in a simple and effective style. We fear, however, that the national predilections of the editor have influenced some—as, for instance, his narrative of the fight between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. The latter ship is represented as having been the superior in armament and numerical strength in that famous combat. This has been shown by documentary evidence not to have been the case. Moreover, the fact is carefully kept out of sight that Captain Lawrence's crew was enormously inferior to his opponent's in the matter of training. The ship was deficient in many other ways, and besides was regarded by the sailors as an "unlucky" vessel, from the fact of her having been beaten before. It is well known that Captain Lawrence was the reverse of sanguine about his success on these accounts, when he accepted Captain Broke's challenge to fight. We hope all the "true stories" are truer than this one.

An interesting gift-book is an itinerary through Longfellow's Acadia,† by Jeannette A. Grant. Were it not that the poet selected the place as the theatre of his affecting drama, Annapolis, as the place is now called, would not be more noteworthy than many another region wherein the tragedy of early settlement was played out. Indeed in many respects it must yield in point of interest to many—the Wyoming Valley, for instance, or the districts over which the exploits of Pontiac and Uncas ranged. Longfellow himself did not deem it necessary for the purposes of his epic to go over the ground. There are many forms of literary mind, however, and some of these will find comfort in the supplying of a manifest deficiency in the *Evangeline* legend. The author of this pretty book has gone over the whole ground in the spirit of a true pilgrim, and her observations on the physical features, social conditions, and general history of the place are those of a cultivated mind. A large number of plates scattered through the work enables the reader to realize still more what "Acadia" looks like at the present day.

The orator's voice is a mighty power, no doubt, as the poet

* *True Stories for Boys.* Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Through Evangeline's Country.* By Jeanette A. Grant. Boston: Joseph Knight Co.

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declares, but it is very, very often an evanescent one as well. Many a speaker whose words were as capable of making men rush to arms as those of the great Athenian has but writ his name in water, for want of chronicler. It is commendable to find filial affection striving to avert such a fate in the case of a man who in recent years played a very notable part in the public affairs of the Union, and more particularly in those of South Carolina at a very critical time in her fortunes—we mean the late Mr. M. P. O'Connor,* whose biography, to some extent, is now presented to the world by his daughter.

That eloquence which seems to be an especial gift of the Celt Mr. O'Connor possessed in no ordinary degree, and he was enabled to make it felt at a moment when the fate of the American Union was quivering in the scales. Brought up to the profession of the law, he was enabled early to develop his natural gift; a place in the State Legislature soon gave him an opportunity of displaying his power. He spoke in a house which had often thrilled with the fire of a race of speakers whose fame is widespread, and his first effort on behalf of the maintenance of the Union flag, on such a floor, created a profound admiration. From this time forward Mr. O'Connor's reputation as an orator was progressive; and his strength lay in the fact that it was not merely for eloquence' sake he spoke; he was acting his part in the making of history all the time. A good many of Mr. O'Connor's political and forensic speeches were reported in the local journals, but as a rule only in an imperfect state. Were it not for their rescue and presentation by Miss O'Connor, they might just as well be buried in the vaults of a museum. They are for the most part so bound up with the great political tragedy of the time as to form an integral part of its record. Hence they will be valuable to the historian. The book is, indeed, from many aspects an important contribution to the literature of a most absorbing era in our national development.

I.—NEW FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.†

The preaching of these short but carefully prepared sermons at all Low Masses on Sundays and festivals by the Paulist Fathers was first inaugurated by them in 1876, to which custom they have adhered to the present day in their church. Their plan has been to prepare the matter of the sermon for publica-

* *Life and Letters of M. P. O'Connor.* Written and edited by his daughter, Mary Doline O'Connor. New York: Dempsey & Carroll.

† *Five-Minute Sermons for Low Masses on all Sundays of the Year.* By the Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. New Series. Vol. I. New York: Catholic Book Exchange.

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tion in a weekly newspaper, and to have the sermon read at every Low Mass from an advanced proof-sheet.

The need of some such doctrinal and moral instruction being given to the people, the majority of whom are not able to attend a High Mass, was fully recognized by the hierarchy, and at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore a decree was made enjoining upon pastors the duty of reading the Gospel and preaching a "five-minute" sermon at Low Masses. A copy of this decree is given in the preface to this present volume; which is, in fact, the third volume of discourses of this kind selected from those already preached in the Paulist church.

The present selection offered in this first volume of a new series compares most favorably with the former ones. We think that in some respects it will be found superior to them. There are one hundred and fifty sermons in all under almost as many especial titles, conveying in clear, simple language instruction in doctrine and morals, accompanied with brief and forcible exhortations to the practise of the Christian virtues and the shunning of those vices which in these days call for vigorous reprobation.

We are especially pleased with the very happy and appropriate titles given to these sermons, which the reverend clergy will find most suggestive for their own use in preparing longer and more elaborate discourses, especially when taken in connection with the apt treatment they receive in the brief sermons themselves.

The Catholic Book Exchange in the typographical preparation of this volume has made a decided improvement upon the former volumes.

2.—DOMESTIC ECONOMY.*

This work ought to be in the hands of every housewife. It is thoroughly practical, and in a very small space gives valuable and reliable information and instruction on many points about which, although of great importance, the greatest ignorance too often prevails. Food and clothing receive careful consideration, and to the various branches of domestic sanitation full treatment is given. To the votaries of fashion we commend the illustrations of the effect produced upon the organs by tight lacing, in juxtaposition to which the author has placed, with not a little art and perhaps some malice, an illustration of the foot

* *A Text-Book of Domestic Economy.* By F. T. Paul. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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of a Chinese lady. Of the two sets of victims the latter is the more sensible, for the less important part of the body is made to pay the penalty. In the second part, yet to be published, the causes and prevention of disease, home nursing, and first aid in emergencies, will be treated.

3.—PURGATORY.*

Any work which tells us of the love and the mercy of God must be very acceptable in these days, when these motives for doing penance need to be more enlarged upon than they have been in former times. This book on Purgatory is a collection of anecdotes, with devout reflections thereon, for those who are in the habit of making frequent spiritual reading.

We gladly commend it to such readers; and to others, with the hope that their devotion to the suffering holy souls may be increased, and that they may reap from that devotion all those aids which come from the assistance that we can give them.

[NOTE.—A large number of book-notices are unavoidably held over, although in type, until next month's issue.—ED. C. W.]

NEW BOOKS.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Poems. By William Thomas Parsons. *Rachel Stanwood.* By Lucy Gibbons Morse.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

A Gentleman of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. *The Communion of Saints:* A lost Link in the Chain of the Church Creed. By Rev. Wyllys Rede, M.A.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

Suffering Souls. By Right Rev. Monsignor Preston, D.D., LL.D., Protonotary Apostolic.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

A Book of Novenas. By the Very Rev. John Baptist Pagani. *Simple Prayers for Children. The Comedy of English Protestantism.* In three acts. Edited by A. F. Marshall, B.A. Oxon. *Skeleton Sermons.* For the Sundays and Holydays in the Year. By Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. *The Catholic Music Book.* Appropriate and easy pieces for the services of the Church. *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.* By F. A. Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. *Our Separated Brethren.* By Rev. L. Rivington. *Lead, Kindly Light!* Some Notes for those in Search of Truth. By Rev. E. L. Taunton.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Wayside Music. By Charles H. Crandall.

CROTHERS & KORTH, New York:

St. Luke: Thoughts for St. Luke's Day. By a Daughter of the Church.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston:

The Spiritual Life: Studies in Devotion and Worship. *Uplifts of Heart and Will.* Religious Aspirations in Prose and Verse. By James H. West.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.:

Primer of Philosophy. By Dr. Paul Carus.

* *Purgatory: Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the Saints.* By Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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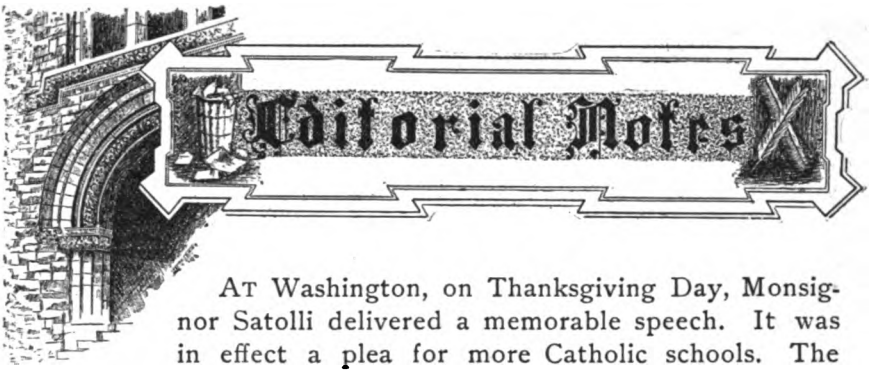

At Washington, on Thanksgiving Day, Monsignor Satolli delivered a memorable speech. It was in effect a plea for more Catholic schools. The more the government and public opinion favor Catholic education, for which he pleads, the safer will they be making the basis of the American Republic. This is the sincere conviction of the archbishop's mind, he emphatically declares, and the frank profession of his faith. Only those who do not know the Catholic schools, he is convinced, are opposed to them. The question thus raised is rapidly coming to the front, and all the forces of bigotry will be found marshalled against the Catholic claims. If the matter could be looked at dispassionately, and argued from a practical stand-point, a solution could easily be arrived at. The American people are at heart an honest and fair-dealing people, and they must soon see the injustice of compelling one class of citizens to pay twice over for their children's education—for this is how the case really stands at present. Catholics will not have their children brought up in ignorance or indifference to their religion. If some accommodation will not be made whereby the school education will be the reflex of the home education, and the parents will have something to say concerning the way their children are to be educated, they must eschew the public education, make the sacrifice, and provide for themselves what they want. To put the question in a nutshell, Christian education there will be for Catholic children, whether the bigoted like it or not; and this being so, will the American public, with its love of fair play, insist that an injustice against Catholics continue to be perpetrated by the state?

Anarchist outrages are becoming things of terrible frequency. The latest is one of the most daring, if not the most frightful in its effects. A man named Vaillant got admission by a subterfuge into the French Chamber of Deputies, and from a gallery flung a bomb amongst the legislators, with the intention, as he afterwards admitted, of killing the prime minister. He

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only succeeded, however, in killing an attendant and injuring a lady. The Spanish anarchists are more successful in their deadly work. It is not more than a few weeks since a desperado flung a bomb into the midst of a crowd of people sitting in a theatre, by which thirty persons were killed and many more injured.

The nefarious A. P. A. movement has reached a serious and tangible phase. It is alleged that it has been used effectively to influence elections to Congress, and the Legislature is asked to investigate the circumstances in at least one specific case. Mr. Youmans, who was the representative of the eighth district of Michigan, but was defeated at the last election by Mr. Linton, has laid a petition before Congress praying for an investigation into the circumstances under which his adversary succeeded in getting the plurality. His charges are very circumstantial. He sets forth a category of accusations of a very grave character, amongst others that his opponent utilized the conspiracy styling itself the American Protective Association against him, on the ground that the petitioner is a Roman Catholic, or in sympathy with Roman Catholics. It is eminently desirable that the prayer of this petition be acceded to.

The time is certainly ripe for dragging this abominable conspiracy into the light of day. Such a conspiracy is treason to our Constitution, whose glorious corner-stone is liberty of conscience to every citizen and no religious disability for any one, Turk, Jew, or heathen. The Roman Catholics of this country will not suffer their citizen rights to be filched from them by any sneaking conspiracy. They have as big a stake in it as any other denomination. It has been cemented with their blood and built up by their unselfish sacrifices, and they will not allow any skulking slanderers to fasten any undeserved reproach upon them by whispering doubts about their loyalty. Let us have the whole truth out by all means, and have it speedily.

On the 14th of December a bronze statue of the late Father Drumgoole was placed in position in front of the institution at Lafayette Place, which owes to him its foundation. The statue is a faithful likeness of the saintly priest. We have already given an engraving made from a photograph of the work. Long may it endure, to perpetuate a great and good man's memory!

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE poet has put in the mouth of a vanquished nation, mourning for the death of a leader whose life would have been their deliverance, the oft-repeated refrain, Oh! why did you leave us? Something of the same cry comes to us, mourning the death of Brother Azarias. His loss was great to his Catholic countrymen. Just at the moment when his maturity of thought and diction had been recognized by those to whom things Catholic are far from palatable, just at the moment when his influence was a paramount specific against prejudice, to be taken from us, is one of those inscrutable things of God; we simply bow the head and say: "Thy will be done." Yet to us younger men Azarias is not dead; he is still a living force—a name to conjure with. It is true we may never again behold the black figure with the strong intellectual face—a face of positive beauty when the play of thought hovered over it. Yet in his books have we the Azarias that he would have asked us to cherish. These books are his life-work, his legacy to his young Catholic countrymen. In this age's mad rush for lucre do we ever ask ourselves what kind of a legacy it is?

Keats has given us the answer:

> "A thing of beauty . . . a joy for ever!
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness."

It is of the kind that lives, for it has none of the garishness and noise of the age, but what Hazlitt so well calls the "silent air of immortality." It is not the literature—that is the name now given to the crudest offspring of the press that a runner reads—but that quiet, unobtrusive, meditative, thought-provoking kind, so dear to the hearts of the good and true, a boon to every Christian and household. Azarias worked not for the day, but for time.

He could not be carried away by the cant of the hour, or the intellectual fashion of the period. As he has so well said: "Disease is catching, not health." His life-work was for truth, hence it will live. "All else is imbued with the seeds of death and destruction." Azarias peculiarly appeals to the young as a guide. Let us be candid and admit that, prior to his coming, we were wanting in a critic broad and masterly. The few who had essayed the rôle were hopelessly unfitted; they had a few stupid canons of criticism, and that, with their limited view, made their work useless to the student. How different was Azarias, with his broad-minded, rich scholarship, a thinker who had learned how to assimilate the best thought of the best writers and make them fructify in his own mind. His books are the full fruitage of this fructifying. To accept such a mind as a guide is to journey through a stately granary, viewing bin after bin of the choicest flour.

The chaff has been cast aside, and years of student labor saved. This may be best seen by his *Phases of Thought* and his critical literary papers, as "Amiel and Pessimism," published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1889. With a few masterly strokes he places before the student the man or his system, hiding nothing. No style can baffle him in his hunt, no claptrap delude him. The subtle poison of a writer is extracted from the flowers placed to conceal it, and its venom shown to the reader. Owing to the constant use of this subtle poison,

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by even our most eminent writers, it behooves the Catholic youth of America to have a guide, a preventive rather than curative one. This Azarias has done for us in his books. The young man who reads them intelligently will be well equipped to give battle to the Don Quixotes who are daily riding from the press; to respect and recognize a thinker, to avoid sham and shoddy, fads and fallacies, to love his church with a passionate love—finding therein, as Azarias found, the truths that make men free. WALTER LECKY.

* * *

While at Plattsburgh, N. Y., last summer Brother Azarias had the opportunity of meeting, for the first time, Walter Lecky, whose articles on Catholic literature, published in the Montreal *True Witness*, he praised very highly, expressing the hope that they might speedily find a larger public in book form. The tribute from Walter Lecky which we publish indicates his keen appreciation of the work done for our Catholic young people by Brother Azarias. He has given a chart for their guidance in literature, especially in the articles on "Books and How to Use Them," published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June and July, 1889. These articles were revised and enlarged for his volume entitled *Books and Reading*.

In the Columbian Reading Union our Reading Circles have often been favored with plans and methods of study sanctioned by Brother Azarias. It was the privilege of the one upon whom has fallen the burden of conducting this department to live within easy reach of the De La Salle Institute, where Brother Azarias taught for several years, and to find him always willing to discuss the question of how to increase and diffuse more widely the writings of Catholic authors. He felt most keenly that the intellectual strength of Catholics has not been sufficiently concentrated; that each Reading Circle can be made a nucleus of strength for its members, and a centre of light for those outside the fold. Most joyously he welcomed the growth of the new movement in defence of Catholic authors as shown in the accounts of meetings gathered month by month for the Columbian Reading Union. M. C. M.

$1,000 FOR PAUL OF TARSUS.

THE appeal made to help the struggling Bishop of Tarsus has been responded to by one very generous giver, who has donated the munificent sum of one thousand dollars ($1,000) to help the poor bishop to preserve his flock against the inroads of the enemies of the faith.

We append the various sums received so far by Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, C.S.P.:

Already acknowledged,	$198.90
Eagle Council, 116, C. B. L.,	2.20
Gramercy Council, 114, C. B. L.,	16.25
Otsego Council, 130, C. B. L.,	5.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Council, 307, C. B. L.,	1.50
Our Lady of Grace Council, 82, C. B. L.,	3.00
St. James' Council, 39, C. B. L.,	10.00
Father Drumgoole, 236, C. B. L.,	2.70
Chicago Council, 138, C. B. L.,	2.05
P.,	20.00
Mary A. Synan,	2.00
Archbishop Grace,	25.00
A Friend,	1,000.00

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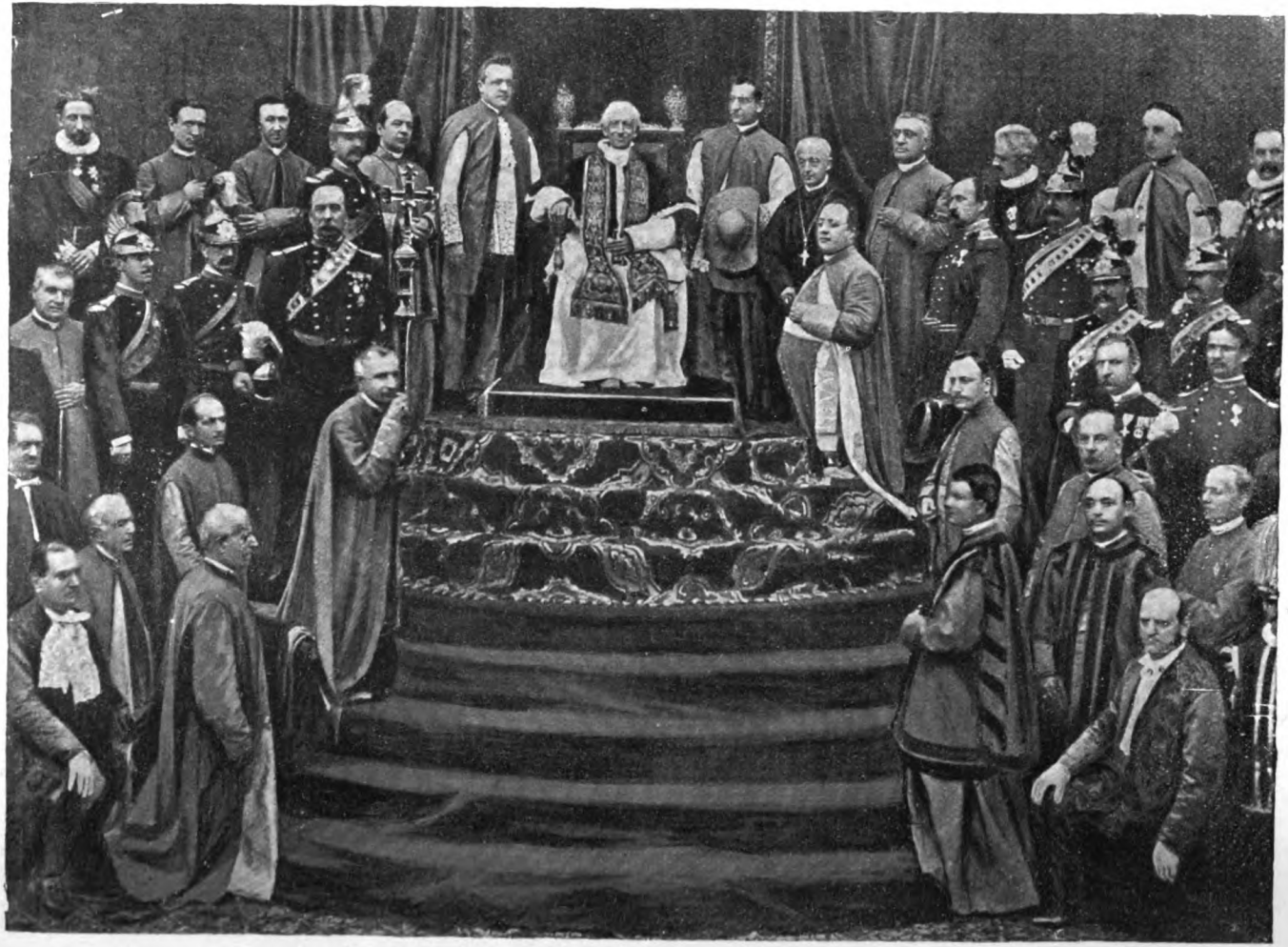

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVIII. FEBRUARY, 1894. No. 347.

HOW CANADA SOLVES THE PROBLEM WE SHIRK.

BY HON. T. W. ANGLIN.

IF those who are opposed to the establishment of a system of denominational schools in the United States, because they believe that the inevitable tendency of such a system is to lower the standard of education, and to intensify those racial and sectarian animosities which prevent that blending of the various peoples composing the nation that is so generally desired, probably few are aware that such a system has been in successful operation for many years in the two most populous provinces of Canada—Quebec and Ontario.

A MODERN ALEMANNI.

In Ontario, as in several of the United States, the population comprises many nationalities: descendants of the French who, after the conquest, remained in what was then the extreme west of the province; French who have since immigrated from Quebec; descendants of the Royalists who left the United States after the war of the Revolution, and of Pennsylvania Germans and others who soon after were induced to avail themselves of the advantages which a territory so fertile and possessed of such magnificent forests offered to industrious, intelligent settlers; immigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, and Scandinavia, and the descendants of such immigrants. And, as in many of the States, the Catholics—French, Irish, Scotch, and German—form less than a fifth of the whole population.

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EFFECTS OF UNION WITH QUEBEC.

To its legislative union with Quebec, in which the French Catholics were at least six times as numerous as the Protestants of all nationalities, Ontario owes its Separate School system. For some years after the province was created, by what is known as the Constitutional Act, no attempt was made to establish a public-school system. In 1807 a public school, afterwards called a grammar school, was established in each of the great political districts into which the province was then divided. In 1816 an act to promote the establishment of common schools was passed, and an annual appropriation of twenty-four thousand dollars, a large sum in those days, was made in aid of such schools. It was provided that when the inhabitants of any town, township, or place elected trustees, provided a schoolhouse, engaged a teacher, and made other arrangements necessary for the maintenance of a school, they would become entitled to a share of this appropriation. The attendance at the school must be at least twenty. The mode of apportioning the grant and supervising the schools so established was also provided. The law which left such freedom of action to the supporters of the schools continued in operation, with some modifications, until the legislative union of the two provinces. The legislative appropriation was not always so large.

SOME MIXED SCHOOLS.

In Lower Canada—now the Province of Quebec—the schools of the majority were always Catholic, and the schools of the minority were Protestant for many years before the union. It would seem that there were in that province a few schools which were attended by Catholics and Protestants, and were known as mixed schools.

PROTESTANTS DEMAND SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

In the first session of the united legislature, held in 1841, an act framed for the purpose of establishing one school system all over Canada was passed. It provided that a common-school fund should be established, made up of the interest on the proceeds of public lands to be appropriated for the purpose, and of a legislative grant sufficient to make the annual income two hundred thousand dollars. This was to be apportioned in the manner prescribed amongst the schools of every township in Upper Canada and every parish in Lower Canada. All the

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schools were to be under the management of one superintendent. The Protestant minority of Lower Canada would not consent to be placed in a position less favorable than that which they had occupied before the union, and to satisfy them liberal provision was made for the establishment of Separate Schools. It was necessary to make this general in an act the avowed principle of which was uniformity, and thus the Separate School system was established in the upper province.

THE MODE OF ADMINISTRATION.

The importance of the change thus wrought was probably not perceived at first. Only one Separate School was established in Upper Canada in 1841, and the total number in 1850 was only twenty-one. It was also provided that "Brothers of the Christian Doctrine" should be exempt from the examination which others seeking employment as teachers must pass. A board of examiners was to be appointed by the governor in council for each county, city, or town. The duties of this board were to examine teachers, recommended by the municipal corporation, as to their competency and character, and to regulate the course of study to be pursued, and the books to be used in the schools. In a city or town this board was to consist of fourteen members, one-half of whom should be Catholics; and to be divided into two departments, one composed exclusively of Catholics, to have charge of the Catholic schools, and the other composed of Protestants, to manage the Protestant schools. Such schools as were attended by Protestant and Catholic pupils indiscriminately were to be under the control of the whole board, of which the mayor was to be *ex-officio* chairman.

FAILURE OF THE "CONSCIENCE CLAUSE" PLAN.

The attempt to create a system suitable to the two sections soon proved a failure. In 1843 an act was passed to apportion the annual school-fund between the provinces according to population. Until a census was taken Lower Canada was to get one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and Upper Canada eighty thousand dollars a year. Another act repealed several sections of the act of 1841, in so far as they affected Upper Canada, and made other provisions which greatly changed the system in that province. The sections authorizing the establishment of Separate Schools in that province were not altogether eliminated, but they were so changed as greatly to impair the legal rights of the minority. Under this law a Separate School,

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Catholic or Protestant, could be established only when "the teacher was of a different religious faith"; and the application for such school must be signed by not less than ten heads of families who were freeholders or householders and residents of the school section. A conscience clause was introduced, which provided that "no child should be required to read or study from any religious book, or to join in any exercise of religion or devotion, objected to by his parents or guardian." The object of this was to make the common schools less objectionable, at least in seeming, but it was found to afford little protection to Catholics.

RIGHTS OF MINORITIES CONCEDED.

An act passed in 1846 gave more perfect form to the system of Lower Canada, which had thereafter its own superintendent and board of education. This act confirmed and enlarged the legal rights of the Protestant minority. During the struggles of after years the Catholics of Upper Canada never asked more than that "the law which regulated Separate Schools on behalf of Protestants in Lower Canada should be extended to the Catholics of Upper Canada."

THE SYSTEM OVERTURNED.

Dr. Ryerson, a Methodist minister, was appointed superintendent of education in Upper Canada, and was sent abroad to ascertain whether in the systems of other countries there was anything to be found that could be introduced into the Ontario system with profit. He strongly disapproved of the Separate School system, and was disposed to insist on having the Bible read and religious instruction given in the common schools, a conscience clause, he contended, affording to the minority attending such schools all the protection to which they were entitled. A bill framed by him and passed in 1846 changed the whole Upper Canada system materially. A board of education, composed of the superintendent and six others appointed by the governor in council, was empowered to recommend or disapprove of books to be used in the schools, and no portion of the government grant was to be given to any school in which a book disapproved of by the board was used. The Catholic bishop of Toronto was offered a seat on the board; this he accepted in the hope that, despite the changes made and the hostility of the superintendent, substantial justice could be obtained.

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RIGHTS OF PARENTS RECOGNIZED.

In 1850 the law was so amended as to provide that no foreign books in the English branches of education should be used without express permission of what was then called the Council of Public Instruction, and to the conscience clause was added "provided always that within this limitation pupils shall be allowed to receive such religious instruction as their parents or guardians shall desire, according to the general regulations which shall be provided according to law." It was also provided that an application for the establishment of a Separate School must be signed by twelve heads of families.

CONFUSION.

It would occupy too much space to state at any length all that was done on one side to render the maintenance of Separate Schools impossible, and on the other to obtain justice. In many districts twelve Catholic freeholders or householders could not be found to sign an application, and Catholics living in adjoining sections could not unite with their neighbors for this purpose. The law required that the application must be addressed to the reeve of the municipality, or to the chairman of the common-school board, and these were often bitter opponents of the Separate School system and found means to baffle the applicants, so far at least as to delay the establishment of the school. It was found also that the law did not provide for more than one Separate School in one city or town, and that Catholics were liable to taxation for the erection of common-school buildings and the establishment of common-school libraries. A change in the mode of raising money for their support seemed for a time to threaten the destruction of nearly all Separate Schools. The act of 1841 provided that each municipal district should raise by assessment an amount at least equal to the amount apportioned to it from the legislative grant, and the supporters of Separate Schools were entitled to receive from the district treasurer their due proportion, according to their numbers, "of the moneys appropriated by law and raised by assessment for the support of the schools in the district in which they resided." This was changed, and the trustees of the Separate School were authorized and required to raise what was necessary in addition to their share of the legislative grant by a rate which they assessed on the supporters of the school or by subscription. The amount thus obtainable was less than

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what they received from the district treasurer under the law of 1841, not only because the supporters of Separate Schools were generally people of small means, but also because many of them when a second tax-bill was presented to them imagined that they had to pay more than those who sent their children to the common schools.

CATHOLICS AGITATE FOR JUSTICE.

Catholics were forced to organize and agitate if they would obtain justice; and because they agitated a few of the more glaring wrongs were redressed. But their agitation served also to excite an anti-Catholic spirit, and the abolition of Separate Schools was fiercely demanded by a party which rapidly became powerful. Promises were made to the Catholics at a general election, and great expectations were entertained by them when it was found that the members of the government who made those promises had a majority in the newly elected legislature: but the bill introduced in the session of 1855 in fulfilment of those promises was so mangled in committee that Bishop de Charbonnel felt it to be his duty to resign his seat in the council of public instruction, giving as his reason that the government had preferred the advice of Dr. Ryerson to that of the Catholics and their bishops in a matter of such vital interest to them. The agitation continued, and in 1860 Mr. Scott, a Catholic member of the legislature, introduced a bill to remedy some of the evils which were found so intolerable. This measure was bitterly opposed and was defeated. In 1861 it was again introduced, and although it passed the second reading by a large majority it did not become law. A change of government having taken place, Mr. Scott in 1863 introduced his bill, somewhat modified at the instance of Dr. Ryerson. The Liberal government, led by Mr. Sanfield Macdonald, declared in favor of the bill, and it passed.

MODERATION OF THE CATHOLIC DEMANDS.

It is surprising now to see what were the provisions of a measure which encountered such fierce and prolonged opposition. Mr. Scott only asked that the supporters of the Separate Schools be not required to notify the clerk of the municipality more than once; that not more than five heads of families be required to sign an application for a Separate School; that all Catholics within the radius of three miles from the school-house may unite in supporting a Separate School, and

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that Separate Schools should receive a due share of all legislative appropriations made for elementary education. The Catholics were not satisfied with so meagre a measure, but they were willing to try how the law so amended would work. The agitation subsided, and at the next general election little was heard of the school question.

FEDERATION AND MINORITY RIGHTS.

When the population of Upper Canada became larger than that of the lower province a demand for representation according to population was raised, and this became so strong that it must be satisfied. The means proposed was the substitution of a federal for a legislative union. The other provinces of British North America were invited to become members of the proposed confederacy. When the delegates assembled at Quebec to consider the proposal it was found that to satisfy Upper Canada a very large measure of provincial self-government must be given to it, including the power to make the laws respecting education; that Lower Canada would not be content with less, and that an agreement would be impossible if some means of safeguarding the rights of the minorities in relation to education were not provided. The minority of Lower Canada, although they never had had cause to complain of the treatment they received from the majority, were most earnest in demanding such protection. They were unwilling to become dependent upon the sense of justice and the good will of the legislature of a province in which the Catholic majority was so large. Sir A. T. Galt, who was regarded as the representative of that minority, insisted, it is said, that the rights in this respect which they then enjoyed must be made absolutely secure. Any security given for the rights of the Protestant minority in one province could not be refused for the smaller rights enjoyed by the Catholic minority in the other. The result of the deliberations on this subject is the ninety-third section of the British North America Act, which is the constitution of the Dominion (p. 93). "In and for each province the legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:

"1. Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools, which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union.

"2. All the powers, privileges, and duties at the union by law conferred and imposed in Upper Canada on the Separate

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School and school trustees of the queen's Roman Catholic subjects shall be and the same are hereby extended to the dissentient schools of the queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects in Quebec.

"2. When in any province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the legislature of the province, an appeal shall lie to the governor-general in council from any act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the queen's subjects in relation to education.

"4. In case any such provincial law as from time to time seems to the governor-general in council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made, or in case any decision of the governor-general in council on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of this section and of any decision of the governor-general in council under this section."

The first subsection is the most important, as it renders void and of no effect any act of a provincial legislature that may prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any person had by law at the union. The value of the other subsections the Supreme Court of Canada has recently been asked to determine. Changes that enlarge or do not impair the rights of the minorities may, however, be made. In 1877 the Ontario legislature, all parties concurring, made amendments in the mode of electing Separate School trustees, the powers of the board of trustees, the mode of assessing and collecting Separate School rates, and the creation of Model Schools which a few years before would have provoked the most violent resistance. In 1886 other amendments were made which have not been found to be of much practical value. In 1890, yielding to a clamor raised for party purposes, the government passed a bill declaring that the law required that any person desiring to become a supporter of a Separate School must give a written notice to that effect to the clerk of the municipality; and directing assessors to ascertain, from a list to be prepared by the clerk, whom they should rate as supporters of such schools.

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HOW THE LAW NOW STANDS.

The laws relating to Separate Schools have been codified. As the law now stands the provisions in regard to Roman Catholic schools are, that

"Any number of persons not less than five, being heads of families and householders or freeholders resident within any school section of any township, incorporated village, or town, or within any ward of any city or town, and being Roman Catholic, may convene a public meeting of persons desiring to establish a Separate School for Roman Catholics in such school section or ward for the election of trustees for the management of the same."

A majority of the Catholic resident householders present may elect three trustees. When notice in writing that such meeting has been held and such trustees have been elected has been served upon the reeve, or head of the municipality, or upon the chairman of the board of public-school trustees, and copies of such notice, endorsed by such head of municipality or chairman, has been given to each of the trustees so elected, these trustees become a body corporate, clothed with all the powers for establishing, maintaining, and regulating such Separate School provided by the law. After a school has been established an annual election of trustees is held under the control and management of the board of Separate School trustees, at which only the supporters of the Separate Schools whose names appear on a list or on lists furnished by the clerk of the municipality are permitted to vote. The trustees hold office for two years, one-half retiring at the end of every year, but being eligible for re-election.

In cities, towns, and incorporated villages divided into wards two trustees are elected for every ward; and in incorporated villages, not so divided, six trustees are elected. In rural districts three trustees are elected who hold office for three years, one retiring each year. The mode of holding the annual election meeting, of holding the poll when there is more than one candidate for a seat, and of settling disputed elections is prescribed. When a vacancy occurs an election is ordered by the board of trustees. All the trustees for each city, town, or village form a board which is a body corporate, and at the first meeting in each year elect one of themselves chairman, who acts in that capacity until after the next annual election. Subsequent meetings are held at such times and places as are ap-

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pointed by resolution of the board. A majority of the members of the board constitute a quorum. The board, when organized, appoints a secretary and treasurer. Both these officers are usually combined in one person.

The board of trustees are empowered and required "to provide adequate accommodation, according to the regulations of the Education Department, for all the children of Separate School supporters, between the ages of five and twenty-one, resident in the ward, village, or town as the case may be."

To purchase or rent school sites and premises; to build, repair, furnish, and keep in order the school-houses and their appendages, and "to procure registers, suitable maps, apparatus and prize books, and, if they deem it expedient, school-libraries.

"To determine the number, kind, grade, and description of schools (such as male or female infant, central or ward schools) to be established and maintained; the teachers to be employed, the terms on which they are to be employed, the amount of their remuneration, and the duties which they are to perform.

"To prepare from time to time, and lay before the municipal council of the city, town, or village, on or before the first day of August, an estimate of the sums which they think requisite for all necessary expenses of the schools under their charge.

"To prepare and transmit annually, before the fifteenth day of January, to the minister of education, in the form prescribed by him, a report signed by the chairman, containing all the information required by the regulations of the Education Department."

Power is given to the board "to borrow money for school purposes, and to make valid mortgages and other instruments for the security and payment of such borrowed money, or of any moneys payable or to be paid for school-sites, school-buildings, or additions thereunto, or the repairs thereof upon the school-houses or other property held by the board, or upon the Separate School rates."

All payments are made by the treasurer on order of the board.

It will be seen that the powers thus conferred upon the board of trustees are very important. They are authorized to provide all necessary school-buildings and apparatus, to determine of what kind and grade each school shall be, what shall be the course of studies in each, and what text-books shall be used, and to make all necessary regulations for their manage-

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ment; to engage teachers and determine what their remuneration shall be, and to raise the money for all these purposes by rates levied upon the supporters of Separate Schools, or by loan on mortgage when money is required to pay for school-sites or school-buildings. However, because a large proportion of the supporters of Separate Schools are people of small means, it is found difficult in many cases to raise money enough to establish and maintain the schools in as efficient condition as could be desired. Indeed, it would be impossible in many cases were it not that the members of religious teaching communities ask in remuneration of their services only what will procure the bare necessaries of life. If it is the right and the duty of the state to provide for the education of the whole people it should provide for all alike, doing as much for the child of the day-laborer as for the child of the millionaire. That principle was recognized in Canada by the law of 1841, but it was abandoned when the cry was raised that Protestant money must not be spent in teaching papist doctrines.

The law provides that "the teachers of any Separate School under this act shall be subject to the same examination and receive their certificates of qualification in the same manner as public schools generally; but the persons qualified by law as teachers either in the province of Ontario, or at the time of the passing of the B. N. A. Act in the province of Quebec, shall be considered qualified teachers for the purpose of this act." This is held to exempt the members of religious teaching communities from the requirements of undergoing examinations and receiving certificates. Such exemption has often been vehemently denounced as a favor to Catholics, and therefore an injustice to Protestants. Indeed, it is frequently asserted, even to this day, that the exemption was sought in order that the ignorance or incapacity of the religious may not be exposed. But those who care to inquire may easily ascertain that the religious hold high place amongst the very best teachers of the whole province.

One of the latest amendments of the law provides that "the Education Department may authorize a Separate School in any county to be constituted a Model School for the training of teachers for Separate Schools, subject to the regulations of the department." The persons trained in such schools must undergo the same examinations as those seeking certificates to qualify them as teachers in the common schools; but where such Model School exists the lieutenant-governor in council may,

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on recommendation of the minister of education, appoint one additional member of the "Board of Examiners of the County," who presumably would be a Catholic.

The duties of teachers prescribed by the act do not differ materially from the prescribed duties of teachers of common schools.

The mode of assessing and collecting the school-rate is defined in several sections.

Only the property and income of those who are duly registered as supporters of Separate Schools may be taxed for the support of such schools. The school-taxes on property occupied by Catholics as tenants, although owned by Protestants, belong to the Separate School fund. For many years those who desired that their school-taxes should go to the support of Separate Schools were required to give notice in writing to that effect annually to the clerk of the municipality, and even this did not relieve him from liability to taxation for public-school buildings and libraries. In course of time the law was amended so as to make one notice sufficient, and to relieve the person giving it from bearing a share of any common-school expenditure. When it became the duty of the municipal officials to assess and levy Separate School rates, they entered on their rolls as supporters of Separate Schools all who were known to be Catholics. This, it was said, led to a neglect of the provision requiring that in each case a written notice be given to the clerk of the municipality, and it was denounced as a favor to Catholics, whom it seemed to place on a level with Protestants.

PROTESTANTS ANXIOUS FOR CATHOLIC RIGHTS.

It was asserted that the priests were thus enabled to coerce many Catholics who would prefer to support common schools, and it was demanded, in the name of Protestantism and of "equal rights," that Catholics be driven back to the position of dissenters and that the power of the priests be curbed. Those assertions were manifestly very absurd; but the provincial government bowed before the storm raised by their political opponents, who hoped to carry the elections then approaching by exciting the intolerance and fanaticism of the majority. An act was passed declaring that the law, as it stood, required that no one should be rated as a Separate School supporter until he had given written notice of his desire to the clerk of the municipality, and directing assessors to so rate only those whose

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names they found on the indexed list which the clerk was directed to prepare.

The law, as it stands now, provides that any company may require that a part of the taxes levied on its real and personal property for school purposes, proportionate to the number of the shares of its stock held by Roman Catholics, should go to the support of the Separate Schools; but this is inoperative in many cases.

MODE OF DEALING WITH THE SEPARATE TAX.

The Separate School board had for some years to levy, assess, and collect the Separate School taxes. The law does not expressly deprive them of this power now; but it provides that "It shall be the duty of every municipal council, if so requested by the trustees of any Separate School, at the proper time to cause, through their collectors and other municipal officers, to be levied all sums of money for rates or taxes legally imposed in respect of Separate Schools by competent lawful authority in that behalf." Other sections direct how such taxes are to be assessed and collected, and in this way Separate School rates are assessed and collected everywhere. The law directs that the amount collected, less the costs, be paid over to the school trustees, and that the municipality advance whatever part of the taxes on real estate remains uncollected at the end of the year. The board, estimating what is required for school purposes during the ensuing year, determine what the rate of taxation shall be; but it has been found impolitic to make the rate higher than the rate fixed for common-school purposes.

Any Separate School board and the council of the municipality may, in order to avoid the trouble and expense of separate assessments and account-keeping, agree that for a term of years one school-tax shall be levied, and that from the proceeds of this a fixed proportion shall be paid to the Separate School board.

SOME UNSATISFACTORY RESULTS.

The system does not work quite satisfactorily. Many of those who would prefer to support Separate Schools neglect to give the written notice required. In cities some assessors are full of strong anti-Catholic prejudices, some are careless and take no pains to ascertain what property belongs to Separate School supporters. Appeal may be made to the Court of Revision; but although efforts are made to correct the errors of

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the assessment, which are nearly all on one side, many escape notice, and the income of the Separate School Boards, which even if full justice were done would be all too narrow, are materially lessened.

The board appoints an auditor.

THE RURAL SCHOOLS.

The duties of boards of rural schools are, *mutatis mutandis*, the same as those of the trustees of urban schools. Each board elects one of its members as chairman. The same person must be secretary and treasurer. All business must be done at meetings regularly convened. The trustees may "borrow on their promissory notes, under seal of the corporation, at interest not exceeding eight per cent. per annum, money to pay the salaries of teachers until the taxes imposed therefor shall have been collected." Besides submitting their accounts and vouchers to the auditor, they are required to prepare and submit to the annual meeting of the supporters of the school a report containing a summary of their proceedings during the year, and a full and detailed account of all receipts and expenditures of school money during the year, signed by the trustees and the auditor.

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

By an act passed in 1876 a minister of education, who must be a member of the provincial government and a member of the legislature, and be directly responsible to the legislature for all his acts and omissions, was placed at the head of the Department of Education. Except with regard to text-books and to religious instruction and devotional exercises, he has authority to make regulations for the Separate as for the Common Schools; to cause inspection to be made and returns to be furnished to his department; the supervision and control of the State being as full and complete as could reasonably be required. The minister apportions the annual legislative grant to Public and Separate Schools according to the number of pupils attending each school. Two inspectors (both Catholics), appointed by the minister, visit all Separate Schools periodically and report to the department. The minister of education, all judges, members of the legislature, the heads of the municipal bodies in their respective localities, the inspector of public schools, and the clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church are *ex-officio* visitors of Separate Schools.

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THE ANIMUS OF THE COMMON-SCHOOLS' ADVOCATES.

Such, in outline, is the Separate School system of Ontario, as it has been in operation since 1863, when for the first time the system introduced in 1841 and mutilated in 1843 and 1846 was made fairly workable. All the trouble and difficulties of the intervening period were caused by the systematic attempts, sometimes crafty and covert, sometimes open and direct, to force the Catholic children of the province into the common schools; and by the fierce anti-Catholic agitation which the writings of the superintendent, Dr. Ryerson, and the malignant ranting of several newspapers did much to excite and inflame. The objections made to the existence of Separate Schools, the reasons given by those who would abolish them, were almost precisely the same that are now used in the United States. It was alleged that the Canadian people could never become homogeneous unless all children attended the common schools, and opportunity was thus given for the creation in youth of those kind and friendly feelings whose influence must be so beneficent in after life. Separate Schools, it was said, would strengthen and intensify the animosities of race and creed which set neighbor against neighbor and caused so much ill-will, contention, and strife. A Separate School system, it was asserted, must lower the standard of education, because if Catholics were allowed to establish such schools the several Protestant denominations would claim the same right, and several weak, inefficient schools, with incompetent teachers, would be established where one or two really good schools would supply the wants of the district and afford a good secular education to all. In many districts, even though the division were only of Catholic from Protestant, neither alone would be able to support a good school. Catholics themselves must suffer most. They were comparatively few in number, and were generally of small means. In many cases they could not put up proper school-houses or pay competent teachers, and their schools must therefore be inferior. Indeed, it was alleged that they actually were inferior, and many went so far as to assert that members of a religious community must be incompetent teachers, and that in schools in which time was given to religious instruction and to prayer the pupils could not have a fair opportunity of acquiring as much knowledge as they should possess. The state, it was contended, should discountenance, if not suppress, a system that would doom so large a portion of its people

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to a condition of intellectual poverty which would prevent the full development of their faculties and render them less useful to themselves, to others, and to their country. But the assertion which had most weight was, that the Catholic laity did not wish for Separate Schools; that these schools were forced upon them by their clergy, whose commands they dared not disobey; and that it was the duty of all good liberty-loving Protestants to rescue those priest-ridden people from the thraldom which themselves had not the moral strength to shake off.

FALSIFICATION OF EVIL PREDICTIONS.

Time has shown how groundless, indeed how absurd, these objections and assertions were. The settlement of the school question in favor of Separate Schools, instead of creating strife and disorder, allayed ill-will, and was followed by a general feeling of peace and harmony such as had not been known in Ontario for many years. This is acknowledged now by some of those who most bitterly opposed the system. No Protestant denomination has demanded Separate Schools for itself. Even in district schools in which Catholics are few in number and exceptionally poor, the Catholic Separate Schools are not essentially inferior to the common schools in similar districts. And there is abundant evidence to prove that the teachers belonging to the religious communities take rank with the very best teachers of the common schools, and impart to their pupils an education at least as extensive, sound, and valuable. Pupils of the De La Salle Institute, of Toronto, whenever they attend the examinations of the Collegiate Institution, take high positions. A few years ago, at one of the examinations, the greatest possible number of marks attainable being, as the examiners supposed, one hundred, one pupil of the De La Salles obtained one hundred and four marks and another one hundred and three. The institute and several other Catholic schools sent specimens of their school-work to the Ontario section of the World's Fair at Chicago, and these certainly were not inferior to the specimens sent from the common schools. The calumny which, because it was incessantly repeated, some Catholics were inclined to credit, was there completely and, let us hope, finally refuted. Catholics have shown, thanks chiefly to the religious teachers, who accept for their services salaries scarcely sufficient to procure coarse food and scanty raiment, that they can do as much work, and at least as good work, with their small means as those who manage the common schools can do with their ample revenues.

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A RIDICULOUS SHIBBOLETH.

To say that it is necessary to the welfare of a country that it should have but one school system, and that in all its schools the same religion or no religion should be taught, is tantamount to saying that a country should have but one church or no church at all.

Without the earnest, constant efforts of the Catholic laity Catholic Separate Schools, instead of increasing, as they have done, in number and efficiency, must have languished and withered under the blighting influence of adverse legislation and of a superintendence directed to their destruction. Taking all the circumstances into account their growth has been marvellous. In 1841 there was but one Separate School in Ontario; in 1850, there were 21; in 1860, there were 115 schools, 162 teachers, and 14,708 pupils; in 1870, there were 163 schools, 236 teachers, and 20,652 pupils; in 1880, the schools numbered 196, the teachers 344, and the pupils 25,311. In 1891, the last year for which the official returns have been published, the number of schools was 289, the number of teachers 639, and the number of pupils 36,168, of whom 34,675 were taught arithmetic; 34,184 writing; 26,546 geography; 21,781 grammar, and 31,798 drawing. And 13,351 studied what the minister of education describes as temperance and hygiene. The total amount received by the boards managing those schools was $320,386, and the total expenditure $278,687.

Some Catholic children still attend the public schools, as they are now called, in districts in which Catholics could not support Separate Schools without great difficulty. This is made less objectionable than it formerly was by the regulations which now enforce a strict and honest observance of the conscience clause. The facility with which a Separate School may now be established also affords much protection to the minority even in sparsely settled districts. In several school districts the inhabitants are all or nearly all Catholics, and in these the establishment of Separate Schools is scarcely necessary, unless for the purpose of securing teachers of some religious community—as the Catholics can elect Catholic trustees who can employ duly qualified Catholic teachers—and one of the provisions of the public-school act is that:

"Pupils shall be allowed to receive such religious instruction as their parents or guardians desire, according to any general regulations provided for the organization, government, and dis-

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cipline of public schools." The regulations are framed with the honest intention of protecting the rights of minorities, but they afford opportunity of imparting religious instruction. Catholics find, however, that Separate Schools are to be preferred because of the perfect freedom for religious instruction and training which is afforded in them, and the number of these schools increases constantly.

HOPES OF THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

The peace which prevailed after 1863, and which the Canadian constitution seemed to place on a permanent basis, was disturbed a few years ago by a number of politicians who, having failed to gain power in Ontario by other means, imagined that an appeal to the ignorance which prevails so widely, despite all that the much-lauded public-school system has done for public enlightenment, and to the intolerance and fanaticism which they believed were smouldering in many parts of the province, would increase their political strength sufficiently. They have succeeded in exciting much ill-feeling and making some noisy demonstrations, but so far they have not increased their strength in the legislature. Before the last general election they established what seemed to be a formidable organization, whose shibboleth was "Equal Rights," the abolition of Separate Schools, strange to say, being the right on which they especially insisted. Another provincial general election is now at hand, and they hope that the new anti-Catholic organization, which in the United States calls itself the A. P. A., and in Canada the P. P. A., will give them the strength they require. The chief demand of both wings of the faction is the abolition of Separate Schools. They do not any longer attempt to argue that Separate Schools are inferior to the public schools, or that the intellectual equipment of the *élèves* of these schools is not as ample or as serviceable as that of the pupils of the common schools, or that Separate Schools promote dissension and strife. They merely assert that Canada must be thoroughly British, and that to become thoroughly British it must only have "one language and one school." Their leaders pretend that means can be found to get rid of the guarantee of the rights of the minority which the B. N. A. Act provides, or of rendering it worthless. What the strength of the P. P. A. is can only be conjectured, so silent has been its progress hitherto, so secret all its proceedings. Probably its power for evil is overrated, and this latest effort to enthrone fanaticism, intoler-

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ance, and hypocrisy will also fail. Were the constitutional provision by which the rights of the minorities in Ontario and Quebec are secured removed from the foundation of the Dominion the superstructure must soon fall to pieces. But no intelligent man in Canada can seriously imagine that its removal is either probable or possible, or that it would cease to be of value if the fiercest enemies of Separate Schools succeeded in their efforts to become the government of Ontario.

TENDERNESS FOR PROTESTANT MINORITIES.

The Protestant minority in Lower Canada have, at all times, been treated with justice, not to say liberality. No attempt has ever been made to force them to send their children to schools of which they did not approve. No obstacle has ever been placed in the way of their establishing such schools as they preferred. Since confederation they have found the legislature of Quebec as willing to do them justice as the legislature of United Canada always was. And to-day the position of the Protestant minority in Quebec in all that relates to their schools is much better than the position of the Catholic minority in Ontario.

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"Bishop Haid entered into all the Plans."

THE SACRED HEART IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By Dorothy Gresham.

I.

WE speak of the promises of the Sacred Heart, we pray with apparent faith, and yet we are so astonished when we are heard.

Last May, by the merest accident, I found myself in one of the wildest and most beautiful mountain villages of the Blue Ridge. I came for a day,

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and left—well, you shall hear. Week followed week, and still I lingered; the mountain world, the negroes, the Southern life and scenes were delightfully new, and I learned to love them.

Sunday was the only black cloud on this sunny horizon; no Mass, no priest, no Catholics as far as I could find out. Writing to an invalid friend of mine, then staying in Asheville, I mourned over the sad state of affairs; all it wanted here was a statue of Our Lady or some wayside shrine to give my surroundings all the historic, holy atmosphere of the Tyrol. My letter was like a trumpet to a war-horse, as I suspected; but I thought that prayers would and could be all the assistance my appeal would receive. Miserable in health, far from home, and utterly unknown, what else could one expect?

But, with years' experience of all that a truly apostolic heart can accomplish when God's work is to be done, the following note, a week later, fairly took my breath away: "Get a cottage on the hills for me suitable for Mass. The bishop has promised to send a priest for the feast of the Sacred Heart. I shall be with you on Tuesday; there is *one* Catholic family—let them know!" No time for delay after that. I succeeded luckily about the house—it was all that could be desired—gathered the barest necessities to make the same habitable, hunted up the "only Catholic family," and found them full of Irish faith, so amazed at my news that they could scarcely believe me. They told me there were some more through the mountains, lukewarm and indifferent, and others whom they only suspected were Catholics. Not encouraging to greet my friend, but we must only hope.

She came, feeble in body and strong in mind, now slowly recovering from a long illness, sent down to Asheville as a last resource to save her life, and *this* is how she goes about it. The good bishop, who is also the mitred abbot of the Benedictine monastery, has fully entered into all her hopes and plans, promising her Mass through the summer months. To do this he must needs send one of his hard-worked monks, who, with the dust of the schools thick around him, comes forth to preach, teach, and toil among those hardy mountaineers, winding up his journeys each Sunday at fashionable Asheville. This the vacation of a North Carolina missionary—this the rest he takes for the summer!

Those brave Benedictine fathers came here six short years ago, poor in money, friends, and pupils, to find only a frame hut and log chapel, innocent of paint. The altar decorations

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were pictures, cut from papers and magazines. The first act of the abbot and his young monks was to arm themselves with paint buckets and brushes and begin ornamentation. Their trials and vicissitudes would fill volumes. How they began with thirteen pupils; to-day they have over a hundred! How the lord abbot himself milked the cows, until he had instructed a negro boy to take his place. A magnificent college to-day replaces the old log building, and the foundation was laid one year ago

"I TROT AROUND THE PIAZZA AND PREPARE FOR A CLIMB UP THE HILLS."

for the finest church in the South, to take the place of the little frame cathedral of North Carolina.

. . . . . .

Over the mountain-tops the sun is climbing, with Southern brilliancy; down through the trees he pours, and gleams in golden streaks through my shuttered windows. I rub my sleepy eyes, and see by the clock it is half-past five—high time that I should be up and doing. My first emotion is one of joy, even before I remember what it comes from: as is often the case, the last thought at night is usually the first in the morning—then it slowly dawns on my drowsy senses.

I jump from my cot, now all animation; my encounter with the soap-bubbles is short and decisive, and dressing the work of moments. I throw wide the outside shutters—the windows are never closed night or day—and step out on the piazza. How beautiful it is—sweet, fresh, and enchanting! Who would lie abed with such a feast awaiting them? Through the trees

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the mountains do their best to peep at me, and I return the compliment by admiring glances; which seems to please them, for the more I smile the bluer, lovelier, loftier they look down at me. I trot around the piazza, down the deep steps, and prepare for a climb up the hills. Not a sound save the cow-bells in the woods, which keep up a steady jingle; not a human being in sight; up amid these solitudes men are few and far between; the village street lies beyond the woods still slumbering. Nature has a bright, joyous awakening air; birds, flowers, and forests seem to cry out in one glad voice "*Vivat Cor Jesu!*" It is the feast of the Sacred Heart, and I am on my way to the temporary chapel for this first Mass of promise.

The sun is rising higher, and I tramp along up the winding road through the woods; the trees are so dense that I lose my beloved mountains, but now and then catch a passing glimpse of cosy farm-houses peeping through the pines. It is so pure, so unworldly, so heavenly up here, all alone with God and the mountains; and I think of this great gift awaiting me at the end of the road. Who would believe that our Lord would crown all his blessings to us by this much-longed, much-prayed-for favor. "*Vivat Cor Jesu!*" I echo with rejoicing nature this morning.

A turn in the road brings me in view of the Swiss châlet on the hills, its red roof shining through the trees, its picturesque gables and angles racy of the Alps. Through the open gate, by the rugged, steep avenue, I reach the steps; the windows opening to the ground are flung back; through the first I enter and find myself in the chapel. How shall I tell you of it? One side is all windows, the other the altar; one's first impression is great branches of oaks banked against the walls, flinging out in soft colors the blazing roses and flickering lights on the altar. A picture of the Sacred Heart crowns the whole.

I kneel among the small congregation, who are evidently as impressed as myself. At that moment the father arrives, and what a greeting he receives! An old Irish patriarch meets him at the steps with a genuine "Cead mille failthe"; a great Saxon giant, the village blacksmith, seizes his hand and kisses it with deep veneration, while his reverence comes in the door-way bright and joyous as a school-boy home for the holidays. What a beautiful spirit those Benedictines seem to have, always working, always smiling! The confessions begin; in and out through the open windows the penitents come and go from

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the chapel to the confessional—the father's room next door. How memorable that Mass! Priest and people are lost in prayer at that one great Sacrifice. Down the long, wide corridor, through the open door, rising and falling comes "There's no Heart like thine, sweet Lord"; and the mountains take up the strain and echo back their great exulting "*Vivat Cor Jesu!*"

"By the Door sits Aunt Mattie, in her Sunday Cap and Gown."

Every one goes to Holy Communion. For many it is their Easter duty, for some it is their first in five years, for others even more; the Sacred Heart has gathered them all in.

The father says a few words on the feast, and begs the little flock to thank the Sacred Heart for the great blessings of to-day, and to ask him to give them, though deprived of the comforts of religion, a living, loving, burning Catholic faith. By the door sits Aunt Mattie, in her Sunday cap and gown, drinking it all in, her black eyes rolling with the deepest interest. She is wife of the colored Baptist preacher, and asked if she too might not assist at the Mass. She is radiant, and declares she will never miss that fine "service" no more "if de white folks don't hab no 'jections." The father, she goes on to say, "is jest booful, he acts so nice, speaks so pretty, and looks so lovely." As the congregation troop down the steps one enthusiastic lady exclaims, "Oh! was it not like the first Christians?" but is brought down from the clouds by the cool rejoinder of a mountaineer, "No, ma'am; it was more like the *late sinners!*" However, fervor marks them as they move away, and time will prove the efficacy and power of this first Mass of the Sacred Heart. Before leaving the father had asked them to send their children each Sunday for instruction to their new friend, and he would say Mass here every Thursday through the

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summer. The news seemed too wonderful, and at first they could not realize it.

The work begins; two small boys and a girl put in an appearance, then the older ones, finally the whole congregation, numbering eighteen souls, assemble. The catechism lesson develops into the beads, then some hymns are introduced, the Epistle and Gospel are read, and then eleven o'clock is decided on, to be in spirit with the Mass then being said in Asheville, and the Sunday devotions and reunions become a precious institution. Under the broiling Southern sun they come down the mountains, many walking miles with the greatest enthusiasm; generosity seems to be the spirit of this little flock.

II.

The bishop, hearing of the fidelity of his new-found mountain flock, sent word that he himself would come and confirm them in the faith; and *then* they did think that heaven had come down to them! He arrived for the feast of the Assump-

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO SEE THE BISHOP.

tion, and it was a great day truly; nothing was spared to make it a memorable one. To all the bishop was a stranger—this was his first visit.

The little châlet on the hill seemed suitable for every emer-

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gency; the parlor had long been abandoned as too small, and here was the novel and perfect chapel. The hall ran the whole length of the house, wide, lofty, and handsome, over seventy feet long and ten broad. At the main entrance there was a deep recess, the large oak door being flanked by long French windows. This was turned into the sanctuary. The altar stood against the door, and draperies caught up by the papal colors made a soft and effective background; two large pine-trees, the bishop's seal, stood graceful sentinels on either side of the altar, which shone in the gorgeous coloring of the sunny South. Flowers, wreaths, and plants were brought in triumph by the children, the court-house benches did duty as pews, and the whole was unique.

The bishop's first request on his arrival was to see the "chapel," and he pronounced it "perfect."

From early morning the people gathered across the mountains, and the place began filling up fast. The First Communicants in white knelt reverently near the altar. The Mass began. Not a sound; awe and wonder seemed to take possession of them all, over a hundred people seemed as one; many from the lower States up for the summer, and some Protestants who had come to see what a Catholic bishop was really like; the colored preacher knelt, the most interested spectator of all. Five received their First Communion from the hands of the bishop, their ages ranging from ten to twenty-four years.

His lordship's instruction sank deep into the hearts of his hearers. He said the ceremony of to-day must remind them strongly of the First Confirmation; it was in a house the Holy Ghost had come on the apostles, as he had on those children just now. There were no churches in those days, as there were none here in those beautiful mountains; but as the apostles were then in their spiritual infancy, so to-day we do not know what great things God has in store for us here in the mountains and the faithful people gathered round his altar this morning.

When all was over the congregation went slowly and quietly homeward, winding down the long drive through the trees. The Methodist preacher stood looking longingly at the large crucifix above the altar, and then turning away, he said solemnly, "If dere be any true church, that's she," pointing back at the pathetic white figure on the cross! Aunt Mattie was there, and her spouse, the Baptist pastor. Before Mass she came to me, radiant, with some colored friends of hers, to know if she might

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not bring them to see "de *bishup*." Her pride as she led them forward was indeed great, her back expressive of the deepest satisfaction. Once I caught her glance during Mass, and it was a beaming one, as much as to say all was going on just as she desired and thought proper. . . .

Golden autumn has settled down the mountains; the Benedictine father has gone back to the abbey, and the old priest from Asheville has promised to come as long as the weather will

A MOUNTAIN SPRING BY THE WAY-SIDE.

permit through the winter, and well does he keep his word. For twenty-three years he has been through the Blue Ridge ministering to the few Catholics, and is worn out after his labors. Five churches and seven presbyteries in this State are the work of his hands, or rather his head, for he has preached in almost every large city in the North begging for assistance to build them. It is a beautiful picture to see the venerable white-haired father surrounded by his people before they leave for their homes after Mass. Bohemians and Irish are one in heart and mind, and seem like a little family, listening to his pleasant

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greetings, and his Celtic wit and story, the young people especially hanging on every word.

. . . . . .

It is Christmas morning, bright and radiant, with a lingering crispness in the air after the slight frost of the night. The village church-bells are calling all to worship the new-born King, and the mountaineers come down the hills in merry groups. Up the avenue the little flock are hastening to their first Christmas festival.

In the chapel they gather joyously, and stand amazed at the decorations. Laurels and rhododendrons are massed behind the altar; up above a large scroll hems them in, with *Gloria in Excelsis* blazing from its crimson groundwork. The altar itself sparkles with lights and colors, while the pines shelter all in their soft feathery embrace.

AUNT MARGARET AND COLUMBUS.

For the first time the *Adeste* is heard in these solitudes. To the younger ones who have never been inside a Catholic Church it is new; to the parents its well-remembered tones were listened to long years ago among the wild and rugged mountains of Bohemia, and in the humble chapel under the shadow of the crumbling cloisters of the Island of Saints. Tears come unconsciously and unbidden, but they are harbingers of joy and hope to-day, as well as gratitude for all the happiness God at last has sent them. After the devotions they cluster around her whom they love and reverence as heaven-sent. Every one has brought her some little gift, the small boys revelling in their selections, while she, little dreaming of their intentions, has surprises for them all.

The parents receive a large mounted picture of the Sacred

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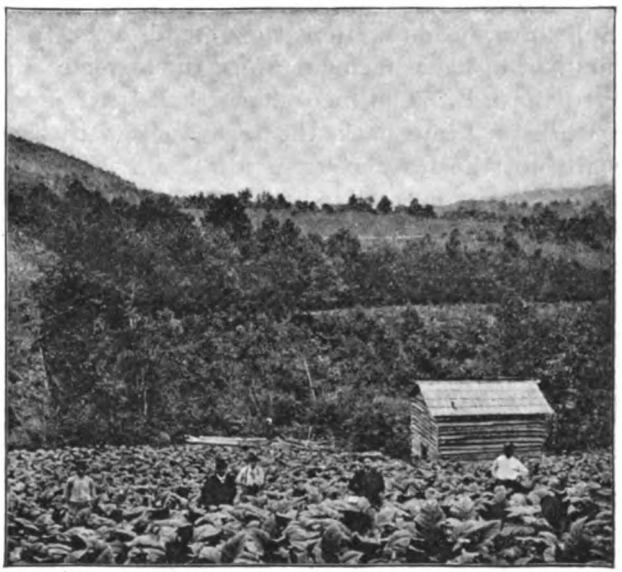
Heart, especially blessed for their homes to remind them of their fidelity, and the young people something they particularly sighed for. Loving words develop into gay ones, and broken German, snatches of the almost forgotten brogue, and the mountain dialect all strangely jumble together in joyful excitement. It was indeed the day the Lord had made, and one that will never be forgotten.

This is the last of the sunny weather, and for weeks following the north wind comes shrieking round the mountains, with ice in its breath and snow-flakes on its wings. Six times they all assemble for Mass, only to be disappointed; the old priest



IN A SOUTHERN TOBACCO-FIELD.

left home, but the elements drove him back. Not a murmur from them; all their sympathies seemed to be for the good old man, up at five tottering through the icy streets to reach the train, and never succeeding. Some of the mornings were almost unbearable; the wind swept up those peaks as if off the North Pole. One family driving in the early morning, nearly frozen, came across the village doctor, almost hidden in furs, on his way to a dying man higher up the mountain. In sheer amazement he asked them where they were going at this hour. "To Mass; our priest has to come twenty miles for us, and we ought to go a few miles to meet him." "Well," he said,

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whipping up his horse, "let me tell you no one but a Catholic would come out on such a day as this for *church;* I shouldn't, I know!" It was only after six of such morning trips, fasting each time, hoping for Holy Communion, they were at last rewarded. How they listened to the old father's apologies, and account of his disappointments owing to runaway electric cars, roads blocked with snow, besides numerous falls on the shining, slippery streets.

Happy Easter has come and gone, and to-morrow will be a sad day in the mountains; the little flock are in desolation at the parting that lies before them.

She who had come so strangely amongst them is called North by other claims and duties.

At the little wayside station they stand close to her; the children first, who have been up since daybreak to be in time to see her to the last. The men show their grief unblushingly. It is hard work to keep back the tears, but when they do appear they are not the least ashamed of them.

The mothers have determined to reserve all sadness for another day, as her last sight of them must be joyous.

"We shall never have Mass again," they wail, "if you leave us." But she promises them better things—and she means it. One Englishwoman, full of caustic humor, says with a mournful face: "I always said when God made this place he forgot it ever belonged to him, until you came to remind him of its existence; and now, if we are left again, God will never think of us any more." "Never?" she smiles; "if only you are faithful he will be always with you. If you promise to go to Holy Communion every chance you get, I promise, in return, that you will have monthly Mass: the Sacred Heart does not begin a work and then forget it." And they promise.

The train comes tearing in, the bell rings, broken voices, warm farewells—and she passes out of their lives as quietly as she came into them.

And now for the fidelity. Has the tiny seed sprouted for a time and then withered away?

A year has passed since that first Mass of the Sacred Heart, and early last June we find them gathered once more for Mass, in a lonely farm-house buried in the mountains. The old priest has kept his word, and once a month, and oftener when he can, he comes amongst them. From far and near they have walked this morning; some Protestant neighbors being interested listeners to the good priest's simple instruction on the ceremonies of

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the church. The master of the house, one year ago a lukewarm Catholic, is to-day the proudest man in North Carolina; his wife the happiest; and his five children, who did not know how to make the sign of the cross, are now monthly communicants. The servants of the wealthy Southern families up for the summer are strong in numbers, glad and grateful. One faithful Irishwoman lifts up her voice with exultation, saying: "I've been coming up here for thirty years, and this year is the first time we ever heard a Mass. Now, praises be to God, we'll see a priest at last."

There is always general Communion when the father comes. The little flock have not forgotten their promise, and the visitors, seeing, go and do likewise. When Mass is over they tell the father how they have succeeded since his last visit, how they never miss meeting on Sundays for the beads and catechism at one house or another, and he stirs them on to fresh efforts.

Not many weeks since did I tear myself away from this little mountain mission, its poetry and faith, its never-to-be-forgotten scenes. Back into the humdrum, bustling life of the North, where, absorbed in the world and its ways, I can only steal passing moments to live once more amid all those happy days and charming, simple souls, whom I have learned to know and love through that first Mass of the Sacred Heart in the mountains.

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ST. COLUMBAN AND THE WOLVES.*

BY P. J. HIGGINS, M.D.

UT thro' the castle gates of Annagray,
His frugal repast—herbs and wild fruits—o'er,
The Abbot Columban, at close of day,
Came with bare head and sandaled feet to pore
O'er parchment leaves from Scotia's† holy isle,
Writ in quaint script‡ by Bangor's lonely shore.
Wan were his features, yet a tender smile
Lit their stern lines when met his upward glance
The Roman walls, where pagan sword and lance
So long had glinted in the day-god's rays,
But now gave place to cross and clanging bell,
While vesper hymns supplanted Bacchus' praise,
And matin chime the sentry's "All is well!"

Into the forest turned the sandaled feet,
Where, in the stillness of the eventide,
His soul might linger in communion sweet
With thoughts endearing of the Crucified.
Upon a mossy log, beneath a tree,
He sat in shadow; spread upon his knee
The dingy parchment, and in silence read.

*St. Columbán [pronounced *Cullumawn;* Latin form *Columbanus*] was born in Ireland, in A.D. 539. In his youth he was educated by Senile; afterwards in an abbey on one of the islands in Lough Erne—probably Devenish—and finally under Saint Congall in the famous Bangor, one of the three great Irish monasteries of that epoch. At the age of fifty he started on his mission to the Franks, accompanied by twelve assistants. He established the first Irish monastery in Europe at Annagray. It was a Roman castle situated in the Vosges Mountains, which was given to him by the Merovingian king. He afterwards founded Luxeuil, Fontaines, and Bobbio—the latter in Italy—and one of his disciples that of St. Gall, in Switzerland—all famous institutions of learning for centuries. In the face of the greatest trials and difficulties his mission was crowned with wonderful success. The incident with the wolves is narrated in his biography by the Abbot Jonas of Bobbio, where St. Columban died, November 21, 615. His coffin, chalice, holly staff, and Irish missal are still in existence.

†*Scotia.* The name by which Ireland was known at that time and for long afterwards.

‡*Quaint script.* The letters used by the Irish monks were not the same as those on the Continent, where the Roman style prevailed.

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Around him hopped the birds, and daintily
Picked up the crumbs his gentle hand had spread.
Down from the boughs a frisking squirrel came,
And, fearless, hid within his cowl—so tame
His winning voice and loving looks had made
The wild and timid creatures of the glade.

Led by his zeal to win whole tribes to God—
To spread the faith among the pagan hordes
Of Gaul—the abbot left his native sod,
To live in exile 'mid the clash of swords
And rude contentions of half-savage Franks,
Whose arrow-points and spears in serried ranks
Would wrong the right as oft as right the wrong.
The tide of passion surged and flowed; the strong
Despoiled the weak; while murder, rapine, lust
Made victims of the peaceful and the just.

He paused, with finger on the parchment sere,
And gazed around him with a labored sigh:
"Alas!" he thought aloud, "that man should here,
Alone of all God's creatures, live and die
Unfaithful to his being's end and aim.
The lowly brute puts lordly man to shame;
Its rage is sinless, lacking reason's guide,
While sinful man is swayed by passion's tide."

The abbot rose, and with impatient feet
Strode deep into the forest's leafy shade,
Until he reached a favorite retreat—
A clearing bordered by a thorny glade.
Here he would come at eve to meditate
Upon his mission and his soul's estate.
Lost in deep thought, while pacing to and fro,
He heard, but heeded not, the rustling near;
Till, from all sides, a growling fierce and low
Awoke his instinct to a sense of fear;
When, looking up, he saw, to his dismay,
A pack of wolves approaching, fierce and gaunt,
Their white fangs glistening as they scent their prey—
A sight the bravest human heart to daunt.
No one was nigh on whom for aid to call;
No voice could reach the distant castle wall;

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No weapon but a crucifix of wood;
No room to fly—they closed on every side—
Yet rigid and immovable he stood;
"*Deus in adjutorium!*" * he cried.

With hands upraised he looked beyond the stars,
To plead for succor, where alone it lay,
As if his soul would burst the prison bars
That closed it in its tenement of clay.
"*Deus in adjutorium!*" Oft before
He drew that weapon, when temptation sore
Beset him, and he triumphed in the fray;
But would that cry a ravening wolf arrest,
And soothe the pangs of hunger in its breast?
Not one alone—a dozen, at the least,
Were closing round a long awaited feast.

Closer they came—he felt their panting breath;
Their muzzles touched his robe; now, undismayed,
The victim stood before approaching death,
While with calm voice and simple faith he prayed—
"*Deus in adjutorium!*" Gaunt and grim,
With gaping jaws they rushed and sniffed at him:
When, lo! as if from carven stone,
They turned and left the saint alone;
And, in the twilight dim and gray,
Back to the forest slunk away.

The danger past, the grateful abbot fell,
With outstretched arms, prostrate upon the ground
In mute thanksgiving, as the convent bell
Awoke the echoes of the forest 'round.
The summons brought him not; the monks in quest
Set out with torches, trist and fearful, lest
Mishap detained him. When they found him there,
They thought him dead, and wailing filled the air,
Which roused him from his orisons. In tears
He told them of faint-heartedness and fears
Of failure in his mission, when he spied
A pack of wolves approaching, and he cried
To Heaven for succor—then the beasts of prey
Sniffed at his robe and meekly turned away!

* *Deus in adjutorium meum intende.* "O Lord, incline unto my aid." An expression in frequent use in religious life even to the present day.

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"Back to the convent! Let us fast and pray;
Live holy lives, that God our toil may bless;
Win men by love to walk the righteous way,"
Advised the saint; "give alms and help distress;
Show by example first that love divine
Transforms the heart; then will our precepts shine
As lofty beacons guiding men to light
From out the darkness of eternal night.
Despair not; for the Mighty One who stayed
The wild wolf's hunger when your abbot prayed
Will touch the sinner's heart, if we but preach
With faith and fervor the great truths we teach."

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ON THE CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

DURING the last quarter of this century has occurred a change in the fortune of the Catholic Church in America which is almost a transformation; a change which possesses certain of the outward aspects of the miraculous, of the supernatural. Nor is this new fortune visible in America alone; in England it has been more brilliant, more spectacular, though no more vital; and the same is true, in a minor measure, in France. The tempest of materialism and agnosticism and atheism has spent its force, and though it has wrought ruin in many places, the sunlight already bursting through its drifting and exhausted clouds, fleeing on the wind of their own suicidal violence, is fast turning its flood and wreck into enormous agencies for recuperation and renewed life. Everywhere are the signs of freshened growth and new and splendid strength, and nowhere are these evidences more clear and convincing than in the United States.

English Catholicism, under the exalted guidance of the four great cardinals, has signalized her release from legal persecution by stepping to the very front, not only in her first and most glorious duty of winning back a world weary of the follies of materialism to the faith, but in all vital matters of social and economic reform, and of artistic education and direction.

Here also in the United States the torch of the new life is passed from hand to hand, and already the Catholic Church is assuming her prerogative of leadership. Within the last fifty years she has advanced from a position of comparative numerical weakness to the primacy; she is claiming the right of arbitration between capital and labor; she is slowly solving the complex question of Christian education, where the state is confronted, after four decades of experiment, with but partial success; she is even winning a sullen respect from the sects, together with the oblique tribute of their fear, where formerly was only the hatred of bigotry and ignorance. Thus far she goes hand-in-hand with the Catholic Church in England; but

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in one important province she has done, and is doing nothing—less even than nothing; for her influence thus far is unfortunate, her action grievously injurious to herself.

In England, since the Catholic Emancipation Act, and especially since Newman's "second spring," she has steadily striven to stand visibly beautiful and august in the eyes of men; her churches have been of the very best that the capacity of the architects and artists of the country allowed, and even in districts comparatively poor in worldly wealth she has built sanctuaries which compared as favorably with the glorious monuments of her old life, now in the hand of others, as was possible in an atmosphere weakened and impoverished by three centuries of æsthetic as well as ethic folly. Since the raising of the present Archbishop of Westminster to the Sacred College his Eminence has shown that this quality of leadership was by no means to suffer under his guidance, and that the destiny of the Catholic Church as the restorer of Christian beauty was, with the aid of God, soon to be accomplished; and such advance as England makes in the next half-century in the domain of art will be, unless all signs prove futile, through the exertions of the Roman Catholic Church and of the "Catholic" party in the Established Church.

Therefore, one by one, in town or city, the new churches of the old faith in England stand designed by the most capable architects available, enriched by the work of the most ingenious craftsmen that offer, showing to the world in every noble line and mass the devotion and the intelligence that have created them.

How utterly, how lamentably different is the case in America! Advancing day by day towards moral honor and dominion, the Catholic Church in our country is represented in her architecture and her art by the most inartistic and unpardonable structures that anywhere rise as insults to God and hindrances to spiritual progress.

This may seem violent language, but nothing is to be gained by a sensitive glozing of facts; and the truth is that, judged by her churches as a whole, the Catholic Church in the United States of America verily appears what Puritan bigotry declares her to be, not what she is in fact.

It is true that ecclesiastical architecture is at a lower ebb in America than anywhere else in the world, Germany alone excepted. But we do not ask for work which shall compare with the London Oratory and St. George's, or other beautiful sanctu-

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aries reared under different conditions, in England; we do expect, however, work which shall at least equal that of the Protestant denominations, and that we do not find. On the contrary, if a Catholic who knows something of art and loves beauty goes into an unfamiliar town or city, he is perfectly well aware that he has but to pick out the barest, commonest red brick and granite structure that thrusts itself on to the sidewalk, and he will have found his own church. It is possible to lament this fact, not to deny or palliate it.

Let me describe two Catholic churches with which I am acquainted in our Eastern States; they represent very accurately the average in this region. The first is in one of the largest cities of a vast diocese. It is in no architectural style whatever, but of a quality of design which any educated architect would look on with horror. It is shapeless and monstrous, built of a smooth face-brick with cheap brownstone trimmings; bands of black and fancy brick deface its walls; the arches of its gaunt windows are double segmental, in the vulgar fashion of 1870; trivial buttresses, weak and useless columns, ready-made carvings insult the intelligence at every point. Outwardly it is bald and vulgar; it has the appearance of a grain elevator overlaid with ready-made impertinences which delude themselves into thinking that they are ornaments.

Inside the effect is worse: the columns are cylinders of polished Scotch granite and Quincy granite alternately; the capitals are of cast iron, painted with bronze paint; the walls are stencilled in olive-green and a reddish magenta, in the foolish and violent patterns which fifteen years ago were, in some quarters, considered "high art"; the windows are filled with loud Munich glass, in colors which set one's teeth on edge. From the garishly-frescoed ceiling which follows the slope of the high-pitched roof, and is broken by frivolous trusses, the iron portions of which are painted with bronze powder, hang the chandeliers of stamped brass, vividly lacquered; the pews are of yellow chestnut, their ends sawed into fantastic patterns, with discs of cheap imitation marble set in. In the sanctuary stands the high altar of bluish white marble, ready-made, looking, alas! like a glorified soda-fountain in its frantic elaboration. The altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are in the same foolish style, and over each stands an image painted in the crudest colors.

I took a Unitarian to this church once, for the rector is a noble priest, eloquent and benign; while the music, though ex-

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cessively modern, is perfectly rendered. Afterwards he said: "You may as well stop trying to convert me from Unitarianism unless you can take me to some place where I am not struck deaf and blind by artistic horrors." And he would never go to this particular church again.

The second example stands in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Boston. Money was certainly not wanting for an excellent church; there was an extraordinary amount appropriated. This is what exists: A high, narrow barn of bright-red brick laid in black mortar; the trimmings of white granite, the jig-sawed window-tracery painted gray and sanded. The roof is of red, green, and black slate, laid in crazy patterns; the absurd tower at the west end turns at the top into a frenzy of galvanized iron; and the high spire is covered with elaborate metallic shingles. The interior is a desert, with its little iron columns, fantastical arches, bare walls, all painted and kalsomined a staring white, then lined off with black to represent marble. The Stations of the Cross are inconceivably hideous. A large and most remarkable copy of Titian's "Assumption" hangs over the high altar, which is made of imitation marble, picked out with gilding, and perennially desecrated with artificial flowers.

As one drives through the green woods of the village the apparition of this monstrous structure, standing in a dusty quadrangle, is simply shocking, and the effect of the interior so garish that the devotional spirit of the average mortal is instantly extinguished.

In the city where the first example stands there are many other religious edifices almost as bad; notably a Baptist chapel and two belonging to the Methodists. But these were all built twenty years ago, while the Catholic Church is but a few years old; built at the very time when the local Episcopalians and Presbyterians were testifying in stone, no whit more expensive, to their own sagacity and the supreme genius of their architects.

In the village where the second example turns the harmony of a beautiful landscape into grating discord there is nothing comparable to it, while there is an Episcopal church that might have been built in the fifteenth century in Warwickshire, and a Unitarian structure which is a perpetual delight, and which draws every Sunday scores of people who care nothing for the particular tenets of the denomination, but who find a certain happiness in its cool and chaste interior, and its ivy-covered walls rising amid great elms.

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These two churches are fair samples of what one may find in New England, a section of the country which is weary of Puritanism and its reaction, and is reaching out towards Catholicism again. Can such temples help to convince these searchers after God of the majesty of the Catholic Faith? can they draw the brilliantly educated, refined, travelled infidels and agnostics through appeals to their cramped and starved emotionalism?

If the Catholic architecture of to-day represented exactly the Catholic Church of to-day, silence might be commendable; but it is the very fact that it does *not* do so, but that on the contrary it misrepresents it maliciously and fatally, which makes scorn and invective the only resort of a critic with an honest heart.

To the traveller fresh from Europe, filled with the memory of the immortal Gothic monuments of the Catholic faith in the British Isles (empty, swept and garnished, it is true, but still ineffably beautiful with the beauty of the sleeping princess in the fairy tale), filled also with the memory of the harmonious new structures which the intelligence of what Archbishop Benson is pleased to call "The Italian Mission" is building on every hand; or to him who comes back with the vision of Mass or Vespers in St. Mark's at Venice, or in the cathedrals of Seville or Sienna, or in St. John of the Lateran, still lingering with him—to such an one the Catholic churches of the United States are—let it be said plainly—a fear and a scandal. He may go to the cathedral in the City of New York, and find much that he loved across the water: for glorious St. Patrick's, consecrated by real artistic reverence and thoroughness, is no unworthy pile; or he may go with great edification to St. Paul's, massive, restful, solemn, a memorial before God of human honor and sense of beauty; he may find two or three other churches where he can worship without utterly shutting himself up, for duty's sake, from outward impressions; but what will he suffer in nine cases out of ten? A novel shock to his devotion and veneration; an offence to every æsthetic sense which God has given him. The same is doubly true of Boston. The cathedral has outward dignity and reserve; and but for its gas-pipe columns and very ugly windows and sad-colored walls, would be altogether majestic and beautiful, a worthy seat for the cathedra of the saintly prelate who glorifies the few weaknesses of the structure. Despite its unfortunate site, despite the fact that, like every other cathedral in our Republic, it has no proper choir and chancel, it is yet a noble and worthy build-

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ing. But apart from this, is there one Catholic church in all Boston which glorifies God by its material worth, and spreads the faith by its charm? I do not know of one; and I do know of many poor cultured souls who, attending High Mass here and there, hungry for the food of spiritual beauty, have sorrowfully gone away, repelled, not more by the operatic music, the loud unlovely vestments, than by the stucco and the imitations, the tawdry ornament, and the harsh, violent decoration.

And as for the country churches, where can one be found which can compare with the little churches and chapels that delight every one, as does the Episcopalian St. Peter's, Morristown, New Jersey, or the Unitarian church in Weston, Massachusetts?

Now this condition of things can only be looked on as bad in the extreme, and for these reasons: In the first place, it is disobedient, irreverent, sometimes almost blasphemous; in the second place, it is libellous and misleading; and, in the third place, it defeats in large measure the ends the Catholic Church prays for and labors to attain. Let me say a word on each of these three points.

By divine command, as well as by all the higher instincts of our nature, we are told to render unto God of our best, to give him of our treasure and of our riches; nor will he accept that on which we lay little value, or which is inferior and second-rate. The best that we have is poor and insufficient enough; how then can we come before Him bringing in our hands those things which we ourselves know to be merely expedient, and representing in nowise what we can afford and obtain? Moreover, does not our sense of fitness, our rational instinct, teach us that in the tabernacle wherein God himself is content to enter and dwell, where daily in the presence of saints and angels are celebrated the divine mysteries of the Catholic Faith, where is repeated for the saving of men the awful Sacrifice of Calvary—does not our instinct teach us that hither should be brought only the choicest that we possess, the highest art, the most precious ornaments, the most costly treasure that we can afford, all the wealth of noble art and craftsmanship, the fruit of the ripe genius of the truest architects and sculptors and painters alive?

Such was always the belief and the action of the historic Church of God from the days of the building of the Ark of the Covenant and the Temple, down through the first years of Christianity, the splendors of Byzantium and the solemn glories

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of mediævalism, unto the majesty and luxury of the Renaissance. It was not until the time of the so-called Reformation that the old habits of the people, which had their natural expression through loving sacrifice and precious gifts, changed, in a portion of the world, to a barbarous iconoclasm and a penurious selfishness. As the house of God became the house of man, there were born the bare and ugly meeting-houses, the parsimony and grudging doles of money wrung from greedy purses, where once had been eager generosity and noble emulation in doing honor to the incarnate Lord. That in Protestant countries Christian art should have ceased, and anything in the way of architecture be found good enough for God, is perhaps natural; but is it logical that the Catholic Church should adopt the evil practices of the heresy and schism she condemns? Since the reaction to a higher and more spiritual religion which began in England with the Oxford movement, there has been a great advance; and now the majority of the Established churches, empty since the pestilence of Puritanism swept through them, are daily growing rich and sweet with new treasures of art, heralding the return of a great people toward the ancient faith. The Catholicism of the present century has wrought exquisitely in England, in Belgium, and in France; Protestantism has fallen far behind it. It is only in America that we find the descendants of the iconoclastic schismatics laboring together with the American representatives of the Anglican Church to make *their* houses of worship or religious instruction more acceptable in the sight of God, more attractive to men, while the Catholic Church, who should lead by good rights, hangs in the rear, content with shameful structures that would be looked on as a disgrace by our fellow-Christians.

Is not this a scandal and a reproach?

In the second place, the present condition of Catholic architecture is belying and misleading. Art is always the gauge of civilization, the flowering of an age, the culmination of its highest power. "Show me the art of a time, and I will tell you its life." The gorgeous, semi-oriental spirit of Byzantium, with all its splendid mysticism, its splendid cruelty, is just as clearly seen in Aya Sophia as is the noble emotionalism and lofty justice of Venice found in St. Mark's, the chivalry and faith of the thirteenth century in Notre Dame de Paris, the dead formalism of the post-Reformation in St. Paul's. "By their fruits ye shall know them." We can read the large empty mockery of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the

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churches of Wren and Inigo Jones; what should we judge the Catholic Church in America to be, were we to judge her by her churches of the last ten years?

A conviction formed in this way would be very far, would it not, from the truth?—for we all agree that the church is neither pretentious nor tawdry, shallow nor false, cheap nor second-rate. Yet judged as history justifies us in judging, these would be her characteristics; and these are the very characteristics attributed to her by those who, through their own ignorance, know her only from without. Therefore it is that her architecture is false and misleading, in no way representative of her; unworthy of her glorious annals, her fame as the mother and guardian of the arts, or of her evident destiny as the director and restorer of civilization.

How these conditions came about would be hard to say, neither is it under consideration here; the fact remains that the architecture of the Catholic Church slanders her in every detail, and that she owes it to her own past—nay, more, to her own future, to correct so grievous a misrepresentation.

In the third place, contemporary Catholic architecture, through its visible contradictions of the essential nature of the church, defeats the very end of missionary labors.

Art is the most powerful agency for the influence of emotions in the world; it is indeed, in its highest manifestation, the sensible expression of religion itself. It has always been one of the most mobile and potent factors in the advancement of religion; and the failure of Puritanism, as a vital system, has been due, not alone to the crudeness and bitterness of its peculiar theology but, as well, to its short-sighted antagonism to beauty in all its forms. Again, the great success of the High-Church movement in the Establishment in England and among Episcopalians in America, is due as well to its restoration of sumptuous ritual and inspiring architecture as to its return to the truths of religion without which the world has found it could not live.

For the Catholic Church carelessly to reject the gigantic and eager aid of art and beauty is therefore not alone irreverent and misleading; it is deliberately injurious as well. Thousands of men and women, awaking from the disillusions of their brief fancy for the self-sufficiency of agnosticism, are standing in hesitation, and looking with wistful eyes toward the old faith, but repelled, at the first step of advance, by the surroundings which their culture tells them are illiterate, assum-

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ing often that behind the disenchanting exterior is only an outworn or retrograde system. Can we blame them?

Is it not strange indeed to see the Roman Catholic Church deliberately rejecting the means the Established Church in England, the Presbyterians in Scotland, and the Episcopalians in America are finding, to their great and perpetual profit, so potent? To continue blindly to build churches which outwardly repel the enthusiasm of would-be converts? Not every brain can beat out its path to truth by right reason, apart from associations with its accidents. For we are all fallible; we infer the unseen from what we see.

I have cited England as an example to be followed. She has many advantages over our own country. First of all, she has magnificent models before her; she has Westminster and Wells, St. Mary Redcliffe and St. Albans, Tintern and Fountains; the eye which looks on these, the heart which loves them, is already trained. Again, English Catholics have been and are the flower of the nation; belonging chiefly to the aristocratic classes, they have always had influence, culture, and wealth, in striking disproportion to their limited number. They are an illustrious and successful household, whose methods, perfected by long thought and in peace, are superior at every point to those here, interrupted perforce by the crying problems of ignorance and poverty, and hampered by the difficulty of welding together the heterogeneous immigrated flock of the present century. Why should not American Catholicism be willing at last to admit all this, and, following the classic axiom, think it expedient to learn something from an enemy? For the English are infinitely to the fore in all matters of church reform, thanks in great measure to the initiative of Cardinal Manning; their prayer-books, their singing, their popular evening devotions, above all their buildings, are beautiful and right. The charm and distinction of their modern churches are not to be realized but by those who have examined them. They are quiet in tone; the side-chapels are usually retired in a niche or behind a screen; wood is wood, bronze is bronze; every stall, carving, mosaic, lectern is what it professes to be —no more, no less; there are no paper roses in the vases, no gas-jets in the candelabra. The surpliced choir of men and boys occupies its legitimate place. The pews, or better yet the chairs, are thoroughly comfortable; there is almost always a little shelf for the convenience of each person, and a small separate kneeling-cushion, to be affixed afterwards to a peg be-

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longing to the seat in front; sometimes the seats themselves are reversible, as in the Paulist Church in New York, so that when the pulpit stands in the third or even fourth bay of the nave, those who are near the altar may turn and face the preacher.

Now, can any Catholic familiar with his own ill-constructed churches, especially with those in sea-side and rural districts, conceive of himself as dwelling in such luxury of a Sunday morning? as utterly free to give his whole mind, as he fain would do, to the Divine Presence before him? Would not his children maintain unconsciously more attachment to a church where they do not grow sore at Sunday-school from the hard benches, where they cannot kneel on the sharp angles of the wood without at the same time sitting down, and praying against nature in a perpetual fidget? Is it not difficult to impress upon a none-too-Spartan generation that "this is none other than the house of God and the Gate of Heaven," while it feels so much more like another locality altogether? In all seriousness, the time has come to consider these things. Perhaps one vital cause of the discomfort of such churches is the utter absence of lay co-operation in their erection. It is to be observed that the sanctuary chairs are generally soft and ample enough! But in England, again, the building of the church is the concern of an architect of genius, chosen by the close and friendly conference of priest and people; or better yet, it is the concern of some one liberal and enlightened founder.

It is undeniable that piety is not the robust thing it was of old. It endures less; it has to be coaxed upon the way of life. The most seemly and decorous circumstances are needed to-day to support our public worship. Effeminate furnishings are not asked for; only ordinary ease, and freedom from distraction and sour moods; whereby much benefit unto eternity would accrue to Christian souls, most of all to the casual soul who hovers upon the threshold and has not the corporal courage to come in. Inside, indeed, is salvation. Inside also is an apotheosis of the ugly and annoying. That it should be so is, with no exaggeration, the greatest pity, the greatest blunder in the world.

It is hard to urge any possible excuse for this mournful condition of things. It is not because competent architects and artisans are wanting, for that they exist is proved by the occasional good structures which appear in the midst of the horrors that stand for Christian architecture in America. It is not because no capacity exists in the Catholic Church for appreciating

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able work. It is not because she is unable to purchase the best, for she has always money to give to God's service. Besides, it costs not one cent more to build a fine church than a poor one. How much was spent, for instance, on St. Sylvia's at Bar Harbor? It is a simple rustic chapel; the material is of a common wood; but it is *good;* it was planned with taste and love. The best churches, architecturally, in America are precisely those that cost small sums of money; often it is the very lavishing of money on unnecessary and plebeian embellishment which spoils so many of them.

Any architect will testify that skill, not dollars, is the means whereby good work takes the place of bad; and for this reason this last excuse is precisely the least defensible which may be offered. Again, the fact that few of our noted architects are Catholics does not debar the church from availing herself of their talents; for it is surely better to glorify the Almighty by the hands of unbelievers than to wrong him by the incompetence of those in the fold. In fact, no apology offers itself which can be listened to for a moment; and the abuse certainly seems one which on every account demands prompt and vigorous battle.

Surely it is most desirable that the powerful and noble alliance between the church and art should be restored, after its lapse of two or three centuries. All over the Union art, materialized and hardened by Puritanism and consequent agnosticism, cries for the aid of faith and idealism. By sagacious influence, judicious guidance, it may be for the Catholic Church to create in America not only a new religious art, but by social and economic reform to make art once more universal and omnipresent, the property of all men. But even if this may not happen, yet the church can, nevertheless, hasten the final achievement of this great end by rejecting, once for all, the present pitiable and mendacious makeshifts wherewith she now hides her light, and by accepting from none but the greatest architects, sculptors, and painters nothing but their best work, and by making her churches, however simple, worthy tabernacles of the living God, visible manifestations of the solemnity and primacy of the power which has created them, irresistible agents, through the ministry of their thoughtful and impassioned beauty, of the reunion of Christendom and the restoration of the Catholic faith.

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LISETTE.

By Harriet Agnes Anderson.

I.

LISETTE sped with light feet down the path leading from the Mer de Glace. The snow of last winter had long since melted away, and the beauty of full summer gladdened the hearts of the crowds of Alpine tourists who had come to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. The small stones clattered softly down before her, and rolled gently to a stopping place, a short space whence they had started. The hem of her gown swept the flowers and the young blades of grass as she ran, and they bent tenderly and respectfully towards her. Her pale face was upheld to the breeze, and the sunlight that quivered and shook through the green leaves fell on the brown of her hair and kissed it to a glinting gold. The blue of the heavens above smiled down upon her. Lizette's upraised eyes held a sweet, troubled look. She felt vaguely the vast beauty of those skies. Her lips trembled in a half smile. There was a bit of the poetess in Lisette, which showed itself in the quiver of her fine nostrils as she gazed.

But Lisette must look to her steps. Rough stones, half sunk in the earth, stood in the way; but she sprang from one to another with swift, sure leaps, each one graceful as the flight of a bird.

A party of American tourists going up, some on mules, others walking, stared at her in mild surprise. One of them turned around, clapped her hands delightedly, watched her as she sprang away, and exclaimed:

"Look! she is like a chamois. Have you ever seen anything so light, so sure-footed, so quick?"

"That is the wife of Ambroise Martin," said one of the guides. "He is one of those who are to go on the expedition the day following to-morrow, mademoiselle."

Their voices became soft and distant as they mounted upwards, and finally were lost altogether. But Lisette heard not one word; she sprang away, flinging her slight shape forward,

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or, at some especially steep point, bracing herself sturdily, with sliding feet. Sometimes one hand held her thin, short skirts away from gnarled root or jagged stone, but her speedy steps took on ever a quicker pace. Soft-curled tendrils loosed themselves from the severely smooth hair and brushed against her face, and forehead, and long, brown neck. Her cheeks took on a soft flush which deepened as she neared the bottom; it was easy to jog along the broadened path, the head tilted back a little, the arms swinging loosely at the sides. When she had arrived at the foot she was quite warm and panting; but she stopped only to say a few words of greeting to some peasants who were looking through a little telescope at a number of people coming down Mont Blanc. When she had gained the broad path that led to her house her pace slackened a bit, but her steps were still rapid.

Lisette was hastening to get back to her little son, Pierre, whom she had left in the morning with an ailment; so she had placed him under the charge of her young sister Berthe. Mme. Louise Simond, the woman at the half-way house on the way to the Mer de Glace, she who had always been so kind to Lisette, was ill, and Lisette had taken her place in order to aid Mme. Simond's youngest daughter, who was not much more than a child; but in the afternoon the second daughter had come, and Lisette was free. Not, however, before she had been able to see Ambroise Martin, her husband, who was taking a party of English ladies up to the Mer de Glace.

The day, though fair, was quite close and sultry, and she felt, with her running, very warm and uncomfortable. But now and then a truant breeze would spring up which was delicious, and which fanned her flushed cheeks and somewhat disarranged her neat hair. She brushed back with an impatient hand the stray little locks which would caress the eyes.

But when she reached the house she was rejoiced to find that Pierre had quite recovered—her sister Berthe had taken very good charge of him. In fact he was well enough for her to take him with her to meet Ambroise at the Hôtel Royal et de Saussure, where the English ladies were stopping.

Lisette was accustomed to lead the mules home while Ambroise arranged his affairs with his employers. Pierre was extremely fond of riding home on one of the mules, and he almost invariably accompanied his mother.

To-day, as usual, Ambroise lifted him up in his strong arms and placed him on the saddle, and Pierre, delighted and beam-

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ing, rode off; his mother leading the mules, while he shouted and waved aloft one sturdy arm. Ambroise stood gazing after the figures of his wife and Pierre, and the two mules, until they had disappeared around the corner. There was a happy look in his eyes, and he forgot for a moment his negotiations with his English ladies.

A question from one of the Englishwomen recalled him from his dreams.

"It is my wife," he answered, "and our little boy Pierre"; and there was a proud, contented ring in his voice as he spoke.

But Ambroise had good reason to be contented and proud of all that belonged to him. He was proud of his two brothers who were doing so well in the world, one a soldier in the army, the other a distinguished gentleman's valet and quite an educated man, as Ambroise had informed one of the Englishwomen that afternoon. He was proud, very proud of his wife, Lisette, who was so good and so pretty—proudest of all of his small son Pierre, who was such a strong little lad. Pierre was now four years old and a veritable child of heaven, and he intended to have the boy educated like his brother, so that he should become a splendid man. He was proud, too, of Lisette's younger sister Berthe, who lived with them, and was growing up to be a fine, brave girl; proud of the two mules, proud of the cow La Grise.

Ambroise had not always lived in Chamounix. He had moved there from a neighboring town, with his aged widowed mother, when he was a long, lanky youth of eighteen, and he had later taken up the occupation of guide, and soon gained the reputation of being one of the best in Chamounix.

The parents of these two were now dead; and with their share of money which the old people had left, besides the goodly revenue always coming in from Ambroise's skill as guide, they were able to provide for all their wants, and more, for these were simple and few. They owned the two mules and La Grise, the stately cow which in summer-time Lisette, or perhaps Berthe, would each morning drive to pasture. This dignified La Grise, walking with demure forefeet planted firmly forward, really did not need a single touch of the stick beneath Lisette's arm to guide her, so well she knew her way; so that Lisette could knit while walking, or perhaps say her rosary, while the bell at La Grise's neck clanged quaint music on the fresh, early morning air.

Now, on this Saturday afternoon, Ambroise had been spe-

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cially engaged by the English ladies for their little expedition to the Mer de Glace. They had made an earnest solicitation for him, so anxious were they for his services, and had obtained him, though the guide-chef was bound to employ each guide in turn. And on Monday he was to go on an expedition to the top of Mont Blanc. Lisette, as she walked homewards that day, remembered the time of Ambroise's first ascent up this Mont Blanc, and smiled at the recollection. For then she had been dreadfully averse to his going, and had clung to him at the moment of parting with frightened tears in her sweet gray eyes. But Ambroise had laughed at her fears and had consoled her.

"Afraid!—thou, a woman born and brought up in Chamounix —thou knowest there has been no accident there for years and years, and then that was in the early spring and it had rained. Nothing ever happens, no one knows that better than myself." Notwithstanding, she had gone that day to the church in the village and had prayed not a little; and she had prayed still more in thanksgiving when Ambroise had returned safe and sound. Since then he had made the ascent many times, and she no longer experienced these fears; indeed, she was rejoiced whenever the opportunity offered itself, for it would bring in a neat little sum.

On Monday Lisette, with Pierre, saw Ambroise off as usual. He was to meet at their hotel a party of Americans who were to go on the expedition. Lisette's eyes followed him until he had disappeared down the road. Pierre stood, his little hand in his mother's, his sturdy bare legs glistening in the sun, and watched his father, too, until he strode away out of sight. Pierre's rosebud of a mouth, which showed character and decision even at that early age, was screwed up now into a funny little smile; his blue eyes gleamed. He adored his father. When he grew up into a man, he, Pierre, intended to become just such a man as his father. And he would be a soldier, and fight for his country, and do brave deeds, and perhaps become a very great person. And he would always say his prayers night and morning, so that his papa would be very proud of him.

Tuesday was a gloomy, drizzling day—a contrast to the bright Monday. On Wednesday, however, it cleared again, and in the afternoon Lisette had occasion to go to the village of Chamounix. She expected Ambroise home that evening. When she arrived in the town she noticed the unemployed

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guides standing about in groups, and talking very earnestly and seriously, with here and there one or two women. To be sure, the unemployed guides usually stood about thus in little groups, but in a manner lazier, more indifferent, and not in this solemn, absorbed fashion. Passing, Lisette heard the words, "Mont Blanc—accident," and her heart stood still. Not hesitating an instant, she went straight up to the man standing nearest her, who was talking with a woman.

"What is the matter," she said, "and what is this I hear about the Mont Blanc and an accident?"

Then this fellow did a cowardly thing; yet he could scarcely be blamed, for with Lisette coming suddenly upon him in this way without a word of warning, he lost his head and could not tell her the truth. He was frightened, and he stammered out the first thing that came to him. "There has been an accident—an accident—on the Mont Blanc—it was an avalanche, and the rope broke; two were killed." "O my God! who?" "The German gentleman of the party and one guide, Alphonse Michel—the guide, Alphonse Michel. That is all, that is all. The rest are safe and are coming down. They have recovered the body of the guide, and are coming down. One, in recovering it, has been a little hurt—that is all—not seriously—but they are all perfectly safe."

But he lied; for it was Ambroise Martin, Lisette's husband, who had been killed, and not Alphonse Michel. And fearing more questions, the man moved away with the woman with whom he had been talking, who was his wife, and who had been too dumbfounded to say a word.

Now, Lisette believed him, but she determined, nevertheless, to make further inquiries at the Hôtel Royal, whence the party had started. Then a strange thing happened. For the garçon to whom she put the questions unknowingly made the same mistake that the man in the village deliberately had made. "There has been an accident to the party who started from here to make the ascent of the Mont Blanc," he said. And he went on to tell her how on Tuesday they had started from the Grands-Mulets, and were on their way to the top, when an avalanche had come and two had been swept away before the others could draw a second breath. The others were safe, however. It was only these two—the German gentleman in the party of Americans and one guide—Alphonse Michel. They had succeeded in recovering the body of the guide almost immediately, and it had been at the Grands-Mulets over night,

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and now they were bringing it down. He did not know whether they had yet found the German gentleman. One of the men had come down immediately with the news. It was a terrible thing, indeed; but it was fortunate that no one else had been killed. One of the other guides—he who had recovered the body, had been a little hurt, but not seriously. What is the name? One Ambroise Martin.

Lisette started. "Hein—Ambroise Martin—that is my husband"; and she stepped out of the hotel with her brows puckered into a little worried expression; she did not like to hear that Ambroise had been hurt. But it was brave of him, was it not, and like him to have recovered the dead guide's body? And just at that moment, as if to verify the waiter's statement, Rose Michel, the wife of Alphonse Michel, passed, weeping, on another woman's arm.

Lisette having accomplished her errand, then walked homeward, meditating seriously on all that had happened. Was it not strange—the will of the good God? He did what was for the best, certainly; but those two had been married only a year. It was very sad. She must see if she could comfort or aid this poor Rose Michel in her great trouble.

Musing on many things, she at last saw coming towards her a little procession of men, two of them bearing between them an ugly thing—the litter with the body of the guide.

"But they have passed Rose Michel's house—it is strange," thought Lisette; and then she saw them stop at her own home, which stood a little way down the road. "Why, why are they stopping there—oh!"

Lisette stood perfectly still. An iron hand, cruel and merciless, grasped her heart, and seemed to squeeze upward in a rushing flood all the blood therein, choking her, dyeing her throat and face crimson, so that her heart was left dry and sere; and then, did not that crimson flood fall back into it again slowly, drop by drop, each like some ponderous weight? And she turned ghastly white. She felt herself growing deadly cold from top to toe, and for a moment she could not move—she was as one paralyzed. Then with all her might she ran to where that ugly procession had stopped at her own door, and there lay Ambroise, beautiful and smiling, but dead—dead!

Lisette uttered not a shriek—not a sound. She sank on her knees. She bent forward staring, her arms hanging down stiffly a little back from her body, with strenuously closed fists. She had the look of a hypnotized person: the mouth open in

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a round O, the eyes wide, distended, glassy. Like the head of a Marie Antoinette after the execution, she wore an expression of bewildered astonishment and surprise, rather than of terror or pain. And she knelt motionless for thirty dreadful seconds, gazing at the inanimate object which lay before her. Those about her stood as if mesmerized, in complete silence, and stared in a frightened way at the tragic, fascinated form. Those thirty seconds seemed interminable, and they thought she would never move. But as the knowledge of what had happened grew within her, her gaze changed, becoming less stupefied, more wild. And with the horror growing unbearably, she upraised her arms, which sought the air with hands clenched in fierce anguish. The half-closed lids showed the intense pain in the gray eyes; deep furrows came between the brows; the head was thrown back; the open mouth took an agonized droop. It was an attitude expressive of deepest despair. She swayed once, and fell forward without a moan prone on the earth with extended arms. All this happened in less than a minute, and not an outcry was uttered, nor a single sound. The quiet of the grave reigned; and they picked her up and carried her into the house, following slowly with their other burden lying frozen—horridly stiff and still. It was terrible; shriekings, and shriekings again and again, they would not so much have minded. They had come prepared for loud outcries and wailings; they had expected a painful scene; but nothing they had expected seemed so dreadful as this dumb and tortured agony and despair.

II.

Poor Lisette! After Ambroise's funeral they could not do much with her. She lay on the bed with wide-open eyes, in her little black dress, and she neither moved nor said a word. They spoke to her, she did not heed them; they brought her food, she would not touch it. The good curé came to see her, but it was not of much avail. So did the old Mère Payot who was so wise, and to whom everybody ran when there was sickness or trouble. But even the Mère Payot's wisdom did not suffice this time. Not even to Pierre, her little boy, would she respond. Pierre knew at first that something terrible had happened, and was very sad and cried. But his baby mind could not fully grasp that his father had gone away for ever.

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He could not understand that it was death, nor, in fact, what "death" was. And Berthe, when she saw that he could do his mother no good, kept him away and gave him his toys to play with and sweets to eat. It broke her heart to see his little face so sad and pale, as it was breaking already at the sight of her sister Lisette, added to the sorrow and shock of her good brother-in-law's death.

That evening Berthe, who was untiring in her devotion to her sister, said to the Mère Payot: "If she would but cry; but she has not shed a tear since it all happened."

But the Mère Payot sagely nodded her head. "Do not fear," she said, "she will soon sleep. She will become exhausted and sleep without knowing it. Else if she does not and does not cry, she will go out of her mind. Do not look so startled, my child. As I know Lisette, that will not happen. I tell thee she will soon sleep. And when she does, do thou go thyself and take some rest, as thou hast need of it. Thou wilt be where thou canst hear her if she makes the slightest sound, or calls thee. But she will not, for it will be the sleep of exhaustion. Then, when she wakes, have ready a bowl of hot porridge, and something before her eyes—a statue of our Blessed Lady, Lisette is so religious—or something that will touch her, so that she will be moved to tears, for tears will be the best medicine in the world for her."

The Mère Payot had been very good and kind, and had helped put Pierre to bed, and Berthe believed all she said, for she had implicit faith in her wisdom. As it was growing late, the Mère Payot took her departure, and left Berthe alone with her sister. And now it seemed that it was all going to happen as she had prophesied. Berthe noticed a change in Lisette. Her eyelids fluttered and drooped. Then the gray eyes closed. She opened them again afterwards, but looked at Berthe dreamily, the hard expression gone, and Berthe imagined there was almost a half-smile in them, and presently they closed again. A little later, while jumping up to arrange the dripping candle, Berthe was surprised and shocked to see them open and staring; but after a minute the lids drooped.

And then it seemed that Lisette really was sleeping at last. By-and-by, when the early hours of the morning began to creep in, Berthe arose and said quietly, "Lisette." No answer. And there was still no answer when she bent over her and touched her softly, saying again, "Lisette, Lisette." Then, rejoicing, she

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tip-toed her way across the floor, where she paused to take a last glance at Lisette, listening to her regular breathing. When she had gained her room she undressed and said her simple prayers. She intended to rest only a little, and to listen to any sound from her sister; but, exhausted from long watching, without knowing it she was soon fast asleep.

But Lisette was not asleep. It is true that for some time after her sister had left her she lay quite motionless. But when all was very quiet she arose suddenly to a sitting posture. Her face was gray with pain. Never before had she looked as she then did. Her mouth was long and drawn, her cheeks haggard, her eyes stony and staring. She sprang from the bed and rushed to the closed door that led into the road. And she opened it quite softly, so as not to make any sound; but this she did only through instinct, for Lisette, in her frenzy, but partly knew what she was about. For an instant she stood under the stars, the cool night-wind blowing in her face. Then like a wild creature she flew down the road, running like a hunted deer, swift and straight.

Where she ran the trees cast black shadows across the whiteness that the moon shed. The night odors, sweet, fragrant, dewy, hung in the air. The night was glorious; its magic was incomparable. Where that glimmering, shimmering, mystic light was not, dense dark was thrown by the trees and shrubs that of themselves stood out bright and silvered in outlines pure and firm. There reigned a deep stillness, not a sound was heard, and a mystery brooded over all. Above, in the air, near the blessed, star-strewn skies, perhaps that wondrous whiteness was the light from the eyes of the spirits of the holy dead; who knows?

When Lisette came out upon an open space there stretched away the interminable line of snow-mountains, radiant now and dazzling, with the Mont Blanc rising above them all, majestic, like death itself—like death itself, so calm, and cold, and white, and still, serene, indifferent, beautiful. Above it sailed the sweet fair moon, holy and calm, untroubled by a single cloud; near by a great star gleamed. It was a sight to make one go down on one's knee with the hand pressed against the throbbing heart, and with a cry of joy to thank God for creating on earth such beauty. But Lisette heeded it not—she heeded not this strange and marvellous beauty. She stood there in the silvered road and flung aloft her arms, and shook them in angry de-

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fiance at the smiling Mont Blanc. Treacherous! treacherous! It was terrible, indeed, to see that black figure, so pitifully human in its aspect with uplifted, frantic arms and impassioned face, marring the loveliness of that unearthly and magical night.

Behind her, a few paces on, stood a little shrine. Lisette, turning, saw it, and she ran to it, and stood before it, her head held back defiantly. At its foot was laid a little bunch of flowers.

Lisette's devout hands had placed a bunch there each day as she walked behind La Grise; but now this one was quite faded and dead, as she had not passed for three long mornings. She snatched it up, and flung it fiercely afar; then, as if in contrition, she began hastily pulling up the sleeping flowers that stood near, making them into a bunch, thrusting them crazily, in her half-delirium, at the foot of the shrine. Now, this shrine was very well carven, and really beautiful; something there was so strange and sad in the figure upon the cross, with its drooping head, and mouth drawn and agonized in pain, and half-closed, weary, dying eyes.

Suddenly Lisette, overpowered, fell upon her knees; and she beat her fists against her temples, her face cruelly distorted; and at last an agonized cry broke from her lips: "O my God, my God! let me die—ah—je souffre—Jesu-Christ, ayez pitié de moi!"

She sank at the foot of the cross; and the figure that hung upon it with arms outstretched for the whole world—He who had suffered and died for all poor sinners—seemed to look down upon her in sorrow, and yet with infinite love.

Lisette lay quite still. Indeed, she felt utterly powerless to move; her head fell upon her arm; her eyelids drooped wearily. What was this odd feeling stealing over her, benumbing her senses—this torpor?

She could not notice, in truth, so very imperceptible was it, that the glorious moonlight was dimming; yet it was true—it was dimming. Now, a strange stir broke the silence—a whisper, a murmur soft and gentle, and so faint as to be scarcely heard, yet a sound that broke the spell of that intense quiet. "The leaves on the trees have moved," thought Lisette, and she opened her eyes, which had closed.

What was that queer thing afar in the skies of the East? It was not light, nor was it shadow—it was nothing; yet something was there. What was it? Pierre's laughing eyes? Ah,

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Pierre! she must go to him—her poor little son; she should not have left him. But this deadly feeling of fatigue—she could not move. Why, there was Pierre himself sitting on the grass near her! He was roughly pulling up the flowers and flinging them about. "Pierre, thou shouldst not throw the flowers about like that; they must be treated gently, most tenderly, my little one. They are beautiful, and are God's flowers." But now he was making them into a little nosegay to bring home to his father; but his father—his father—Ambroise was dead—dead—dead! Ah, God! this sharp, stabbing pain in the heart, like a knife—like a two-edged knife—oh, do not stab so! And—well—but—this pressure on the eyelids! There was Berthe and the Père Fourier standing and looking at her with serious eyes. What were they saying? Now they were coming towards her, smiling. No, they were really not there at all. But there again was that strange thing in the skies of the east! It was color—no, only the shade of a color—no, it was certainly light! Why what is this? Had the light in the skies taken a shape? Oh, what is this? Mary, sweet Mother, what is this? . . .

Quite long ago, when Ambroise and Lisette had been first married, they had made a little visit to Paris. On Sunday they had gone to Mass in a little church where there was a beautiful stained-glass window. It represented figures of men and women, children even, who seemed bowed down by sorrow or sickness or suffering. But it was the central figure standing alone, strong and beautiful, that had held Lisette so awed and spell-bound. On the foot of the window were the words "Christus Consolator," and it went on further to say that it had been erected to the memory of one Marie Élise Le Duc. And the power and strength and majesty of that figure Lisette had never forgotten; nor its sweetness, nor its peace. Ambroise had liked it, too. And now here stood the same—the very same. The serene, sweet, steadfast eyes held within them infinite mercy and love, and they shone with a light that gleamed out from within, steady and strong; compassionate and calm; all-seeing, all-knowing; the upheld arm was raised as if in benediction; one hand lay quietly on the breast of the white, glistening robe. And the glory of the moon seemed not of itself, but to come from the figure, from the shining countenance and hair; and he said not one word, but those pitying eyes, with their glorified gaze, were bent upon her.

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Overwhelmed, she fell on her face in mute adoration.

When she dared look up again that marvellous figure had gone. That she knew, but he had left another in his place. It was Ambroise. Now she was not at all frightened, not even surprised. It seemed quite natural. Only she could not move, nor speak—only kneel there, staring, with outstretched hands. And she felt completely, indubitably happy; for it was her husband—her own tall, strong, brave Ambroise. He came up to her and took her outstretched hands in his, and began to talk in his same old happy way—very rapidly, slurring over his words at the end of his sentences. Only he said beautiful things which sank deep, deep into her soul.

He told her she must not wish to die; that was cowardly—she who had always been so brave in hours of trial and dismay—and she had much for which to live. There, first of all, was the little Pierre, who must be brought up to become a fine man. There was her young sister, Berthe; and, though she might not know it, many others. And after the first bitterness of her grief had passed away she would be again quite happy—yes, very happy. Who could expect to live long in the world, and go through life without suffering—without keen and bitter disappointments, or without grief? No one. It was but the common lot. Some experienced more, some less; but those who thought to escape it were fools. . . . "Let thy heart be strong. Do not turn and fly in life's battle; be not a coward, but fight and conquer. There are those who do not believe in God—that is sad and terrible; but scarcely so sad and terrible as those who do believe in him, and who, when he sees best to send his burdens upon them, turn against him and rebel; as thou hast almost done, my poor Lisette. I have loved thee. I have never loved thee as I do now. But, loving thee, though it means separation for years, I can only wish to see thee living upon the earth until thy work on it is nobly done, and well. There is Pierre; he will grow from childhood into boyhood, from boyhood into manhood. And life—ah, life, Lisette, is filled with terrible dangers, snares, and temptations! Pierre will need a mother's hand. Thou must be his guardian angel upon earth, and see that he grows up to be a good man, noble and brave. And now—good-by—good-by until—"

He bent and kissed her forehead with infinite tenderness and was gone. There followed for her a period of darkness.

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That low, continuous murmur grew noisier. And the waning of the glory of the moon, at first so imperceptible, was now quite apparent. The dense black shadows about began to grow faint and gray. The trees and shrubs that had looked in the weird light so strange took on bolder outlines, became more natural, at last stood out fresh and green. In expectancy of that which was to come, the shy stars paled; one by one they quietly withdrew. Down the heavens crept the moon, timid, too, before the coming of one mightier than she, hiding her fairness behind a veil of mist and light. A few little clouds, white and fleecy, sailed across the sky. And the leaves on the trees were still rustling. A shy little breeze timidly invited them to play. Then, gaining courage, it rushed joyously among them, so that they quivered and shook in tremulous delight at the advent of so boon a playfellow, and turned from him saucily with soft laughter—was it not their sweet laughter, that low, happy murmur? The atmosphere was gray and fresh and cool. Afar in the eastern skies that shadow of a color had flushed and deepened and flamed to a red, at first dull, then vivid and brilliant—red banners unfurled there in the east to herald the coming of the mighty one. Now little birds, unseen, unheard before, began to appear; they rumpled their feathers sleepily, for they were not yet fully awake. Then they began to twitter and to hop about from twig to twig. Suddenly one winged high up into the air, straight as an arrow; another broke into jubilant song. O glad, O blessed, joyous song of praise! It was Sunday morning.

III.

When Lisette awoke to consciousness the sun had quite arisen; but it was yet very early morning. The little fleecy clouds had turned to gold; some, lower down, glowed a deep rose. Like good ships before the breeze, swiftly they sailed across a sea of blue. And the young day was deliciously cool.

A bird, flying low, and brushing its wings across her face, a gleam of sunshine in the eyes, had awakened Lisette. At first she was bewildered and shocked to find herself lying on the damp ground; then it all came back to her—how she had run out there in the night in a half-frenzy; how, exhausted, she had fallen in the road; and—the wonderful and beautiful happening. That she could never forget! Its memory brought to

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her a feeling akin to the serene and perfect happiness that sweet, rapturous music, heaven-like in its felicity, brings to those who love it. She arose to her knees; she rubbed her hands across her eyes and looked up into the sky. Then her gaze fell upon the cross; and a sudden pain shot through her heart such as she had not before felt.

For there was One who had endured infinite tortures and wrongs, who had borne upon his shoulders the weight of all human woes for the sake of ungrateful human kind. And this One-Only Sacrifice had been done in expiation for their wrongs and crimes, and through an infinite divine compassion for all who sin and who suffer—he who had suffered so much and had sinned never. And this had been done for her and her sins, which had but added to this great suffering, compared with which hers was not even as a grain of sand to the great round earth. O bitterest pain! O deepest grief unparalleled! What had she done—what had she done?

All this this peasant woman thought. She burst into a torrent of tears. She buried her face in her hands. Great sobs shook her slight frame from head to foot. Now, it was fortunate that no one chanced that way, else they might have been dismayed at the sight of a woman weeping in the road. But it happened that not a soul had passed during the whole time that she had been there.

But she was weeping, not for her sorrow, but for a cause sent her from Heaven. And, as in summer-time the rain descends purifying the overcharged and overweighted atmosphere, so did those chastening tears fall upon Lisette's soul, overcharged, overweighted with pain. And there arose within her infinite peace, as the sun shines forth after the storm and all is calm and quiet. Her sobs checked, her tears dried, she knelt for a moment with clasped hands, praying simply for forgiveness for any rebellious thoughts she had had in the first great anguish of her grief and pain; for strength to bring up the little Pierre as Ambroise wished him to be brought up; in thanksgiving for the wonderful thing that had happened to her. Then she arose and turned her steps homeward.

Berthe awoke early, and quickly made her toilet. Then she went to the bedside of her sister to see if she still slept, and she found her gone. She stood dumbfounded for an instant, as immovable as a statue of stone. Then she began running hastily from room to room, calling, "Lisette, Lisette, Lisette!"

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She called quietly at first, pausing, as though confident of a response; but when no answer came, her voice rose higher and higher into one long, frightened scream. Tears of terror stood in her eyes; she panted, and uttered with her screaming little ejaculations of prayer. When she again reached Lisette's room she saw Pierre sitting up in his little bed in the room adjoining, and calling pitifully for his mother. The big, wondering baby eyes were blurred; drops trembled on their lids, and trickled slowly down the round cheeks.

In her panic Berthe was about to run out of the house and arouse the neighbors, when Lisette stood in the door. Pierre saw her first, and clambered down with a delighted cry, running to her with outstretched arms. Lisette caught him up and strained him to her heart, and he laughed aloud merrily, pulling her cheeks and kissing her. Berthe's expression of mingled fear, regret, reproach, relieved anxiety, and sisterly commiseration changed to one of wondering awe. For Lisette stood in the sunlight, smoothing with a swift, tender, motherly stroke the boy's tossed and tumbled hair. And she smiled, and her smile was as the Morning Star.

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THE ANN ARBOR STRIKE AND THE LAW OF HIRING.

BY GEORGE MCDERMOT.

SINCE the decision in the Ann Arbor railroad strike great interest has been awakened among all classes. In this case Judge Ricks seems only to have declared the law passed to make interstate communication effective, notwithstanding the rules of certain labor unions. His judgment apparently amounted to nothing more than a declaration of the law intended to secure the continuity of traffic between one State and another, no matter what union rules are adopted by the employees of a railway company calculated to prevent or hamper it. We do not criticise the policy of the law in this particular matter. We barely suggest that the public at large have an interest in efficient railway service, as they have in their food-supplies, coal-supplies, intelligence, illumination, and so on; and that they are not likely to brook a course of action interfering with the enjoyment of it.

THE LAW ON PUBLIC CARRIERS.

For the advantage of the public exceptional duties and liabilities have been imposed upon common carriers from time immemorial. It would be beside the question to discuss how far and under what conditions such carriers may contract themselves out of their liabilities. But as, even in special contracts of exemption, they must prove that they were in no way to blame; that it is not sufficient simply, as it would be in any other class of cases, to throw down the special contract and rest their case upon it, it must be conceded that they lie under burdens to which no other class is subject, or at least to anything like the same extent.

It therefore would seem somewhat fair that such carriers should not be altogether barred from fulfilling their obligations because of the insufficiency of assistance from the law. The law imposes duties upon them which, to put it broadly, must be fulfilled at any cost. It casts liabilities upon them which, in broad terms, cling under all circumstances save a visitation

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of God. It seems, then, equitable enough that the legislature should not leave them without the means of compelling their servants in certain cases to enable them to discharge the duties. If railway servants could fly off when a train was about to start, or abandon the train upon its way, there would seem to be no remedy to the company for the losses to which they would become immediately liable to passengers and consignees of goods.* To say that they had a remedy against the revolting employees, is of course true, technically; but in fact it is the sheerest nonsense. The employee would be as good a security for the damages and costs as the common vouchee of the old fines and recoveries for the value of the lands he vouched, or as the justice of a Turkish pasha for the restoration of the goods of a plundered Christian.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASE.

All this so far seems fair dealing enough. But then if the legislature steps in to aid railway companies to fulfil their engagements, we see no reason why it should not interfere, within proper limits, on behalf of the employees. Turn about is fair play, the sages of antiquity and all other old women of the kind tell us. We think that this turn about can be demanded on principles so straight and authoritative that they cannot be disputed. We think that an enactment to amend the interpretation of contracts of hiring would meet a great deal of the difficulty that now besets the labor question. And when we say that the interpretation of such contracts should be amended, we mean no more than to apply principles often applied in courts of law, and which stand as the basis of the matchless equitable jurisprudence of England and this country.

I must not be supposed to limit this proposal to contracts between railway companies and their employees. All labor contracts should have terms imported into them by implication of law which would protect the weaker party against advantage arising from his necessity, his ignorance, or from the fraud, overreaching, and undue influence of the other party. No doubt there might be some difficulty in the practical working of this in many cases of individual employers. The horrible system of sweating and subcontracting generally might be hard to reach by an enactment that would depend for its working in some degree upon publicity. Yet even here I do not think

* The contract is made with the consignee by implication of law, and not with the consignor, though the latter sends the goods.

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the difficulty insuperable; but I am very clearly of opinion that such a course would be successful in the case of employees of large companies and corporations. I shall show this by and by.

WHY THE LATE STRIKES WERE UNSUCCESSFUL.

It has been observed that the working-men have been defeated in most of the recent strikes. This is the case. Various causes have been assigned for the want of success of the men. So far as I can judge—and the same view is taken by persons eminently fitted to pronounce upon the subject—there was an error arising from impatience or impracticability in the initiation of the strike or in some subsequent stage of it. No doubt the notion has gone abroad that for the most part the strikes were entered upon wantonly and capriciously, and conducted with a reckless and domineering spirit which made it incumbent upon the employers to spare no expense, to suffer every loss rather than submit.

I do not, of course, take this view. That strikes have been entered upon unadvisedly I think is abundantly evident. They have been begun often without due regard of the means to the end; sometimes without a clear idea on the part of the strikers of what they wanted. But the latter part of this statement certainly does not apply to the failure in the Ann Arbor case, though perhaps the first does pretty distinctly. On the authority of the Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, we find that the grievance was stated with the utmost clearness and precision to the proper officials of the railroad. I think, upon the whole, it will be found that the failure of strikes depends as much on the staying power of the strikers as on the justice of their cause.

If I am right, this becomes a serious consideration in dealing with the entire controversy between labor and capital. I cannot and I will not believe that strikes have been entered upon causelessly. The few cents in a wages dispute never represent all the elements and influences at work in the controversy. They are often the occasion of the outbreak prepared by the seething of deep and dangerous passions.

I fear that some time, when least expected, a threatened reduction of wages or a demand for increased wages, or some such cause ruffling the surface of society, will be the herald of a peril as surely as the white waves above a reef tell the dangers hidden under them. It is the duty of public men to watch such indications now. There is no question for governments that

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bears any proportion to this labor question in the vastness of the consequences flowing from neglect of dealing with it.

FATUITY OF GOVERNMENTS AND CAPITALISTS.

From Tyler's rebellion to the labor strike, every outbreak of working-men, every menacing display of strength directed towards the privileged or fortunate orders of society, sprang from some apparently trivial cause. Their long-suffering has been misunderstood by employers and rulers alike. The selfishness of the first, the blindness of the last, have between them imperilled society.

The aspect of the labor question in this country in the present hour is grave and menacing. Judge Rick's decision, capping the series of disasters to the trade-unions, has had an ominous effect on the more extreme of the labor circles. Any one who accepts the confident opinion of some capitalists since that decision, that strikes and boycotts are at an end, will find himself wofully mistaken. Those capitalists themselves had better bear in mind that the defeated strikers, all union men in fact, say the same; but they say it with the fierce significance of men with the future for good or evil in their hands. Strikes and boycotts are at an end, the workmen echo; but they add, We will pursue our ends by some weapon that shall not break short in our hands like the old exploded one.

UNWISDOM OF HASTY ACTION.

Undoubtedly the most prudent of the leaders consider the present the most critical period that has arisen in the history of the labor question in America. The opinion seems a reasonable one when we regard the troubles which environ labor organizations everywhere. But when they assert that a short time must decide whether capital or labor shall go to the wall, they prophesy without inspiration and confessedly without the power of bringing their predictions to pass. As things look now, one fails to see the nearness of the prospect. Forcing a crisis would be simply disastrous; it would hand the victory to capital for a long time to come.

But, on the other hand, the capitalists reckon without their host if they think they are going to win. The conflict has been going on almost from the dawn of the world. But they would not be wise to judge of the future by the past. Except in the guilds of the middle ages the laborer had to bend because all social influences combined to depress him. But now he is edu-

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cated—he belongs to that brotherhood to which education lifts mankind. The future shall see no cycles of Cathay for the toilers. Men prefer progress at any risk—they prefer the rush of the torrent, even with its danger, to the slow safety of the pool. But progress can be combined with safety for those who build the prosperity of states, as well as for those who enjoy it without the toil.

Some well-meaning people complain that employers regard the working-man as a mere machine from which the most work is to be got at the least expense. I am inclined to think that much time is wasted in attempts to show that he has a mind and rights and feelings. This is not the way really to cope with the hard and tyrannical intelligence that presides over the employment of labor in great enterprises, and often enough in small ones. These men say a bargain is a bargain. They don't care a straw about the workman's rights or feelings. They bring to the discussion the arguments and heart of Shylock. They regard talk of the rights of the workman, his feelings, and the dignity of labor, at the best as *ad captandum* appeals to laborers or pious platitudes for Sunday display. If they condescend to reply to such rhetoric at all, they do so by a retort: How do you treat your own servants? Do you abate one tittle of the rights the contract gives you?

INSENSIBILITY OF CAPITALISTS.

When a good, earnest man, overflowing with ill-directed benevolence, threatens the plutocrat with the judgments of God, he replies with the story of the man who made a fortune by minding his own business. Those moneyed people, though they lack the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere, can often speak with as much cynical scorn of enthusiasm as if their plebeian puddle were the bluest blood in the universe. Platitudes and theories which might make the world of labor an Eden are not the methods to convince these men. Strikes have been, clumsy as they are, better arguments than the finest sentiments from poets and preachers.

THE LEVER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Much may be done by enlisting the public at large upon the side of labor. They have not been sufficiently appealed to in the past, although they have in the last resort the ruling power over all controversies. If the conditions which embitter

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the lives of the laboring classes are fully and honestly stated to the public, it seems to me impossible that pressure of an irresistible character would not be put upon the legislature. No one can deny that among the broad mass of American citizens a love of liberty and justice prevails. Perhaps in no country in the world is there a more genuine sympathy with man abstracted from the special relations of race or creed. Nowhere since the Catholic Church informed the old world with the spirit of charity is such tenderness manifested to suffering as in the benevolent institutions of the United States. In a dim but not unhopeful manner the regard for the great humanities, which one finds here, moves in the path of the splendid charities of the ages of faith. Protestant America approaches nearest to the church that covered Europe with asylums for every form of mental and physical disease until the bandits of the Reformation despoiled or destroyed them.

I therefore think that the public can be trusted to secure justice for the working-man if they are made acquainted with his true position, if they are told all that the present conditions of labor mean in certain avocations, and to some extent in all. It may be said that the labor question is and has been before the people just as much as that of abolition years ago; that it has been viewed in all aspects and presented with argument, menace, demonstration, and deeds of violence in forms as various as any great question of the century in the countries of Europe. This, in truth, is not the case. It was the discontent of a class, or rather of an interest, within the state making an eddy on the surface. The movement of the industrial classes was only understood to be an accident causing a very slight, partial, and temporary heaving of the waters. The bursting of a reservoir, the failure of a crop in part of a State, a fire in a city would be regarded as more serious matters than the discontent of working-men. Their complaints were pooh-poohed by every one. Why, it was a pleasant way of masters to meet the complaints of a union by saying that the men wanted handsome houses furnished at great expense, cups by Cellini, and pictures by the old masters, or at least copies hardly distinguishable from the originals, yachts and horses. "Sir, I myself have all these things now," this Bunderley would say; "but I began in the gutter and worked my way up. Let my servants do the same and they will all be as I am."*

*The word "servants" is a familiar one among English employers when speaking even of clerks at a high salary.

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The fact is that the grievances of workmen were only formulated in strikes. This was unfortunate in many respects. First, a strike reveals nothing or very little. Frequently it is more calculated to enrage the public than to win their sympathy. If a great city is left in darkness, or deprived of food, or compelled to shiver for want of coal when the mercury is down to zero, I venture to say that it will discuss the situation in language as warm as that of the speakers at a temperance meeting. The public feel the inconvenience arising from the strike; they think the matter at issue is a bagatelle, and they naturally get furious. The superior resources and craft of the masters take advantage of the public attitude.

THE REALITY OF THE QUESTION.

But the labor question is there for all that—a spectre menacing and terrible, not to be laid by old-fashioned economic crotchets, nor by the commonplaces of a pluralist incumbent waving perfume from his pocket-handkerchief while the squire snores in the family pew, nor by imperial armies. The sooner the public know this the better for society: that neither the legions of Cæsar, nor the maxims and teaching fables of Menenius, no more than the bowed head of Lazarus, can solve the question; but solved it shall be. The dragoons of a despot would be more likely to succeed in settling the dispute between labor and capital than those good souls who tell masters that they should be kind—spelling the word "kynde"—and the men that they should be good—spelling it with unlimited o's.

Thinking of these soft-headed philanthropists, one is tempted to say that the people are right to disregard their advice. For my part, I have always heard that hungry men will not be fed by words, and I believe it. Be content with your station; do your appointed work; inequalities shall be redressed hereafter; meanwhile I shall speak to Dives, the mill-owner, on your behalf! This is the sort of twaddle addressed to men with low pay, hard work, and large families.

What have they for all that but a famine from the cradle to the grave? What are starvation wages? what the foul surroundings of childhood, of youth, of middle and old age? what the inheritance of all that is sordid and revolting? what this doom of unlovely life?—life made hideous, life that had better not have been—what is it all but a hunger of the soul and body that must drive wise men mad?

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WHAT THE STATE HAS DONE FOR LABOR.

If the laboring classes were to be kept at the galley-oar for ever they should have been kept in ignorance. By educating the children of the poor the state has raised them to a sense of their dignity, increased their needs, and roused their ambition. A civilized life, a life in some degree of comfort, is the second term of the public school. The state must accept the logical result of enabling the laboring classes to understand their capabilities and enlarging their wants. Every artisan in fairly good times can now live with more of the comforts and conveniences of life at his hand, and in some respects with better food, than great nobles three centuries ago. An English, Scotch, or Irish nobleman who could then bring ten thousand men into the field lived under more unsanitary conditions than a well-to-do tradesman to-day. Under his armor, under his buff, under his velvet, under his ermine he concealed more than his own nakedness. The wife of a mechanic with decent wages to-day is incomparably cleaner in her person than a court beauty of the last century.

It is with people so advanced in their conceptions of what is due to themselves and to their families that the state has to deal if the employers will not. I am very well aware that all workmen do not possess the advantages just mentioned. But very many of them do. Almost all American workmen possess the education of the first and more favored class, and naturally desire to possess the other good things too. And one way or other, sooner or later, they will possess them, or know the reason why. Can this state, this great country, neglect them as the peoples of Europe have been neglected, until we find all its governments swaying to and fro on their uncertain seats?

A GOOD EXAMPLE IN ENGLAND.

There certainly is one very promising sign in the principles of the new English school of political economy. It is a return to reason from the aberrations of the last hundred years. Though its exponents are non-Catholics, they recognize society as a living body—a whole which must control the life of each component part if the parts are to remain healthy; assure to each its fitting function instead of permitting, and still less aiding, some parts to obtain an abnormal development at the expense of the rest. This has been the teaching of the Church against the Academy and the Portico, and her action when

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moulding the young governments of Europe as they rose from the ashes of the fallen civilization. This is her teaching now.

The pretence so often put forward against interference by the state in private enterprises really has no weight. It confounds judicious interference with mere meddling. If the objection were well taken, it would include education as well as other individual rights. On the ground that such interference destroys enterprise and checks prosperity, private contracts should be unfettered in all their phases and conditions. There should be no supervision over factories or industries where work has been so long done in circumstances prejudicial to health, dangerous to life. The employers never contemplated in their contracts that they should provide safeguards against disease or against peril to limb or life until the state stepped in and, as it were, imported a new clause into the contracts.

The right of interference by the state is so far admitted. Why, then, should it be limited to such supervision? No one can give a reason why it should not adjust wages so as to give sufficient food, save self-respect, and provide a fund for old age, when it will not allow an employer to enforce his contract at the expense of the laborer's health. When it requires the observance of certain imported conditions in the fulfilling of contracts of hiring, it so far diminishes the employer's profits. Where is the line to be drawn? I think at beneficial interference.

PARTIAL STATE INTERFERENCE.

Again, why should particular industries be protected while others are not attended to by the state? Why does it require that a factory must be conducted with some regard to the laws of hygiene, but will not interfere with contracts between railways and their employees which make the service of these more perilous than service in an European army?

In certain States of the Union the law requires that wages shall be paid weekly. It is at present immaterial that this requirement is evaded by employers, immaterial by what fraud and oppression they make the law a dead-letter. The material thing for my purpose is that the state so far interferes with freedom of contract between the parties. I am presenting these considerations, of course, for the purpose of showing that there is nothing in the objection so often and so contemptuously brought forward by capitalists, and by the older school of eco-

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nomists, that state intervention in private contracts is an improper interference with personal liberty and economically indefensible.

SHIBBOLETHS OF THE ECONOMISTS.

I very decidedly take issue on both points. I am quite ready to admit that capricious, meddling interference would be a check on industry, and retard or prevent the prosperity of a country. But so also might undue state favor to certain kinds of industry. Yet capitalists always demand this, economists often. We are very much in the habit of taking opinions on trust when they are advanced by persons supposed to have a reputation in a branch of study. I remember well when everything was settled by political economy. I also know that many very dull men had very good names as authorities on this so-called science. But one thing is very clear: that the disciples of Adam Smith, the founder of the science, revolted from the teachings of their master; and the new school now ruling the universities of England are at right angles with the old.

I therefore beg respectfully to dispute any *a priori* pronouncements of the old political economists on the advantage or disadvantage of state control over industry. I shall take the arguments at their intrinsic value. I shall not attribute one iota of value to the opinions independently of the arguments. With regard to the view of the capitalists, I dismiss it for the present by reminding the public that they always praise state intervention exercised on their side, and only denounce it when used on the side of their opponents.

THE CASE IN POINT.

At this point we again turn to the judgment in the Ann Arbor case, and the influence attributed to the decision in leading up to the close of the conflict between labor and capital, by the blow it is said to have given to strikes. Employers infer from the judgment there that Judge Ricks gave expression to a belief rooted in the conscience of society, that contracts are inviolable. As a matter of fact, no one ever disputed the inviolability of contracts worthy of the name. If people ever examined the character of a contract with a view to deny its obligation, they did so from the persuasion that in one or more respects it was inequitable, and therefore not binding upon conscience.

Now, in the case above the learned judge seems to have

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done no more than interpret the law applicable to the naked circumstances before him. No lawyer worthy of the name can be ignorant that 'the greater part of the jurisdiction of our courts of equity arose from the fact that there were classes of contracts enforceable at law which were contrary to good conscience. I need not go beyond certain contracts within the statute of frauds for an illustration of my meaning—contracts binding in law which would be set aside in equity.

NECESSITY FOR AN EMENDATION IN THE LAW.

Here we have the example of the courts of equity relieving against the strict letter of the law. We suggest that the state should intervene by legislation on principles analogous to those applied in equity. We recommend nothing revolutionary. Our suggestions, if adopted, will not shake the security of a single stock; will not affect the stability of the republic; will not cause Pluto to leap in terror from his throne.

ARGUMENTATIVE SOPHISTRY.

It is a very obvious fallacy to suppose that a starving artisan stands on equal terms with the employer who takes advantage of his necessity to make him work for a wage which would not long keep body and soul together. It is idle to say that it is unjust to compel an employer to pay more than the price for which he can get his work done. It is rather too like the enforced benevolences which royalty wrung from its subjects a few centuries ago, the employers say. The laborer, so it is argued, offers his commodity in open market. The purchaser buys it as cheaply as he can—buys it as he would an ox or an ass, a load of potatoes or a load of hay. It does not matter that the laborer sells at a low price because he can get no more, for that is the case with every other producer. The purchaser does him no injustice by taking it at that price. Nay, he does him a kindness.

The argument has that degree of plausibility—that sort of verbal exactness—which when spoken it is very hard to combat, but when written is as gross, palpable as a mountain. Of course it rests on an utterly false analogy. Agricultural produce, productions in general, are not human beings. It is himself he hires or sells, and not a production, when the laborer comes to an employer. If the view so insolently put forward by capitalists, that they were purchasing a commodity in no way different from anything produced by labor, were pushed to its

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legitimate issue it would justify any contract however infamous. It would be the right answer of the fraudulent ship-owners who found men reckless enough to go on board their heavily-insured coffin-ships. When Mr. Plimsoll stirred the mind of England against the atrocious contracts by which the lives of wretched seamen were gambled for he had very little to do. The sailors were ready to take the risk for the pay. They could not get employment elsewhere. When the labor market is glutted of course wages will be small. If Jonathan or Paddy will not work below a certain price, Carl or Luigi will. There are Russians, Poles, Scandinavians, Hungarians, besides Carl and Luigi. The market is ruled by capital because labor is super-abundant. Such arguments would justify the sale of a man's honor, of a woman's virtue.

It is quite possible that the consequences just mentioned would not disturb the equanimity of many capitalists. It appears to me that Sir Pertinax MacSycophant expresses their views of morality pretty well. Disgusted with his son's tutor for not advising the young man to play the villain, he predicts that he will never rise in the church. Sir Pertinax naturally thought that the conscience of a young clergyman should be at the service of his patron. If the patron of a living buys the incumbent's conscience for the consideration of presenting him to the living, good people will be shocked at the simony, sacrilege, and heaven knows what. But those who reduce a laborer and his hire to the level of a commodity dependent on the fluctuations of the market cannot object to the profligate contract between the patron of a living and his presentee.

CYNICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Are the public at large, is society, is the state, wise in allowing such a philosophy to regulate its life? It is the reduction to practice of the notions of those sciolists and sophists who referred everything to political economy, because they dabbled in it with some appearance of success and failed in everything else. Just as the worst tradesman in a village is always the tribune of the pot-house club, as men who fail as doctors usually become men of science; so the dull man of his year, of his profession, of parliament was wont to become a political economist.

These philosophers are the men who tell us that the individual conscience is nothing more than an accidental evolution from some ancient superstition, the origin of which is as hidden

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as the sources of the Nile. Consequently there is no such thing as public spirit, no duty to society or to the neighbor. Supply and demand, land, rent, wages, capital are the words to conjure with. They contain all wisdom, all morality.

These impudent pretenders yelled from the house-tops that their crude theories were rigid and inexorable as the conclusions of mathematics. They obtained such influence over clubs, coteries, and drawing-rooms that their words were law. A man might deny every truth of revelation, but he was an infidel if he questioned the generalizations of these teachers. Yet no two of them agreed in the definition of any term of economic science, although every conclusion rests upon the definitions. No two of them agreed in the scope and application of the science, although the limit and utility of an experimental science should be easily ascertainable.

Consequently when they maintained that society was an aggregate of atoms, or a tumultuary crowd localized and shaped somewhat by environment, they could very easily infer that society was not a necessity of man's nature, but an advantage to the individual; that the individual in society preserved all the rights of his savage state, subject to the restraint which the common safety put upon their exercise. Then a man might cheat and swindle and extort as long as he could do so with impunity. Capitalists thought the political economist a second Daniel. They will soon find him far less enlightened and interesting than Balaam's ass.

All the same, these opinions produced to some extent, and undoubtedly perpetuated to a large extent, the frightful evils under which the laboring classes suffered in England and Scotland during some decades of the last century and the earlier part of this. This influence was hardly less felt in the United States among the wealthy and leisured class which sprang from trade, still preserves close relations with it, and in a manner forms the social opinion of the great employers of labor.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

As I have said, these opinions are discarded in England by the rising thinkers. How far the new school owes its origin to the increased power and menacing attitude of the industrial masses I do not profess to judge. I think, however, it is generally admitted that the labor organizations are a more powerful influence in the mother country than here. This system, upon the whole, seems better adapted to the work they are doing, to

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fit with more harmony into the framework of the social hierarchy amid which they are placed, than the American unions. At the same time there is no reason why the latter should not acquire the same standing as the English organizations.

I think this is the best time for such an improvement of the unions as will bring them more closely to the level of the English. The possession of influence in the press and the legislature, and thence upon the entire public, will be the result. In this effort every man of public spirit—every man must sympathize who desires the welfare of his country, and the preservation of society from evils the magnitude of which no one can measure. We are standing, perhaps, upon a narrow isthmus between the old order of ideas, with its strong bias towards obedience to authority and law, and the new order, which tends to make authority and law subservient to an industrial activity and enterprise to be fostered in every member of society at any cost. If the state takes the lead in the movement, if society helps working-men over the hard road before them, there seems no reason why the whole difficulty of their relations with employers should not be arranged. If society is scornful, if the state is negligent in the supreme crisis approaching, the result will be beggary among the masses, vast fortunes among a few, national bankruptcy, out of which the country will emerge in a condition discredited as Italy or the republics of South America.

FORCE NO REMEDY.

These are startling words. But they contain the true forecast of the steps of national decline. Whoever regards lightly this conflict in the midst of us—whoever supposes it can be settled by the proverbial whiff of grapeshot in Parisian boulevards, or the serried ranks sent forth from a German slaughter-house, or by additional conspiracy statutes, or unlimited Pinkerton detectives, knows nothing of the danger and difficulty of the time.

It is not long since in England a strike would fall within the meaning of a criminal conspiracy. The reasonableness of the demand would not be taken into account, concerted action was evidence of conspiracy, and as the effect was in some degree to injure a person it was criminal. A strike may now take place accompanied with circumstances of force, numbers, and parade such as have been held sufficient to convert a political meeting into an unlawful assembly. The Sixmile Bridge massacre during the tithe agitation in Ireland, and the Peterloo massacre

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during the great reform agitation in England, took place in putting down meetings not one-tenth as formidable as the assemblies and processions of the London dock-laborers a few years ago.

We see a like advance in the United States in the legal recognition of unions and their demonstrations. Trade organizations are powers that cannot be ignored. Perhaps it would be better if the different organizations were made subject to a central executive, and the grievance of any particular trade or calling were made the business of all union men. But the number of societies and their membership constitute a powerful factor among the moral forces of the present; so that I am at a loss to see how their needs or their rights—for I regard the words as interchangeable—can be disregarded by any government mindful of its responsibilities to the public. All that seems required to render the unions irresistible in enforcing the rights of labor is such a solid and united front as can be presented by masses of members subject to a common control. Men of character and prudence should constitute the executive, men who will carefully weigh all complaints and demands before sanctioning them; but when once sanctioned will press them to the last.

We hope that we have presented an important aspect of this controversy in a practical manner. It is the interest of every one, the duty of every one who has a place in this great country, to lend as best he can, however little that may be, some aid in removing or diminishing the danger which now hangs over society from this very labor question. And sure am I that efforts of the kind will stand those who make them in good stead when all controversies, all things around us, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

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LOVE-SONGS OF THE TUSCAN PEASANTRY.

BY HENRIETTA CHANNING DANA.

THERE is a modern Italian proverb, "The foot-path leads to Paradise, the carriage-road to Purgatory, the steam-railroad to Hell"; and this saying may be applied, not to virtue and vice only, but also, and far more truly, to the poetry and song of the people.

The modernized cities and towns of Italy are fast losing their individuality. The commonplaces of civilization and the rush of business traffic have effectually sapped in them the root of poetry and song in destroying the simple and picturesque customs and holy ideals of a primitive people. In their streets we hear little music but the military band and the piano-organ, no songs but operatic airs, comic songs, and trivial ballads—nothing that is elevated in sentiment or of any value in literature. The smaller towns of the interior, which are off the direct railroad routes and little visited, preserve more of individual aspect, tradition, and song. But it is in the little fortified, mediæval villages, perched on mountain-sides and hill-tops, and in the rude hamlets of the mountain valleys and forests, accessible only by zigzag foot-paths or steps cut in the side of the hill, that one sees the unadulterated Italian, living as he has lived for a thousand years, and singing the songs that his ancestors sang in the days of Dante, Cino, and Petrarca. It is here, among these primitive, innocent, and laborious people of the mountain and forest—among wood-cutters and charcoal-burners, chestnut-gatherers and vine-growers, cultivators of corn and mushrooms and olives, shepherds and fishermen, carvers in wood, and makers of those plaster images which find their way to the distant streets of the most modern cities of the world—that all that is most tender in song, most poetic in sentiment, and most graceful in tradition has survived. Among the Apennine forests and the Sabine hills, from the mountains and plains of Tuscany and Umbria to the coasts of the Adriatic, on the hills and in the valleys about Siena, Lucca, Pistoia, Assisi, and Ancona, if we hear a song of love it is in the language of the Rispetti and Stornelli, the Strambotti and Inserenate of the age

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of bards and knights and troubadours. Modern ballads and love-songs have no place in the repertory of the peasant, but the Rispetti or love-ditties of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—handed down by oral tradition from generation to generation among a people coming little in contact with the changes and chances of modern life—are sung to-day by father and son, mother and daughter, in the pure Tuscan dialect of the days of l'Alighieri. And the unlettered mountain youth still sings to his sweetheart to-day the very words which Tasso, in a later age, borrowed from his rustic ancestors of six centuries ago.

The words of many of these traditional love-ditties have been gathered and committed to writing by lovers of folk-lore within this generation. It is true the people are averse to singing before strangers; but if one mingles with the peasantry in their rude life, and finds the way to the confidence and affection of these ingenuous and lovable natures, one will have frequent opportunity of hearing and making one's own the simpler and more familiar of the Rispetti. These are usually in the form of dialogue between youth and maiden, and the singers, men and women, answer each other in alternate strophes. Though the home of this poetry is Tuscany, yet traces of it may be found all over the peninsula, on the plains of Lombardy, and among the Tuscan hills, on the coast of the Adriatic, and on the canals of Venice. Let but the forester or the gondolier raise his voice in one of these love-strophes, and soon an answering voice will respond from valley or lagoon. The sentiment of this poetry is always of the most refined character, the images are all taken from nature as it surrounds them, and the language is simplicity itself, but extremely graceful. There is a certain monotony in the character of these songs. No story is woven in with them, no romance, no tale of adventure. It is simply the outpouring of the sentiments of the heart as called forth by the different emotions of the lover: joy, sorrow, courtship, the delights of song, homage to beauty and goodness—for they never separate beauty and goodness; to them goodness in itself is beauty, and beauty without goodness remains unsung—absence, return, parting, reunion, jealousy, trust, reproaches, reconciliation, faithful love, false love, promises, good wishes, prayers. Let us suppose them to be singing some strophes descriptive of the sentiments of rural courtship and mutual affection. It is true that these offer less variety in language, less scope for the emotions, than those called forth by intenser

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moods; but, in spite of their gentle monotony and tender simplicity, the verses have a special interest and charm from having served as a medium of courtship for six centuries of Tuscan lovers. I have gathered a score or so only out of the many hundreds in their treasury.

THE YOUTH

(Seeing his love approaching on the mountain-side):

O Fairest! thou art risen from the East—
The moonbeams on thy snowy forehead rest;
And wheresoe'er thy footsteps bear thee on,
The splendor of the day with thee is gone.
While o'er the pathway where thy footstep strays
No evil darkens and no shadow plays;
But love and joy and peace and daylight fair
Bloom on the hill—for thou hast passèd there.

Thou, gentle maid, hast robbed the sun of light,
And a new paradise to earth hast given;
The moon's enchantment round thy brow is bright,
And angels smile and sing to thee from heaven.
I dare not lift my eyes to thy dear face—
With love for thee my humble heart is riven;
Thy form is clothèd with an angel grace,
And my poor heart has found in thee its heaven.
Like to God's angel is thy lovely face—
In thy sweet sight may humble I find grace.

And now they meet; and both are seized with sudden embarrassment.

HE.

O God of Heaven! who madest her so fair,
How shall I win her—how to woo her dare?
How speak to her who stands in silence bound—
Her downcast eyes ne'er raising from the ground?
O gentle earth! lift from thy lowly breast
Those eyes, that in their look I may find rest.
Blest stones of earth! those glances you receive
Return to me, I pray, that I may live.

And she turns her head aside and whispers in ingenuous confidence the explanation of her bashfulness:

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THE MAIDEN.

When first I saw thee in the path appear,
The sun fell blinding on my dazzled eyes—
I cast them down, for thou wert drawing near,
And I would hide the love that in them lies.
Yet, since the love is there in very truth,
I pray thee, love me also, gentle youth!

Her confession unlocks his lips, and who shall say now that he dares not woo?

HE.

Thou, sweetest, with a chain hast bound my hands—
I love thee so I feel not I am bound!
I wear so cheerfully the loving bands,
I know not that they hang my wrists around!
Garlands of roses do they seem to be
That sweetly bind my arms, dear love, to thee!

I love thee, dear, with every love that lives.
A brother's love to thee my true heart gives;
I love thee as a father loves his child;
I love thee as a mother wise and mild;
And as a husband loves his tender wife,
So love I thee and will love all my life!

The next stanza in the original is worthy of Tasso:

And I will love thee always; scoff who will,
To me love seems a glory all divine!
And when the golden dawn breaks o'er the hill,
I know not day has come until I see
Upon the pathway that fair form of thine,—
I know not that the sun has risen till
Thou shinest, love, upon this world of mine,—
Until thy radiant eyes speak hope to me!

But she still holds her lover at a distance, for her ideals of manly worth and purity are high and must be satisfied. The next two stanzas have a quaint formality in the original:

SHE.

Ah, gallant youth! preserve a kindly heart.
Of woman's tenderness to win a part

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Thou must have virtue and benignity,
A mien of courage and of dignity,
All purity and truth and manliness,
The light of laughter shining in thine eyes—
All piety and grace and kindliness,
With lips and eyes where mirthful laughter lies.

But our youth is a true son of the mountains in traditional piety and innocence of life.

HE.

My lady, drive suspicion from thy heart:
Never in me has evil had a part.
Firm confidence in me thou may'st repose;
Sin I rejected and the good I chose.
My love is perfect and my love is pure,
Blessèd of God and destined to endure.
Such honest love a woman's blessing is,
O give me thine, and God shall give us His!

Now, indeed, she is ready to encourage him shyly, but not yet quite prepared in her mind to walk down Beacon Street arm-in-arm with him.

SHE.

Shall I betray the silent ways of love?
It needs no words its loyalty to prove,
For when we meet a single glance will tell
The object of our love that all is well.
With eyes downcast and footstep something slow,
The secret of each other's heart we know.
The world heard naught, and yet a word was spoken;
The world saw naught, yet we exchanged a token.

Dear youth, whene'er we one another meet
We do not show our hearts to all the street!
I bow my head and thou inclinest thine,
And cheerfully we say "The day is fine!"
But every feast returneth once a year,
And one shall be our wedding, never fear;
And once a year returneth every feast—
Our wedding-day shall come among the rest.

She is about to pass on, thinking that she has given him enough encouragement for one day; but he is of a different mind.

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HE.

Where art thou going, who hast stolen away
The heart and soul of me with those dark eyes?
O turn those shining eyes! one moment stay!
While I, with hopeful gaze, seek if perchance
My faithful image therein mirrored lies!
O little robber! with one traitor glance
Thou stolest from me both my soul and heart!
Thou wert too hasty with thy thievish art!
Had I but known that thou didst wish them, sweet,
My willing hands had laid them at thy feet.

And now she relents, for she trusts him truly.

SHE.

How often have I feigned, love, to be
Annoyed with thee when yet I was not so;
But now I know that thou art true to me
I tell thee all, nor fear my heart to show.
And now I know thou true and faithful art
I have no fear but show thee all my heart.

When first I see thee coming on thy way
A splendor fills the air with sudden glow;
But when I know thou canst no longer stay
A shadow falling fills my heart with woe;
And when I feel thou art already gone,
With downcast eyes I know the day is done!

O gentle forester! I love thee so,
I go to church and know not where I go!
To such a pass am I by love brought low,
I cannot say my creed, nor fast nor slow;
The prayers I knew I now no longer know,
Such mischief hath love wrought, for weal or woe!

And when I see thee coming on thy way
A sigh I breathe for every step of thine!
How many sighs, dear love, I pray thee say,
Have gone to thee from this poor heart of mine?
Tell me, dear love, which were the most to-day—
The sighs I breathed, or those steps of thine?
Thy gallant footsteps, or my tender sighs?
I counted both with loving heart and eyes!

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Her lover has been well brought up in the traditions of the patriarchal life of the hills; he knows who a maiden's first confidant should be, and reminds his love of this before asking any further promise of her.

HE.

My little maiden, we must tell our love!
Go to thy mother—ask if she approve.
If she should laugh, then heed not her reply;
But if she silent stand, turn joyfully
And follow thy own heart's sweet beckoning:
Thou walkest sure and hast true reckoning.

Ah! when shall come that joyful, happy day
When thou shalt mount the step with footfall slow
That leads unto my cottage door, and lay
Thy wedded hand in mine, with head bent low?
When shall the moment be that we shall stand
Before God's blessed altar, hand-in-hand?
And when the day be that, with gentle grace
And true affection, thou shalt turn thy face
To where my mother stands and whisper "Mother!"
And she shall clasp thee to her loving heart?
And thou wilt yield thy hand unto my brother,
And call him "brother" with a sister's art?
And, as my kindred all around thee stand
To welcome thee and take thee by the hand,
Thou'lt turn to me and murmur: "Husband mine,
This day has made thee mine, as I am thine!"

And now they make their vows of eternal fidelity.

SHE.

Together will we tread the path of life,
Together will we share its toil and strife;
Sorrow and love and joy together share,
Sunlight, shadow, and death together bear;
Laughing or weeping, always hand-in-hand,
In all things loving, side by side to stand.
And if God wills it that thy loved one die,
With downcast eyes walk pure and godlily!
When in the churchyard low thy loved one lies,
To Virtue give thy hand, with downcast eyes!

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HE.

If thou shouldst leave me I will follow thee,
I come to thee if thou abandon me!
Over the ocean or around the earth,
I leave thee not, but by thy side go forth!
And if thou cross the sea of pain and death,
I take thy hand and yield to God my breath!
And if thou cross the sea of death and pain
I follow thee to meet in heaven again!

This is the spirit of the courtship of the mountain youth. They have no other love-songs than such as these. The peasant-girl is his "lady and mistress" now, and he is her "loving servant" to-day, in these far-off mountain valleys, even as in the courtly serenades of six centuries ago.

But, alas! it seems that in the garden of paradise the course of true love does not run smooth, any more than in the evil world below. It seems that even there maidens can once in a while be fickle, or parents unkind, or—I hate to say it—young men false. And even when lovers are true and parents kind sometimes brave Domenico must leave his Rosina to do his five years of soldiering, or gallant young Beppo must bid farewell to his Luisa and seek his fortune laboring in the unhealthy plains of the Maremma, and their songs contain many touching stanzas of sorrow, of forsaken love, of separation, and of death. The absent Domenico in camp or city writes tender letters to his waiting Rosina, charming effusions in rhyme, differing in rhythm from the songs but much the same in sentiment. And the maiden wanders through the forest day by day, pouring out her heart in song to the lonely hill-tops. Then comes a day when he hurries back to his mountain home, and there is no one to meet him on the hill-side. The honest people of the valley tell the anxious lover that she is on her way to heaven, and is waiting for him to bid her farewell. Does he reach her in time, or does she die of a broken heart before his eye meet hers? This is what she is singing on her cot by the window as the evening shadows gather and have not brought her lover:

SHE.

The sun has sunk, the night has come amain?
My love, when shall I see thy face again?
The pains of death have seized on every limb,

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My members failing and my eyes grow dim,
And the cold sweat of death is on my brow!
The weary day has seemed a year till now!
And on my brow I feel the chill of death—
God help my soul! to Him I yield my breath.

And this is Domenico's lament:

HE.

O lovely pilgrim through earth's weary waste,
Thine eyes the joys of Paradise foretaste!
And must I part from thee, thou sweet, white flower?
O day of grief! O sad, O weary hour!

How dark and lonely is the valley grown—
Deep shadows fallen and the sun gone down!
The lily folded in the sleep of death!
My perfect love has given to God her breath.

My love has gone to God and I am left—
No "farewell" whispered to my heart bereft.
My love has gone, and has not said "farewell"!
No words my grief and loneliness can tell.

O widowed casement! and O darkened room!
Where sunshine was are shadow, pain, and gloom.
There was the radiant face and laughing eye,
And now the very stones weep silently!
Shadowed and still are chamber, stair, and floor—
The lonely window and the darkened door.

Where is the angel voice that once we heard?
O where the song that through the wood was ringing?
The hillside answering the forest bird
That glorified all nature with its singing—
The mountain echoing the lovely tone,
Bearing it upward to the crystal Throne!

O honest people who surround me here,
I pray you listen for her song divine!
Whispering amid the chestnut and the pine
That sweet, upsoaring, angel voice I hear
Ringing from peak to cliff, from sphere to sphere,
Piercing sev'n heavens to the throne of love—
God's angel calling me from heights above!

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THE COMING CONTEST—HAVE CATHOLICS A POLITICAL ENEMY?

BY REV. ALFRED YOUNG.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE have abundantly proved in a former article that the spirit of the present anti-Catholic movement, inaugurated years ago by the Evangelical Alliance, and now being vigorously pushed by its *alter ego*, the National League for the Protection of American Institutions, and its secret ally, the A.-P.-A. "order," is a spirit of religious intolerance and jealousy. There is no blinking that truth. If they avoid verbally acknowledging their persecuting intent in their official documents, it is fully confessed for them by all their orators, writers, and agents. But the pretence, made from the beginning, has been that the question is a purely political one, and that they have had no purpose in view except to save the country from dangerous political encroachments made by the Roman Catholic Church in the persons of its spiritual rulers and its people. As we proved, they had the audacity to accuse us of being political plotters for union of church and state in the very same breath they were spending to make Protestantism the religion, "as by law established," to be taught in all the public schools of the country.

Any question involving the safety and well-being of the state evidently belongs to the domain of politics. But if there be any truth whatsoever in this cry of "danger and menace to the state," we may well ask: Where, then, are the politicians, the statesmen, all this while? It is now many years since these cries were first heard. Are they deaf, or are they so lost to all sense of their duty to their country that they can stand by and see our glorious Republic and its institutions totally destroyed without making any effort to save them?

"WE ARE SEVEN."

Who are the only true patriots left in the land to raise the warning cry? Who are the only wise to realize the danger? Who are the only brave to rush forth, and with their own arms up-

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hold the tottering "palladium of our national liberties"? Who are they? Only some Protestant ministers; and of that ministry of what sort are they? Are they its noblest men, its most learned theologians, its most acute philosophers, and the most eminent before the nation for their patriotic words and deeds? Very far from it.

The only hope to save the country, say these religionists, is to amend the national and state constitutions.

The Constitution of our country is its very heart; the source of its unity and strength. The danger to the political life and health of the Republic must be grave indeed when that supreme source of its vitality needs doctoring by tonic or sedative amendments. And certainly should there be need, the work of diagnosing the gravity of the case, of administering the proper remedies should be committed, as it rightly belongs, to statesmen of competent science, of long and tried experience, of unquestioned honor and justice, and not to a self-constituted cabal of politico-religious quacks. Nobody has appointed them as watchmen on the ramparts of the citadel of American liberty.

And yet just such have been the men who have for years arrogated to themselves the right and duty to judge of the national need, and to take upon themselves unasked the work of tinkering the Constitution of these United States; pestilent intermeddlers with high and grave duties not within their competence, whose advice nobody has sought, and whose forcible intrusion of it into the halls of Congress was an insult not only to the country's accredited, honored and worthy statesmen but to the whole nation. It was this class of would-be Constitution-tinkers who stirred up General Grant to recommend an amendment to their taste in his message to Congress in 1875, and who got James G. Blaine to propose such an one for them in the House of Representatives, which was defeated in the Senate. We have also already noted their second attempt in 1889, and showed how they then endeavored to make a union between the Protestant "church" and the state.

In the official report of the hearings given the advocates of this second proposed constitutional amendment, which we see is honestly entitled as being a report of hearings before the committee on the "joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States respecting *establishments of religion* and free public schools," we find that not one statesman of the land appeared to say a word in its favor.

Passing strange, we say again: the very life of the country

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in imminent danger—a danger so grave as to call for the most heroic of all remedies—*un dernier ressort*—a change in the national Constitution of the United States—and not one statesman, not even a pot-house politician, to be found in the length and breadth of this mighty and vast country who was brave enough, loyal enough, self-sacrificing enough, everything-else enough, to stand up and say one word to avert the peril. Who were the chosen spokesmen for the alleged body of distinguished, learned, and patriotic representative citizens to reveal to the supreme governors and lawgivers of the nation the threatened danger to the state, and to teach them how to perform their duty? No one but these self-appointed alarmists themselves. And who were they, pray?

All were Protestant ministers of no eminence, except as being notorious religious bigots, and—a woman from Boston. Here are the names of these self-elected saviours of the country:

Rev. T. P. Stevenson, of Philadelphia;
Rev. James M. King, of New York;
Rev. George K. Morris, of Philadelphia;
Rev. Philip S. Moxom, of Boston;
Rev. James M. Gray, of Boston;
Rev. James B. Dunn, of Boston.
We leave the Bostonian Amazon to name herself.

What an array of master minds! How grateful the whole people should be to these noble, self-sacrificing patriots, these eminent scholars in jurisprudence, in constitutional law, and in the science of political economy, for their generous efforts to save the country! But alas! to what a deplorable condition of abject supineness and indifference to the threatened destruction which they wofully prophesied would come upon it if their advice was not heeded must the Home of the brave and the Land of the free be reduced when, despite all their plaints and threats, their prayers and imprecations, their display of calumnious and fraudulent documents, the country refused to be saved by them, sent them about their business, and isn't saved yet!

SOME REAL CONSTITUTIONALISTS.

What eminent jurists, men of superior learning and wisdom, men of calm, unprejudiced judgment have thought of similar proposals for tinkering the Constitution is to be found in the

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pages of the *Independent* for January 10, 1889. Among the communications it received from such prominent and worthy persons in reply to an editorial query on this subject we quote the following:

Hon. George Bancroft said:

"I have your letter asking what changes had better be made in the Constitution. I know of none; if any change is needed it is in ourselves, that we may more and more respect that primal law."

Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court, said:

"I beg leave to say that I would have no change in the Constitution. I think it a most happy arrangement that sudden whiffs and gusts of popular feeling are not always able to execute and carry out the rash purposes with which they are inspired."

Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court, said:

"I am so old-fashioned as to think that the Constitution, administered according to its letter and spirit, is well enough as it is. And I am of the opinion of the late Governor Andrew, that it is not desirable to Mexicanize our government by proposing constitutional amendments as often as there is supposed to be a disturbance in its practical working."

Justice Blatchford, of the same Supreme Court, said:

"I am satisfied with the Constitution as it is; it cannot be bettered. Constitution-tinkers are in a poor business."

Both the other two correspondents, Mr. John W. Burgess, professor of constitutional law in Columbia College, and Francis Wharton, LL.D., expressed their views in similar terms.

A question similar to the present one was up before the United States Senate in 1829, when the Senate committee reported as follows: "It is not the legitimate province of the legislature to determine what religion is true or what is false. Our government is a civil and not a religious institution. What other nations call religious toleration we call religious rights. They are not exercised in virtue of governmental indulgence, but as rights of which government cannot deprive any portion of citizens, however small. Despotic power may invade those rights, but justice still confirms them."

In the report of the hearing given the would-be tinkers of the Constitution sent in 1889 by the Evangelical Alliance and other self-constituted defenders of the country to petition Congress against the encroachments of "Romanism," we find Senator Payne asking the Rev. Mr. Corliss:

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"Have any of the prominent men that you have spoken of advocated the proposed change in the Constitution?"

Rev. Mr. Corliss replied "None."

A BACKING IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

But this assertion of ours, that there have been no statesmen in it, would seem to be flatly contradicted by the array of highly respectable names these Protestant ministers of small repute exhibit on their rosters of the common rank and file in their Alliance and League battalions; and more especially by the notorious fact that the Republican party, as such (the evidences of which we shall give further on), endorsed their cry of danger to the state ever since 1875, and agreed with them as to the source from whence the peril was to be apprehended, as expressed both in its national and state conventions, and by the voice of three of its elected presidents. Did not the Hon. James G. Blaine introduce their constitutional amendment bill in the House? Have there been no statesmen worthy of the name in the Republican party all these years?

The explanation of this apparent proof to the contrary of our assertions is not difficult.

As for the boastful list of respectable names they parade, the number of such as cannot be easily certified as well-known religious anti-Catholics, subscribing as such, or as being Republicans induced to give their adhesion for politically partisan motives, is insignificant. Some have no doubt given their names from pure patriotic motives, deceived as to the real intent of the League. They boast of having secured the name of *one* Catholic. It is not the first time persecutors have found his like as willing to serve their ends. As for the sympathy of the Republican party, it first of all held in its bosom these mischief-making preachers, and a contingent of no small number of those like unto themselves commanding the useful political service which the entire Protestant religious press could render. United to this literary propaganda we to-day see added a lot of fanatical sheets, clamoring for the enactment of un-American penal laws as the only remedy for real or fancied abuses, rivalling their compeers in their calumnious attacks upon the Catholic Church, and in the proclamation of false, unfounded issues.

The leaders of the Republican party were not slow to see the advantage of the support offered, and to make use of it as a political expedient, especially as it was to be bought at the very low price they intended to pay for it—a pitiful price, in-

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deed, as events have shown. They were willing to re-echo the cries of "Danger to the state!" "Down with foreign, ecclesiastical, ignorant, won't-be educated, superstitious, ambitious, fanatical, pope and priest-ridden Catholics who are set upon its destruction!"

"Oh, yes! cry aloud and spare not!" was the encouraging response of the Republican party. "Count upon us. We will back you." And the rest of the cheap price for their votes was paid by furnishing James G. Blaine to introduce their amendment bill in the House, and putting Henry W. Blair as chairman of the committee to sit and listen for a few hours to the slanderous outpourings of six Protestant ministers, and a petulant exclamation from a Boston woman. Not one representative or senator of either party showed his face before the committee to endorse the appeal of these calumniating preachers. No; not one, even, to make a faint show of appearing to have remembered their party's pledges. How shamefully indecent of them to slink out of sight and leave these poor and mean-souled advocates to fight the whole battle in its most critical hour all alone!

What Mr. Blaine thought of the necessity of rallying to the support of the country against Roman Catholic aggression was seen when he numbered himself among the "silent ones" at the vote in the House taken on August 4, 1876. The whole business has been nothing but buncombe on the part of the Republican party. The very large vote of the House in favor of the amendment, despite Blaine's silent company and the absentees, was only buncombe. Its defeat in the Senate was well understood beforehand.

HUDIBRAS WITHOUT HIS CHARGER.

These befooled ministers and their followers and claqueurs never seemed to realize what sort of a dangerous weapon they, in their arrogance of attempting to drive the country into satisfying their religious bigotry, had ventured to handle. Such as they, indeed, to take upon themselves the framing of a constitutional amendment which would impose a limitation to their individual sovereign rights upon the several States! The whole thing was an absurd farce. They were, however, permitted to play their little game to keep them in good humor, and hopeful of riding down their religious adversaries seated upon victorious chargers which the Republican party pledged itself to supply to them at government expense. But, when booted and spurred

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they were ready to mount, lo! the steeds were not forthcoming. The Republicans astutely worked the scheme for all it was worth, and it cannot be denied that they made good political capital out of it; but talk is cheap—very cheap, Brother King and company, and we hope you are beginning to find it out.

The whole country now knows full well that the question these jealous enemies of the civil and religious liberties of their Catholic fellow-citizens have excited and forced upon its notice is not a political, but a religious one. Religious jealousy and sectarian animosity are at the bottom of the whole movement. They would stir up and foment a religious persecution if they could, without regard to the consequences. They would sacrifice the national peace, the national freedom of conscience, the very existence of the Republic itself, upon the altars of their fiery religious bigotry, sooner than be foiled of their infamous purpose.

A DISHONEST QUEST.

All their talk about the possible danger to the state from any doctrine, purpose, or institution of Catholics (and that is the only source of danger they pretend to have found), is a mere cloak to hide their persecuting intent. They know their charges are false. They have been confronted time and again with proofs of the fraudulent character of the statistics and other false and garbled documents they have adduced in evidence to bolster up their slanders. All to no purpose. We have wasted our breath. They go on just the same, repeating the same old exploded lies. They will admit nothing we say of ourselves, or in denial of their accusations, as truth. And for the best of reasons: they are not in search of the truth. If those to whom the appeal for help to carry out their designs were to say to them: "We will fully investigate your charges. We will examine these accused Catholics, their religion, the policy of their spiritual government—in a word, we will find out first *all about them*, for we hold that no man should be condemned unheard and untried," that would be the last of their appeal to such just judges; knowing well that their iniquity would be discovered and their malicious intent laid bare. Calm, free, fair, just investigation is what they fear. That was a dangerous piece of advice for the interests of Protestantism which the *Congregationalist* of October 26 last gave to its clerical readers, at least to those whose animosity to the Catholic Church is simply due to their ignorance of it:

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"Our pastors ought to make themselves familiar with the nature, extent, and purpose of this new (*sic*) movement in the Roman Catholic Church. They ought to study the literature of Romanism, to read its magazines and papers, to make themselves acquainted with the organizations of the church, their methods of working and their spirit."

Would to God that not only their clergy, but that their people too, would take that advice, and study us well! That would soon end all contest between Protestantism and "Romanism." We say it, and are as sure as the sun shines in the heavens, that Protestantism, as claiming to be the true expositor and guide of Christianity, and as the system upon which our civilization is to be advanced to a higher intellectual and moral plane, dare not admit Catholicity to an equally full, free, and fair investigation. Ignorance of the Catholic Church is its only hope of self-preservation.

WE HAVE NO STAR CHAMBER.

False as we know all their accusations to be, despicable as is their whole stock in trade industriously deployed before the gaze of the ignorant multitude they find themselves only too successful in deluding; sure as we are of the ultimate triumph of the right and true, to their everlasting confusion of face; nevertheless we Catholics are ever ready for the deepest scrutiny of all that we are, all we believe, all that we have at heart for life and death. We have no fear of anything but ignorance, prejudice, and deep-seated malice. Turn on the light! we cry. We are all open to view. We have no oath-sworn secret orders or council chambers impenetrable to the public gaze. We say all this inviting, and even courting, criticism; grievous and abhorrent as it is to one conscious of his unstained honor to feel called upon to prove it. So we, conscious of the sanctity of our faith, of our unblemished consciences in face of the bitterly unjust accusations made against us by such unscrupulous enemies as this age has brought upon us to meet, feel overwhelmed with shame and indignation as might an innocent maiden throttled by a drunken policeman on the charge of being a street-walking prostitute, haled to the police-court, and commanded under threats of imprisonment with filthy criminals to submit to the intolerable outrage of a medical examination to prove her unviolated virginity.

So it is with us. Nothing but the deeply reverential respect in which we hold our most sacred and pure religion, and our

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determination to shield it from being dragged as a criminal into the arena of politics to be examined by these indecent brawlers, can explain the heroic silence we have imposed upon ourselves in face of the most exasperating assaults upon our civil rights, and maddening insults to our honor. And no polluting hand shall touch it now with impunity.

POLITICAL BABY-FARMERS.

A most important fact now deserves a thorough ventilation; viz.: that from the beginning of the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance down to the latest manœuvres of the National League, in combination with the avowed politico-religious assassins, the order of the A.-P.-A.'s, the Republican party first of all acted as godmother to this anti-Catholic crusade, has since nursed and fostered it, and is to be held responsible for the power that it has been able to wield at the polls up to the election just passed.

The Alliance and the League solemnly declare that they are non-partisan. Although in fact they deserve to be looked upon as mere tools for the use of the Republican party, we are disposed to believe that, while serving that party's ends, they are not averse to welcoming into their ranks any anti-Catholic Democrat who will help them to serve their own. There are plenty of such, as experience has shown, who have ruthlessly slaughtered their own Catholic candidates at the polls, and lent their votes to down any state legislative measure looking to the enfranchisement of Catholics and the removal of obstructions to the full and equal enjoyment of their civil and religious rights. Our readers who are interested in knowing the proofs of this assertion are referred to an article in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, January, 1881, by the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

THE POSITION OF GENERAL GRANT.

That the Republican party made good use of the popular anti-Catholic prejudice and ignorant fears skilfully fostered for many years by the Protestant religious press and pulpit is beyond question. In his message to Congress, December 7, 1875, President Grant earnestly recommended just such a constitutional amendment as the League is pushing for now, and in his notorious Des Moines speech in 1876, though the Catholic Church is not mentioned by name, the universal Protestant interpretation of the same, and the enthusiastic hurrahs given in

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their religious press, show that they had given him the cue for his attack upon it. When he prophesied, as our brother the *Congregationalist* has just done as his echo, that there would be another contest in the near future for national existence, his own personal religious bigotry, and the fact that he was speaking for the accepted anti-Catholic policy of his political party, needed no Daniel to interpret which combatant he credited with possessing all the patriotism and intelligence of the country, and which one he was base enough to calumniate as "superstitious, ambitious, and ignorant." When further on in his speech he called upon the people to "resolve that any child in the land should get a common-school education, unmixed with atheistic, pagan, or sectarian teachings. Keep the church and the state for ever separate," he was accepting for himself and his party the hypocritical innuendo that "sectarian" teaching in schools was dangerous to the state, and that Catholic religious teaching was especially so; and further, that we were working to secure a union between church and state.

THE POSITION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The Republican Convention at Saratoga, September 8, 1875, resolved:

"The free public school is the bulwark of the American Republic. We therefore demand the unqualified maintenance of the public-school system, and its support by equal taxation. We are opposed to all sectarian appropriations, and we denounce, as a crime against liberty (*sic*) and republican institutions, any project for a sectarian division or perversion of the school fund of the State."

There we have the same false issues brought up again to hoodwink the "intelligent voter."

The Republican National Convention at Cincinnati, June 15, 1876, declared:

"The public-school system of the several States is the bulwark of the American Republic, and *with a view to its security and permanence* we recommend an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forbidding the application of any public funds or property for the benefit of any schools or institutions under sectarian control."

President Hayes, in his letter of acceptance, said of that resolution:

"It should receive the hearty support of the American

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people. Agitation upon this subject is to be apprehended until, by constitutional amendment, the schools are placed beyond all *danger* of sectarian control or interference. *The Republican party is pledged to secure such an amendment.*"

President Garfield, in his letter of acceptance, July 12, 1880, said:

"It would be unjust to our people, and *dangerous* to our institutions, to apply any portion of the revenue of the nation or of the States to the support of sectarian schools. The separation of the church and state in everything relating to taxation should be absolute."

In all these pronouncements we see the same old bid for votes made by the Republican party, founded on the same old calumnies and false issues. The temper of the people in 1876 had been so successfully aroused by the constant exhibition of these religious bugaboos that even the Democrats were afraid to keep silence, and their national platform, adopted at St. Louis June 28, 1876, while avoiding the attack upon States' rights by recommending the proposed national constitutional amendment, echoed the Republican clap-trap about the preservation of the public schools and "No union of church and state"!

THE BOYS WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY."

As already stated, James G. Blaine introduced this constitutional amendment adopted as the war-cry of the party in the House, December 14, 1875, while General Grant's Des Moines speech and his message were yet fresh in men's minds. This amendment passed the House, August 4, 1876, by the vote of 180 to 7. Ninety-eight members hadn't the courage to say aye or nay, among them Blaine himself, the introducer of the bill, and thirteen were absent. We recommend to any one interested in knowing the proportion of Republicans and Democrats in this vote to consult the *Congressional Record.*

On August 14 the vote of the Senate stood yeas 28, nays 16, absent 27. The Republicans refused to honor their own draft, made payable on demand to the Evangelical Alliance and Co.

We cannot bring ourselves to omit giving our readers the learned opinion of Senator Blair, the Irrepressible, for the defeat of the amendment in the Senate, the bill not having a two-thirds majority. One would hardly expect to find anything

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so immensely funny in the grave pages of the *Congressional Record*. His reason there alleged is this:

"A friend of mine pointed out to me upon that floor nine Jesuits. I did not know. He claimed to know them, and he pointed them out, NINE at one time!"—*Congressional Record*, February 16, 1888, p. 1264.

Poor Senator Blair—senator no longer, alas!—there is something pathetic, after all, in his tristful Jesuitophobia!

It is quite sufficient to refer to the long struggle made by Catholics in this State for "Freedom of Worship" in penal, reformatory, and other institutions receiving State money, to convict the Republican party of collusion with those who had their own base ends to serve by defeating our just claims to equal rights before the State. The hypocritical National League for the Protection—God save the mark!—of American Institutions is now agitating to nullify the meagre measure of justice we at last obtained by their attempts to politically enslave all religious bodies through a restrictive constitutional amendment; and we say it with bold assurance of speaking the truth, it would have no hope of success unless it can succeed in getting the Republican party to make a partisan issue of the question, counting upon the adhesion of enough bigoted Protestant Democrats to offset the sure defection from the ranks of the Republican party of every Catholic now its political friend and voter. We cannot be easily persuaded that the Republican party can be brought to make that venture.

There is one other significant fact. Republican party organs and such of the Protestant religious journals as are avowedly Republican have kept their editors, contributors, and paragraphers hard at work booming this politico-religious attack—"No union of church and state." "No State aid to sectarian schools and institutions." "Hands off the Public School!" "Patriots to the rescue!" These are the watchwords of the present allies of the Republican party, the National League and the A.-P.-A.'s, whose infamous aid it has seemed willing to accept at the price of its own historical disgrace.

BOOMERANG POLITICAL WEAPONS.

It is very far from the intention of the writer of this article to attack the political principles of the Republican party. With pure politics he has nothing to do more than falls to his right as an American citizen. But his purpose has been to set before the minds of that party that we are fully aware of its past ac-

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ceptance of, and the partisan support it has given to the leaders of, this un-American religious crusade against the civil and religious rights of all Catholic citizens, Republican or Democratic. Various reasons have been assigned for the action of the Republican party in allowing itself, as such, to be identified with the aims of these religious politicians. It seems quite evident to the writer that it cannot pretend to justify itself on any other ground than that of pure political "expediency," a plea in justification which does not justify. Political expedients are dangerous weapons to handle. More than one such a missile has proved a boomerang in the hands of reckless combatants.

We say again, lest we should be misunderstood, that we are not attacking the principles of the Republican party. We are endeavoring to compel it to take notice of, and cleanse its honorable escutcheon from, a shameful stain.

What has any political party to do with favoring or opposing religious jealousies and animosities? Are we to understand that the Republican party has taken a brief to support the cause of these malicious, persecuting Protestant ministers? If so, the sooner we know it the better.

Politics and religion are both free in this country, but neither has the ghost of a right to use the other as a tool for its own ends. Each is bound, moreover, to see to it that in no way does it attempt to hinder or nullify the full freedom of the other. But if Politics ventures to trespass upon the free soil of Religion, then Religion has a right to resist its encroachments and thrust it back upon its own ground, and *vice versa*.

Religious bodies have an unquestionable right to take care of their own interests and as well to use all moral means to gain adherents, but they have no right to call upon any political party, as such, to help them.

Political parties, too, have as true a right to honestly sustain their own existence, and are free to assert and labor to secure acceptance of their specific political doctrines by any of the citizens of the Republic, be they of any condition, color, class, or religious creed. But they have no right either to exist or to gain adherents at the price of the violation of the constitutional guarantee of the freedom of any citizen from being subjected to a religious test.

THE LIE DIRECT.

Whatever may be true of other religious bodies, it is beyond all cavil true of Catholics that they are absolutely free to give

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their suffrages to any political party whose principles or definite policy on any purely civil question they may feel convinced are to be preferred. That Catholics, by virtue of the spiritual obedience they owe to their religious superiors, priests, bishops, or pope, are obliged in any sense to look to them for either direction, advice, or command how they are to vote or to what political party they are to give their adhesion, is false. It is a calumny, however, which our envious religious adversaries have not scrupled to spread far and wide for the purpose of stirring up the ignorant fears of their people which it is so much to their advantage to stimulate. It is a dastardly libel upon the honesty and purity of our patriotism, and it is our duty to fling the lie back into their faces as forcibly as we can.

If respectable representatives of any religious body should feel obliged by the prevailing condition of things to appeal for the protection of the state against interference with or open attack upon their civil and religious rights, their demand for justice ought to receive a purely non-partisan consideration. It is equally true that if any such body of religionists should venture to seek the aid of the state in their desire to hinder or to abridge the rights of any other denomination—thank God, our Catholic hands are pure from such an iniquity, and may they ever be so!—all legislators, irrespective of party, should treat their demands with scorn and indignation. Our country's council halls are no secret dens of plotters, nor open courts for persecutors.

We say it boldly, that any political party which ventures to drag religion into politics, and to take sides with either Catholics or Protestants, except to exert its power at the polls to see that both religious bodies are left to enjoy the equal freedom guaranteed them by the Constitution, is doomed.

WE STAND UPON OUR CITIZEN RIGHTS.

We say now, and let all interested take notice and lay it well to heart: We Catholics feel we are being *politically*, as well as religiously, threatened. We have a just right before God and man to defend ourselves. Our votes are free. No party shall own us, and neither party can expect us to be such base slaves as to slaughter our God-given rights at the polls by voting the ticket of a party which openly declares itself on the side of our would-be persecutors.

It is high time the Republican party realized the fact that it cannot hope to keep within its ranks the very large number

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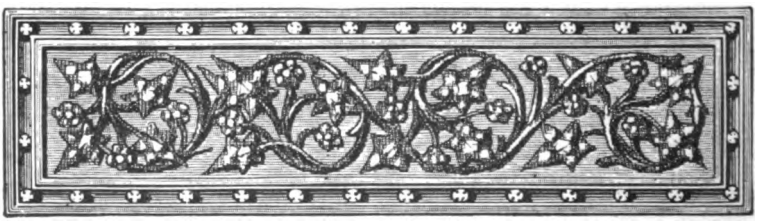
of Catholic voters it now claims, unless it casts off this religious parasite which is clinging to it for support. And not only its Catholic voters, but we feel equally assured that there are hosts of fair-minded, just Protestants and other citizens who, coming to clearly understand the unrighteous, and, we say again and again, the *un-American* character of the politico-religious crusade we have denounced, will turn away with disgust and indignation from taking any lot or part with those who dare to make a party issue of it.

We Catholics, as fellow-citizens, cannot but deeply deplore the ignorant and persistent animosity of those who differ with us in religious convictions; but we smile at their impotent rage against us, and turn, with calm assurance of the rectitude of our motives, the justice of our claims, and the unblemished sanctity of our loyalty and patriotism, to what is, thank God, increasing day by day—the popular sense of justice, right, love of truth, respect for sincere and self-sacrificing devotion to duty and to one's honest convictions, such as we Catholics dare to boast of as abundantly proven by our life, our doctrine, and our works, and by the blood we have generously shed upon the altars of our national liberties, as fully and as truly in this glorious Republic of ours as in every other land upon which the sun shines.



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THE CANONIZATION OF THE CURÉ D'ARS.

BY REV. EDWARD MCSWEENY.

N the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary I visited Ars, that French hamlet made famous for all future time by the virtues of one who was its parish priest in the forepart of our century. Those who have experienced it can tell what feelings possess one who thus treads literally in the footsteps of the saints, or at least they understand you when you speak of these things; for indeed as to giving expression so that the uninitiated may share them, this I think is beyond human power. I had read his life, that simple, eloquent narrative by his attached disciple, Father Monnin; was captivated by the sublime yet simple story, and my longing to visit the place where it had been passed was at last gratified.

The little church which he sanctified and made famous with his work and his words was still standing—a rude edifice of no architectural beauty, something like our ancient temple on St. Mary's Mount, Emmitsburgh. The ceiling was about fifteen feet high, the length from the door to the sanctuary about forty feet; the width of the nave about twenty, with some ten or fifteen feet extra on either side under the clerestories, where are four side chapels. One of these is that of St. Philumena, the young martyr-patroness of the holy priest, and a hundred crutches hung around it, left there by those who had been cured at her shrine.

The altar on which he used to say Mass is now in his living-room, and you walk through the old sanctuary into the splendid new addition which has been built behind it.

Before satisfying your pious curiosity, however, you instinctively kneel, and remain still fascinated by the general appearance of things in the old part of the edifice. Its utter poverty, contrasting somewhat with the tasty decoration of the side-altars, touches the very depths of your soul, and reminds you of Nazareth as it must have been. No wonder the people swarmed into the little building, and remained there from one o'clock in the morning till eleven at night waiting to get speech of this other Christ—"Sacerdos alter Christus." No tesselated

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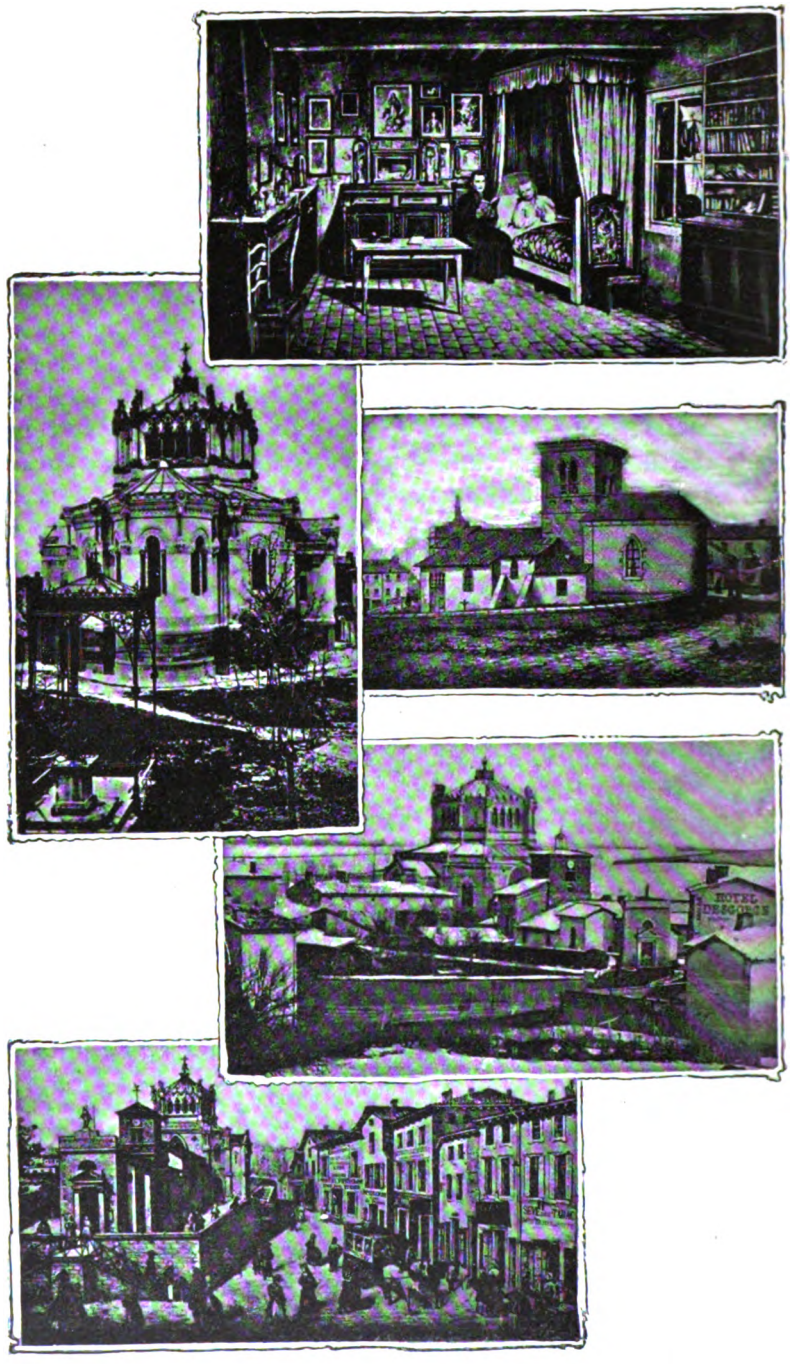

(1) The Curé's Bedroom.
(2) New Church of Ars.
(3) The Old Church.
(4) Rear View of New Church.
(5) Street in Ars.

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floor was needed to beautify this temple; no precious marble columns with veins of gold and carving more precious than gold; no damask hangings looped with silver galloons were required; no paintings of rare masters to fill the mind with heavenly images; no splendid organ and artistic singers to help those people praise the unseen God: they saw, they heard, they felt Jesus walk, speak, bless, in the person of this his brother (St. Matthew xii. 50).

When you have yielded to this overpowering sense of the divine poverty of this house of God, and revelled in the sweetness of the memories of the place where, like Thabor, "it is good to be," you further avail yourself of your happy privilege and enter the little sacristy, about eight feet square, in which for forty years the Curé d'Ars exercised the authority of Christ in the tribunal of penance. O what a confessional! The most wretched substitute for the ordinary article put together by a rustic tradesman were more sightly and more comfortable than this. Evidently the curé wanted to remain as near the cross as possible while filling the place of the Son of Man in forgiving sins. No smoothness, no paint, no cunning grace of art about it; no door, no curtain; yet the highest intellects of Europe knelt here before the shepherd's son—the beauty and culture of France, Italy, Ireland, England, Spain, Germany, Poland prostrated itself here, after hours or even days of waiting to obtain the boon of telling its sins and pouring its troubles into the sympathetic, merciful ear of the humble village pastor.

There is a little pulpit at the side of the sanctuary rising about six feet from the floor. This attracts the attention of priests very much, and makes them realize the extreme mortification of the curé, who of course suffered more from the thick atmosphere the higher he was raised in the unventilated building.

THIS OLD CHURCH

forms the nave of the present edifice, a splendid octagonal apse having been erected, as we said, behind the former sanctuary. It is of parti-colored stone in the French style; has a fine altar, closely surrounded, except in front, by a high-railed enclosure with bench for the choir, so that the celebrant was always facing either the clergy or the people. You walked all around it, the space being quite large, and elegant chapels of the Sacred Heart, of the Blessed Virgin, and of St. Joseph filling the recesses in the walls.

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A High Mass was going on when I entered, and the congregation was pretty large. Indeed, the village was so quiet that I suppose most of the inhabitants were at Mass. At the usual time a priest went up into the pulpit of the new edifice, and sitting down, taught the people. The French call the pulpit *la chaire*, and have a chair in it, so that the occupant may be said literally to teach *ex cathedra;* the Roman tribunes also have a seat for the preacher, which he uses more or less during the sermon. I was very much impressed by this. It reminded me of the father among his children, or of the teacher among his pupils, and must make both at ease during this time at which it is so important that every one, both the master and the scholar, should feel quite at home.

The sermon was exceedingly impressive, to me at least, and I carried it all away, perhaps because I recognized in the preacher one of the disciples of the holy curé; perhaps from the fact that it was in the church sanctified by his labors; perhaps for this circumstance of the chair; but chiefly, I think, on account of its extreme simplicity of matter as well as of manner. Indeed, the manner was so unaffected that I scarce noted it at all, while the matter was as familiar as could be, being no other than a homily on the joyful mysteries of the Rosary.

AFTER MASS

I had the supreme happiness of visiting the curé's house. Going up the poor staircase, you found a door covered with a close wire netting to prevent the further depredations of those who used to whittle it away for relics. Its upper half was glazed, and allowed us to look into the plain, whitewashed room, which was the living, sleeping, and dining room of the curé. I don't think there was a chair; a little table stood in the middle on which was a bowl and a spoon, service enough for the cold potatoes, rye bread, or griddle-cakes which formed the usual repasts of the man of God. His bed was in the corner, and was the most wretched mattress imaginable, though perfectly clean and neat. On the mantel was a plain lantern which lighted the weary steps of this most extraordinary man, as he every morning for forty years left his room at two o'clock, and went over to the church to adore Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar, and to face the eager penitents who, from midnight almost, had crowded the humble house of the hidden God. The bed is just as it lay under his dying person, and everything is sealed, numbered, and catalogued; his poor suit of clothes, bowl, spoon,

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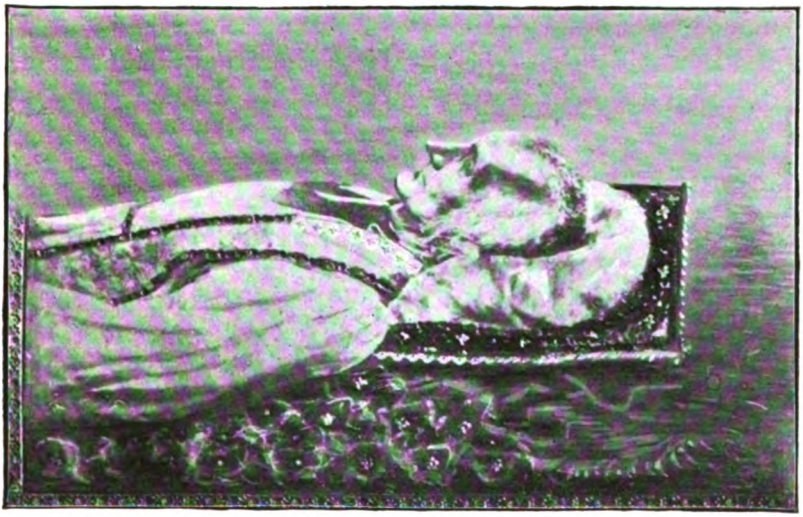
shoes, all remain as when he left them on the 4th of August, 1859. I placed my beads in the plain rustic shoes of this apostle, reflecting "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of the messengers of peace!" Some of his blood is preserved in a small vial; it is perfectly liquid, as one saw when the vessel was moved, and has the rich dark look, with the bubbles, you notice in that which St. Januarius shed fifteen hundred years ago for the Truth, and which liquefies annually at Naples on the 19th of September.

The venerable servant of the curé was still living and passed near us, but looked as old and withered as a mummy, and bore



THE CURÉ IN DEATH.

the expression of one whose thoughts were no longer concerned with this world, but who held converse with the unseen. An exquisite statue, life-size, in white marble, represents the holy priest at prayer. Attached is the legend, "I will pray for those who help me to build a beautiful church in honor of Saint Philumena."

THE LIFE

of the Curé d'Ars has been written, as I said, by his associate of many years, Father Monnin, and also by an Englishwoman, not a Catholic, named Geraldine ——; for although the servant of God was the humblest and quietest of men, he could not prevent his name and fame from spreading out of this obscure hamlet, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom; and even the erring children of the church were struck by the blaze of his sanctity, and arrested by the wonderful works God performed

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at his hands. It is sad indeed to notice how they try, while compelled to admit the existence of these marvels, to escape attributing them to the finger of the Almighty; but it is a glorious testimony to the divine institution of the church that they who love and seek the beauty of holiness are fain to leave their own households and find their ideals realized in her faithful children. Much has been written of those great and good men, outside her pale, who evidently loved our Saviour and strove to spread his kingdom; yet their biographers never are embarrassed with explaining away miraculous occurrences in the lives of such as Wesley, Hooker, Heber, and Henry Martyn. No; the gift of miracles belongs to the Catholic Church, and is a proof of her identity with the church of which Christ spoke when he said: "The works which I do they shall do, and greater than these, because I go to the Father" (St. John xiv. 12).

THE CURÉ D'ARS

was declared Venerable in 1872, thirteen years after his death; and the process of his canonization is advancing in Rome by the cautious and slow process of the sacred tribunals. My object in offering this little narrative of a visit to his shrine is to enlist the interest of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in procuring for him the title of Saint, because, as things go, the process is expensive. Testimony must be taken of facts in his life, secretaries hired, postage and telegrams paid, judges selected and requited for their services, a vast amount of correspondence done, printing, travelling, etc. You know how costs mount up in ordinary legal matters. Well, this is a legal matter, and of the nicest, most exact nature. There is a great deal of evidence taken, and discussion without end, before a miracle can be proved and accepted as such; and all this must needs have doctors, priests, and other specialists to deliver their opinions in the most technical and formal way. In short, the expense reaches tens of thousands. We want to get the venerable priest raised to the honors of the altar; not for his own glory—what is earthly glory to him?—but in order to attract more attention to his wonderful career, to incite others to invoke his intercession and imitate his zeal, even from afar off; to bring more souls to God through the sacrament of which he was such a faithful minister. Canonization is not necessary, perhaps hardly expedient, in the cases of holy men whose life is hidden from the people. Hence the Carthusian monks, "who," as Cardinal Vaughan says, "belong to the highest state of contemplatives, have but few canonized saints; this arising

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probably from their lives being hidden and unobserved, and from their known unwillingness to admit the distraction incidental even to the promotion of causes for canonization." The Benedictines also, though more before the public, have had no saint canonized for five hundred years; nor have the Lazarists, a missionary order, even; nor the world-famous Sisters of Charity presented any member for canonization, except their founder, St. Vincent de Paul — himself the property rather of all France than of any particular society, however renowned. Still, it is mainly by the efforts of the societies to which they belong that saints are canonized, no matter how holy they may have been; and therefore parish priests, the memory of whose life and works is hardly preserved with the necessary care by the stranger who, after their departure for heaven, enters upon the field of their labors, have but slight chance of obtaining this temporal distinction. And yet it is desirable that by publishing the merits and magnifying the glory of one of these latter attention should be attracted to the exalted nature of their calling, so that the people may hold it and them in greater reverence, and so profit the more by their ministry; and they them-

STATUE OF THE CURÉ.

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selves may gain in self-respect, in zeal for souls, and the acquirement of those virtues which are needed for those who are fellow-workers with Jesus Christ.

Let us glorify the parish priest of Ars, and thus magnify the Lord by whose grace he is what he is. "We once heard," says Father Monnin, "a distinguished but somewhat sceptical philosopher exclaim in his enthusiasm, 'I do not believe anything like this has been seen since the stable at Bethlehem!' . . . He spoke truth in this sense, that the life of the Curé of Ars, as the lives of all the saints, was but the continuation of the life of our Lord." A celebrated poet was so overcome by the emotion produced by his presence that the words escaped him unawares: "I have never seen God so near." Another distinguished pilgrim said: "The Curé of Ars is the very model of the childhood which Jesus loved, . . . therefore it is that God is with him." One of the famous painters of France stayed about several days trying to get a perfect sketch of his features. "It has been one of the great blessings of my life," he said afterwards, "to have known the Curé d'Ars. We must have seen saints to be able to paint them." "What did I see at Ars?" said a prominent author to one who inquired of him. "I saw John in the wilderness! I was one of the eighty thousand or so who went there last year. People tell me of marvellous things which go on at Ars. I doubt not the power of God; it is as great in this nineteenth century as in the first days of Christianity. I am convinced that the prayers of the holy priest can obtain surprising and even miraculous cures; but to recognize the presence of the supernatural there I have no need of all this. The great miracle of Ars is the laborious and penitential life of its curé. That a man can do what he does, and do it every day, without growing weary or sinking under it, is what surpasses my comprehension; this is to me the miracle of miracles."

Read one of his lives, then, if you have not already done so, and "taste and see" that the Lord is with his church in these latter days even as of old. And then, if you think well of it, give an alms "to build a beautiful church in honor of St. Philumena," or rather just now, as that church is already sufficiently advanced, to pay the expenses of raising upon the lofty pedestal of sainthood this native of glorious, apostolic France, who in his character and life revealed to the nineteenth century the simplicity, the neat poverty, the gentle, powerful love, the divine holiness of the Son of God, who is "wonderful in his saints," and to whom alone be honor and glory for ever.

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FATHER OHRWALDER'S NARRATIVE.*

BY HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

THE narrative of the sufferings in and escape from captivity of the Reverend Father Ohrwalder, and of the sisters his companions, is at full length before us in English, rewritten in that language from the father's personal record in German. That record was written from recollection after his escape, which forms its last chapter. This English version is by Major F. R. Wingate, R.A., of the Intelligence Department, Cairo, who has himself written upon Mahdiism and the Sudan. It is amply illustrated by photographed portraits and scenes of the deepest interest, and furnished with adequate and well-executed maps and plans.

In a century rich in all the picturesque and revulsive contrasts which the outer zone of savagery offers to the widening area of civilization, no more sensational tale of heroic endurance has illuminated the annals of humanity. To the great world which, after a gasp of indolent astonishment, again goes on its way of worldly venture and risk, the story serves merely as a thrilling stimulant—as the latest novelty of the strange and the terrible. But to all who hold "the Faith once delivered" it is a career of modern confessorship which may compare with any since the record of persecution first began.

It is not long since an attempt was made by a certain Canon Taylor, of the Church of England, to vindicate the Moslem faith and practice as specially adapted to the backward races, as conveying the one germ of truth, however adulterated, which their minds are capable of receiving, and as securing on a stern and rugged but still firm basis such moral elements as can be brought home to their consciences. More especially on the broad ground of ethnical characteristics the races of Africa have been selected as fit for that creed, and in their present stage for no other. Here we have a native regenerator—for such the Mahdi professed to be—of the Mohammedan religion, and the result, a horrible depravity and an inbred destructive-

* From the original MSS. of Father Joseph Ohrwalder, late priest of the Austrian Mission at Delen, in Kordofan. Fourth edition. London: Sampson Low. 1892.

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ness, attested by entire tribes exterminated, desolation spreading like a cancer over provinces, and savagery triumphant. Take the following sample as regards the treatment of the suffering natives when sick from the small-pox:

FATHER OHRWALDER, THE SISTERS CHINCARINI AND VENTURINI, AND THE SLAVE GIRL ADELA.

"This disease was then very prevalent, . . . and horrible sights continually met our eyes. These unfortunate sufferers had no one to help them, and they were left to die either of the disease or of hunger; they lay about under the trees in the market-place, shunned by every one; often, when still liv-

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ing, they were dragged off by men who tied ropes round their bodies and pulled them along the ground till they were beyond the outskirts of the town, and there they were left to be devoured by the hyenas."

These were the tyrant's own people, might even be his own tribesmen; were suffering from a human affliction which might be the lot of any, perhaps of himself, next day; yet we see from this horrible treatment how the hearts of those in authority were steeled by selfish panic or superstition against the last rudimentary instincts of human feeling. After this specimen of the moral standard current under the then existing rule, what need to give details of captives dying under the lash; of wretches, famine-stricken and plundered to the last shred, scratching in the floors of ruined huts in the hope of scraping up a handful of gum with which, unwholesome as such food was, to sustain a miserable existence; of the cold-blooded massacre of brave garrisons; of the survivors of a defeated tribe hanged by the hundred together and the corpses flung into a well; of cruel mutilations inflicted as an ordinary punishment on the remnants of another tribe hunted down and destroyed? After the arbitrary execution of one who boldly denounced the Mahdi as an impostor we read that

"According to Moslem law, if an unbeliever be discovered, all his neighbors within a forty yards' radius are considered guilty, and their houses may be plundered and destroyed."

The stupid intolerance which thus revels in widening the area of destruction is by Ohrwalder here ascribed, not to the impulse of a fanatical mob, or to the arbitrary caprice of a despot, but to the deliberate voice of "Moslem law." The genius of that law seems to abet, and even license, the destructive instincts of barbarism.

All the while that these typical horrors were being enacted before their eyes, the father and the sisters had their own share of them. Their calendar of suffering runs parallel to the history of the career of the Mahdi and his successor. Early in the narrative the members of the mission were brought before him and threatened with death, sentenced to execution, and reprieved at the last moment. Led as captives through a camp of nomad Arabs,

"The inquisitive and motley crowd derided us and heaped insults upon us; the ugly old women, whom one could only com-

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pare with hyenas, were perhaps the most bitter in their disgraceful taunts."

Of course the abandonment of their faith would have released them at once from all this contumely and ill-treatment,

FATHER OHRWALDER'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MAHDI AT RAHAD.

amidst which "the thought of death was a comfort to us." Again, we read that

"The strain of the last few days, the tiring journey, . . . the continual uncertainty as to our fate, anguish, fear, din,

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tumult, bad food, had already considerably affected our health; . . . the reaction came and we fell a prey to disease. The infected atmosphere . . . brought on a burning fever and constant diarrhœa. Besides all this . . . we had become covered with horrible vermin. It was impossible to get rid of them; they seemed to increase daily. We had no clothes to change, and as we had scarcely enough water to drink, washing was out of the question. With a feeling of utter despair we lay helpless and comfortless on the floor of that miserable black hut. Our maladies became worse, and ere a month had passed three of our number were dead; . . . while we four who still remained, hovering between life and death, lay helplessly side by side with our dead brothers and sisters. It was a terrible exertion to us to sew the corpses in mats and drag them to the door of the hut. At length some slaves, much against their will and on the promise of good pay, removed the already-decaying bodies, and buried them in shallow pits which they covered up with sand. . . . We were too ill to move, and so they were carried away to their last resting-place without prayer or chant; and even to this day I cannot tell if the slaves really buried them, or merely dragged the bodies beyond the huts, and left them lying there on the ground."

Fifty pages later we find the sisters forcibly torn away from their only protector, and every means of barbarity used to shake their faith—even to slitting the nose of one of them; and they were then distributed as slaves amongst the emirs, and compelled to travel in the burning sand and sun from El Obeid to Rahad. On the journey we read that

"They suffered greatly; they were obliged to walk the whole distance barefooted over thorns. . . . They underwent the agonies of hunger and thirst, and some of them had to carry loads; one of them for a whole day had not a drop of water to drink. These brutal savages were continually beating, insulting, and abusing them, and when tired and weary they sat down for a moment, they were driven forward under the lash of the cruel whip. On their arrival at Rahad they scarcely looked like human beings, with their faces all scorched and peeled by the burning sun; and here new tortures awaited them. One of them was suspended from a tree and beaten on the soles of the feet until they became swollen and black, and soon afterwards the nails dropped off. In spite of all this suffering, and notwithstanding the continual threats of these barbarians of the

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last inhuman outrage upon womanhood, these sisters clung firmly to their faith and belief."

The marvel is how, under such treatment, any have survived to escape and tell the dismal tale. Over and over again death would clearly have been a welcome relief from the long-drawn agony of physical suffering, in nearly every form of which our nature is susceptible. The Christians exposed in the arena *ad leones* enjoyed happier terms. To them death was swallowed up in victory.

To pass for a moment from the stand-point of the captives to that of their tyrant, the economic stay of Mahdiism lay in the slave-trade. Gessi Pasha, Gordon's able helpmate, tore out whole nests of these man-hunting miscreants, trained to every device of savage war, as pirates to every insidious manœuvre at sea. These were drawn to the Mahdi's side by the prospect of unstinted loot and a license to ply their abominable traffic. But beyond these motives he succeeded in imbuing them with a frantic ardor of fanaticism, which, at a word from him, made them rush on certain and sudden death in the hope of a passport straight to Paradise. Such was the chief feature of internal policy in this novel Sudanese *régime*. The treasury and the slave-market are the leading departments of its civil service, and they stand in Omdurman, the capital, side by side.

Bribery and corruption, the usurers' baneful trade, brigandage and thievery of all grades down to pocket-picking, with slaves trained to be expert practitioners in all, formed the incidents of every-day life in Omdurman. But, worse yet, the enormous waste of male life, through the havoc of ceaseless warfare and the consequent disproportion of the sexes, made the elementary basis of all sexual morality insecure. Sternly repressive edicts were issued in vain. The women were denounced, of course by the men, as the source of this ever-spreading taint. A council was held with the result that

"It was decided to make an example of one, and the victim selected was an unfortunate who had borne two illegitimate children. The poor creature was led into the woman's quarter of the market, and there she was lowered into a grave with her last child tied to her bosom, and both stoned to death by a cruel and hard-hearted crowd, who seemed to take a fiendish delight in this inhuman piece of work."

Here then we see Mohammedanism, as it is at home, when doing its special work on the *morale* of the less advanced races

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—a far truer test of its native genius than can be found where, as in India, it stands counterchecked by Christianity, Brahminism, and Buddhism as rival social forces.

But we have now only space for the final episode, the escape of the captives. That of Father Bonomi—in itself a passage of thrilling interest—had been accomplished six years earlier, before the Mahdi's death. And now the climax of pathos in this tale of suffering seems reached just as deliverance is at hand, and the chief question to have been, Would their frames of flesh and blood hold together long enough for the effort to be made, and would they then have staying power to live through that effort? Father Ohrwalder points out how the escape of himself alone could have been effected with comparative ease:

"As a man, I could have stained my naturally brown complexion, dressed in rags, and begged my way along the banks of the Blue Nile to Abyssinia; but I could not leave the poor sisters behind, and therefore resolved to wait patiently till a deliverer should come."

Repeatedly during their captivity had Archbishop Sogaro sent from Cairo money to relieve their wants, but, through the dishonesty of the Arabs employed, none had ever reached them. This fact shows that the furtive and mercenary vices are as much stimulated by the prevailing form of Islam as the blood-thirsty and ferocious ones. The archbishop would naturally select those who were least likely to betray trust by embezzling the money and deluding the hapless captives' hopes. But in no one instance so far was his confidence justified. "Bad were the best." Another attempt to reach and rescue the captives, or at least improve their positions by working on the trading cupidity of a native emir at Dongola, also miscarried for the same reason. The indefatigable archbishop was the spring of this as of other efforts, but the last link in the chain of communication was an Arab emissary, *who never returned.* At length the same native cupidity supplied a motive on the other side. It was known that the Cairo government were holding out rewards for any letters brought through from the prisoners, as these might throw some light on the now unknown situation in the Sudan. This brought out a volunteer, "a young Ababdeh Arab," one Ahmed Hassan, who came with the offer to take a letter from Ohrwalder to Cairo. After the natural delay caused by suspicion and cautious inquiry, a letter to the arch-

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bishop was written by him and entrusted to this Arab, who had now so won the father's confidence that a project of escape was discussed between them, although it involved a whole year before it could be matured. But previously to this,

"In fact ever since 1884, our good archbishop had never ceased in his efforts to assist us and to make our captivity more bearable. He left no stone unturned, and moved Moslems, Christians, the government, and indeed his Holiness the Pope, on our behalf, and one of the missionaries was maintained on the Egyptian frontier with the special object of endeavoring to procure our release."

Ahmed Hassan, although a volunteer as stated, could not be regarded as flawless in his faith, and was entrusted with the letter to the archbishop with many misgivings. He however delivered it, and received in return a commission, under agreement, with one hundred pounds in hand to purchase camels, arms, and all needful items for the escape, and assist it to the utmost. But while he was absent in Cairo on this errand Sister Concetta Coosi, long suffering from ill health, died of typhus. They buried her in the native fashion which supersedes coffins (an impossibility in that region), by a shroud and a mat, "in the warm desert sand, protecting her body from the ravenous hyenas by a few thorns," and thinking how soon they might be laid beside her. "But I felt," adds Ohrwalder, "that my life was in God's hands." Sorely trying was the anguish of suspense which followed; but she had hardly been dead a month when Hassan reappeared. Then follows an account of the manœuvres of the party to insure secrecy and disarm suspicion. Hassan had to purchase his camels by stealth, and singly, at outlying farms. They were further encumbered by a little slave-girl, presented to the father by a native friend. To leave her would have betrayed their plans. She rode behind him on his camel. A series of hairbreadth escapes from threatening frustrations at last allowed them to start. Fortunately all the riding camels in the town had been requisitioned for some expedition shortly before, so that immediate pursuit was impeded. It further appeared later that, when their escape *was* known, the pursuers started on a false scent, surmising that they had departed by the river, and lost time in attempting pursuit by boats. The fugitives started in the dark when the moon had gone down; and the moment of starting was the most perilous of all, owing to the restiveness of the camels,

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well-fed and fresh; as also to the nearness of a well, with the usual concourse of laughing and chattering slave girls about it, whose noise, however, drowned any made by the travellers. Then came the desperate ride for freedom and life of five hundred miles in seven days across the great Nubian desert. Hassan, with two Arab attendants; Sisters Chincarini and Venturini, and Ohrwalder with the slave-child *en croupe*, formed the cavalcade.

At early dawn they left the last village (generally reckoned at two days north of Omdurman) behind and started for the wild, avoiding the river, although glimpsing it occasionally with its edging of green-sward in the dry, bare landscape, and shunning all known tracks. A sister fell from her saddle, was picked up, splashed with water to restore her, for she had fainted, and firmly tied upon it again. Among other precautions, Hassan had adopted that of feeing heavily a native magician, who thereon foretold that the journey "would be as white as milk," *i.e.*, without mishap; thus reassuring, besides solemnly swearing to secrecy on the Qorân the few whom he was forced to take into confidence before starting, Hassan's resources in lulling the suspicions of Arab shepherds or such villagers as they could not avoid were always prompt and adequate; but as their route was to some extent conjectural, he once miscalculated the nearness of the river, and before they knew it they had plunged into a village. Here, however, his ingenuity brought them off. With eyes red and swollen from the desert glare, and "our clothes sticking to the wounds we had received when riding through the bush," with limbs cramped and stiffened by the attitude in which alone it is possible to sit (or rather squat) a camel, maintained for many hours together they pushed on, past "Gubat on the Nile, where the English had encamped in 1885" when pressing forward to the too late rescue of Gordon; past Metemmeh and towards Berber, near to which Hassan had a friend, and where he thought of crossing the Nile. Suddenly a stranger started up in front, but since

"In the desert no man meets a friend,"

he was as much alarmed, taking the party for robbers, as they could be. Hassan, however, tranquillized him. On the third day Berber was sighted, and by the evening they filled their waterskins in the river opposite to it. But tidings were unpropitious to the attempt to cross there, so they started again into the desert—a stony plateau now which their guides knew not;

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then a deep gorge strewn with huge blocks and boulders; then a sudden alarm of three camel-men in the distance; a hurried concealment, a council of war, the two attendants sent out to reconnoitre; during whose absence, after three days and a half in the saddle, a few hours' sleep was snatched by the rest. They returned with reassuring news: the camel-men were not, as surmised, pursuers, but natives on their own errand; also the transit had been secured at the ferry. This proved at first delusive, the ferryman declining to put them over until daylight. This was too great a risk; but two native boys, looking out for a chance of backsheesh, came to the rescue and took across the party, camels and all. At midnight they pushed on, and rode without check through the weird solitude until the next evening, with an occasional herd of antelopes pricking their ears in the distance, and here and there a hyena crossing their track. The weather, cold when they left Omdurman, became oppressively hot; mirages haunted and deceived them; the camels wasted and their humps dwindled, they were footsore and showed signs of exhaustion, and the males of the party dismounted and led them in turn. On a broad plain, dotted with shrubs, Hassan espied and killed a snake, and then jumped thrice over its body with great excitement. His Arab comrades hailed the omen, confident that success was now assured; another snake after nightfall, hissing at them in the dark, turned their confidence as easily into mistrust, "and curiously enough, when close to Abu Hamed, an event did occur which quite confirmed their superstitions." They took a line too far to the east in making for a mountain landmark which was to guide them to the river, and it was midnight instead of midday when they reached its pass. On descending to the river a rifle-armed camel-man was heard and seen, being a native guard from Berber to check Egyptian contraband practices. This incident was at first alarming, the guard insisting on their going to the emir, who would probably have sent them back to Omdurman.

"I gave Hamed my long knife and told him to do what he could to win the man over with money, but that if he found this was useless—well! we were four men to one." But the persuasiveness of the more precious metals appears to have made a resort to cold steel unnecessary. One of the sisters was so agitated by an unwary exclamation of Hassan's that she fell off, but was caught by careful hands ere she reached the rocky ground. This matter arranged all remounted, mutual oaths were exchanged between Hassan and the guard that neither

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would betray the other, and we "rode for our lives night and day; the poor camels were reduced to skeletons, and we ourselves were nothing but skin and bone." Then followed a day of intense suffering; a flat, shrubless plain beneath a fierce sun, then "great bare hills and solitary valleys," where "the wind had driven the sand almost to the tops of the hills." But, "once within the hills, our courage returned, for we knew we should be able to defend ourselves; so we dismounted and ate our last mouthful of biscuit."

Off they went again, riders and camels both "utterly exhausted; my right arm ached from continually whipping up the poor beast." But the guides lightened the way, being now bold with hope of safety, by desert anecdotes—mostly of death and deadly peril. Here was a track on which four of a party of seven, escaping, had died of thirst when Berber fell. There was a spot where Rundle Bey had reconnoitred in 1885—"the road was plainly marked by the bones of camels and donkeys." Along it Ali Pasha had ridden under the guidance of a sheikh, who forbade him to dismount at a spot where he wished to, saying "I am commander here"; and the pasha complied, knowing that anything might befall him in that awful wilderness if the sheikh's directions were not precisely obeyed. In this last stage of utter exhaustion

"Our worst enemy was sleep. It is quite impossible for me to describe the fearful attacks this tyrannical foe made upon us. We tried every means in our power to keep awake; we shouted and talked loudly to each other, we tried to startle ourselves by giving a sudden jerk, we pinched ourselves till the blood ran down; but our eyelids weighed down like balls of lead, and it required a fearful effort to keep them open."

And so "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," became the greatest peril. It was impossible at last to shake it off. They found their muscles fail them, their tongues stood still in their heads; they nodded, they dozed, and after an unknown interval started awake, and when just about to lose, regained their equilibrium and "sleep vanished." Their haven of safety was now Murat, in the midst of the great Nubian waste; and, as they sighted it, the guide came out with a pleasing anecdote, how the dervishes had once pursued and killed a fugitive even there! But as the flag on the fort could now be clearly seen, Hassan woke the echoes by shot after shot from his rifle. This soon "fetched" the garrison, who of course took them at first

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for a hostile advance guard, and turned out armed; then discovered their error, and returned the friendly salute.

"But," writes our rescued confessor, safe at last, "the effects of hunger, fatigue, and the sights and scenes we had gone through during the last month did not disappear so easily; all our senses seemed dulled, and our first thought on entering the commandant's hut was to lie down on the floor and go to sleep, but, strange to say, that wonderful restorer would not come. We sat gossiping with the Ababdehs, who could scarcely credit that we, especially the sisters, could have survived such a ride. . . . Poor Ahmed Hassan had dwindled down almost to a skeleton, and when he dismounted at Murat was overcome by a fit of dizziness, from which he did not recover for an hour."

After two days' rest they resumed their route for Korosko and thence to Cairo. The last stages were by Nile steamboat and train; but while they were yet on their camels a party of the garrison of Murat, returning from Korosko, "seeing us, took us for dervishes, rushed to their arms, took up a position against a rock, and levelled their rifles at us." The mistake was speedily explained by the guide Hassan, and they at once fraternized with their expected enemies. Hassan seems well to have earned the pay covenanted for his services, and we hope he has obtained promotion from the government. The sudden change to civilized and educated society, after all the fearful scenes of unmitigated barbarism, through a ten years' experience, raised emotions of enjoyable thankfulness, only qualified by the thought of dear companions still pining in the bonds which the refugees had shaken off. The ride herein recorded is the most momentous and adventurous of all in recent history. Father Ohrwalder concludes:

"I have pined ten years in bondage, and now, by the help of God, I have escaped. In the names of the companions with whom I suffered; in the name of the Sudan people, whose misery I have seen, and in the name of all civilized nations, I ask this question: How long shall Europe—and above all that nation which has first part in Egypt and the Sudan—which stands deservedly first in civilizing savage races; how long shall Europe and Great Britain watch unmoved the outrages of the Khalifa and the destruction of the Sudan people?"

All the faithful will echo his words, with an appeal to a higher power—"How long, O Lord! how long?"

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BRAHMANISM DOES NOT ANTEDATE THE MOSAIC WRITINGS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD, D.D.

THE period in which we are is generally considered to be one of transition, and those who go by the name of "advanced thinkers" are pronounced in their views, and are in a hurry to throw aside the past. While it is true the world is always changing, it seems to us that, in studying these changes, we do well to remember that human nature does not change, and that the temptations to evil and to error do not change; and that therefore it is wise to look to the experience of the past and to the canons of sound reasoning to guard against both evil and error. We wish to invoke these in the remarks we subjoin; for we are desirous of putting before the public what may tend to stay the downward course of many minds that are throwing aside Christianity and deceiving themselves with the idea that they have found a source of enlightenment in the ancient religious teaching of the Hindus. While we are striving to do this, we feel sure that what we shall say, or rather present from weighty sources, will confirm the believer in Christianity in his faith and in his conviction that he has nothing to fear from the most learned opposition.

A HINDUPHILE AUTHORITY.

The principal source whence we present the reasons which will serve our purpose is a work written not long ago by a zealous and learned missionary bishop, Monseigneur Laouënan, Vicar-Apostolic of Pondichery, India, printed at the Press of the Catholic Mission in Pondichery, in 1884. The author of this most interesting book, which met with such approval that it was honored by a public act of the Academy of France, or, as it is technically said, "*couronné*," was born in Brittany. He studied for the priesthood in the house of the "Missions Étrangères" in Paris, and went as a missionary priest to India. During his studies he had been impressed with the force of the arguments against Christianity derived from the traditions and sacred books of the Hindus, although not to the extent of

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causing him to waver in that faith which rests upon the Resurrection of Christ. He had read Cardinal Wiseman's lectures on the relation between Science and Revealed Religion. He had admired the manner in which the great cardinal laid bare the pretensions to excessive antiquity put forward by those who were carried away by their enthusiasm for everything Hindu; citing the labors of astronomers, for example, to show that the state of the heavens described in the epic poem, "The Ramayana," as accompanying the birth of Rama, could only have taken place nine hundred and sixty-one years before Christ, and not in fabled antiquity; or that the birth of Krishna or Kristna, the pretended prototype of Christ, at which the position of the planets is given in his *Janampatra*, could only have occurred August 7, A.D. 600 (Lect. VII.)

The young priest resolved to consecrate himself to the work of still further examination into the claims of Hindu theology, or rather mythology, and to study it on the spot. This resolution was carried out, and the result is the book we have before us, with the title *Brahmanism and its Relations.* In writing it he spent thirty-five years, availing himself of the researches of the most successful writers of all nationalities on the Sacred Books of India. Such a work is valuable from the information it gives, and is rendered more so by the temperate manner in which the author of it speaks. For he lets us understand that he does not pretend to have cleared up all the obscure points of Indian chronology.

VAGUENESS OF INDIAN LITERATURE.

In his introduction he says:

"We do not flatter ourselves with the idea that we have entirely succeeded. The special characteristic of all Indian literature is that it has almost absolutely no chronology; so all who have written on ancient India up to the Mohammedan invasion in the eleventh century are reduced to conjectures more or less risky. Our condition is the same. Certain facts, however, seem to us indubitable; among others, the successive transformations in the Brahmanical doctrine and worship, the last of which is only a few centuries back: whence it follows that Brahmanism in its present form is relatively modern, subsequent not only to Judaism, but also to Christianity. Now, it is especially in the books which have been inspired by the present, actual form of Brahmanism, or have been created by it, that are to be found the traditions and doctrines relating to

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Christianity. In like manner it is principally in the laws of Manu that are contained the traditions and the institutions which resemble the recitals and the prescriptions of the Pentateuch, and it is to-day established that the *Mánava-Dharma-Sastra* is much after the time of Moses" (p. ix.)

Before going further into the matter of this book, it will be useful to hear what others have to say regarding the time in which the sacred writings of the Hindus were written, and with reference to the books themselves.

Professor Julius Eggeling, Ph.D. and Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in the University of Edinburgh, in his article on Brahmanism in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, may be said to give an opinion representing the conclusion of scholars on the subject. This is what he says:

"The Hindu scriptures consist of four separate collections, or *Sanhitas*, of sacred texts or *Mantras*, including hymns, incantations, and sacrificial forms of prayer; viz., the *Rich* or *Rig-veda*, the *Saman* or *Sama-veda*, the *Yajush* or *Yajur-veda*, and the *Atharvan* or *Atharva-veda*. Each of these four text-books has attached to it a body of prose writings, called *Brahmanas*, which presuppose the *Sanhitas*, purporting as they do to explain chiefly the ceremonial application of the texts, and the origin and import of the sacrificial rites for which these were supposed to have been composed. Besides the *Brahmanas* proper, these theological works, and in a few isolated cases some of the *Sanhitas*, include two kinds of appendages, the *Aranyakas* and *Upanishads*, both of which, and especially the latter, by their language and contents, generally betray a more modern origin than the works to which they are annexed."

The *Aranyakas*, like the *Brahmanas*, explain the text and "give somewhat more prominence to the mystical sense of the rites of worship." The *Upanishads* "are taken up to a great extent with speculations on the problems of the universe, and the religious aims of man." "The hymns of the *Rig-veda* constitute the earliest lyrical effusions of the Aryan settlers in India which have been handed down to posterity. They are certainly not all equally old: on the contrary they evidently represent the literary activity of many generations of bards, though their relative age cannot as yet be determined with anything like certainty. The tenth and last book of the collection, however, at any rate has all the characteristics of a later appendage, and in language and spirit many of its hymns approach very nearly to the level of the contents of the *Atharvan*." "Several im-

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portant works, the original composition of which has probably to be assigned to the early days of Brahmanism, such as the Institutes of Manu, and the two great epics the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*, in the form in which they have been handed down to us, show manifest traces of a more modern redaction."

We have here first the *Sanhitas* or sacred books, next the *Brahmanas*, then appendages, the *Aranyakas* and the *Upanishads*. The most ancient of all is the *Rig-veda*, which was the work of many generations of bards; the relative age of its hymns cannot be determined with anything like certainty. The Institutes of Manu, and the epics the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, as handed down to us manifest traces of a more modern redaction, or editorial compilation. It will be well to bear these statements in mind as we proceed.

MAX MÜLLER'S OPINION.

Professor Max Müller, in his *Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion*, p. 145 (ed. 1879, Scribner), says: "I ascribe the collection and the systematic arrangement of the Vedic hymns and formulas, which we find in four books, or the *Samhitas* for the *Rig-veda*, the *Yagur-veda*, the *Sama-veda*, and the *Atharva-veda*, to the Mantra Period, from the year 800 B. C. to the year 1000." "The Brahmanas belong to a period from 600 to 800 B. C." "The *Sutras*, treatises on phonetics, etymology, exegesis, metre, customs, laws, geometry, astronomy, and philosophy, are of a period subsequent to these, B. C. 500." "It is therefore before 1000 B. C. that we must place the spontaneous growth of Vedic poetry, such as we find in the *Rig-veda*, and in the *Rig-veda* only. . . . How far back that period, the so-called Khandas period, extended, who can tell? Some scholars extend it to two or three thousand years before our era, but it is far better to show the different layers of thought that produced the Vedic religion, and thus to gain an idea of its long growth, than to attempt to measure it by years or centuries, *which can never be more than guesswork*" (italics ours). "One thing is certain: there is nothing more ancient and primitive, not only in India, but in the whole Aryan world, than the hymns of the *Rig-veda*." He tells us that these hymns were handed down by memory entirely, as likewise all the sacred books, the *Brahmanas* and the *Sutras*, for "few Sanskrit MSS. in India are older than the year 1000 after Christ; nor is there any evidence that the art of writing was known in India much before the beginning of Buddhism, or the very end of the Vedic literature."

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A DEFINITE LANDMARK.

The mention of Buddhism brings us to an interesting period. Here we are no longer in the dark as to time. History comes to our aid. We are able to fix dates, at least approximately, and surely. At the time of Alexander the Great, Professor Müller tells us, "the whole drama of the ancient literature of the Brahmans had been acted. The old language had changed, the old religion, *after passing through many phases* (italics ours), had been superseded by a new faith." Alexander in his invasion of India, an. 325 before Christ, after the defeat of Bessus, received into his service an Indian chief by name Sisycottus, according to Thirlwall (ed. of 1845, Harper & Brothers, p. 232). This chief, whom he made commander of the important post of Aornus, on the right bank of the Indus, not far above the junction of the Cophen, seems to be the same as the Sandrocottus or Kandragrupta mentioned by Professor Max Müller and by Monseigneur Laouënan, who afterwards became the founder of a dynasty at Magadha. The grandson of this potentate, Asoka, held the great council of the Buddhists in the seventeenth year of his reign, or in the year 245 or 242 B. C. (p. 130), and "162 years were supposed to have passed between Buddha's death and Kandragrupta's accession in the year 315; therefore 315+162=477 B. C. is the date of Buddha's death." Again, "218 years were supposed to have passed between Buddha's death and Asoka's inauguration in the year 259; 259+218=477 is the year of Buddha's death." "Further confirmation of this hypothesis has been lately added by two inscriptions discovered by General Cunningham, and published by Dr. Bühler in the *Indian Antiquary*." All fabled assertions of antiquity on the part of Buddhists we see by these citations are out of the question, for we are now in certain historic periods.

THE QUESTION OF INSPIRED WRITING.

Before leaving Professor Müller's book it is interesting to note what he says about the inspiration of the *Rig-veda* and other books. Page 132 he writes: "At what time the claim of being divinely revealed, and therefore infallible, was first set up by the Brahmans in favor of the Veda is difficult to determine. This claim, like other claims of the same kind, seems to have grown up gradually, till at last it was formulated into a theory of inspirations as artificial as any known to us from other re-

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ligions. As it is not our purpose to detain the reader with more lengthy extracts from the learned and distinguished professor's work, we refer him to the proofs given of this. We simply sum up here what has been quoted: The compilation of the *Rig-veda* from spontaneously developed hymns and from traditions he deems is not to be assigned to an earlier date than the year 1000 B. C. When they were first uttered he cannot tell; to measure the growth of the Vedic religion by years "*can never be more than guesswork.*" All these hymns and compositions, and all the books, down to about the year 500 were handed down purely by memory; writing being, as far as evidence goes, unknown in India before that time. Again, Sanskrit MSS. as a rule are not to be found before 1000 years after Christ. Moreover the Vedic religion passed through many phases by the year 500 B. C. As for inspiration, it was an afterthought.

BRAHMANISM COMPARATIVELY MODERN.

Let us now go back to Monseigneur Laouënan's book, and see how he treats of the subject we are considering. In search of the information he needed, he tells us, he lived in close relations with Indians of every class; that he was able to visit the whole of India from Cape Comorin and Ceylon to the Himalayas; from the Malabar coast and Bombay to Chittagong in Bengal and Rangoon in Birmania. He studied attentively every thing he saw, read everything treating of the people and their religions. As a result he says:

"What I gathered by observation on the subject of Brahmanism made me see that this form of religion has not been as immovable as is pretended and believed; that it has undergone transformation, modifications many and profound, of which some are modern; in fact, that the Hindu cult, as it exists today, is with its books and sacred monuments of an origin relatively recent. I found that these transformations are all after the time of Moses, and that the last occurred parallel with the preaching of Christianity in India" (Preface, p. vii.)

"My observations led me to another result less expected: the non-Aryan races of India have exerted a considerable influence on the changes of the Brahmanic doctrines and worship. Thus we see the Brahmans borrow their human sacrifices from the Dasyus, and unclean practices from the Saktas; from the Chamitic tribes the worship of demons and of the Phallus; from the Scythic races the worship of the serpent; from the aborigines

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the modern characters of Siva and of Vishnu; from Iranian philosophers, or more probably from the Jews scattered about in Asia, the notion of the one God, the Creator, the knowledge of the history of the creation and of the deluge and so many primordial traditions; from the Christians finally what is most pure and most elevated in their doctrines and institutions" (*ibid.*)

ABSENCE OF CHRONOLOGY IN INDIA.

"I owe the reader," he goes on to say, "another very important explanation. He will not find dates in my book, or he will find but few, which fix in a precise way the epochs to which belong personages, events, and periods mentioned. India has no history, or rather it possesses no chronology; historical facts abound, but they have no dates; so that it is by confronting them with events in the history of other peoples who had relations with it that it is possible to determine in an approximative manner the time when the persons existed or the events took place." And he gives the following instance. I may state that a Brahman in a discourse published in the *Madras Mail* of May 23, 1884, quoted by our author, says: "The Hindu religion was established in India, several thousand years ago, in the place of the old Buddhist worship, the followers of which, after their defeat, had emigrated into the neighboring countries of Thibet and China." Mark how Monseigneur Laouënan meets this boast of antiquity based on the antiquity of Buddhism.

"In the historical portion of the Vishnu-Purâna, which is, by the acknowledgment of all Indian scholars, the most trustworthy of the Indian works, there is a list of the kings of Magadha of which here is the abridgment: First appears the dynasty of Vrihâdratha, composed of eighteen princes who reigned one thousand years; which would give to each one a mean reign of fifty-five years, a thing not very probable. To the dynasty of Vrihâdratha succeeded that of Pradyota, which counts five kings and held sway one hundred and thirty-eight years; then came that of the Sêsha-nagas, who ruled three hundred and sixty-two; then that of the Nandas, who retained the crown only one hundred years. After these came the Mauryas, to the number of ten, who reigned one hundred and thirty-seven years; the Sungas, who reigned one hundred and twelve years; after the Sungas the dynasty of the Kanwas, who governed forty-five years; finally that of the Andhras, numbering thirty-three princes, and held the supreme power four hundred and fifty-six years. That is all the historian gives, except the names

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of the kings. How are we to fix the dates of these dynasties? The history of Alexander the Great and of his expedition into India furnishes us the means.

ALEXANDER'S CONQUESTS IN INDIA.

"The historians of Alexander make mention of an Indian adventurer, a guide, by name Sandrocyptus or Sandracottus, who had relations with the prince. After he left India Sandracottus became king of Magadha and of nearly all northern India; Seleucus Nicator, one of the generals and successors of Alexander, made a treaty with him and sent to him, as ambassador, Megasthenes, who resided several years at Palibothra (Patoliputra or Patna), his capital. The expedition of Alexander into India took place 327–325 B. C.; the treaty between Seleucus and Sandracottus was concluded about 312 B. C.; Megasthenes resided at Palibothra from the year 306 to the year 298 B. C.

"It remains now to find this Sandracottus mentioned here, who was sovereign of Magadha. He has been identified with certainty as Chandragrupta, head of the dynasty of Mauryas, who furnished ten kings to Magadha. It follows that Chandragrupta reigned between the year 320 and the year 290 B. C This chronological point once established has served to fix several others, and among others the date of Buddha's death. This reformer was a contemporary of Vidmisara or Bimbisara, and of Ajata-satru, who were converted to his teachings and who belonged to the Sêsha-nagas dynasty mentioned above. Between this dynasty and Chandragrupta was the dynasty of the Nandas, who were in power one hundred years. The Sêsha-nagas had reigned three hundred and sixty-two years, which gives a mean of thirty-six years to each member of the dynasty. Between Bimbisara and the first of the Nandas there were five kings, whose combined reigns would give us, 36 years x 5=180 years. If now we add the 100 years of the Nandas to the 180 of the five kings of the Sêsha-nagas, we have 280; to this add 320 A. C., the approximative year of Chandragrupta's accession, we get the year 600 B. C. as the date of Buddha's death. But as Buddha died in the eighth year of Ajata-satru we must deduct eight from this figure, which gives us the year 592 B. C. as the year approximatively of Buddha's death. We shall see farther on that others, taking different calculations, fix the death of Buddha, some in 543, others in 477, and even in 472 B. C." (p. xi.)

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THE AGE OF THE RIG-VEDA.

This is a very instructive piece of calculation, for it shows us how difficult, even with so certain a date to start from as that of Alexander's expedition into India, how conjectural everything in Indian chronology must necessarily be. As Professor Max Müller has said, there is much guesswork. The calculation, however, is quite enough to leave the Madras Brahman in an embarrassing position. Not only this, it has an element of certainty about it, and if the Vishnu-Purâna is really reliable, as it is looked on to be by the Brahmans, we are on a sure road to determine much that regards the Rig-veda and its antiquity with historic correctness. Our author shows this as follows: "The hymns of the Rig-veda often cite the name of a king of Benares or Casi, by name Divodasa, whose sons Pratardana and Parutshepa are the authors of several of these hymns. On the other hand the Brahmanic legends agree unanimously in saying that this Divodasa was converted by Buddha. He was then a contemporary of Buddha, and lived in the sixth, or even in the fifth, century before our era. It follows from this logically that the hymns of the Rig-veda which speak of him and those which were composed by his sons are subsequent to that time, and cannot be assigned to the fourteenth century, as is generally done.

"Likewise, Prasenajit, king of Sravasti, was instructed by Buddha and embraced Buddhism. Now this Prasenajit was the father of Renuka, who was the mother of the famous Parasu-Râma. This personage was therefore a contemporary of Buddha. Prasenajit was the brother of Druvasandhi, king of Ayodhya, the sixteenth descendant and successor of Ikohwaku, founder of that city. From Druvasandhi descended the divine hero Rama-Chandra. According to a list of the kings of Ayodhya, Rama-Chandra was the twenty-third successor of Druvasandhi; according to another list, he was the twelfth; however that is, he was much posterior to Buddha and to the sixth century before Christ; consequently the Ramayana, which sings his exploits, cannot have been composed at an epoch as far back as pretended."

Reading this categoric statement of facts as they are given in the Rig-veda and other books of India, one cannot help thinking that those who put faith in the assertion that these sources of religious information are the earliest the human race has, are not only running a great risk, not only taking a leap in

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the dark, but really go against the first dictates of common sense.

THE ARYAN AVATAR.

After a minute and careful weighing and examination of the opinion of the most reliable Indian scholars, often widely differing, Monseigneur Laouënan gives his conclusions, with regard to the descent of the Aryans into India, and then with reference to the earliest epoch to which the Rig-veda is to be assigned.

"We think that without fear the fifteenth or the sixteenth century before Christ can be adopted as the epoch at which the royal families of the Aryan race permanently established themselves in the north of India; and the eighteenth or the nineteenth century as that in which this people descended from the high plateaux of Asia into the fertile plains watered by the Indus and its affluents. We are thus nearly in agreement with William Jones, Colebrooke, P. A. Dubois, and Heeren, whose authority is so weighty in this matter. Three chief considerations confirm us in this opinion.

"(*a*) We have seen elsewhere (part ii. c. iii., *Of the Aryans*) that according to the data of the Rig-veda itself, the Aryan nation was for a long time without kings, probably all the time they dwelt in the Sapta Scindhu (at the affluents of the Indus). Would it be excessive to put that period as three hundred years?

"(*b*) The commencement of the so-called solar and lunar races (when the kingdoms were founded) dates from the establishment of the Aryans on the banks of the Yamuna and of the Ganges. We have seen (*Ancient Geography of India*) that the most ancient of the cities where the kings reigned do not appear to reach beyond the fourteenth century before Christ.

"(*c*) We have said (part ii. c. ii., *The Turanian Races*) that as a result of the obstinate struggles on the high plateaux of Asia between the Iranians and the Turanians, the one and the other, according to the vicissitudes of the strife, sought peace in India. These wars reach as high as the fifteenth and even the eighteenth century before the Christian era. We can therefore fix on one of these dates as that of the immigration of the Aryans into India."

Having given these conclusions Monseigneur Laouënan goes on to show, by citations from Indian scholars, that the greater part of the hymns of the Rig-veda were composed on the plains of the Sapta Scindhu. His final conclusions with reference to the time to which the Rig-veda is to be assigned are as follows:

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"1st. The doctrines taught by the Vedas on the existence of God and on his nature, on the creation of the world, on the soul of man, its immortality and existence in a future life, doctrines on the other hand, without form or certainty, offer absolutely nothing that is beyond the not-well-defined circle of the traditions found among all peoples and even among savages; whence it follows that, even if they were anterior to the books of Moses, they could not have furnished him with the data so precise, so sublime, which shine out at every line of the Pentateuch.

"2d. If the Vedas, certainly ancient in part, reach a high antiquity, we have no historic proof of their real age; the calculations, or rather the most favorable conjectures, do not place them in a period beyond the seventeenth or eighteenth century before Christ—that is, the time when Moses lived and wrote.

"3d. Several hymns of the Rig, Sama, Yadjur, and Atharva-veda are after that date and even after the sixth century before Christ; and it is generally agreed on that the hymns of the Rig-veda which treat of the Supreme Being or Spirit, of creation, of man's soul, of the future life, belong to this latter period, are subsequent to the sixth century before Christ.

"4th. It is recognized that the Vedas, and especially the hymns of the Rig, have undergone several successive compilations or arrangements, the dates of which are unknown; and it is extremely probable, not to say certain, that the Vyâsa (or compiler) who was the last to arrange them lived in the eleventh century of the Christian era.

"5th. If therefore we meet with some analogies with the doctrines of Judaism and of Christianity and there has been borrowing, we have the right to assert that it is the Vedas that have borrowed from the Bible, and not the Bible from the Vedas."

THE LAWS OF MANU.

This sketch of the learned labors of this zealous prelate, little as it does justice to his great work, would be entirely wanting in completeness did we omit reference to what he says about the Laws of Manu, and of the social, commercial, and diplomatic relations Asia has had with Europe.

The Laws of Manu is only another name for the *Manava-Dharma-Sastra*, which book is a treatise on justice, virtue, and the duties of man. *Manu* means not so much a person as the intelligent thinking principle. This collection of books is made up by a compiler who has drawn pretty much from every source

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of Hindu learning, even from Buddhism, and is therefore of a period subsequent to the latter. Monseigneur Laouënan tells us (page 341, vol. i.): "It is to-day generally admitted that the compilation of the *Manava-Dharma-Sastra* could not have been begun before the fifth century before Christ, and that it was finished towards the seventh century of our era—that is, after Christ, and perhaps later." After giving the various opinions regarding the origin of this collection of laws, our author sums up: "None of these opinions, even the most favorable to its antiquity, assigns the composition of it to a period as far back as the time of Moses. It is therefore impossible that the Legislator of the Hebrews copied anything from it." It is a very curious thing to examine the text of the citations from the *Laws of Manu*, and see how they are like to the words of the Pentateuch. In the work we are reviewing the texts from both are side by side, and the resemblance is more than striking; the copying of the Bible is evident. Thus, for example, the Bible tells us of the ten patriarchs, from Adam to Noe, including them: *Manu* "Desiring to give birth to the human race, I produced ten eminent lords of creatures." "There were giants in those days" we find thus in *Manu:* "giants, vampires, titans, dragons." The first men, according to Genesis, lived several hundred years; *Manu* says: "Men exempt from disease obtained the accomplishment of all their desires, and lived four hundred years in the first age." Again, God, the Bible tells us, shortened the period of man's life, and *Manu* tells us, "in subsequent ages man's span of life was shortened." When the observances of the ceremonial law and of the prescriptions of legal purity are examined, one sees what has all the appearance of identically the same expression. Thus ch. xxv. v. 5:

"DEUTERONOMY.	"MANU.
When brethren dwell together, and one of them dieth without children, the wife of the deceased shall not marry to another; but his brother shall take her and raise up seed for his brother. 6. And the first son he shall have of her he shall call by his name, that his name may not be abolished in Israel."	When the husband of a young woman happens to die after they had been affianced, the brother of the deceased shall take her to wife."

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Our author gives many such citations, the effect of which is a demonstration that the compilers of some of the sacred books of India made copious use of the Bible.

ANTIQUITY OF INDO-EUROPEAN COMMERCE.

The account our author gives of the commercial relations of Asia with Europe is based on historic facts. The city of Tadmor or Palmyra was built by Solomon, in the desert, to protect the caravans which came from India by way of the Euphrates to Palestine. He quotes Strabo telling of the exports from Ceylon to the Indian continent of ivory, tortoise-shells, and merchandise, which reached Europe by way of Cabul, Ariana, Hyrcania, the Caspian Sea, the Cyrus and the Black Sea. Strabo also speaks of the *Arsi* of the Caspian coasts who transported on camels the products of India and of Babylon. The usual way from India was by Candahar, where the caravans from India and from Persia were wont to meet. He mentions too the fact of the commerce between Alexandria in Egypt and India by way of the Nile to Coptos, thence by camels to Myoshormos on the Red Sea, and by vessels to India, and states that he saw one hundred vessels going from Myoshormos to India. He says that this commerce had existed for a long time, and was perfectly organized; it had benefited greatly Alexandria, and under the Romans had increased a hundred-fold. Monseigneur Laouënan also quotes Pliny (book i. vi. 26), showing the commerce between Egypt and India, and says that India every year got from the Romans about $21,000,000.

We shall not trespass on the reader with the account given by Monseigneur Laouënan of the embassies to Augustus and Claudius, and of the presence of Indians in Europe. We judge it best to close these remarks by a brief reference to the relations of Jews and of Christians with India. Our author cites the fact of the deportation of the people of Israel into Media, by Salmanasar, in the year 719 before Christ, and of the people of Judæa by Nabuchodonosor, in 606 and 588, into the various parts of his vast empire. The colony of black Jews at Cochin dates from this epoch. Claude Buchanan says that the black Jews in the interior of Malayala have a copy of the Pentateuch, written on a roll of leather, patched where worn with parchment, and that the Jews in China have several on soft flexible leather of a red color. Also, Artaxerxes (B.C. 464–424) styles

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himself "the great king who rules from India to Ethiopia," and Darius the Mede orders all the empire "to fear and respect the God of Daniel." It is not strange, therefore, that the ideas and even practices of the Jews should have been adopted by the Asiatics, not only in the countries mentioned but elsewhere, for ideas follow commerce and immigration. As for the relations of Christians with Asia, there are many documents existing to show that, as is most fully made evident in the book before us.

THE RELIGIOUS SYSTEM OF THIBET.

Perhaps most capital is made against us of Lamaism in Thibet, its close resemblance to the organization of the Roman Catholic Church, in the temporal power of the Grand Lama, and in its monastic institutions, and its manner of chanting and its ceremonies. Let us see what history tells us. In 1176 the Grand Khan of the Tartars, Thogruel-Ung-Khan, who was a Christian, wrote to Pope Alexander III., and the Pope answered on the 28th of September, 1177. Gengis-Khan (A.D. 1203) had Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans at his court. In 1245 Pope Innocent IV. sent Dominican and Franciscan missioners to Tartary. St. Louis, A.D. 1249, received an embassy from that country, and he sent, both in that year and in 1253, embassies of Dominicans and of Franciscans to the Khans. After the death of Mangou-Khan, Kublai-Khan, or Tchi-Tsou, succeeded him. Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D. (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, art. "Lamaism") tells us that he "became a convert to the Buddhism of the Thibetan Lamas. He granted to the abbot of the Sakya monastery in southern Thibet the title of tributary sovereign of the country, head of the Buddhist church, and overlord over the numerous barons and abbots, and in return was officially crowned by the abbot as ruler over the extensive domain of the Mongol empire." Of this Monseigneur Laouënan thus speaks: "After the death of Mangou-Khan, Koublai, or Tchi-Tsou, succeeded, A.D. 1260. This prince added to his empire southern China, Tong-king, Cochin China, Pegu, and Thibet. It was he who raised to the royal dignity the *Bodidharma*, or living Buddha; and as the one who was living then was a Thibetan, Koublai assigned him a principality in Thibet, with the title of *Dalai-Lama*, or supreme Lama." He then quotes Rohrbacher (*Hist. Church*, vol. xix. p. 123) to show that in the countries contiguous to Thibet at that time Chris-

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tians were numerous, and that the ceremonies, altars, ornaments, and paintings of the Catholic Church were in use among them. It is no wonder, then, that just as the Mithraic worship of Rome copied the Christian rites, the Buddhists of Thibet and elsewhere made use of what they saw among their Christian neighbors.

We have given here but a meagre account of the valuable work of the Vicar-Apostolic of Pondichery. We cannot praise it too highly; nor will he be flattered by the praise, for he has gone to Him whose religion he valiantly and ably defended in this sceptical age. We recommend the careful study of the book to our young men, and hope that soon a translation will put it within the reach of those who do not understand French. May it serve to stimulate some able and thoroughly equipped missioners of India to form an association for the further and yet more complete study of the writings of the Hindus, that God's truth may dispel the clouds which still remain, and shine forth with all the brilliancy of the noon-day sun!

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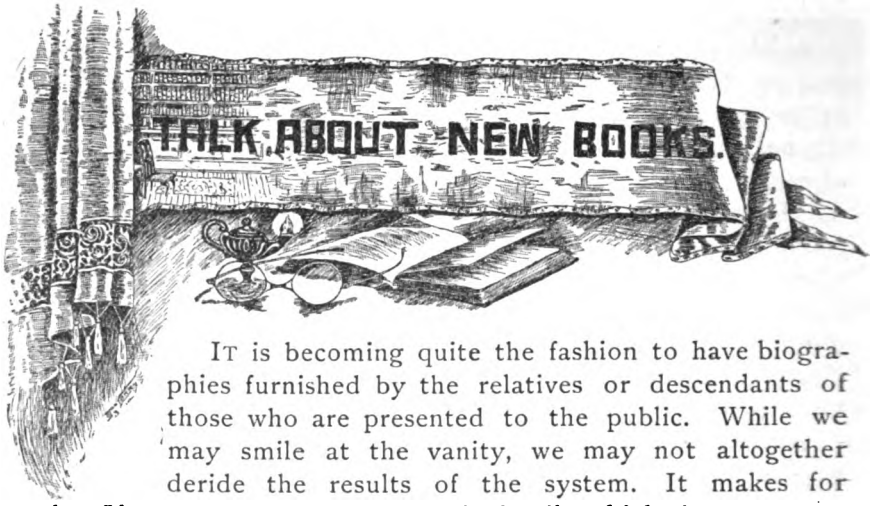

IT is becoming quite the fashion to have biographies furnished by the relatives or descendants of those who are presented to the public. While we may smile at the vanity, we may not altogether deride the results of the system. It makes for truth. If we are overburdened with details which do not repay the trouble of reading, errors of fact into which public historians may have unwittingly fallen by reason of their relying upon newspaper statement or popular rumor are sure to be corrected. An instance of this kind of rectification is furnished in the life of Bishop Polk,* just given to the public by Dr. Polk.

In Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution* it is stated that Colonel Thomas Polk was one of those who in the War of Independence took "protection" from Lord Cornwallis. The historian, on being challenged over this statement by Leonidas Polk, in 1854, acknowledged the error; the individual who did take "protection" was another Polk, Colonel Ezekiel, of that ilk —an old man then, and a non-combatant. Colonel Thomas Polk bore a distinguished part in the war, and made heavy personal sacrifices for it, as now appears; and it is only just to the memory of a brave man to have this cloud removed from the page of history.

Leonidas Polk, the subject of this memoir, was a remarkable man. He played a very prominent part in the war of secession, and was killed at Kenesaw Mountain, while reconnoitring the Federal position. He combined within his person at the time the twofold office of a general in the Confederate Army and a bishop in the Episcopal Church. There was something of what is known as the irony of fate about this anomaly. Polk in early life had left the army to join the church; when the war came on he left the church, at least for the nonce, to join the army; or rather, as he said himself, to buckle the sword

* *Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General.* By Wm. M. Polk, M.D., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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over the cassock. As he appears to have been a conscientious man, he is not much to be wondered at for his return to his earlier and perhaps more fitting vocation. Like most of the Southern leaders, he had satisfied himself that secession was the course of patriotism in the South; but some of the reasoning by which he arrived at this conclusion seems paradoxical.

An illustration of this conflict of logic is found in one of the reports embodied in the appendix to chapter vii. It is that of an address delivered by Bishop Polk at an ecclesiastical convention in Louisiana. Here the question of the right of Louisiana as a State to secede from the Federal Union is discussed from a canonical point of view. The bishop cites the dictum of the Redeemer in the well-known case of the tribute-money. Obedience to "the powers that be," as ordained of God, is what Bishop Polk commends—but only to the individual Louisianian. The state itself, he shows by his action, is perfectly justified in treating the outside "powers that be" as not ordained of God; and so the southern part of the Episcopal Church, while maintaining spiritual communion with the northern moiety, was at liberty to cut adrift and change the formularies of the Book of Common Prayer in accordance with the altered constitutional conditions. Obedience to the divine law, he declared, necessitated such an alteration.

These intellectual eccentricities would have for us now only the negative interest of long-past and ineffectual transactions, were it not for the present-day fact that Catholics have it flung in their faces that their church seeks a connection with the state by means of which to control it. It is in vain they repel the accusations; when the lie is lopped off in one quarter, up it starts again in another, like the ubiquitous heads of the hydra. The documents adduced in this biography show clearly enough that there was something more than a sentimental connection in contemplation between the Episcopal Church and the recalcitrant South as a result of the civil war, should the rebellion be successful.

In other respects the "aristocratic" character of the movement was well enough defined. The founding of a great university, with which the name of Bishop or General Polk is intimately identified, was a great forward step in this bold revolutionary project, as the correspondence in these volumes clearly enough demonstrates. From what perils the Union escaped by the defeat of this tremendous conspiracy it is no difficult problem to surmise. The gradation from aristocracy to dictatorship,

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from dictatorship to monarchy and empire, is no novel experience in the history of decadent states. Had the South succeeded, there can hardly be a doubt that some of the heroes of the rebellion would have been ready to act the Bonaparte—some one with the fascinating ways and ambitious mind of Aaron Burr.

The study of the character of Leonidas Polk, as presented us by his consanguineous biographer, must be largely helpful to those of the present generation who desire to gain an intelligent grasp of the causes which led to the great civil war. With the extensive prevalence of such views as Bishop-General Polk held, and with the additional factors of the strong tenacity of purpose and despotic will which were inevitably begotten of the slave-holding habit of mind, it was impossible that a struggle at some period could be averted. The sentiment of freedom as personified in the North, and the sentiment of inalienable right in the slave, must as surely at some time come into violent collision as the lighted spark with the foul air in the mine. How far the Protestant Episcopal Church in America was responsible for the fomentation of the arrogance and stiff-neckedness of the Southern aristocrats, we may glean some idea from the story of Polk's life and labors. It is, further, shown that it was not on any ground of superior intellect that the South based its claim to preponderance in the affairs of the American Union. Intellect was represented in the struggle by the Northern States; the South took its stand on "property." In the story of the attempt of Bishop Polk to found his university we have ample confession of the fact that what was dreaded in the South was the downward wave of intellect from the North.

Much is heard, by suggestion and innuendo, in these days of the deep designs of Rome with regard to a union of church and state in this free country. Those who attach any weight to such Machiavellian rumors would do well to read what is contained in this biography. The fall of Richmond nipped more than mere personal ambitions in the bud. What magnificent dreams of aristocratic glory in church and state were shattered in that great collapse may never be known in full, but they may be remotely imagined. With the conviction that for the best interests of the country it was essential that they should once for all be dispelled and destroyed, it is consistent with truth and justice to admit that many of those who held them did so, as General-Bishop Polk did, in all sincerity, in all devotion, however mistaken, to conscience and duty, and with all a soldier's bravery.

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One word upon a side issue before we close. In tracing the derivation of the Polks, the biographer finds in the fact that his stock were originally Pollocks of the "Scotch-Irish" breed an apparent satisfaction. The poor pride that seeks to exalt itself in this now stale device is cousin-german to downright ignorance. Every ethnologist knows that the Celts or Gaels of Scotland and Ireland are the self-same race, speaking the same archaic tongue, and distinguished by identical traits of temperament and intellect. Whether the Pollocks belonged to this Celtic stock, or whether they owed their ancestry to the despised and mongrel Southrons of the Scottish lowlands, we cannot say. But from time immemorial there had been constant intercourse and intersettlement between the Ulster Celts and the Celts on the western shore and islands of Scotland, whose original consanguinity was often and often renewed by marriage. For centuries the Ulster kings recruited their armies as freely from Scotland as from their own principalities, and held their own, with Scottish help, against Plantagenet and Tudor. The most reliable ethnographers hold the opinion that it was from Ireland came the Celts who peopled Scotland; and the undoubted fact that in the days of the Roman occupation of Britain and for long afterward Ireland was as well known by the name of Scotia as Hibernia ought to be a strong argument in favor of its being the parent-country. So much for the silly and ignorant distinction between Irish-Irish and Scotch-Irish.

We have received the third and concluding volume of a new edition of *Pepys' Diary*.* To the general run of readers this work is well known, most probably; but for the information of those who have not gone through it, it is well to say that it possesses a distinctive value as the minute daily record of a keen, shrewd, and methodical gentleman who filled the respectable post of secretary to the admiralty at a very interesting period in English history—namely, that of the Restoration. It was written in a shorthand of the writer's own, and consequently was intelligible to none but himself, because in it were noted down many facts relative to the court and government, and the profligate society of the day, which it would not be convenient to have brought home to his door had they been discovered to the public. But as these transactions of the Stuart times have long passed "into the tomb of all the Capulets," few of them possess any value save to the painstaking historian. The record derives its chief value now because of its unconsciously

* *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S.* With Lord Braybrooke's notes. Edited, with additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. New York: George Bell & Sons.

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amusing style, its quaint phraseology, its ingenuous self-revelation, and the light it throws upon the true character of the well-fed Briton, and the every-day life of the English metropolis, at the time when the writer was in the flesh. Pepys shows himself to have been a man who, very fond of his own pleasure, was desirous of enjoying it at as cheap a rate as possible; one who, while apprehensive of his wife's conjugal fidelity, was not a little inclined to clandestine flirtations himself. The artless simplicity with which he sets down all these things is intensely amusing at times; but, on the other hand, the details committed to the confidence of the diary are not infrequently disgusting. In short, Mr. Samuel Pepys appears to have been an easy-going, self-indulgent, smug sort of person, not devoid of a certain good-nature; one who went to the theatre because he liked it, and went to the church sometimes on Sundays because it was fashionable; kept a keen eye to business, and thanked God for the fat salary he had got—a pretty fair type of a considerable class of Englishmen during his own time and in our days as well.

The "Notes" appended to the volume by Lord Braybrooke are of value to scientific men occasionally, no less than to the historian, as they contain exact dates and references, as well as *memorabilia* concerning prominent personages of the time.

*The Bog of Stars** is the seemingly grotesque title of the second book selected for publication by the New Irish Library Society. It is so called from the first of a series of short tales of which the book is made up; and the connection between bogs and poetry is established by the author's explanation. This particular bog, it seems, was a place full of little pools which at night-time reflected the starlight, so that really the place was not the *lucus à non lucendo* the uninitiated might imagine.

Mr. Standish O'Grady is the author of the book. The tales it contains relate to the period of the Elizabethan wars in Ireland—the process which English historians call the "Pacata Hiberniæ"—a vast orgie of murder, perfidy, and robbery by the English commanders and garrisons, amongst a people whose sole crime was their religion and their nationality. Mr. O'Grady selects three or four of those tragic episodes, and by his art of writing makes the tragedies affecting as well as horrifying.

Mr. Standish O'Grady occupies a very peculiar position. He is an apologist of the Elizabethan horrors, whilst he calls for the tears of the readers of them. He weeps for Hecuba, whilst he claps the blood-stained Pyrrhus, the cause of her woes, on the

* *The Bog of Stars, and other Stories of Elizabethan Ireland.* By Standish O'Grady. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

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back. He is a Tory with an Irish name—a Queen's O'Grady. He is a literary trafficker in Irish tragedy—a virtuoso in the high art of writing, whose attitude reminds one a good deal of the popular notion of the emotional crocodile. His history of the escape of Red Hugh O'Donnell, published some years ago, is strongly suggestive of this simile.

The directors of the New Irish Library ought to be careful what pens they utilize. Art of the kind employed by such writers as Standish O'Grady is like the science of the vivisectionist, without the excuse that it is for the profit of humanity. It is simply cold-blooded word-weaving, done for literary *kudos* and perhaps revenue.

A fresh volume of poems from Aubrey de Vere* bears evidence in its pages of the error of a dictum often reasseverated —that a poet's powers usually decline when he has passed the meridian of his age. The flower of poetry has no time-limit, so long as the mind is clear and the faculties active. Whilst in some the gift had faded after a great and dazzling but brief period, others may be pointed to, and these by no means few, upon whom the touch of Time had no perceptible effect, so far as their power of beautiful conception went, and certainly added polish to their art of expression.

Most of our readers are familiar with Mr. De Vere's style and trend of idea. Those pieces from his pen which from time to time appeared in the pages of this magazine have revealed the grave and lofty tone of mind in which he generally approaches his themes. A quiet elegance pervades his rhythm, and his dramatic effects are produced by measured and graduated strength rather than by epigrammatic contrast, or singularity of phrase or thought. This is the rule of his more regular verse; his sonnets, a considerable number of which are presented at the end of this volume, furnish the exception. We regret to perceive amongst these some in which the poet has allowed the poison of political rancor to embitter his song.

The present volume deals chiefly with mediæval themes. Mr. De Vere, having joined the ranks of the *laudatores temporis acti*, prefers to sound the praises of a period when the qualities of loyalty, faith, and heroism were, in his view, more conspicuous than at present. This is simply a matter of opinion; other poets have viewed the ages of chivalry with more microscopic eyes, and found that chivalry often but a synonyme for brutality—the steel hand encased in the velvet glove. There is more

* *Mediæval Records and Sonnets.* By Aubrey De Vere. London: Macmillan & Co.

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true chivalry, in our opinion, in the endeavor to right the wrongs of a long-oppressed people than in fighting in the lists for the smiles of a lady. Take the tinselled scarf of romance off the armored knight of the days of chivalry, and you usually find the armored robber.

If such considerations be not befitting the review of a literary work, the blame for their intrusion lies upon the poet. He ought not to raise them by direct issue or by innuendo. The cause of human liberty is a nobler theme for his song than the worship of dead ideals. We would not give any one of the heroes of our War of Independence for all the knights of the Round Table, with King Arthur, Roland, and the Cid thrown in. There was as much heroism about the sacrifice of Nathan Hale as was ever shown upon the more public theatres of war where paladin or crusader wrought those feats which have been handed down in song and story.

It is no derogation to the glory of the middle ages to say that what there is within our own knowledge shines with a lustre that we believe could not be surpassed in any other age or at any other time. And we may add, from all we have been able to learn, that there is less cruelty in our own age, and far more humanity—at least amongst civilized peoples.

There is no necessity to quote from the new volume in order to exhibit Mr. De Vere's method. A considerable portion of the work is occupied by his poem on "The Cid," with which the readers of this magazine are familiar, as it appeared not long ago in successive issues.

It is recorded of Cato that he did not begin to study Greek until he was eighty years of age. Mr. Le Fanu thinks seventy-eight not too late a period to begin a career in the field of literature, and although he has not utterly failed, we cannot conscientiously say that the world has lost much by his advent being late instead of being early. He gives us a good many personal recollections of events and personages in Ireland during his long life,* together with some stock jokes of prehistoric origin and doubtful veracity. The stories which he vouches for as matters of his own experience are, in many cases, pointless and unmeaning. Mr. Le Fanu is a surviving brother of an eminent literary Irishman, Mr. Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, known as the author of some good novels and a spirited poem called "Shamus O'Brien"; and perhaps the most interesting things in his book are the particulars he gives of his more eminent

* *Seventy Years of Irish Life.* By W. R. Le Fanu. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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brother. The author of "Shamus O'Brien" developed his poetical talent at a very early age. Some examples of his work, written when he was but fifteen years old, are characterized by a skill in phrase and a brilliancy of idea usually associated with persons of much maturer minds.

The Le Fanus were of Huguenot descent. The father of the author was a clergyman of the Anglican Church in Ireland, and from much that oozes out through the book we are made to wonder how, brought up amidst the atmosphere of such a home, young Le Fanu, the literary man, could have imbibed the patriotic sentiment which enabled him to write the stirring things he did. He appears to have been an ardent Irishman, in his way; it cannot be said of the author of this book that he has much feeling towards the Irish peasantry but that of contempt. He dwells upon some incidents of the memorable struggle known as the Tithe War in a very bitter spirit, as if the peasantry were in the wrong in the stand they took against the payment of tithes to an alien church, and makes little reference to the provocations to violence given by several of the Anglican parsons in going about armed, and personally seizing the tenants' property. This is a side of the picture which is kept out of sight very carefully.

One of the stories told by Mr. Le Fanu ought not to be allowed to pass without challenge. He denounces O'Connell as "unscrupulous," and he gives an instance of this quality. It is supposed to have occurred in the early portion of O'Connell's Parliamentary career. The Liberator was defending a former Irish rebel, and one whose integrity has often been doubted—Mr. Archibald Hamilton Rowan—from some attacks made upon him by the ultra "loyalists." Mr. Le Fanu states that O'Connell deliberately misinformed Parliament that so far had Mr. Hamilton's conduct been condoned on his return to Ireland that the government had given him the commission of the peace. Marvelling at his audacity, a friend of O'Connell's asked him outside how he could venture to tell the House of Commons what he knew to be untrue. O'Connell laughed, and replied that if it served his purpose it did not matter, as it would take three days to find out that it was false. This story bears its condemnation on the face of it, as it is an offence involving expulsion and disgrace to wilfully deceive the House of Commons. It is probably twisted from a saying of O'Connell's, in his attack upon the mendacious *Times*, about the impossibility of overtaking a lie when it had got twenty-four hours' start. The

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Liberator's watchful enemies were to be counted by the million, and if he had been guilty of any such conduct as Mr. Le Fanu imputes to him he would have been instantly brought to book for it.

On the whole Mr. Le Fanu spent, we may take it from his own account, a tolerably pleasant seventy-eight years amongst the Irish people, and he might have spared them this literary Parthian dart before bidding them a final adieu.

A little volume of poems by John Myers O'Hara* reveals some, at least, of the indispensable equipments of a would-be poet. He possesses, along with a keen desire to express himself in numbers, a copious fluency in words, a rhythmical ear, and a rather graceful fancy. When he has learned to restrain the sometimes dangerous wealth of words which some mistake for a higher gift, he ought to be able to produce work deserving of permanency. As it is, there are some pretty things amongst his collection, along with some that border on the grotesque, as far at least as word-coinage goes.

THE DIVINE ARMORY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.†

The clergy and laity of America owe a debt of gratitude to the Catholic Book Exchange for having so promptly issued a reprint of Father Vaughan's valuable work, and placed it within their reach, at a low price, yet in a very attractive form. The book itself, originally published in England—not two hundred years ago, as its old-fashioned name might suggest, but quite recently—is already widely diffused, and seems destined to become, among the more cultivated in English-speaking countries, a popular manual of religious instruction and devotion.

Books of instruction and devotion we possess already in abundance in the Catholic Church; yet, owing to the varying needs of each generation, there is a constant demand for new presentations of what in its substance cannot change. Just now there is a disposition to go back to the earlier form of things and get doctrine and piety at their fountain head. Both, indeed, are reached in a more complete and a more accessible form through the ordinary channels of Catholic belief; but after securing them in that shape, it is both comforting and strengthening to the Christian soul to meet them as they issue forth from the inspired Word itself.

* *Twilight Songs.* By John Myers O'Hara.

† *The Divine Armory of Holy Scripture.* By Rev. Kenelm Vaughan. With Introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. New York: Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street.

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Here lies the special interest of the work before us. It covers the whole field of Catholic theology, gathering around each doctrine the passages of Scripture upon which it originally rests, or those which serve best to expand and illustrate it. God and his attributes; the Trinity and its mysterious depths; the Incarnation and its blessed purposes; Christ, his person and his work; the Church, the Sacraments, man and the purpose of his being; the whole scheme of moral duty and of the Christian virtues—all is set forth in the very words of Sacred Writ.

To the thoughtful reader unacquainted with technical theology, though instructed in Catholic doctrine, the book will prove of peculiar interest, as showing the perfect harmony of the teachings of the Bible itself with those he had received from the church. The busy pastor of souls will find it especially helpful. In one shape or another the assiduous study of the Bible is a primary duty of his position; the inspired Word being at all times equally "profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice" (II. Tim. iii. 16). In his recent encyclical, Leo XIII. has called attention to the need in our day of a deeper and more scientific knowledge of holy Writ. But he does not forget that there is also a familiar knowledge of it, born of the constant perusal and meditation of the sacred text, such as St. Jerome recommended to his disciple: "Divinas Scripturas sæpius lege, imo nunquam de manibus tuis lectio sacra deponatur"; and that the latter, while more necessary to the greater number, is at the same time more accessible to all. Yet how many, after repeated attempts to keep up the practice of reading the Bible daily and of gathering in and putting together its teachings on each subject, according as they presented themselves, have relinquished the task, either through lack of time, or because of the difficulty of making the proper selections, or of placing them in the proper order!

To such the present volume will be most welcome, for they will find in it almost all that is practically useful in the Old and New Testaments, with the additional advantage of its being connected with every subject upon which they may have to instruct or to exhort their people. Once accustomed to its use they will feel little need to look elsewhere for inspiration; and if they be gifted with fluency of speech and facility of ordering their thoughts, an hour or two of meditation on the texts gathered round any of the subjects will enable them to set it forth with a fulness of doctrine and a strength of conviction

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which nothing can impart to the mind like its immediate contact with the Word of God.

The work of Father Vaughan will serve, and is doubtless meant by the pious author to serve, another important purpose. Priests are often inquiring after new books of meditation, those they are familiar with having lost their power to impress them. Now, in *The Divine Armory* they will find an almost inexhaustible supply of subjects, dogmatic, moral, ascetic, and mystical—in short, the whole teaching of the Bible on the spiritual life.

Not only that, but they will find well-nigh all the favorite devotions of pious souls most ingeniously and happily illustrated by apposite texts of Scripture: the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the mysteries of the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, St. Joseph, St. John, the holy angels, etc. As might be expected in a book coming from the founder of "The Work of Expiation," an exceptional development is given to such subjects as Sin, Atonement, the Blessed Sacrament, and the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In such an elaborate work, touching on hundreds of subjects, the reader would easily get lost, unless special care had been taken to maintain a distinct order and distribution of parts. This has been done by clear and multiplied headings, corresponding to which an abundant analytical table at the beginning and an alphabetical index at the end of the book remove all confusion, and make its nine hundred pages as convenient to handle as an ordinary manual of devotion.

A truly beautiful manual of devotion itself, it will prove serviceable, as we have suggested from the beginning, to the pious faithful no less than to the clergy. Through its pages they may converse, as it were, with God himself at any hour of day, every sentence of the inspired word being like a direct message to them from above. Each divine truth, each duty, each virtue thus taught them will impress itself more deeply on their minds and on their lives, and if the unusual character of the book makes it at first a little strange as a means of spiritual instruction and piety, we venture to predict that it will soon become familiar and delightful, and never afterwards lose anything of its usefulness or of its charm.

J. HOGAN.

Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

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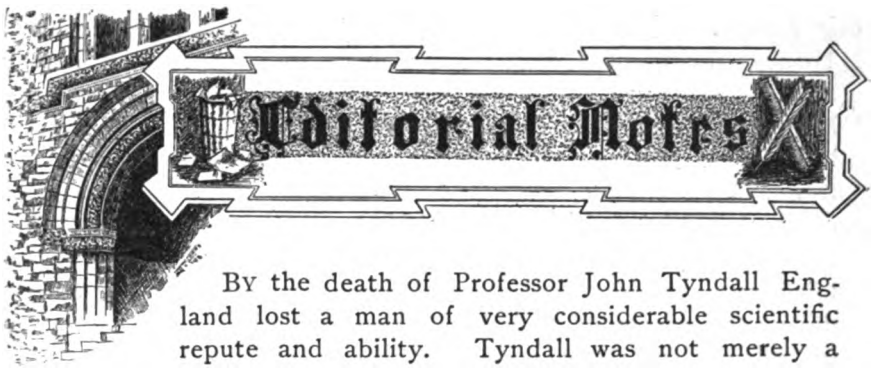

By the death of Professor John Tyndall England lost a man of very considerable scientific repute and ability. Tyndall was not merely a man proficient in science, but also a prominent contributor to it; his investigations and results, particularly on acoustics and on glacial phenomena, are of permanent value. Yet he was probably chiefly known as a popular lecturer and writer; his style was very clear and interesting, and in this department he was remarkably successful. It is this which principally caused his renown in England and this country, and it is this which naturally must form the standard of popular appreciation.

We happened to see a paragraph in one of the daily papers amusingly illustrative of this. The writer seemed to take for granted that Tyndall was the foremost scientific man in England, and that now he was dead, Huxley would take the lead. He was right in one respect: that of putting Huxley lower in the scientific scale than Tyndall; but though both, of course, have a reputation not altogether unearned, and have done something toward the advancement of science, we imagine few who get their information first hand would think of comparing either of them to such men as Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thomson) or other eminent workers whose labors are not, as it were, performed in public. The mistake was somewhat similar to the ludicrous one, perhaps almost universal in this country among unscientific men, of considering Flammarion as the great French astronomer. Such he might have been if he had kept on as he begun; but he is now nothing more than a writer of fanciful speculations for the newspapers. It must be acknowledged that, except from a popular point of view, it would be unjust to compare either Tyndall or Huxley to him.

The article on the school system in Canada in this month's issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD possesses a special value from the fact that the writer, the Hon. T. W. Anglin, has had exceptional opportunities for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the sub-

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ject. Mr. Anglin is a statesman and journalist of high standing. He was the founder of the *Freeman* of New Brunswick, so far back as 1849, and for many years conducted that organ on the basis of Catholic rights and the independence of the provincial legislature. He was elected five times as the representative of those views in Parliament, and was also honored with the post of speaker in the legislature more than once. His opposition to the policy of Confederation, however, brought him much enmity, but undeterred by this circumstance he continued with unflagging energy to fight the battle of Catholicism all through his public life. It will be seen that strict impartiality distinguishes his presentation of the case with regard to the schools, and that the Catholics never demanded anything that they were not fully prepared to concede to the adherents of other beliefs.

Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday on the 29th of December last. He was in splendid health and spirits all the day. An avalanche of congratulations, personal, postal, and telegraphic, poured in upon him, from Queen Victoria down to the most obscure local political leader.

The internal affairs of Italy are fast drifting into a state which may involve a European complication. Instead of a condition of peace and prosperity, the "unification" of Italy has resulted in a financial *impasse*. As a last resort, Signor Crispi was called in again to try to save the monarchy. His advent does not seem to have effected much. All Sicily seems to be in a state little short of anarchy. Anti-tax riots on an alarming scale have broken out in many places, and many towns have been almost entirely burned down by the rioters.

The *Colorado Catholic* of Denver, Col., has had printed one-half million copies of the Encyclical of his Holiness Leo XIII. on the Study of Sacred Scripture, which it will send gratis to all who will forward postage for the same at the rate of five two-cent stamps for every twenty-five copies.

FOR BISHOP PAUL OF TARSUS.

Previously acknowledged, ...	$1,288.60
A Friend, ...	10.00
Susquehanna Council, C. B. L., 384, . .	7.80
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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

APART from the adornments of style the chief merit to be found in the writings of Brother Azarias consists in this, that he has taken his stand on the common ground where philosophy and literature and religious doctrine meet; and from this elevated position he sought to interpret authors and systems. In his philosophical analysis of *The Imitation* and *The Divine Comedy* he is at his best. That he knew the secret forces controlling modern literary criticism is plainly manifested in an article published in the *Seminary*, which has not yet appeared in any of his books. In the following passage boldly yet gently, as was his custom, he explains how critics, like other mortals, may make blunders:

"It is in commenting upon contemporary books and authors that the critic is in greatest danger of being misled. Public demand is no criterion of merit. Books of a high literary character, books appealing chiefly to leaders of thought, must needs be limited in their circulation. Any printed matter that touches the popular fancy or caters to depraved tastes is sure to have a wide circle of readers. Now, the critic, as well as the ordinary reader, may be carried away by that element giving the book its temporary popularity, and may, in consequence, praise it far beyond its deserts. Living in the same intellectual atmosphere with the author, thinking more or less under the same dominant set of opinions, it is not an easy task for the critic to dissociate himself from time and season, and distinguish between the perishable and imperishable ingredients that enter into the composition of the book under review. We have heard Mr. Birrell tell us that it would be unkind to refer to some later judgments of Matthew Arnold's. We have the same authority assuring us that 'Sainte-Beuve was certainly happier snuffing the 'parfums du passée' than when ranging among the celebrities of his own day.' If this be true of the French luminary and his revolving planet, how much more applicable is it not to the critical stars of lesser magnitude? How misleading may not the puffings of a mutual admiration society of authors become? Or, mayhap, it is a coterie of critics who have combined to write down a certain author, damning his noblest efforts with faint praise. Temporary injury may be done the author, but the spite and the malice aforethought that dictated such criticism ultimately become unmasked; the genuine literary work survives the little jealousies, and shines all the brighter for having passed through the crucible. The severe attacks made upon Keats have not dimmed the lustre of his genius. Jeffreys prophesied that Wordsworth's *Excursion* would never do. Somehow *The Excursion* is doing nicely, and the genius of Wordsworth is looming up with the progress of time in more magnificent proportions, Jeffreys' prediction to the contrary notwithstanding. There was no gall in Jeffreys' pen, as there was in that of Gifford or Lockhart. It was intellectual purblindness that prevented him from seeing the real greatness of Wordsworth. Sometimes a coterie indulges in the practice known as log-rolling; that is, it endeavors to create a favorable opinion for the writings of a friend. The recent quarrel between Mr. Churton Collins and Mr. Edmund Gosse revealed a great deal of log-rolling in England. You can seldom be sure

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of critical judgments of a book in the British monthlies and quarterlies. Their unanimity may be the result of concerted action on the part of a few friends who are manufacturing opinion in favor of the author. Tennyson at first sprung into notoriety by means of the log-rolling process; but in this case the friends who wrote him up showed their discernment of true poetic worth. His genius was too great and too well balanced to be spoiled by praise. He continued to delve and study and practise, always profiting by the censures of a Coleridge, and even of a crusty, fusty Christopher North, until he rose to his more recent giant-like dimensions."

* * *

While admitting that any book from a Catholic pen containing wholesome thoughts may be beneficial on account of its subject-matter, however mediocre in style, Brother Azarias was firmly opposed to the policy of giving lavish praise to every writer even of spiritual books regardless of personal qualifications. He recognized that the English language contains some very defective explanations of Catholic doctrine, prepared by good men who had no ability to write with clearness or elegance. His practical rule on this point was thus expressed:

"As Catholic literature increases in variety and extent our critics can become more discriminating. It is not necessary to establish two weights and two measures of criticism for our Catholic authors. Recommendation is one thing, laudation is quite another thing. Catholic reviewers must plead gullty to the impeachment of having been in the past too laudatory of inferior literary work.

"The varying fortunes of some Catholic books would make an interesting chapter in the history of English literature. Catholics have been not infrequently apathetic towards Catholic books of merit, even while their non-Catholic neighbors showed full appreciation of them. It was not a Catholic publisher who first issued an American edition of Cardinal Wiseman's great work on the *Connection between Science and Religion;* that book was first printed in this country by the faculty of Andover College for the benefit of the students. The most searching study of *Hamlet* ever made on this continent was made by the Catholic poet, George H. Miles. The criticism first appeared in two consecutive numbers of the *Southern Review* when it was under the editorship of the late Albert Taylor Bledsoe. There is a noble piece of Shaksperian criticism buried out of sight simply because it is not better known. The other works of the same author are no less neglected. Nor is he alone. It took a Ruskin to discover the merits of *The Angel of the House*, by Coventry Patmore; how many Catholic readers appreciate the poem? Catholics—reading Catholics with no slight pretensions to culture—have been known to question whether Aubrey de Vere was really a poet or only a pretentious verse-maker. The reply made to such was: ask Longfellow, ask the critics of the London *Athenæum* the measure of Aubrey de Vere's greatness as a poet. The sanction of *The Dublin Review* had no weight with these people, but a non-Catholic approval quieted their doubts. So the story runs. We are the last to appreciate our own. Take up the old catalogues of books published by Richardson of Derby, Dolman of London, and Dunigan of New York, and note the number of Catholic books well worth preserving which died out of sight with the breakup of these houses. Remembering the past, it must be admitted that in the cultivation of a taste for Catholic literature, and in the patronage of Catholic books, there is room for improvement.

"Our range and scope of Catholic literature are now sufficiently large for our critics to recommend nothing but the best. Our magazines and reviews should be up to the top notch of excellence. If, after a fair trial, any among them can-

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not reach that position—if there is no definite reason for their existence—then, why should mercy be shown them? They only block the way for something better. The namby-pamby and the goody-goody have no place in modern thought. Our journals are not under obligation to make their pages receptacles of school-boy essays and school-girl romancings. The waste-paper basket is the proper place for such articles. Young writers, be they young in years or be they young in the use of the pen, should put in a long and severe apprenticeship before appearing in print. What Pierre Loti has recently said of the higher forms of literary art applies here with equal force. 'I do not claim,' he says, 'that in constructing any work in any manner whatever, a writer can always achieve a real success, even if he is possessed of the keenest sensibility. It is evident that there must be in addition a thorough preparation; he must, by the instruction he has had, by the education he has received, perhaps by a thousand fruitless preliminary efforts, have unconsciously accumulated in himself a power of artistic expression equivalent to the power of emotion that is the mainspring of all.' Even if the expressions were fluent while the ideas remained commonplace or worthless, there should still be no room for their efforts. Why burden the reading public with so many words in which to clothe so insignificant a thought? And in this regard there is room for reform even among the higher literary circles. It is pitiful to note the weak dilutions of thinking and good sense that men with a 'drawing' name pour into the pages of our best periodicals. Place beneath their essays an obscure name and the editors would not consider them worth the return postage. Could such men realize the fact that they have written themselves out, or that they have gone beyond their last—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*—and were they to keep silent for one, two, ten years, they might save themselves from the premature literary extinction towards which they are fast approaching."

* * *

Our Catholic writers and the reading public can learn most important lessons from Brother Azarias as a teacher of literature. The best monument to perpetuate his memory would be a complete, uniform edition of his works. We hope that every Catholic Reading Circle will arrange within the present year to hold an Azarias meeting; June 29, 1847, was his birthday. Arrangements are already made to have his biography written by one who knew him intimately. The members of the Columbian Reading Union can render a service of love by copying from his books favorite passages. We shall be pleased to get communications on this subject with the passages most suitable for quotation. Notices of Brother Azarias may be found in *Lippincott's Dictionary of Biography* (new edition); *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography;* and the Stedman-Hutchinson *Library of American Literature.* Excellent biographical sketches have been written by Rev. John Talbot Smith in the *Catholic Family Annual* for 1894, price twenty-five cents (Catholic School Book Company, 28 Barclay Street, New York City); and by Mr. George E. Hardy in the *Educational Review* for December, 1893, price twenty-five cents (Henry Holt & Co., 29 West Twenty-third Street, New York City). Teachers will enjoy Mr. Hardy's article, which contains many personal reminiscences of Brother Azarias, indicating the honor shown to him on public occasions by the leading minds of the educational world.

* * *

The American Railway Literary Union has issued an urgent appeal to all Christian workers, patriots and friends of the home, requesting their co-operation in preventing the sale and circulation of vicious and vulgar literature on trains and

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boats, at news-stands and through the mails. The aim is to arouse public sentiment regarding pernicious publications for the protection of all, but especially for the thousands of young readers. Prominent men of all denominations have given letters encouraging the work, which was highly commended by the Columbian Catholic Congress recently held at Chicago. In Great Britain the railway book-stalls, under the management of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, have done a profitable business on the high-grade principle. Mr. J. White, the general manager, thus writes:

"When in the earliest days of railway book-stalls an impulse was first given to the publication of cheap books, it was the most eminent house in the trade who produced the article the travelling public required, and the high tone and style of these works has been, practically, the model followed in all similar productions to the present day. The more recent rapid developments in newspapers and periodicals which have originated mainly from the requirements of railway travellers have similarly aimed at being of an instructive, or if amusing, of a pure and wholesome character, and the determination of both publishers and contractors at the outset of this enterprise to adhere to these principles has always been thoroughly sustained by the railway companies and appreciated by the public.

"Of scarcely less importance in the conduct of railway book-stall business here has been the employment in it of the most competent young men in the book-selling trade who could be attracted to the service—men in full sympathy with the aims and principles of their employers, and who find it their interest to make their duties their life-work. By this means an intelligent and valuable acquaintance is formed with regular travellers and with the special wants of each district, as well as with the changing needs of the business as a whole.

"It may be said in brief that these two factors—the literature and the selling staff—constitute the very warp and woof of a creditable and profitable railway book-selling trade, and a large experience has shown that no profit is of any enduring value that has not credit with it."

Circulars giving plans and methods of co-operating in the excellent work proposed by the Railway Literary Union may be obtained on application to the superintendent, Mr. Yates Hickey, 1512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago:
The Redemption of the Brahman. By Richard Garbe.
The Diseases of Personality. By M. Ribot.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
Can Such Things Be? By Ambrose Bierce.

SKEEN, BAKER & CO., Chicago:
Father Junipero Serra. An Historical Drama. By Chester Gore Miller.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Venerable Mother M. Caroline Friess. By P. M. Abbelen.

PAMPHLETS.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:
The Church and the Age: a Sermon. By Archbishop Ireland.

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THE

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THE DAWNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN EUROPE.

BY QUASIVATES.

YEAR 1900 begins in Europe with a frightful retrospect and a hopeful future. It witnesses the close of the greatest war of modern history, and the beginning of a new era of peace which, owing to the foundations on which it rests, promises to be durable. In its extent and in its ravages the war was without parallel. Almost every state in Europe, great and small, was involved. Torrents of blood have been shed; the torch and the cannon have levelled many of the fairest places of the continent. An armistice was at last agreed upon; a new congress of Vienna was held, and the terms of a general peace were at length arranged.

This peace might not differ from any of its predecessors, only in the probability of its being of greater length, were the dynastic conditions which marked its beginning at all similar to those which obtained at the outbreak of hostilities. Those "Spanish marriages" have been at the bottom of nearly every great international complication in Europe for the past three centuries. Why the populations of the most civilized quarter of the globe should have so long endured the imposition of a frightful periodical blood-tax and a no less monstrous money-drain, that the personal ambition of a half-a-dozen blue-blooded families might be gratified, must for ever remain a thing inexplicable to the historian. The fact that in a democratic age three or four ambitious individuals styled emperors were en-

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abled, in furtherance of these matrimonial intrigues, to turn the whole continent of Europe into one vast series of military camps, taking millions of men away perennially from the pursuits of industry, can never be reconciled with the claim for superior intelligence which is advanced on its behalf. But it seems to be as useless to conjecture about the past as about the future. There are always "missing links" in history as there are said to be in physiology. We must be content to dispense with them, and contemplate things as we find them.

The new treaty of Vienna differs from all its predecessors in the extent of its international character. It is the joint agreement of all the European great powers, as well as that of Turkey, which can no longer be reckoned in that classification. The high contracting parties represent the alterations which have taken place in the form of European governments as a consequence of the war.

BIRTH OF NEW REPUBLICS.

To the list of European republics the names of Italy and Spain are now added. The houses of Bourbon and Savoy, whose vicissitudes and intrigues had so long kept a whole continent in a state of turmoil, no longer exist as regnant dynasties. The respectable old house of Braganza has followed suit. Geographically, Europe may be said to have reverted to its primitive divisions. Once more the Rhine is the boundary between Germany and the states on the north-east of France, with the Vosges and the Jura ranges of mountains taking the line down to the Swiss frontier. The confederated states of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Alsace-Lorraine form a barrier against aggression by either France or Germany, as neutralized territory under international guarantee. Republican Spain rules the whole Peninsula from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar—for the Mediterranean powers have compelled England, by a united blockade of the Suez Canal, to relax her grip upon the celebrated fortress. The Kingdom of Portugal has disappeared from the map. England has succeeded in retaining the island of Malta as a recognition of her right of way in the Mediterranean.

POLAND REDIVIVUS.

So much for the western part of Europe. On the north-east a change no less significant is visible in the territorial arrangements. The ancient kingdom of Poland has reappeared upon

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the map—a strong state wedged in between Germany, Austria, and Prussia, stretching from the Baltic Sea away down to the Black Sea, with Odessa as an entrepot at the one extremity, and Memel and Riga on the other. She has her "scientific" frontier, on the west in the river Vistula, and on the east by the Dwina and the Dneiper.

To Italy Austria has ceded that ancient bone of contention, the Tyrol. Greece has had her national aspirations at length almost realized in the recovery of the old Byzantine territory from the Turk, whose only footing in Europe now consists in a small zone around Constantinople, the city of Adrianople, and the fortress of Varna.

THE PARTITION OF ASIA.

These not inconsiderable "rectifications" in Europe were not brought about without some sympathetic perturbations in other portions of the western hemisphere. Russia made compensations in Asia for her losses of territory in Europe. She was enabled, by means of her transcaucasian railway system, to throw enough troops into Khorassan to overawe Persia while she sat down before Herat. After a siege of six months that famous stronghold fell into her hands. This accomplished, she was within easy striking distance of Candahar. The ruler of Afghanistan, thus finding himself "between the devil and the deep sea," had to make his election. There was never much love in Afghanistan for the conquerors of Cabul; the memory of the mollahs hanged there by General Roberts was burned deep into Moslem hearts. Russia, on the other hand, had never said or done an unfriendly thing to any Afghan, gentle or simple, but had always, on the contrary, been lavish in sending gifts—Grecian ones, perhaps, as it might turn out—to the rulers of Afghanistan. What wonder, when the alternative of a choice of masters, under the euphuistical designation of allies, was put before the ameer, that he should choose those who had given him political sugar-stick instead of those whose policy had always been "more stick"? Practically, then, Afghanistan is now a Russian province, and the Moscovite and English sentries can "almost receive the secret whispers of each other's watch," as they walk their respective rounds on either side of the Indus.

OPENING UP OF DARKEST AFRICA.

The development of Africa has received a new impulse in more than one direction. France had shown a degree of enter-

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prise in colonization altogether unexpected. She had established a firm hold upon the important but somewhat mysterious city of Timbuctoo, enabling herself thereby to control the navigation of the Niger River. The degree of energy which she exhibited in this formidable enterprise recalls to the memory her former wonderful triumphs as the founder of colonies. We may look forward with certainty to the speedy connection between her Algerian possessions and the newly-conquered territory by means of a railway across the desert. Once the locomotive makes its appearance in North Africa, the long-deferred induction of that region into the domains of civilization will have fairly begun. The great success of France as a colonizer, by reason of the easily assimilable and winning Celtic temperament, opens up the vista of a bright future at last for the darkest portion of the "dark continent," as well as prosperity for the mother country as a result of her enterprising spirit.

At the opposite side of Africa the work of civilization is being steadily pushed on by means of the English hold upon Egypt. As a compensation for her surrender of Gibraltar the other powers were unanimous in conceding to Great Britain the privilege of extending her influence as far south as she found it practicable, and as far west as the borders of the Sahara desert. By an international agreement this desert becomes the property of France, to be converted into an inland sea, if the project be found feasible.

A SPANISH MARRIAGE AGAIN.

It was, as if to prove the irony of fate, out of the very precautions taken to preserve the general peace that the great explosion at last came about. As usual, there was a Spanish marriage in it.

A young lieutenant, a relative of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who is in the anomalous position of being an English prince with a German patrimony, had gone to Spain for a holiday. There he met at court a young lady related to the Duke de Montpensier, whose beauty at once captivated him. On his return he disclosed the state of his feelings to his ducal relative, who saw no objection to the match, if the lady were agreeable, but the question of finances. This prince, though reputed to be very wealthy, owing to an inherited parsimoniousness of character, was unwilling to bear the burden of a matrimonial provision for his beloved relative, and the Mont-

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pensier family, having only a short time before lost the greater portion of their revenue through the failure of a bank in which it was chiefly deposited, were in no position to give the lady a suitable *dot.* Hence both the Spanish Cortes and the electors of Saxe-Coburg were appealed to, to furnish funds for the matrimonial enterprise.

Whatever the differences between French Republicans, Imperialists, and Monarchists, they are alike agreed upon the principle that any strengthening of German influence in Spain must be resisted by France at any cost. They have sufficient trouble in defending their eastern frontier against their hereditary foe; to have him established in any guise on their southern flank also would be a deadly danger, in their view, to the security of France. Hence the French Republic was found repeating the performance of the French Empire in 1870, in promptly sending an energetic protest to the court of Berlin.

ANOTHER WAR CLOUD.

The elements for a very pretty international quarrel were here, then, in abundance, but the tangle was still further complicated by the action of Great Britain. That power and France had been on little more than terms of the most formal courtesy ever since Great Britain had begun to increase her navy. The fact that to the union of an English prince with the lady of his choice so decided an objection had been shown by the French government was taken as a deadly affront to the royal family of Guelph, and as the popular mind in England had been already prepared by a judicious course of war-scare treatment, there was little difficulty in winning over the popular House of Parliament to the endorsement of a war policy which had for long been a foregone conclusion.

Had the struggle which was inevitable from the clashing of those discordant forces been limited to a certain circumscribed theatre, as in former European wars, there would not, for the historian, have been more to chronicle and deplore than in the records of the past conflicts of that continent. But there were forces at work in this volcanic upheaval—some making for right and some for evil—which distinguished it from every one of its precedents. There was a war within a war. Not only was every country at war with its neighbor, but was at the same time waging a fierce internecine strife within its own borders. Anarchy made war upon government and society, while government endeavored to grapple with the foreign foe. The terrible

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character of this vast international conspiracy, more deadly in its working than cholera, or Black Death, was the fact which at last opened the eyes of the passion-blinded combatants and disposed them towards the peace which the Sovereign Pontiff, at the first moment that his voice could make itself heard amid the roar of battle, counselled.

THE POPE SOLVES THE PROBLEM.

The system of neutral zones between contending countries is of ancient origin. But the application of such a principle to the separation of the great divisions of a whole continent was a gigantic thought capable of being conceived only by a master-mind. None but a sovereign occupying the exalted position of the spiritual ruler of Christendom could have the boldness to propound such a solution of the ever-living European problem.

The crown and apex of this herculean work is the settlement of the question of the Roman sovereignty. In this portion of the European scheme there is revealed a wisdom which seems almost superhuman. The question is now for ever removed from the region of temporal disputation and placed in such a position that no plots or intrigues can ever assail its security.

THE AMERICAN EXEMPLAR.

To the American Constitution Mr. Gladstone, some time ago, paid the flattering tribute of imitation when framing his plan for the formation of the Second Chamber in an Irish Parliament. To America the Holy Father likewise looked when evolving his plan for the settlement of the Roman difficulty. All the conditions necessary for the removal of the question from the region of debate for ever he found in the arrangement of the American Constitution providing for the immunity of the site of the national capital.

But before elaborating the mode by which the Holy Father worked out this proposal it is necessary to glance at some of the principal events which had their culmination in the greatest European war since the days of Gustavus Adolphus.

Those who conceived the much-talked-of plan of the Triple Alliance believed that it was the surest means of securing peace, but, as it proved, no more certain means could have been devised of provoking war. The Triple Alliance was looked upon by the states outside as a perpetual menace, and opportunities were eagerly looked for, while it lasted, for inserting the thin

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end of the wedge into the first perceptible chink or fissure in the fabric.

But it was not from any external force the disruption came. In the conditions of the bond itself the seeds of disintegration were latent. The enormous army which each member of the alliance was bound to maintain perpetually proved to Germany and Austria a fearful strain upon the people and the national resources; but to Italy, the most impoverished and the most deeply involved country in Europe, it proved intolerable, and in fact crushing. Do what it might to collect the taxes to maintain this army, the taxes did not come in. Year by year the deficits in the treasury grew alarmingly greater. In ten years the budget receipts had fallen off from four hundred million dollars to three hundred and fifty millions. Not a dollar could be raised by the government from outside by loan or otherwise. Bankruptcy came, and with it came revolution.

THE CRASH IN ITALY.

Grim poetical justice attended every phase of the new movement. It was against the successful fomenters of revolution that the arms of revolution were now turned. It began in the island where Garibaldi and his filibusters began to play the jackal for the Piedmontese wolf. The people of Sicily were told by Victor Emmanuel that he had come to put an end to the era of revolution; after a few years of the House of Savoy they found themselves in a state of pauperism more frightful than that of the Egyptian fellaheen. Seventy-five per cent. of the Sicilian's earnings went either into the pockets of the landlord, the state, or the local government; he was not left sufficient to provide himself and his family with even the miserable handful of dried grapes and the scrap of coarse bread and garlic which is the only food of his class. In his misery he sighed for the days of the much-abused "King Bomba," when at least he got enough to keep body and soul together, and was not subject to that modern outcome of peace-preserving "alliances," the conscription.

But it was not in Sicily only that the iron of plunder and oppression had eaten deep into the people's life. Many parts of the mainland were in still worse plight. In Rome a nest of high-placed robbers, with the king and his ministers at their head, had for years been systematically stealing the people's money from the banks. The scandals were so frightful that many times the populace were on the point of open revolt in the streets,

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and the Chamber of Deputies became daily the scenes of wildest uproar and passionate denunciation. Ministry after ministry resigned. Even Crispi, who as a last resource had been recalled from an enforced retirement to try to stave off ruin, was unable to carry on government in the face of the gathering storm. At last the crash came. There was no money to maintain the army; the troops fraternized everywhere with the rioters; the cry "Down with the house of Savoy!" resounded in the streets, and the crowned hypocrisy which had installed itself with robber insolence in the Pope's palace of the Quirinal was forced to fly through the gates which a few years before it had brought its cannon to batter down about the ears of the gentle Pius the Ninth. Surely the whirligig of time has strange revenges.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE INVOLVED.

This was the first blow for the Triple Alliance; another quickly followed. Austria, mindful of her old supremacy in the peninsula, began pouring in her troops, on the pretence of restoring order; but the Italian garrisons in the Quadrilateral region stood firm for the newly-proclaimed Italian republic. The German government endeavored to deter the Austrian statesmen from interfering in the internal affairs of Italy, but was met with a stern rejoinder. This was the signal for which the impetuous kaiser had been waiting. Bismarck's return to power had been signalized by a step for which the world was quite unprepared. Contrary to all the traditions of the past half-century Great Britain had again taken a hand in the affairs of the Continent, and the outcome of her interposition was a secret treaty with Germany. And now developed a drama for which no parallel was ever found upon the stage of the world's theatre.

The reply of the German emperor to the French note protesting against the Spanish alliance was a haughty refusal to be bound in any way by the wishes of his Gallic neighbor, and an immediate strengthening of the garrisons of the Alsatian frontier. Simultaneously came a note from England protesting against any interference by France in a matter of such concern to the English royal family. France, which had for years been hungering and thirsting for a war of revenge, was not in a mood to take such fillips tamely. A mobilization of six army corps in the east and south was her reply to the German menace, and the dispatch of one iron-clad squadron from Cherbourg to the English Channel, and another from Toulon to the mouth of the Suez Canal.

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SPAIN BECOMES A REPUBLIC.

In Spain the emissaries of Germany began a movement with the view of exciting a hostile sentiment towards France. The Montpensierists endeavored to bring about an understanding with the Conservative and Unionist groups, in order to carry through the Cortes a declaration favorable to the German alliance, and in this they were successful. The Republican groups acted together in order to defeat the scheme, but they were outvoted by a narrow majority. When the resolution came up a second time for ratification they left the chamber in a body, and, returning to their constituencies, began a campaign of open hostility to the monarchy. Insurrectionary movements followed with lightning rapidity. Barcelona, Santander, Cadiz, became the theatres of sanguinary struggles, with disastrous results for the royalists; the garrisons of Seville and Madrid made a simultaneous *pronunciamiento* in favor of the republic, and the Escurial being threatened by the insurgents, an immediate flight of the young king, the princess regent, and the royal household followed. The republic was formally proclaimed, and being immediately recognized by France, an alliance offensive and defensive was at once entered upon between the two countries. A similar movement took place in Portugal. Bands of Spanish Republicans crossed the border to aid their brethren, the royal family took refuge in the castle of Belem, and were glad to capitulate when the fortress was threatened with bombardment by the iron-clads which had gone over to the insurgents. They were taken on board an American vessel which lay in the Tagus, and having been permitted to get some of their personal property together, sailed in a few days for the United States. The Iberian Peninsula was now republican from end to end, with Zorilla as president and Pi y Margall as prime minister.

THE FRENCH CROSS THE RHINE.

France, having thus secured her southern frontier, now entered upon the war with tremendous energy. Leaving two army corps to keep the garrison of Metz in check, Marshal Canrobert, under cover of the guns of Belfort, crossed the Rhine with the army of the east, and fought a decisive battle with the Bavarian forces, led by the king in person, at Sultzburg. A week later his army had surrounded Munich and beaten back the division led by the king of Saxony. The

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army of the north meanwhile had closed in around Strasbourg, thereby preventing any attempt on the part of the German forces there to join hands with the army in Metz. A division led by the emperor attempted to force the passage of the river from the fort of Kehl, but the superiority of the new French field artillery rendered the effort futile. The French forces, under cover of their strategic works, gradually closed in around the city, and prepared for a regular siege. The fortress of Belfort being free to keep open the passage of the river below, within a fortnight six more army corps had crossed into Swabia, and the united force, taking town after town on its way, soon occupied Stuttgart and prepared to march on Berlin.

Everything had miscarried with the plans of the Triple Alliance. The events which had transpired in Italy completely upset all the calculations of the allies. Austria was powerless to help Germany with her land forces, for she found in the campaign in Lombardy and the guarding of her northern frontier quite sufficient to tax all her energies.

RUSSIA KEEPS HER TOULON PLEDGES.

Hitherto Russia had done nothing to show that there was any reality in the reported alliance between the czar and the French Republic. The first signs of activity were, however, characteristic. A hurried massing of British troops in the Pishin Valley indicated in what quarter the Muscovite blow was likely to descend. The demand of England for an explanation of a simultaneous movement of Russian and Persian troops upon Herat was met by an ambiguous reply from both czar and shah; a movement of the English Mediterranean squadron towards the Black Sea was checked by the announcement that the passage of the Dardanelles had been forced by the belted cruisers of Russia, which had been joined by the French Mediterranean squadron in the Ægean Sea. The Austrian fleet was held in check by the Italian iron-clads, and the combined Russian and French squadrons suddenly appeared before Suez and began a blockade of the head of the canal.

The flames of war now lighted were not all those of mere international rivalry and the wantonness of armed power. The conflicts of tyranny are the opportunities of the oppressed. Long-suffering Poland saw her chance in the outbreak of a general struggle. Aided by the brave Bulgarians, who had learned to their cost what it was to be indebted to Russian help, they raised the standard of revolt in Cracow, Warsaw, and several

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other places. The garrisons had been drawn off to swell the armies massed on the German and Austrian frontiers, and only detachments were left to man the fortresses. These were easily overpowered by the eager insurgents, and for the first time for a century the standard of Sobieski was unfurled over the walls of the Polish capital.

This movement was totally unexpected. It disconcerted the plans of the czar most materially. The Cossack advance on Afghanistan was checked, and many regiments were drawn off for European service. But a most unaccountable paralysis seemed to overcome the Russian forces. Indecision was manifested in every movement; troops ordered to one quarter were suddenly ordered back to another; every day there was something startling. Rumors of court-martials, and wholesale shootings, and banishments to Siberia began to leak out. At last the truth came to light—the army could not be depended on; it was honeycombed with Nihilism.

To crown all, Greece, with the help of the French squadron in the Ægean, made a successful attack upon Turkey.

For six months the conflict raged all around with varying fortunes but little substantial results to any of the combatants. A terrific fight between the French and English squadrons in the English Channel had ended in the sinking of half-a-dozen ships, by ramming and by the explosion of torpedoes. The losses were almost equally divided, and the result was a drawn battle. Horrified at the vast outpouring of blood and the frightful waste of material resources, the American people and press at last began to ask what was the use of it all.

THE POPE AS ARBITER.

The word "arbitration" was upon every tongue, and all eyes were turned instinctively towards the illustrious occupant of the Vatican. His was the only voice in the whole world which would have a chance of being listened to in that pandemonium of passion and universal horror.

The word was spoken, and was at length listened to. A general armistice was first arranged, and then a conference of plenipotentiaries was convened in St. Petersburg.

The propositions of each power were formally submitted, after full instructions from the home governments, and each plenipotentiary gave a solemn assurance that he would be bound by the decision which his Holiness, after three months' dis-

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cussion of the proposals, with the help of two leading jurisconsults from America, should render.

As to the settlement of the Roman question, the suggestion came from America. The idea was to follow the example of the American Union with regard to the City of Washington and the District of Columbia. This is a sort of neutral territory, whose affairs are controlled by commissioners nominated by Congress. There are no representatives for the district, and no elections in it consequently.

The patrimony of the church has been restored, and the government of the city and territory is placed in the hands of commissioners chosen by the Holy Father. Florence is the capital of the republic, and Rome once more the capital of Christendom.

Now Europe, whilst retaining her ancient divisions, is traversed by a series of neutralized states which serve as barriers between the rival powers; the right of free passage on all the high seas, including the Mediterranean and the Dardanelles, is guaranteed to the whole world, and the head of the Catholic Church is at last free to deal without let or hindrance with every portion of his wide-spreading domain. The Eternal City has wakened up from the fitful fever of Revolution, the money-changers have been driven from the temple, and an era of blessed tranquillity now seems to have dawned at last over long-distracted Europe. The Pope once more is free.

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ADIRONDACK SKETCHES.—II.

By Walter Lecky.

AVE you heard of Squidville, on the Salmon River? Of course you must. It was there that Bob Stevens fought his famous fight with the big Indian Jock.

"The little stage over yonder at Ransom's runs through Squidville and stops at Porcupine Creek. You say you want fishing; if you do, youngster, that's the place."

The speaker was a tall, angular man with high forehead, indented cheeks, and gray, piercing eyes. He was still lithe and active, although past the forties. It was easy to see that he was a French-Canadian, and his tanned cheeks and shoulder-droop made the guessing of his occupation an easy task. A few days before the rain had come down in torrents, the river was swollen, and thousands of logs, like bits of kindling-wood, were carried down its angry current from Squidville and Porcupine Creek. The rain had ceased, the river subsided, and the choppers had come down to Malone to have their logs measured, and to receive pay for their winter's work. One of them was the speaker, Frank La Flamme; and the man that he wished to visit his mountain home was a clerk of the company that had bought his logs. The clerk promised that his first vacation would be passed in Squidville; and as the stageman was hitching his horses La Flamme, with a "Mind your promise, youngster," hurried off and mounted the stage. An elderly lady, with a noticeable tinge of Sioux blood in her veins, was just then being politely helped into the stage by a grave, dignified, bald-headed merchant, while his business partner was barely able to place by her side a huge basket of groceries. "Comme se vu, grandmother. You're early getting ready for the dance." The old lady smiled, muttered "Oui," and settled herself to sleep. The bald-headed man, hearing La Flamme's voice, seemed glad. His face, at least, showed some lighter shades akin to laughter.

"Hello, Frank! ain't you comin' in?"

"I guess not, Mr. Ransom."

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"Well, Frank, you may do as you please. You promised to pay us the interest, at least, as soon as you sold your logs. If you break your promise I cannot keep mine."

"Mr. Ransom," said La Flamme, holding down his head, "do give me a little time. Times are bad; the new standard has destroyed us this year; and if that was not enough, I had to lose my horse with a spavin. What was I to do? I had to go in debt for another, so that I could skid my logs in time. You can wait. You know I'm as honest as the sun. Didn't I deal with you for twenty years, and didn't you always get your pay some time?"

"I won't wait, Frank," was the gruff answer of Mr. Ransom, as he politely bowed to his now nodding customer, Grandmother Croquet. It was not Croquet's way to notice what she disdainfully called "Yankee business touches."

"Ransom, you're a scoundrel; you told me to come and trade, and pay when I got ready; now, because I am deep in your books, you throw away the glove and show your hand. I can't pay; so do your best," was La Flamme's rejoinder, hissed through his teeth, while his dark gray eyes became feline in their expression.

The crack of the stage-man's whip was the full-stop mark to the conversation. The old lady woke, rubbed her eyes, and noting La Flamme's sulk, that had spread over his face, muttered, "Devra avoir honte, François"; then gave a sharp look at her basket, shut her eyes, and went asleep. A half-dozen of choppers, with their bright red stockings drawn tightly over their pants' legs, and their wide-brimmed hats set back on their heads, boarded the stage, talking loudly their patois, gesticulating, laughing immoderately, presenting to the casual observer that peculiar phase of the French-Canadian character—present contentment.

"Gee up," said the stage-man.

"Get a gait on your horses," said one of the choppers. "I like that horse on the nigh, but his mate's a dandy," said another. "They are breeched and spavined," said a third. "I wouldn't give a dollar mortgage on them," said the fourth, pulling from his inside pocket a huge black bottle of Canadian high-wines. The bottle was carelessly passed around; even the elderly lady with the tinge of Sioux awoke in time to take what Berry the driver called "a 'sky-flier' of a pull." La Flamme, with sullen look, held himself aloof from this growing weakness of the French Canadian who has made the States his home.

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It was strange—so strange to his fellow-choppers that little Piquet vowed that "Frank was coming to be an angel."

"There's as much fear of that as a wood-chuck leaving his hole when you are around," said big La Jeuness, looking serious.

"Hand him that bottle, Brie, and let him have an old-time swig; it's the genuine thing. See how it opened Grandmother Croquet's eyes," cried Berry, turning on his seat to see if Andrieux, who hugged the bottle to his chest, would fulfil his commands.

"Andrieux," said La Flamme, drawing his thin lips in the way of his teeth, "I will not touch that cursed stuff. It has been my ruin for many a day. Can't you fellows have fun enough without me? I have bother enough. That miserable beggar, the horse-dealer, met me an hour ago and made me pay in full for that old horse that he 'palmed' on me as a young beast—yes, all the money that I had, even the interest due to Ransom. I guess it's always the way: if you're poor everybody wants to bite you."

"How much did you give him?" said Berry, cracking his whip.

"One hundred and twenty-five," was La Flamme's doleful reply.

"Heavens!" said Piquet.

"You were taken in," said Andrieux.

"The horse ain't worth fifty dollars. The moment I saw him I told you that he was spavined. Didn't I, Frank?" shouted Brie.

"You fellows know everything about a horse when somebody tells you. Why don't you air your wisdom before a fellow as poor as I be makes a trade?" was La Flamme's sarcastic reply.

"Well, La Flamme"—and Brie pulled from his pocket a huge plug of newly-bought tobacco, carefully rolled in a deerskin bag—"because you have the name of being a kind of horse-jockey; and no matter how good a hand a man might be around horses, he's not such a fool as to give pointers to a jockey."

The discussion came to an abrupt end by Berry jumping from his wagon, dancing and slapping his hands against the side of his big coat, shouting "Squidville! All out for Squidville!"

Squidville—its origin is lost in obscurity, like that of most mountain towns in these regions. Billy Buttons, the guide, avows that it is named after a man named Squid, while Blind

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Cagy says that its name is Skidville, or the place where they skidded logs. The traveller has no escape between these rural historians, whose arguments pro and con. are the nightly fascination of Squidville Hotel. Squidville—I prefer the spelling of Buttons—"is the easiest town in the State to find your way in"; that is the first salutation of Jim Weeks, the jolly, fat proprietor of the "Hunter's Paradise." The town skulks along the Salmon River for a distance of half a mile. "The number of log-cabins in this our city," says Buttons, "is two-and-twenty, sir."

"Mind, we are not counting the hotel, which be a frame house, sir, with nigh twenty beds as fine as silk," Cagy drops in to remark.

There is but one street in this village—Pleasant View. Country folk have their ideas of beauty as well as their city brethren. When Squidville was laid out by Mr. Potter, the genial Weeks—standing on the top of the brae that leads through the woods to Porcupine Creek, and looking at the Salmon River winding itself like a silver thread through the bits of green wood and marshy meadow-land, as if inspired, so says Cagy—cried out: "Boys, a pleasant view!" That exclamation named Squidville's only street, and immortalized the name of Weeks. The last house on Pleasant View looks like a cross between a Queen Anne cottage and a lumbering shanty. There is a liberty pole before the door, and a tattered flag flying from it. Swinging from a post, ornamented in lines of red and white, plainly telling of Weeks's love for his old trade, is a flaming golden sign:

"Hunter's Paradise.
Jim Weeks, Prop.
Best Summer Resort in the Adirondacks."

Before the door, shivering in the cold, ran two bow-legged, long-eared hounds, whining and waving their tails. Grandmother Croquet, fiercely holding her basket, was the first to amble from the stage. Weeks, bareheaded and bowing, escorted her to the hotel, while Buttons remarked that he did not know where Croquet got the money to buy such a lot of things, and Cagy, hot with rage, avowed that Croquet's folks "have as good a right to money as any folks in this darned country." Mrs. Croquet and her basket safe in the care of Weeks, the woodchoppers sprang lightly from the stage and were soon busy helping the slow Berry to unhitch and feed his curdy-looking team. Kindness is a mountain virtue; it is the golden link that unites these poor people and makes life pleasant during the

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long, sullen stretches of the winter months. There are scores of men and women daily met with, up and down the road of life, who have a kind of philosophy that tells them that every natural event in their lives is heralded by a supernatural one. The poet was in sight of this when he wrote "Coming events cast their shadows before." It is useless to argue with such people in the vain effort of converting them. Would it not be pleasant to be able to write of this superstition as a corn only found on the toes of the ignorant? Very; but would it be true? If biography be not a grand conspiracy against truth, as some one said of history, many prominent agnostics wore a tight-fitting shoe.

"WEEKS BOWING AND SMILING."

La Flamme was the last to jump from the stage, and when he had done so he leaned against the stage-shafts as if dazed. His ordinary habit would have been to lend Berry a willing hand to unyoke his team. Brie, noticing this, shouted "La Flamme, are you dreaming?"

Yes, he was dreaming.

A few days before a blackbird, during a heavy snow-storm, had beaten its way through the paper pane and sought safety and rest on the shoulder of his wife, as she busied herself preparing the brown Johnny-cake and the thick, black coffee for her husband. La Flamme in the natural goodness of his heart, instead of killing the drooping bird and averting ill-luck, caught

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it, gave it something to eat, tenderly nursed it, and when the storm was spent restored it to liberty and its native haunts. Dreaming there by the stage-shaft this bird once more crossed his vision. We are but the sport of thought. His Canadian mother had often sung to him, what a dire messenger of ill-luck was the blackbird. Her teaching had not been lost. The kindliness of the man's heart had saved the bird, but in that very act he saw the beginning of his misfortune. Why did the horse-dealer, who lived in Belmont, happen to be in Malone? Why did Ransom, in whose store he had traded for twenty years, threaten him with law? He could not answer these questions a few minutes ago; now it was easy to do so when the scene in his cabin a few days ago came to his memory. It was his failure to kill the blackbird, and black superstition drove kindness from the wood-chopper's warm heart. "Why didn't I kill that cursed bird?" he muttered; "misfortune is on me and mine." How often has an accident, taking place at the right moment, confirmed as a life-long truth the silliest superstition. It was to be so with Frank La Flamme.

Brie led one horse to the stable, Berry another. As they did so the stage-shafts fell to the ground.

The dreamer woke and walked over to Weeks, the two dogs executing a kind of dance around him. It was at this moment that Buttons, sitting on an empty soap-box on the piazza, remarked to Cagy "that it was the first time in his life that he had seen Frank slow to make of his dogs."

"And look at them," says Cagy, "with their front paws on his vest, as if they were Christians."

La Flamme took no notice of his dogs, but bidding *bon voyage* to Andrieux, mounted the piazza. Buttons had a dozen questions ready for him; when Cagy, with a knowing nudge, brought Buttons' ear close to his mouth and whispered: "La Flamme's little girl is in the store, crying."

"You don't say so!" was Buttons' reply, as he and Cagy craned their necks—striking an attitude peculiar to an Adirondack guide.

"Is pa here, Mr. Weeks?" said the dark-eyed, scantily-clad little maid, looking piteously in the landlord's face.

"Yes, dear, he has just put his foot on the piazza. And what's the matter with my girl, to-day? You have been crying," said the landlord, rubbing away the child's tears with the back of his big hand.

"Because mamma is sick, very sick. The priest and doctor are with her, and she wants my papa," sobbed the child.

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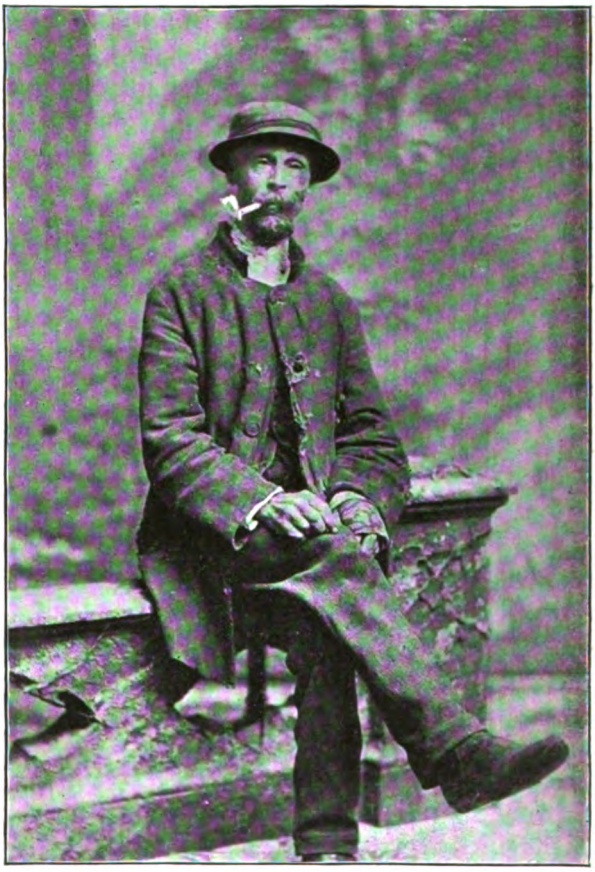
La Flamme stood in the doorway; the words smote his heavy heart. "Aily! Aily!" he cried.

"Papa—mamma!" sobbed the child, as she fell in her father's arms.

About a quarter of a mile from the village hostelry, in one of the two-and-twenty low, shambling log-houses, lived La Flamme. His house was built in Squidville's only style—logs mortised together, with here and there a huge iron clamp, "to steady her a bit," as Cagy used to remark. The space between the logs was filled up with rough mortar. The effect of such a house on the eye was far from pleasing; yet in point of comfort it far excelled the ordinary country frame-house. It was one of Buttons' ordinary remarks that "such houses were native to the soil," and there was much truth in this observation.



"THE SMOKE CEASED IN BUTTONS' PIPE."

When dark clouds teem on the mountain's brow, and fierce winds drive the sleet over the lowlands, making it as prickly as sharp-pointed needles, there is an indescribable comfort in a log-cabin, with its laughing fire of crackling pine-logs. A stranger would easily guess that there was something wrong in this cabin from the continual opening and shutting of the door,

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and the dozen or more women, with black shawls closely drawn about their heads, that formed themselves in little knots before the door, talking in a subdued voice. One of them, a woman of coarse features and rugged build, leaving the others, pulled the latch-string and entered.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Poulet," said Buttons, who had led the village in its race to the sick-house.

"Will she be at herself again?" inquired Cagy.

Throwing her head back, and letting the shawl fall on her broad shoulders, Mrs. Poulet scornfully rejoined, "You fellows here, drinking up all the air that the poor woman should have"; and then with stately step advanced to the sick woman's bed.

"That's a tomboy for you!" was the only remark that slipped the tongue of the crestfallen Cagy.

"Poor Milly!" said Mrs. Poulet, bending over the sick woman; then turning to La Flamme, who was kneeling by the bedside of his wife, pillowing her drooping head on his tawny arm: "Better send Aily to some of the neighbors. She is breaking her heart, poor thing."

Aily was leaning over her mother's face kissing the damp sweat from her forehead. La Flamme did not hear; his eyes were fastened on a rough print representing Christ as the good pastor—bought years ago from a Jewish pedlar, and pinned to the side wall near his bed.

"She is getting worse," said Mrs. Poulet, turning away her head to hide her tears.

At this remark the young priest, who had stood by the foot of the bed, now knelt by the side of it and commenced to pray aloud in French. He was joined by a dozen voices; even those out-of-doors knelt on the cold, damp ground to utter, in response to the rich, bass voice of their priest, a prayer for Milly La Flamme. The doctor, a thin, talkative man, whose hero was Thomas Paine, removed his fur cap. This doctor used to take my place when the roads between Snipeville and Squidville were blocked. It is told to this day in Squidville that his lips moved as if in prayer.

"I think it would ease her to have warm bottles to her feet," said Mrs. Croquet, panting from her quick walk.

"You can have all the bottles you want in my store," said Weeks.

"I'll have them in a jiffy," said Buttons, opening the door.

"It's useless," said the doctor.

"Ay, useless sure," muttered Mrs. Poulet.

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La Flamme's wife looked at her husband; his eyes were still fastened on the print; then her eyes wandered to it. Aily, wondering, looked at her parents' faces and set hers in the same direction.

"Bon Pasteur," said La Flamme.

"Ardez ma mère," responded Aily.

"She is dead," said the doctor.

"Dead," repeated the priest.

"She was a good woman," said Mrs. Croquet.

"THE LITTLE BRICK CHURCH."

"Good and bad all together must go," said Mrs. Poulet, pulling the shawl over her head.

"It's a hard one for poor Frank," ejaculated Weeks, with tears running down his cheeks.

"She died like an angel," said Brie.

"She went off in the crack of a whip," said Berry.

"Here's the bottles," said Buttons, opening the door.

"Yer too late, Buttons; and she don't want bottles on the other side. God rest her," said Cagy.

"Amen," replied Buttons; "but you don't tell me it's all over with her."

"She's as dead as a nail," said Cagy with a long-drawn sigh.

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"Ay, sure, Billy Buttons," put in a dozen voices, "Milly La Flamme is dead."

Squidville has a graveyard on the Porcupine road, a good half-mile from the village. It is a bit of clearing of about three acres in the heart of the woods, fenced in with huge burnt logs. In the centre stands a rough wooden cross, and here and there a black pine stump, looking like sentinels of the dead. To this quiet spot came the body of Milly La Flamme, borne on a rough country wagon, drawn by Weeks's pair of four-year-old bay colts, followed by Berry and the Squidville stage, carrying La Flamme, the weeping Aily, and their relatives.

Behind the stage came the people of Squidville mounted on all kinds of rigs.

The last prayer said, and the first shovelful of clay thrown on the coffin by Père Monnier, La Flamme led his little girl from her mother's grave. Before he had reached the stage a hand was lightly laid on his shoulder.

He turned around. "Good-day, Frank." "Good-day, Sheriff Matson." "I am sorry for your troubles, Frank," continued the sheriff, "and had I known of them I would not be here to-day. Poor fellow! you have trouble enough without me bothering you, but—" and the sheriff's voice was troubled—"have courage, Frank. I will go home."

"Sheriff, I know it is not your fault to be here to-day. You must do your duty. You come from Ransom. Well, there's no use in putting you to a second trip. All I have is the two horses and wagon that La Jeuness is driving. Take them; they will pay the debt. There's no luck for me in this place. Tell Ransom, sheriff, that it's the old story: get on a store-keeper's books and slavery begins. That was Milly's constant warning, sheriff; she often used to say 'It is better, Frank, to do without something than go in debt for it.' But Milly is dead, dead! sheriff, and my motherless child and I, as soon as we say good-by to Père Monnier, will start for the West. Some day Aily and I might have money enough to buy Milly a head-stone."

"Go away, papa, and leave mamma here?" said the child.

"No, mamma is in heaven, Aily; and heaven is in the West as well as here."

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LAME AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

(Acts of the Apostles, Chapter iii.)

By John J. O'Shea.

IN the portals of the Temple sate I crouching all the day,
Heart of gall e'er throbbing 'neath a haggard face of dole,
A bright living growth arrested, a fair manhood shrunk away,
Craving death, yet clinging to a life without a soul:

So I deemed it in my numbness when I heard their doctors lie,
And in speech sophistical enshroud the holy law—
Insisting still on form when the essence had gone by;
Cold and callous-hearted, yet all men without a flaw!

Alms, no doubt, they flung me, but 'twas in the public view,
That the world might witness how they lived up to the rule;

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And they swept into the Temple with the mien of men who knew
That their lives were always godly and their doctrine of the school.

But their largesse ever cut me, though my lips cold thanks expressed,
For I knew the scorn that filled them all the while they gave;
And I cursed the fate that doomed me to be the proud man's jest
And my life to rot thus idly till I filled a beggar's grave.

Oft I thought to cast it from me as a heritage of shame,
And the demon whispered, "End it; dost thou dare?"
Still a hope divine withheld me, and full soon the answer came:
"God hath given, God's, to take it; fiend, get thee to thy lair."

'Twas not thus in glad life's morn, when the tender hand of love
Helped on my falt'ring footsteps and cheered my darksome way,
Father, mother, friends, and kindred—and one all these above!
But swift ruin swept our household, and love—ah, well-a-day!

In Love's temple there are portals fair as that on Zion's hill,
In Love's temple vot'ries false as some who pray up there;
Vows are pledged and smiles greet ever when the sails of fortune fill,
But in tempest and disaster these become as things of air.

Thus I found; and thus my spirit grew as cold as frozen brook,
And a hate of men possessed me, hate of self the most—
Hate that, scorning those who gave it, I should, crouching in my nook,
Take the sordid coin they flung me, of their sanctity to boast!

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Yet the shadow of the portal oft consoled me as I pined,
And a subtle incense as the cool airs swept therethrough,
Whilst outside the white streets, scorching, seemed to beg one breath of wind
From a heaven hot and cloudless, and blinding in its blue.

And the quaintness of the carving and the beauty of the lines
Which the builder of the gateway showed in all his plan
Touched oft a hidden fountain which still, in God's designs,
Springs up in darkest moments to cheer the heart of man.

I had heard the doctors telling of one singular and odd,
Who had never stood on forms, but always gladly mixed
With the vulgar and the sinners, yet who claimed to be our God,
And spoke with such a glamour all who heard him were transfixed.

But his voice had never reached me, nor his magic glance of love,
Nor was I ever touched by his blest shadow as it passed,
For my feeble frame was stricken so that limb I could not move,
All the days he wrought in Zion, till he died for us at last.

But soon two came with faces made radiant with his fire—
One prince of the apostles, our Peter, strong and brave;
John the other, the belovèd of Spirit, Son, and Sire,
And they lingered in the portal as an alms they heard me crave.

"Gold and silver I possess not," answered Simon, as his eye,
Full of soft compassion, was now fixed upon my face;
Slow moved his lips in prayer, then commanding all stand by,
"But what I have I give thee, O afflicted, with God's grace.

"In the name of my Lord Jesus here I bid thee rise and go,
Hale in body, glad of spirit, full of strength, and free;
Now, give to God the glory, not to any here below,
He hath come to heal the world as he now healeth thee."

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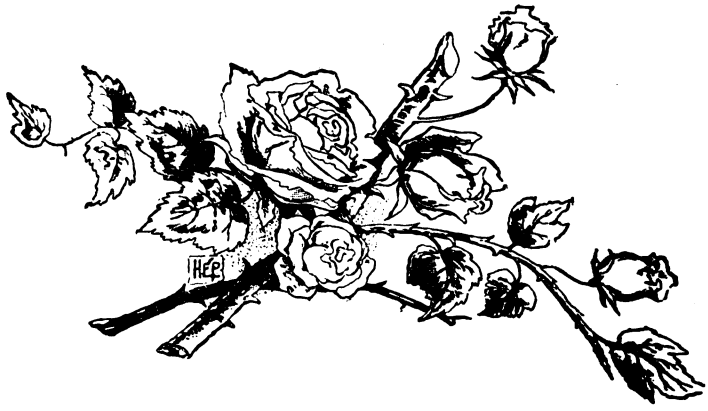
Oh the sweetness of that moment—that delight as keen as pain!
Like a thrill of fire it seared me, made my senses reel;
But my pulses soon throbbed gladly as with new blood in each vein,
And up I sprang exultant, with a bound like tested steel.

How I danced and laughed and shouted in the joyance of my glee,
Till the dazèd multitude fell back before my flight.
Stiff of neck and stubborn, they who set Barabbas free,
Signs and wonders might appal them, but they saw not the light.

Praise for aye to Great Jehovah!—praised be aye the Three in One!
To the Lamb all spotless, O hosanna yet and yet!
And the glory of old Zion is the Maid who calls him Son,
The peerless Child of Judah, whose star shall never set!



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HOW TO SOLVE ONE OF THE HIGHEST PROBLEMS OF SCIENCE.

By William Seton, LL.D.

IN nothing, perhaps, does our generation differ more from the generations that have gone before it than in the view which it takes of animated nature. There are, no doubt, many persons who do not yet call themselves aged who never in their college days heard the word Evolution spoken. All the different kinds of animals and plants had been, in their eyes, specially created from the beginning, and the idea that one organism has developed by slow and imperceptible degrees from another organism, would have seemed to them not only absurd but heretical. It is true that some scientists had already questioned the old-time belief in special creations, but even the genius of Lamarck had made little impression on men's minds. But to-day all this is changed. In every civilized country not only is natural science the one study to which, more than to any other, the majority of young collegians are turning their thoughts, but the professors whose lectures they attend are, with very few exceptions, upholders of the doctrine of evolution.

Now what, it may be asked, has mainly brought about this widely different view of Almighty God's work? It is, in our opinion, Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, which gives the first plausible explanation of how change of species may be effected, and whether we agree with him or not his hypothesis is most ingenious, and one which cannot be disproved. Darwin teaches that more individuals are born than can possibly survive; and that in the battle for life, which the fauna and flora have been fighting during the millions of years since their first ancestors were created, those varieties which possess the smallest advantage of structure, color, or otherwise are preserved, while those which do not possess any advantages perish; and he also shows that all organisms vary in every one of their parts to an extent quite enough for natural selection to act upon. We know that in domesticated animals and plants there is marked variation, and that it is by selecting from varieties to breed

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from that all the different kinds of plants and animals useful to man have been begotten. This is called artificial selection. Now, what gardeners, dog-fanciers, and cattle-breeders have been able to do, Nature has done, and her method is called natural selection. But Nature works much more slowly than man, and it is because we cannot see the changes which she produces coming about in one life-time that so many persons, not scientists, do not believe that any changes take place. What these doubters need above all things is to close, at least for a brief period, their books of grammar and rhetoric, to cut loose from old methods and old ideas, and to cultivate their observing powers by studying the Creator's work under the blue sky.

An American naturalist, Professor J. A. Allen, has recently discovered among the birds of the United States an even greater amount of variation in color, size, length of bill and wing, between individuals of the same species, than anybody had imagined.* And it is now admitted that variation takes place not only externally but internally: every part of the organism varies; there is variation in the deepest cells, and without this natural variability natural selection could not operate. And we may add that fossils indicate that in past geological ages variability also existed, and that from one species several varieties branched off just as they do to-day. In fact the study of the life-system as revealed by fossils in the rocks everywhere strengthens the hypothesis of evolution. We are able in not a few cases plainly to mark the transition from one group of animals to another group. Far back in the Jurassic strata, for instance, we light upon the earliest bird, Archæopteryx, which has not yet entirely cut loose from the reptile stem; and nearly all scientists are agreed that birds have developed from reptiles; and, moreover, no naturalists have done more to establish intermediate, transition forms than our American investigators—Hyatt, Marsh, Cope, and Leidy.

The curious facts, too, of embryology cannot be explained except by the theory of evolution. Embryology gives in an abridged form the whole history of the organism. Just as the primitive amphibians had their origin in fishes, so does embryology show that all the higher vertebrates have been evolved from fishes: it distinctly reveals the tracks of this long development. We may express it by a zoölogical rule-of-three, in the words of the Catholic scientist, St. George Mivart: "As the young of living kinds are to living adults, so are animals of

* *Mammals and Winter Birds of Florida.*

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more ancient periods to those of recent times and of our own day."* Evolution gives the only plausible solution of these facts of embryology, and when confronted with them the believers in special creations have nothing to say. Nevertheless, despite their silence, they may rightly challenge us to give an unmistakable proof of our theory, although they cannot give us a proof of theirs. Now, in order to convince them that evolution is true, we must begin by experiments, and we must not stop short of transforming one animal or plant into an entirely new plant or animal hitherto unknown.

To do this we must establish among us a school of original research, and let it work on the lines laid down by Professor Henry de Varigny in his lectures delivered before the summer-school of art and science in Edinburgh, two years ago.† In these lectures he earnestly encourages believers in evolution to put it to the test of experiment: and why should we not begin to make experiments here in America? The field to be investigated is a wide one. What is the cause of variability? What is the modifying influence of environment? Here we quote from Darwin's *Origin of Species*, p. 107: "When a variation is of the slightest use to any being, we cannot tell how much to attribute to the accumulative action of natural selection, and how much to the definite action of the conditions of life. Thus, it is well known to furriers that animals of the same species have thicker and better fur the further north they live; but who can tell how much of this difference may be due to the warmest-clad individuals having been favored and preserved during many generations, and how much to the action of the severe climate? For it would appear that climate has some direct action on the hair of our domestic quadrupeds." Heredity, hybridism, and sexuality also demand a thorough study, and many things in nature which are now mysterious will be made clear when more light is thrown on these subjects. Changes which merely strike the eye may be more significant than we imagine. We know, for instance, that change of environment and change of food may change the color of an animal; but variation of color is something more than a mere outward change: there are underlying it modifications of a chemical order, and these accompanying, underlying changes offer a most tempting field for investigation. We do not know why food and environment should influence animal coloration (Wal-

* *Evolution and Christianity*, *Cosmopolitan* magazine, June, 1892.

† Since published in Nature Series under the title *Experimental Evolution*.

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lace holds that color changes have their root in protective value), yet it is certainly a step in advance to have ascertained the chemical phenomena which go along with these outward changes. It is interesting, too, to find a relation between color and constitutional strength. De Varigny tells us that certain poisonous plants produce no effect on dark-colored animals; while to light-colored animals the same plants are deadly. Climate also affects the size of animals and plants. But a change in dimensions is accompanied by other changes. When dimensions vary, sexual fertility not seldom varies with them. External influences have also much to do in determining sex. When tadpoles, for instance, are left to themselves the females slightly outnumber the males; but when they are fed on beef, the proportion rises from 54 to 78 per cent.; and when given frog-flesh to eat, the proportion of females increases to 92 per cent. Bees, too, are similarly influenced: among them the birth of queens, workers, and drones is largely a question of food. Now, the external factors which determine sex in these and in many other cases require careful study. It may be asked, why fish are small in small streams? Here the experiments of De Varigny rather go to show that diminished size is owing to diminished space to move about in: impediments to movement would seem to have a tendency to dwarf the organism.

May not this also be the reason why animals living on islands are smaller as a rule than the same species living on continents? The elephants whose fossil remains have been discovered in Malta were exceedingly small. But here again more exact experiments are needed. It is also interesting to find that in regions where thorny, spiny plants abound the snakes in such places evince a similar tendency, as Professor Cope tells us of the horned rattlesnake of New Mexico and Arizona. What is the mysterious bond existing here between the plants and the rattlesnakes? It is also interesting to observe how subject the perfume of flowers is to variation. In rich soil the increased strength of the plant is accompanied by increased perfume; while in poor, sandy soil a contrary effect is produced. The hairy covering of a plant grown on a mountain disappears when it is transplanted to a valley; but the hairs reappear when it is brought back to its mountain home.

Wallace tells us that the skeletons of animals vary, especially the skeletons of whales; and St. George Mivart finds that the number of ribs in the ape and in man is subject to varia-

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tion. De Varigny says that in certain cases individual evolution may be modified. Thus we can prolong the gill-bearing period of some amphibians by artificial means. During more than twenty-four months he kept toads in the tadpole state by giving them little food. Other naturalists assert that by prolonging the gill-bearing period of newts and salamanders the evolution of other parts of their bodies is not arrested, and that these amphibians may become sexually mature while they are still tadpoles. But with toads and frogs this cannot be done. Here again further experiments are called for; and De Varigny says in *Experimental Evolution*, page 113: "If it could be shown that sexual maturity may occur although the tadpole state is lengthened and that sexual reproduction may take place, although this is on obvious *a priori* grounds very improbable, we might perhaps try to obtain a new species which would exhibit very marked physiological features."

We believe that experiments made on the embryo of certain animals may result in a modification of these animals without injury to life. We know that when the cocoons of *Attacus Pernyi* are suspended vertically the butterflies come forth in a normal state; while if the cocoons are placed horizontally the butterflies are abnormal.

We know by experiment that the stomach of a carnivorous bird (owl, sea-gull, raven) can be hardened so as to resemble the stomach of a grain-eater, if it is given grain to eat for a sufficiently long time. And the converse is true: a pigeon fed on meat for a long enough period has its stomach softened till it becomes like the stomach of a carnivorous bird. What may be the limits of the variations induced by the direct influence of a certain kind of food we do not know: it is possible that other parts of the organism may vary at the same time. It would also be interesting to learn whether change of food in other animals might not bring about more fundamental changes than have been produced in the stomachs of the pigeon and gull; for we know that different kinds of animals react in different ways under identical influences. Our ignorance on this point is owing to the fact that no systematic experiments have been made.

Another subject full of interest is the mode in which the organ of respiration may be made to change its function: how to transform a water-breather into an air-breather.

Nearly all aquatic animals are devoid of special organs for breathing air when they come out of the water, and in their

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native element they breathe by absorbing the air contained in solution in the water either through their skin, or through some inner organ (gills or intestinal canal) which lets the water pass freely and constantly in and out. But while it has already been proved that the water-breathing organs of invertebrates may be made to breathe in the air, we do not yet know whether such a change of function as comes with the change of a gill-cavity into a lung is ever accompanied by a definite change in the structure of the breathing organ.* And here is a good field for experiment.

It would also be interesting to investigate the causes which bring about the destruction of sight. Many moles, we know, have their eyes covered by skin and outwardly invisible; nevertheless they have true eyes, but so inefficient that when in cases where the eyes are not entirely concealed and when they have an opportunity to use them, they are all but useless. This comes from the fact that the optic nerves are degenerated. Sometimes, however, a mole may have the optic nerve of one eye in good condition, so that this eye is able to transmit to the animal's consciousness the images formed in this one eye. In the embryo of the mole both eyes are always, without exception, connected with the brain by perfect optic nerves; and this is considered a proof that the mole is descended from ancestors which lived above ground and whose eyes consequently were of use to them. What unfavorable conditions finally led the mole to take up a subterranean existence we do not know; just as we are ignorant of the causes which changed the whale and the porpoise from land mammals into water mammals.

Of course if species were fixed and unchangeable in structure and functions, then experiments tending to a modification in type and to the transformation of one animal or plant into an entirely new plant or animal hitherto unknown, would be futile. But it is proved that no organism is so fixed in type that it may not under certain conditions more or less depart from it. We know that all organisms admit of some variability (and variability increases with variation), and we believe it is because this God-given tendency to variation exists that natural selection and environment (in what proportions we do not know) have been able to exert a potent influence on the life-system and to bring about in the course of ages the change of one

* See Professor Semper's *Animal Life as affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence*, chap. vi.

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species into another. The fossils in the rocks point to evolution, and embryology adds its testimony to paleontology. They tell us that from the few germs of life first planted on our earth by the Creator have sprung the numberless plants and animals which we see around us to-day. But, as we have said, in order to convince unbelievers of this fact, we must have recourse to experiment. We must try to do artificially what nature in her slow way has done by natural means.

And here we quote again from De Varigny's *Experimental Evolution*, p. 240:

". . . Scientific investigation being the only aim, the only point in view, it seems advisable to undertake the study of the influence of selection—be it on animal or on plant—without any particular forethought at all. I mean by this that such investigations should be begun without any view of obtaining a variation and variety in any particular direction. For instance, suppose *Lysimachia nummularia* . . . is made the subject of investigation in selection. Well, it would not do to decide beforehand to seek for a new variety having such or such a peculiarity in the roots, or stems, or leaves: one should merely cultivate the plants, and if among them some offered any interesting or curious variation in *any* part whatever, one ought to begin the process of selection, and try to consolidate in the progeny this particular variation. This method offers the advantage of opening a wider field to investigation. . . . In fact we must try to *craze* the plant, to make it vary as much as possible in all possible directions. . . . One must not forget that in experiments of this kind, especially with wild or uncultivated plants, a long time is sometimes required before any important variations occur; the species seems for a long period to resist all inducements to variation, and then, all of a sudden, it begins to vary considerably and in many different directions."

Not in one generation, nor perhaps in ten generations, may the work we have here suggested to the hoped-for school of experimental evolution bring about any marked results. But the idea of such a school is not original with us, it is not Pickwickian: Professor Romanes hopes to have one established in connection with the University of Oxford; and why not, as we have said, begin the experimental study of this high problem in science here in America? We have the talent, we have abundant means, and all that is needed is enthusiasm. Let us begin.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE EARLY MISSIONARY.

BY REV. S. B. HEDGES.

COMPARED with the field offered for research in regard to the wondrous apostolic labors of the early missionaries in the United States, the sum total of investigation is as nothing. Nor is saying this a reflection on the invaluable and exhaustive labors of John Gilmary Shea. Standing in Bishop's Hall at Notre Dame University, in November, 1890, conversing with Dr. Shea on the many and valuable historical relics therein contained, and of the vast field of historical study pertaining exclusively to Catholic subjects open to the American scholar, the distinguished historian said: "This is but a beginning for us as Catholics in the way of collecting relics. The real investigation as to facts by Catholic scholars is hardly begun."

These words from the lips of John Gilmary Shea struck me as more than significant in view of his own extensive works appertaining to these subjects; nor does it seem less significant how slight an impression Dr. Shea's writings seem to have produced. Nor less significant is the fact that the distinguished historian's most exhaustive work in this field, the result of ten years of labor, was undertaken at the suggestion of the eminent non-Catholic scholar, President Sparks. Doubtless the awaking of a zealous missionary spirit so evidently present among all classes of the clergy, the more ample opportunity for study and investigation offered by our seats of learning as they pass from the formative stage to a securer and more permanent establishment, will in the near future be productive of fruit-bearing studies. Of the two, the historian and the missionary, the latter is not the least interested. The unflagging zeal, the absolute disinterestedness, the burning love for souls, the heroic labors, the hardships, the lonely wandering from tribe to tribe through the forest primeval, the sickness and lonely death under the trees on the banks of some unknown stream, or worse, an awful burning at the stake or death from the cruel blow of a tomahawk, surely all this may inflame the missionary's heart with divine love and a zeal for souls. Nor should what would seem the utter failure of the noble efforts

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of these heroic men so much as offer discouragement. They labored amidst the wilds of the forest for the souls of the Indian. The Indian is gone, and we know him only by the name of his tribe or his chief preserved to us in the name of river, hill, or plain, or town. So, too, the missionary. There may be a city in the West called Marquette, or a hamlet in the glades of Florida named Velascola. This were lamentable were it all. Shea, commenting on the results of the prodigious labors of the early missionary, says: "One fact will at all events appear, that the tribes evangelized by the French and Spanish subsist to this day, except when brought in contact with the colonists of England and their allies or descendants."

The existence to-day of a miserable remnant of half-civilized people were a pitiable showing as the result of years of labor and life and treasure were it all. Why these efforts came to naught in the civilization and permanent establishment of the Indian tribes is the historian's field of research. What their labors were, what their sacrifices, what their zeal, what their hope and consolation; who were the men, and whence came they, and whither did they go, and how did they work, and what did they glean from those accessible fields for the granaries of God—these and the like are the questions that interest the missionary of to-day, who labors among the fair cities that now stand where the forest stood when Marquette and Roger came to these shores to engage in the self-same work. And so we come to the men and their labors. Let us take one at random, and not the most distinguished—Father Louis Cancer de Barbastro. Apostolic zeal for the missionary life led him to Mexico in 1514. There he labored for the conversion of souls for thirty years. What a marvellous record does not this short biographical notice given by Shea in a book note afford: "Father Louis Cancer de Barbastro was a native of Saragossa, and had at an early age entered the Dominican order. He came to America in 1514 as superior of a band of missionaries. His labors were at first almost unsuccessful; his companions died around him of want, disease, and violence, and at the expiration of nearly thirty years he stood alone. He then, with Fathers Rincon and Las Casas, undertook to evangelize the district called Tierra de Guerra—Land of War; but having converted and gained all the native tribes, the missionaries gave it the name of Vera Paz—True Peace—which it still bears." After so long and so arduous, and finally successful, term of labor, one would naturally think him inclined to rest and enjoy

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the fruits of his labors in the region of Vera Paz. Not so, for in 1547 he undertook the Florida missions, going first to Europe to obtain a royal commission.

The noble character of his mind is set forth by the fact that he had it stipulated in his commission that every native of Florida held in bondage in any part of the Spanish dominions of America should be set free. Worthy precursor he of those noble men and women who in a later day should do and say and suffer so much to liberate another race enslaved amid these same everglades. The Florida mission brings him to the United States and to our especial notice. He was destined to gain his crown of eternal life here. Warned of his danger as he was about landing, and of the martyrdom of his companions with all its attending horrors, he makes this noble speech:

"All this is terrible indeed and very affecting to us all, but not surprising; such things cannot but happen in enterprises for the extension of the faith. I expected nothing less. How often I have meditated upon the execution of this enterprise, and felt we could not succeed in it without losing much blood. So the apostles died, and at this price alone can faith and religion be introduced." True missionary of Christ; true apostle of faith; his blood the seal of religion.

Considering the vast strides of religion in the United States, her wondrous growth from year to year, the beauty of her temples, the extent of her schools, her institutes of charity of so many kinds and so extended, may we not ascribe this growth to that precious watering given the land in the sacred blood of Louis Cancer de Barbastro and his many confrères? Landing from his vessel on June 24, the feast day of St. John the Baptist, he met his death on the shore, a martyr to zeal, love, and faith. We know, then, who they were. Spanish gentlemen, from out the halls of the universities, from the courts and palaces, from the scenes of home and friends and a cultured civilization, come to the wilds of America to preach Christ and Christ crucified. We know then, too, how they labored. 'Twas in season and out of season. It was in the midst of dangers and perils. It was in sickness until death. It was for thirty years without success. It was in the midst of great success, so that they called the region Vera Paz—True Peace. It was to begin again and to fail and to be cruelly murdered. But more a thousand times it was to wear at last the crown of everlasting life. The missionary of to-day, in the region included in what is termed the Spanish Mission, will find a docile, intelligent—keenly so indeed

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—and cultured race. We think we are right if we include, not only Florida and Texas, Louisiana and Mexico, New Mexico and California in the West, but also Tennessee, Mississippi, Kansas, Arkansas, and the Carolinas in the Spanish Missions; for who can tell how far they penetrated the wilds? for of some of them no tidings ever came back. The field is indeed a broad one, but here are a people who hunger for the word of God; and who is to break for them the bread of life? Take away Louisiana, and New Mexico, and California, could there be found a region so needful of the knowledge of the Christian religion, so ignorant of the truth of the Catholic faith, as is here presented? If one would seek a virgin soil for missionary labor, let him go to the Tennessee mountains, among the hardy mountaineers, some of whose sturdy traits of character, much of whose woful ignorance, Miss Murfree has so graphically described to us in her stories. But would the game be worth the candle? For answer turn to the lives of these great-hearted Spaniards, to De Barbastro of Saragossa. Only, perhaps, the missionary of the Tennessee mountains would have less to hope for, less to aid him; not even the novelty of entering an unknown land and meeting an unknown people; nor would there be a hope of anything like martyrdom save in the wretchedness of lonely vigils and the certainty of failure. But Christ died for these men and women and children, who live on these cloud-swept hills amidst their poverty and ignorance, as much as he did for the savage of the woods. Verily there will spring from the seed of the blood of De Barbastro an apostle to these newer children of the woods.

Not many miles from where I write, in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, I happened on some "children of the forest," only they were white children of American stock. I was taking a mid-day meal, seated in the shade of a great forest tree, when two urchins came into view. They regarded me with suspicion and aversion, for I had invaded their domains, a trout stream near by. By kind words and the offer of some dates and figs from out my lunch I induced them to come forward and stand and watch the process of my meal. So laconic were they that I found it impossible to engage them in conversation. Neither trout, nor squirrel, nor blue-jay, nor robin, nor eagle, nor dog, nor horse seemed to interest them, and their replies were "no" and "yes." At last it was this: "Do you go to school?" "No." "Why not?" "Too far away." "Can you read?" "No." "Have you any school-books?" "No." "Do

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you go to church?" "No." "To what religion does your father belong?" "Don't know." "Did you ever see a minister?" "No." "Are you baptized?" No answer. "Who made you?" "Don't know"—with a queer smile. "Did God make you?" "I guess he did." "Who is God?" "Don't know—never seed him." Alas poor lads! they were twelve and nine years of age, two of a brood of eight. Some day hunger will drive you from these hills, either to win your way upward, or to force you into the great stream of hundreds who toil and suffer and die, not knowing God or the hope of happiness when the struggle is done. And I saw you not many miles from that placid lake which Jogues discovered on Corpus Christi day, and named it for the feast, as he threaded his way along the forest trail to seek the heathen Indian that he might tell him of Christ. Perhaps he passed under the very shadow of the mountain whereon you dwell. Perhaps he raised that holy hand, which for faith's sake was so cruelly mutilated, and blessed those hills; and so perhaps some day another apostle may follow in his footsteps and thread the forest wilds anew, seeking here a house and there a house and the isolated inmates, to tell them, as that holy missionary told the Indian in bygone days, the sweet story of the life and death of Christ to save all poor sinners.

Engaged in missionary work in November, 1892, at the Cathedral of Vincennes, Indiana, certain things came to our notice that vividly brought to mind the heroic labors of the great missionaries of early times in this country. First was the venerable Dean Guéguen, the present rector of the Cathedral of Vincennes. His name, his blood, his ancestry, his missionary work in his diocese, his present rectorship at old Fort Vincennes, link him to that earlier day, and have brought him an inheritance of glorious memories and deeds of which he is not unworthy. His flock, too—one-half, we should judge, of French descent, Creole mostly in origin, their progenitors coming up the river from New Orleans, or being descended from the early French traders; some of them being of mixed blood, the Indian strain being plainly noticed in their features—point to the presence of the Indian missionary, who was ever in the vanguard of the march of civilization. Then the tombs of the venerable and distinguished Bruté, of the mild and gentle and hard-working St. Palais, of other prelates too which lie in the chapel crypt beneath the high altar; the written records of the old station, going back to the time when Vincennes was a French military post nigh two hundred years ago—all these spoke, as

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written or printed pages cannot speak, of the apostolic deeds of those early times, of the spirit that actuated those heroic soldiers of Christ: of Marquette, of Rasle and Father Gravier, of René Goupil and his sainted biographer, Isaac Jogues, of—but who may name them all, or find words to tell of their glorious doings, that Christ and his church might be known? It is not so much of these men that I am thinking, nor of the region of their labors, as of the missionary spirit they so gloriously set forth. And as I think there comes the conviction that of this spirit will be born a new apostolate in the ancient fields of their work—an apostolate to the non-Catholic people of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio.

In the cathedral yard at Vincennes there stands an old, long, one-story brick building, much dilapidated and long unused. It was once the diocesan seminary. In that humble building some of the older priests who now minister in the diocese were educated. The young seminarist of to-day would laugh to think it a building fit to use as a place of studies. We have moved into grander halls 'tis true, but the spirit of the missionary life was there; that burning zeal for souls which led the cultured physician, Goupil, even as a layman, to leave France and go as a *donné*—a companion catechist to the missionary—to the wilds of America. Nor do I believe that our young men, when the time is ripe and the field has been opened up for such labors, will be found wanting in spirit and zeal and readiness to work in this portion of the Lord's vineyard; else were they recreant to the true ministry of the priesthood and unworthy of the inheritance left us by those stalwarts of old—the missionaries of the earlier day.

Engaged last season in the diocese of Peoria—the very writing of the name Peoria shadows forth a picture of the untiring labors of Father Gravier—in missionary work, our labors took us to the banks of the Illinois at Spring Valley. Near by are the cities of La Salle and Ottawa, and between them the historic spot Starved Rock, situated at the entrance of a series of cañons vast and wonderful—all the more so as one finds them hidden here in the midst of a prairie country. They are not unlike some of those vaster cañons that one meets with along the La Platte River in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Here, in front of Starved Rock, in the valley that skirts the river, many thousand Catholic braves on one occasion heard Mass—men to whom the faith came at the preaching of the word of God by the missionaries in those heroic days.

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La Salle County, in Illinois, wherein is situated this historic spot, is markedly Catholic, containing many parishes and a large, flourishing Catholic population. But of this earlier conquest for the kingdom of God there lingers hardly so much as a tradition; the name a tribe is designated by, the name of the commonwealth, Illinois, and a clan by the name of the city of Ottawa, and the city of La Salle holds the name of one of the great heroes, and Starved Rock recalls the inhuman horrors of a savage warfare, and all this is *vox et præterea nihil.*

There is left not a cross of stone nor a chapel to mark and record the heroic deeds there done. The busy farmer turns his furrow and scatters his grain; in the bustling manufacturing cities of La Salle, Peru, and Ottawa may be heard the hum of the wheels of industry; but of Gabriel de la Ribourde, Zenobius Membré, of Claude Allouez and James Gravier, priests of God's church, true soldiers of Jesus Christ, tireless and ever active missionaries, scarce a thought. But who will say they labored in vain? Out of the many thousand braves who heard Holy Mass that bright summer day there in the valley of the Illinois, out of the countless other thousands to whom they came with the word of life, there are many, many blessed souls who this day bear them witness before the throne of God, a monument more priceless far than one builded by the hands of man.

While at Spring Valley, before the work of hearing confessions had begun, myself and companion walked out to St. Bede's College, the new and splendid foundation of the Benedictines in the West. As we left the college grounds we saw the students returning from the campus, splendid specimens of the youth of the great agricultural States, manly fellows, sons of farmers, with splendid physiques. Perhaps from these will spring that new race of missionaries. In their studies they will come to read the histories of the men who threaded their way along the river, across the grassy prairies, enduring hunger and thirst, yielding even life itself, in the region where now stands their noble Alma Mater; and thus influenced by the stirring tale of heroic deeds for Christ, a desire, born of love of God, will come to them to go forth and preach the self-same word of God to their non-Catholic neighbors. They will see before them this new apostolate, as did those noble men of that earlier day as they looked across the sea to this new land, and, like them, burn to make Christ and his kingdom known to all men. Especially am I hopeful that out of the West, where there is a freer

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and broader life, where men are less hindered by custom and tradition, where they dare greater and nobler things, where failure once is but an incentive to greater effort, will come the first organized band of missions of the word of God to all non-Catholics. And I deem it true that this shall especially be the apostolate of the secular priesthood. The absorbing work of money-getting, building churches, schools, asylums, hospitals is past, and year by year growing less, so that the secular priest begins at last to have leisure for other works, to heed those words of our Lord, "for other sheep I have." The regular clergy are but their auxiliaries in this as in other great works of the priesthood. Dominicans, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Benedictines, Paulists will hasten at their call to render what aid is in their power. Significant is the fact that among the first missions to the land not a few were of the secular clergy. As the settlement of the country nears its completion, as the number of clergy increases, more and more will opportunity be afforded for work in this apostolate.

Were there need of further example of zeal and work in the mission life, we might turn to Maine and follow the life of the saintly Rasle, or to the English missions in Maryland, where Father Andrew White and Father Roger so wonderfully illustrated the missionary apostolate, or to that inexhaustible storehouse of faith, martyrdom, love, zeal, suffering, and death, and where, amidst all these, astounding success crowned the labors of the missionary—California.

Some time ago one of our popular magazines published an article from the pen of a non-Catholic lady on one of the more illustrious missions of California, and illustrated it with drawings of some of the old mission stations in their present condition. It is worthy of note how very extensively that article was read by Catholic readers everywhere. And yet it was but a passing glimpse of the picture, and the subject but one of many whose names are high in the wonderful annals of that great missionary work. Somewhere about the year 1679 at Ingolstadt, in Germany, a distinguished professor of mathematics, a man accounted the best astronomer of his day in Germany, was ill unto death. He made a vow that should he recover he would devote his life to missionary labor. On the advent of his return to health he fulfilled his vow by coming to America, where he devoted his life to the Pimos Indians in California, learning several languages, writing catechisms in these new tongues, composing vocabularies and grammatical treatises for

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the use of his companions and successors; and all this during the fatigue and weary labor of active missionary work in preaching the word of God and instructing the ignorant. From the halls of the university of Ingolstadt, from the composition of logarithmic tables, and star-chart searching in the dome of his observatory, to the wilds of California, to the midst of a savage people, was surely a great stride. But Father Eusebius Kühn had been touched by that divine fire which set his heart all aglow with love for souls, infusing into him a zeal which did not let him rest till he yielded his spirit to God in the midst of glorious success in 1710. And to-day from lower California to Puget Sound there whitens a field ready for the sickle of the reaper, a harvest ripe for God —a new people again in a new land, waiting the advent of those who will bear them the glad tidings—who will come as came Junipero Serra and Eusebius Kühn—honest men with an honest and true word to tell of Christ and his kingdom.

Everywhere, in every diocese in the land, there are noble priests, especially among the younger native clergy, whose education, whose sympathy for their non-Catholic neighbor, which is born of friendship and daily intercourse, whose piety and zeal eminently fit them for this work. That the work in the way of a formal, organized mission has begun is now a fact. Let them watch it. Look to the methods used. Let them aid it, too, by their earnest prayer and warm word of encouragement. Better still, let them offer themselves to their bishop as missionaries in his diocese to those who are as yet not of the fold of Christ.

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FLOWERS THAT SPRING IN DESERT PLACES.

BY L. W. REILLY.

TWO men were travelling together in a parlor car on its way from Brooklyn to Chicago. They had the air of refinement; they were well dressed—one in a suit of dark blue flannel, the other in a fine brown serge; the man in blue wore spectacles, the man in brown had beautiful bright eyes that sparkled as he spoke. They talked on many themes—*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—from politics to progress and poverty, and from choirs to cholera and the last comet. A studious-looking person in the seat behind them found as much diversion in their conversation—which he could not help overhearing, as they had to pitch their voices above the roar and rattle of the train—as he did in the magazine that he was holding out before him.

Finally the man in brown asked: "Do you think that anybody ever received a grace that was at first intended for another?"

A moment's silence, then came the brief reply: "Esau and Jacob, for instance."

"Oh! that is ancient history; besides it was exceptional."

"All such occurrences must be exceptional. But, since you protest against remote instances, let me tell you a story, and you shall decide whether or not it be a case in point."

. . . . . .

In a tenement-house in Greenwich Street, New York City, not very far from the Battery, a man-child was born about forty years ago; his parents were immigrants, exiles of Erin, poor, hard-working, full of faith. They had had nine children before him, seven of whom had died in infancy, aged from one week to one year. One day, about five years before his birth, the father was walking along Barclay Street, and halted before a second-hand book-stall to examine some volumes that had caught his eye. He bought two of them—a *Life of St. Alphonsus* and *The Youth's Director*, that contained a portrait of St. Aloysius Gonzaga with a sketch of his career. Taking them home to his wife he said: "Mother, if we should have any more boys, I'll name the first of them Alphonsus and the second Aloysius."

When the next baby came it was duly named after the

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great Redemptorist. Two years later another son was born. He was called Michael, after his father, and died in a couple of months. Then a daughter entered the humble home and was christened Elizabeth. Next appeared the man-child I am telling you about. He was the Benjamin of the flock.

The old women among the neighbors clustered around the new-born infant, saying:

"What a lovely child!"

"He looks as if he had a halo around his head!"

"Glory be to God and his holy Mother, but you've got a priest for a son."

"He'll be a bishop, sure."

The mother pondered these predictions in her heart and built a hope upon them. She would be proud to be the bearer of a priest. What would she not give to see the fruit of her womb at the altar! From that moment, in her thoughts, she consecrated him to God and resolved to make clear his way to holy orders.

"What's his name to be?" queried one old gossip.

"Aloysius."

"What an outlandish name!" cried one rude crone; "just like his brother's. None of his kith or kin was ever called by such a name ez that."

But the mother made no answer, for she wanted the boy to live and she remembered her husband's broken promise and the fate of Michael.

Ten days later, in old St. Peter's Church, Aloysius received his baptismal innocence and his patron saint.

. . . . . .

The father of the family was kept poor by lack of the money-making faculty, by ill-health, and by a big heart that made him give to the church, to the poor, and to needy acquaintances more than a fair share of his income.

"We're givin' it to God, mother," he used to say to his wife, "and sure, alanna, our children will get it back with interest, if we don't."

So when he was carried off unexpectedly with pneumonia he left his dear ones unprovided for, with the exception of a little home in Brooklyn. Aloysius was then aged nine. Necessarily the widow had to go out to work the week after the funeral to earn bread for her destitute children. She tried various occupations. No honest labor was degrading to her. Nothing was too hard or too low for her, because it was sanctified as a means of support for her orphans. The friends that

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had known her in the days of her prosperity fell away and forgot her. She was too high-spirited to beg from them while she had strength to stand and labor. Finally she opened a small store in the big city, to the income of which she added the rent of the Brooklyn house and some money that she earned betimes. Alphonsus, too, was earning a few dollars a week as errand-boy in a publishing house. The other children were kept at school.

In this way the fatherless family struggled along for several years. Then, as the mother's health began to break down, Elizabeth was taken from school to help with the housework. But Aloysius, who had passed from the parochial school to the Brothers' Academy and then to college, was kept at his books. "He is to be a priest," replied his mother, when times were extra hard with them and Alphonsus urged her to put him at a trade. "No, no," she would say; "I would work my fingers to the bone first, and live on bread and water."

At last, when Aloysius was sixteen years of age and in the sophomore class at school, his mother died.

The little home was kept together until the next vacation. Then the doctor ordered Alphonsus to the West Indies, as his lungs had become affected in the confinement of the book-store, of which he was now next to head salesman, and in the trying air of New York.

Elizabeth went to live with friends down-town and Aloysius had his first experience of life in a boarding-house. He soon found employment, and spent a year as stock-clerk in a wholesale Yankee notion store. But the work did not agree with him nor did he suit the work; so, in the following September, he made an arrangement with the college whereby he went there to live, teaching a class by day and continuing his own studies at night.

At the close of the next school year he made application to be received into a religious order, was admitted, and went to the novitiate.

"Mother's prayers will be heard," he thought, as he was led by the novice-master to his cell.

He was a novice for a year, a month, a week, and a day. Having been told by three physicians that a deafness that had been growing upon him since his thirteenth year was incurable, and likely to become rather worse than better, he placed himself in the hands of his superiors in the order and asked them what he should do. They answered that if he had had his hearing they would have bidden him stay where he was, but

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that in the uncertainty in which he would be placed in case his deafness should become complete, and his course to the priesthood be barred, they were reluctant to take the responsibility of rendering a decision. He then resolved to go forth and await the development of his infirmity on the outside.

He had hardly gotten well settled in a newspaper office in a neighboring city when Alphonsus returned to the metropolis and died of hasty consumption, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

All this time Elizabeth had been with the friends to whom she had gone upon her mother's death. She showed no special aptitude or inclination for any calling in life. She was light-hearted, fond of amusements, eager for the dance, but pious and full of good sense. She had two offers of marriage, one of them from an excellent *parti*, who pressed his suit with ardor for a year or two, and to whom she more than once was on the point of saying Yes, when something or another always intervened. Strange to say, too, whenever she attempted to do anything for herself in the way of seeking employment she fell sick with fevers and strange symptoms of an ailment for which medical men could not account, and which they could not cure.

The burden of her support, that had hitherto been borne by Alphonsus, now fell upon Aloysius—for the Brooklyn property had been let run down and the tenants paid when and what they pleased—and he considered that his exit from the novitiate in time to care for her was more or less providential.

Five years passed by. Aloysius' deafness remained about the same as when the aurists whom he had consulted had given up his case, and Elizabeth's queer malady still followed her into every situation that she sought. One day her confessor said to her, without forethought on his part and with bewilderment on hers:

"Did you ever think of entering the convent?"

"No, indeed, father."

"Something seems to tell me that you have a vocation. Would you be willing to find out?"

"Yes, certainly."

"It can't harm you to make a retreat to ascertain the mind of God in your regard. Therefore go, in His name, to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart next Monday morning. I'll speak to them meanwhile and arrange for your stay with them as a guest for a week. Go through the spiritual exercises, decide what to do with your life, and let me know the result."

Before Monday came Elizabeth had read Lady Gertrude Douglas's *Linked Lives*, which was then fresh from the press

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and which had been sent to her, unread, by her brother, who knew not that it was to have an influence on her life. In it there is mention of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

At the end of her retreat Elizabeth returned to her confessor and said:

"I'm going to be a nun, father, in some convent of strict observance, where the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is kept."

"Well, may God be praised, what a coincidence is this! When the bell rang for me to come to the parlor to see you, I had in my hand a letter received this morning saying that several Sisters of St. Dominic are on their way from France to the Diocese of Newark to found a monastery in which the Lord of Hosts shall be worshipped continually night and day, and in which the life will be about as severe as it is among the Carmelites. Possibly there is your appointed place."

There *was* her place. She is there now, happy in her high and hard and holy calling.

Aloysius is married, the father of four children, a writer for newspapers. . . . . .

The man in blue paused for a full half minute, looked out of the window the while at the flying scenery, and said in conclusion:

"No one could convince me that the prayers, the tears, the sufferings, the sacrifices, and the labors of that mother have gone without their reward, and no one could persuade me that that reward did not consist, directly, if only in part, in the call to the counsels, not indeed of the son for whom they were offered, but of the daughter who has valiantly responded to her sublime vocation. The mother obtained the grace from God. Of that I have no doubt. By her it was proposed for her boy; by Heaven it was disposed to her girl."

"Do you think that the boy first received and then lost the grace?" questioned the man in brown.

"God only knows the secrets of hearts. But the deafness coming upon the boy without fault of his, and acting as a bar to his path towards the altar, would appear to answer that question in the negative."

"That's so," said the man in brown.

And the studious-looking person in the next seat buried his face in his magazine as he muttered to himself: "Who in the world could have told that man my life's story, and what would he say if he only knew that I am Aloysius!"

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PASCHALE GAUDIUM.

BY WILLIAM L. GILDEA, D.D.

THE Ritual of the church, like some magnificent instrument of music in the hands of a skilful player, can generally represent and body forth every mood of every human soul. But, read the Ritual proper to Easter week upwards, downwards, backwards, forwards, and you will find no note or tone there but the tone and note of joy. "This is the day which the Lord hath made," over and over again: alleluias; till the head is well-nigh reeling. The church would seem to be playing the part of the unfortunate widow of the parable; insisting on joy, till, if joy cannot come to us otherwise, in spite of ourselves we be joyful.

My intention is to justify this joy exceeding of the church. I find the justification in the various names by which the church designates the Easter day and season. "A name or word," says St. Thomas, "is a thought of the mind, outwardly expressed." The true word is the inward word, the word spoken within the mind. The word which sounds in the ear is a word only in a *secondary* sense; deserves to be called word only in so far as it suitably portrays the *mental* word. Words and names used by men are often meaningless, mere beatings of the air. Not so words and names used by the church. Ponder them, and you will find them abysses of mystery. Press them, and the honey of devotion will run out.

Now, the church uses three names to designate the Easter day and season; one an English name, one a Latin name, and one a Hebrew name—*Easter*, *Resurrectio*, *Phase*. Some have never thought it worth while to inquire why this season is called Easter-tide.

Just add the letter "N" to the word, make it "Eastern," and we have the solution. Some, indeed, derive from "Eastra" the Goddess of Dawn; this season being dedicated to that goddess in pagan, Anglo-Saxon days. But these have only pursued the inquiry half way. Why was the Goddess of Dawn called Eastra? Because the dawn of day is in the East—*Morgenland*—as the musical, mystical Germans call it—morningland.

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The church took the pagan philosophy and made it the buckler of faith against the heathen. She took the pagan, Roman Pantheon, temple of all the gods, and made it sacred to all the martyrs; so it stands to this day. She took the pagan Sunday and made it the Christian Sunday. She took the pagan Easter and made it the feast we celebrate during this season.

Sunday and *Easter* day are, if we consider their derivation, much the same. In truth, all Sundays are Sundays only because they are a weekly, partial recurrence of Easter day. The pagan Sunday was, in a manner, an unconscious preparation for Easter day. The sun was a foremost god with heathendom. Balder the beautiful, the White God, the old Scandinavians called him. The sun has worshippers at this hour in Persia and other lands. "Some of you," says Carlyle, "may remember that fancy of Plato's. A man is kept in some dark, underground cave from childhood till maturity; then suddenly is carried to the upper airs. For the first time he sees the sun shining in its splendor overhead. He must fall down, says Plato, and adore it." There is, in truth, something royal, kingly about the sun, making it a fit emblem of Jesus, the Sun of Justice. Hence the church in these countries would seem to have said, "Keep that old, pagan name. It shall remain consecrated, sanctified." And thus the pagan Sunday, dedicated to Balder, became the Christian Sunday, sacred to Jesus. The sun is a fitting emblem of Jesus. The Fathers often compared Jesus to the sun; as they compared Mary to the moon, the beautiful moon, the beautiful Mary, shedding her mild, beneficent light on the darkness and night of this world—not light of her own; no Catholic says this; but—light reflected from the sun, Jesus.

I am stating a scientific though very elementary fact when I say that all the *light* and *heat* in the world come directly, or originally, from the sun. The warmth and light which are hidden in the wood and the coal are bottled sun-light and sun-heat. The noble tree, as it rears its stately head and extends its spreading branches, is drinking sun-light and sun-heat at every pore. Let the tree fall to the ground, be covered with crusts of earth, undergo chemical changes till it be converted into coal. The light and heat remain there still; remain like imprisoned *genii;* but at the "open sesame," the right spoken word of command, they will manifest themselves again. The warmth which we enjoy, as we sit by our cheerful fires in the cold evenings of winter, is sun-warmth set free again after a captivity of ages; the gas-flame over-head is sun-light.

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And Jesus is "the true *light* which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." He is the *exemplar cause* of all things. Before creation the world, both in its large outlines and in its least details, rested in the mind of God. Each creature has its archetype in an idea present to the Divine Wisdom —an idea which is one of the infinite phases of the divine imitability. But the Wisdom of God is Jesus, his Eternal Word. And, when the decree of creation went forth, it was the Art of God which gave birth to things; and Jesus is the Art of God "*per quem fecit et sæcula*," by whom he made also the ages. Creation is the partial utterance "*ad extra*" of Jesus—the Word of the Father. God *spoke* and the world was made. Hence, ancient Greek writers call creation "*logos prophorikos*," the Word begotten *without*, generated in time—generated, that is, by external manifestation. And thus the world cannot be adequately known except in the light of Jesus. "I am the Light of the world," he said.

But if Jesus is the *exemplar cause* of all things; if each thing is what it is because it participates of him, in an especial manner is this true of intelligences, of angels, and of men. Things irrational are mere *vestigia*, footprints of Jesus—tokens that his spirit has passed by and has blessed. But intelligences are in the image of Jesus. These represent not the mere working of their cause, but the principles of its operation—the mind and the will. Our light of intellect is a participation of the light and wisdom of God—that is, a participation of Jesus. Hence it was that, when our light of intellect became obscured by sin, God the Word, and not the Father or the Spirit, took flesh to restore us. "The art," says St. Thomas, "which made, restores the work when it has become impaired." He is the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He is the light of our natural intelligence; and he is the light of our faith guiding us heavenwards, homewards. And he will be our light in heaven, for the "light of glory" is yet another participator of the light of Jesus, and we shall see God in the vision of the Word, for he is the inaccessible light in which the Father dwelleth. "*In lumine tuo videbimus lumen.*"

The sun gives *life* as well as *light*. Go to the frozen loins of the north. What life will you find there? Mosses, lichens, berry-shrubs at most. Advance towards the sun; come a little more south. You meet with trees—the solitary fir and the hardy pine. More south again; and you come upon the oak, the elm, the beech, and the lime towering in thick-set forests.

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Again more south; and the trees bear fruit—the apple, the pear, the cherry, and the plum. You must go more south still if you seek the delicate fruits—the orange, the lemon, the olive, and the fig, and the home of the vine between the parallels of latitude thirty and fifty. Arrive at last at the torrid zone; and the vegetation there is characterized by a wealth, variety, and magnificence nowhere else to be found. Under the beams of the tropical sun the most juicy fruits and the most powerful aromatics arrive at their perfection. The largest trees there are adorned with flowers larger, more beautiful, more odoriferous than those of herbaceous plants in our own zone. The sun is life to man as well as to plant. The old man says, "If I can only get through the winter I shall be all right." Some of ourselves no doubt look to the coming summer to restore to health some loved one. The wealthy invalid seeks a southern clime when the first step of winter is heard. He goes to Nice or Madeira and, seated in an easy chair where the sun's rays may fall on him, finds relief if not cure. We, who must pass our winter far from the genial south, what do we do? Just as we eat preserved fruits, so we bask in preserved sunshine. In short, we light a fire, and extract the sun-warmth which is enchained in the coal.

Jesus is the *life* of the world as well as its *light*. I restrict myself to proving that he is the life of man. Life is the intrinsic principle of movement; and the principle is perfect only when it is in actual movement; and the highest movement is that of intellection. Hence, Aristotle says, in his *Ethics*, that intellection is life of the highest grade. But, as has been shown, the light of our intellect which, in its actual working, is our highest natural life, is a participation of the light of Jesus. Jesus is our life too in the supernatural order of grace; for grace is a participation of his Sonship, the dwelling and working of his spirit in us; so that St. Paul could say, "I live now, no, not I, but Christ liveth in me." Jesus is our life in the order of glory also. Even pagan Aristotle knew that man's beatitude lay in the exercise of his highest faculty, the speculative intellect, on the highest object, the infinite good. In the after-life of bliss there will be a "*comprincipium*" of native intelligence and of light of glory, and, through this medium, union with the highest object—the *Summum Bonum*. This is essential life, eternal life. "This," said our Saviour, "is eternal *life*, that men may *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." And the "light of glory" is yet another and a fuller participation of the light of Jesus; and the

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Object of Bliss, in which we shall see the Trinity in unity and the unity in Trinity, the unutterable mysteries, and the exhaustless depths of the Godhead, is the Word—the expressed species or image of the Father, Jesus.

The sun is the *gladness* of the world as well as its *light* and *life*. Why is the spring-time buoyant, jubilant? Because it gives promise of the summer. Everything which stands related to the summer stands thereby ennobled. We would sooner see the swallow than the bird of paradise, and we prefer the cuckoo's plaint to the music of the linnet. The summer's sun touches the earth with its magic wand, and the earth is covered with golden corn. All nature is out a-holiday, and smiles as though it would last for ever. But autumn approaches; and nature grows first serious, then melancholy. The sward forgets its verdure. The leaves fall from the trees, like tears shed over departed glories. Nature casts aside her holiday garb, as though she would say, "What use in these ornaments? This is no time for rejoicing." Then comes rough, scowling winter, and with ruthless hands strips the earth of any beauty which may still linger. Winter is nature dressed in rags; no need to put scarecrows in the fields *then*.

Jesus is the gladness and the joy of the world, even to those who know him not. Slaves emancipated, torture abolished, prison-life ameliorated, woman dignified and ennobled, Little Sisters of the Poor, Nursing Sisters; what joy all this brings to the world! And all this is the work of Jesus. The very name of Jesus is mirth and joy. No more the "*tetragrammeton*," the unpronounceable name; but Jesus, Saviour. No more the Omnipotent speaking in the thunders and lightnings of Sinai; but the Word made flesh, an infant, as one of us in all save sin. Jesus is our joy in life, our joy in death, our joy beyond the grave. In heaven our joy shall be full, and our joy no man shall take from us; for there the sheep will be gathered to their Shepherd, and Jesus will be for ever our reward exceeding great.

No wonder, then, that the church sanctions that old pagan Saxon word Sunday as the sign of the Lord's day.

But the Sun went down. Jesus the light, the life, the joy of the world died on the cross, crying out, "It is finished." And there was darkness over the whole earth from the sixth to the ninth hour. The image, the figure, the symbol was eclipsed when the reality sank down. The Pharisees, doctors of the law, princes of the people make merry over this. "Yes," they cry,

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"it is indeed finished. We shall see the sun in the heavens again to-morrow; but the King of the Jews, Son of God, True Light and True Life, as he called himself, we shall never see or hear of more. Each man to his work and his station with a light heart. The impostor, the stirrer-up of sedition, is dead."

Foolish Pharisees, doctors of the law, princes of the people! Yours is such a triumph as hell gives—short-lived, apparent only. Ye war against Heaven. Ye prophesy against God. He will not suffer his Holy One to see corruption. By his omnipotent right hand he hath sworn it. When the sun shall be darkened, and the moon refuses her light, and the stars fall from the sky, this Jesus, the Lamb Immaculate, whom ye have slain, shall be the splendor of that heaven whereof our sun is but the porch-lamp.

"*Post tres dies resurgam*"—After three days I shall rise again.

The third day has come. Our light, our life, our joy has returned to us; and we shall never lose him more. Our Sun has dawned on us again, and eternity shall not know his setting. "Christ, being risen from the dead, dieth now no more. Death shall no more have dominion over him."

I left the harbor one night. During three or four days and nights previously dense fogs had hung over the waters. Collisions, serious accidents had occurred. The night promised fair as we started, but as we reached the open sea a thick, heavy pall settled over us. The speed of the vessel was slackened. We slowly crawled along. The mournful fog-signal, like some wild banshee cry threatening doom, sounded at frequent intervals. Suddenly the dense curtain lifted somewhat. A transient glimpse of the moon. Then, slowly at first but with ever-increasing speed, the heavy folds rolled away, till the fair orb of night shone in her full splendor upon us. A loud cheer went up. Joy filled the soul of every man on board. This for a passing glimpse of the far-off moon! No wonder, then, if the church be intoxicated with joy when the Sun of Justice is given back to us for evermore. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Our Sun, and our Chief and Leader, too: he has wrestled with principalities and powers—nay, with the wrath of God which had endured for four thousand years—and has come off the victor. What is any Wellington victory or Nelson triumph compared with this? And yet we think much of them! Forget all about them. Forget everything but one thing during Paschal season. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

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PANGE LINGUA.

(*A new translation from St. Thomas Aquinas.*)

BY REV. C. A. WALWORTH.

SING, my tongue, the wond'rous story;
Sing the mystery divine;
Sing the Saviour's precious body,
Royal grape of Mary's vine,
Bleeding, for a world's redemption,
Costly drops of saving wine.

Wond'rous boon to earth from Heaven,
Mary's virgin womb the mean;
In our desert, thrifty Farmer,
Sowing truth in golden grain.
Wonderful the solemn mission!
Wonderful the closing scene!

At the Paschal feast reclining
'Midst the tearful brotherhood,
All that ancient rites prefigured
Closing in a newer code,
Jesus, with His own hand min'stering,
Gave Himself to be their food.

With a word, the Word incarnate
Bread as living flesh doth hail;
Wine becomes a bleeding fountain.
Oh, if thought and senses fail
To confirm the heart that loveth,
Let a simple faith avail.

Bow we then with souls adoring;
Low before the mystery fall.
Let the ancient institution
Yield to nobler ritual!
Let firm faith supply, where folded
Sense is ineffectual.

Now to Thee, O Sire eternal,
And to Thee, eternal Son,
And to Thee, co-equal Spirit,
Everlasting praise be shown!
Equal be the salutation
Where the life is always one.

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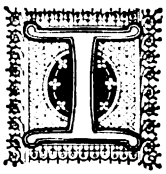
HER LAST STAKE.

By T. L. L. Teeling.

Chapter I.



T was only the month of May; yet the season was already almost August-like in its sultry heat, and shops were beginning to put up their shutters with the customary notice, "Ouverture le 1re Octobre," and hotel omnibuses to convey huge mountains of trunks and portmanteaux to, instead of from, the unpretending little railway station which, like all its fellows, has welcomed so many illustrious strangers to the Riviera.

Just as the day was at its hottest, and the "butterflies of fashion," as some one calls them, had presumably folded their wings to rest until sundown—for few, if any, were to be seen flitting in and out of the gorgeous hotels which seem to constitute modern Mentone—two slender, black-robed figures advanced somewhat timidly up the footpath leading to one of the largest of these, and, after a brief parley with the porter, were ushered into a large and luxuriously furnished salon.

To them there entered, after a few minutes delay, a quiet-looking, middle-aged lady with gray hair and placid expression, who cast an inquiring glance upon her visitors as she advanced with a little bow towards them.

"You speak English?" she inquired hesitatingly, as the two nuns rose to receive her.

"We *are* English," was the unexpected reply from the elder of the two, given in rich, round tones; "that is to say, we are Irish."

"Irish? Oh!" and the lady's face brightened as she held out both hands to her visitors. "Irish nuns? What an unexpected, welcome sight!" she went on, drawing a chair close to them. "Where did you come from, and how came you here?"

"Indeed, it doesn't seem the place for us, does it?" laughed the nun. "I never felt more out of my element. But the fact is, we are on a begging tour."

"What order do you belong to?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, glancing at their black habits and white coifs as if seeking

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some indication which might guide her. "Nazareth nuns, Little Sisters of the Poor, Sœurs de Nevers—you seem to look a little like each, and yet to be unlike all."

"Well, we are a new nursing order, founded not many years ago—our foundress still lives—with houses in England and in Italy; and we have been sent out from the latter country to collect subscriptions all along this line."

"Principally from the English visitors, I suppose?"

"Well, yes; for we are not very strong in French, either of us." And the good-tempered Irishwoman smiled across to her companion in placid contentment with her own linguistic shortcomings. So they chatted on for awhile of their houses, their order, and their work; and then they rose to go, as Mrs. Mortimer pulled out her purse.

"Here is my little offering, sisters," she said, as she laid a small gold piece in Sister Raphael's hand. "I wish it were more, for I feel quite interested in your work; but you know even a quiet, lone body like myself has many calls on the purse."

"Do you stay here long?" asked Sister Raphael of her, just, as it seemed, for the sake of conversation as she ushered them across the big, palm-decked hall.

"I have been here all the winter for my health, but I am leaving to-morrow. By the bye, how did you come to hear of me?" she asked, stopping short in the middle of the hall with an amused glance back at them.

"Oh! we manage to hunt up all the English names everywhere—you are the only English person now in this hotel, are you not?"

"Yes. There are still a good many people here, but none of them English—except—ah, yes! . . ." She stopped short as she caught sight of two men advancing towards them, who were whispering gravely and earnestly together.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Grosjean," she called out pleasantly to one of the two—a big, heavy-looking Frenchman, who was knitting his brows and biting his lips in evident perplexity as his companion talked. "How does Monsieur le Médicin find his patient to-day?"

Monsieur Grosjean, who in fact was no less than the proprietor of the hotel, advanced towards the little group, slowly shaking his head.

"Ah, madame, it is a terrible business—a dreadful thing indeed, for me."

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"What, is she worse?" said Mrs. Mortimer quickly.

"Monsieur le Médicin will tell you," he replied, with a theatrical gesture towards his companion.

"What is the matter with the lady at number 27?" asked Mrs. Mortimer of the vivacious-looking little doctor, who was drawing on his gloves.

With a glance at the hotel proprietor, which was answered by an affirmative nod, the doctor pronounced "Typhus fever, madame, of the most virulent type—"

"But oh, madame, I implore you, let it not be known among my pensionnaires!" breathed the proprietor; "it would ruin—simply ruin my hotel."

"And the worst of it is, that there is not a nurse to be had; I can't have my patient left to die alone," muttered the doctor discontentedly.

"Your own compatriot, madame," murmured M. Grosjean, turning his big black eyes plaintively upon Mrs. Mortimer, as though he sought to transfer the burden of responsibility from his own shoulders to hers.

All this time the two nuns had stood patiently apart under the palm-boughs, wondering whether they might slip quietly out and so take their departure, or whether Mrs. Mortimer had any more last words to say.

"Well, monsieur, if she *is* my compatriot I can hardly be expected to nurse her myself, can I? Oh! stay, though," she went on, as her eyes fell upon the waiting pair; "look here, these nuns are English nursing sisters; suppose you set one of them to nurse the sick lady?"

"Nurses, are they?" exclaimed the little dôctor; and he darted quickly to their side and broke into voluble explanations and entreaties. The sisters turned to Mrs. Mortimer in utter bewilderment.

"My dear sisters, yes—indeed it is most urgent. You have just been telling me that your work is to nurse the sick in their own homes, rich and poor alike; to go wherever you are summoned, irrespective of creed or position, and without fixed fee. Here is a case which calls for charity as loudly as any. A poor lady, staying in this hotel all the winter, has been taken ill with typhus fever, and now lies unconscious upstairs. No nurse can be found to undertake the case; and I fancy the proprietor does not care to make himself responsible for the payment and maintenance of one of the expensive style of English nurses who are the only ones to be found hereabouts.

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But no doubt the lady's friends will come forward later, when they can be communicated with."

The sisters hesitated, and then began to consult together in low tones, the youngest nun apparently objecting, and the elder urging her arguments. Presently the latter, Sister Raphael, turned to Mrs. Mortimer, the proprietor and doctor both standing expectantly aside.

"I think," said Sister Raphael, "that it seems as if we ought to do something for the poor lady. But you see, we cannot definitely undertake the case without orders. I propose that Sister Gabrielle here should remain with the patient for a few days, while I continue my journey homewards, as I have business to transact en route, and meanwhile we can write to our mother for further orders."

"Any help, even for a day or two, will be most welcome, I am sure," said Mrs. Mortimer; and she repeated the proposal to the two men, who immediately turned to Sister Raphael with profuse expressions of gratitude.

"We had better go to the patient at once," then said Sister Raphael; and the little doctor turned to accompany them upstairs and install his new-found nurse.

"O sister, my heart fails me—indeed it does!" whispered Sister Gabrielle, as they followed him up the wide marble staircase. "It's not the nursing I am afraid of, but being alone in this great big place, and not a soul to speak to in my own language."

"Now, Gabrielle dear, you mustn't speak like that. Sure, Our Lady will take care of you."

"Yes, I know," somewhat plaintively assented the younger. "But I haven't got any of my nursing things, you know—aprons, sleeves, and so on. If—if—I stay, will you write for some for me?"

"I'll settle all that, never fear!" said cheery Sister Raphael. "I wish I could stay myself, but you know I am bound to go back with all the money and business letters and accounts to mother."

So they mounted beyond the "*première étage*," and higher still beyond the "*deuxième*," and finally passed along the corridor and paused at a door before which hung a white sheet duly soaked in disinfectants.

"I have put that up already, you see," remarked the doctor, touching it. "Dangerous thing to do, though—might arouse suspicion—told the chambermaid it was to keep out draughts."

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He lifted it for them to pass, and they went on into the sick-room.

A close, sickening odor—the peculiar effluvia of typhus—was the first thing of which they became conscious on entering the apartment. Then they found themselves standing beside the bed whereon lay, tossing and muttering in fevered delirium, a woman of some forty years old, whose thin hands wandered feebly to and fro over the coverlet, while her dark hair, streaked with gray, streamed in tangled masses over a soiled and tumbled pillow. A table beside the bed was crowded with medicine bottles, half-empty cups and glasses, and other paraphernalia of a neglected sick-room; clothes and soiled linen lay upon every chair, and a travelling trunk, dragged into the middle of the room, stood half-open.

"If you will just glance round and see what you are likely to want, I will order it as I go down," remarked the doctor. "And I will look in again this evening—in fact, I think for the future I shall pay my visits only after dark, as the proprietor objects to a doctor being seen too often about the place."

The nuns, after a hasty glance round, mentioned some probable wants: a spirit-lamp, cups, and so on, and then the doctor and Sister Raphael turned to go.

"Good-by, dear sister," whispered the latter; "keep up your heart, and send us news of you soon."

And then Sister Gabrielle found herself alone.

She began by opening the window for a moment, to let in some of the pure fresh air which seemed so sadly needed in that fetid sick chamber; and then, after one brief, refreshing glance at the glories of sea and sky, mountain and olive-yards, which were spread out before her as she closed the casement, she proceeded to set in order the neglected apartment. The tumbled bedclothes were smoothed, the pillow straightened, with deft and gentle touch; soiled clothes and empty plates and glasses cleared away, and a look of cleanliness and order diffused over everything. By-and-by a knock came at the door, and a tray was handed in to her with some dinner for herself and a basin of very watery-looking beef-tea for the invalid, with an inquiry as to whether anything further was required for the night. "I am not allowed to go in," whispered the coquettish-looking chambermaid, "but you can ring if you require anything."

Meanwhile the sick woman lay quietly on her narrow bed, tossing her hot hands a little from side to side as though in search of some cool spot whereon to rest them, and muttering

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faintly unintelligible sentences in French and English from time to time. "There will be no change yet," pronounced the doctor at his evening visit, "so make yourself a bed on the sofa and get some rest; you may need it later on." And so night fell upon the silent room.

CHAPTER II.

The days passed on and still the change, for life or death, delayed its coming. Patient Sister Gabrielle still watched beside her unconscious charge, sometimes slipping outside the heavy curtain of that carbolized sheet which shut them off—she and this stranger together—from the world without, to breathe for a few moments the purer air of the corridor and its open window looking towards the mountains, until the pert chambermaid who waited on them whispered to her that "M. le Proprietaire requested that la sœur would not show herself outside the room, lest other visitors should suspect illness there." So that even that faint relaxation was taken from her. One morning he sent word to her to come to his bureau; and she went wondering and somewhat anxious, for she knew that he received his daily report from the doctor, and asked herself wherein she could supplement it.

"*Bon jour, ma sœur;* how goes your patient? The same? No worse, no better? Ah! it is trying, this." He spoke in halting yet not altogether bad English, knowing that the nun's command of French was but slight. "Look here, I have some word to say to you. Have you found, among the lady's possessions, any such things as letters, papers, *hein?*"

"I have not looked, monsieur," replied Sister Gabrielle, with some indignation.

"But it would be well that you should do so," he returned. "Look here: we must find out her friends—we must know more."

"Do you know nothing of them, then?" questioned the sister, opening her mild blue eyes a little wider as this new and startling fact presented itself.

"Well, it is this. Of course when she first became ill—before you came—I examined her things, and took away all money, and jewelry, and any letters I could find. That I was bound to do, naturally, in my own interest," he added, seeing that the nun looked somewhat startled at his announcement; "I was obliged to see that there was some money forthcoming for the expenses."

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"Oh, yes, certainly!" stammered poor Sister Gabrielle as he paused and looked for approbation.

"Well, now, the money which I found has come to an end. I looked for an address to which to write, among her papers, and found one only. I wrote, and here is the reply." He handed an open letter to the nun. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. Hillyard begs to acknowledge the receipt of Monsieur Grosjean's communication with respect to Miss Falconer. She encloses a post-office order for ten pounds towards the expenses which M. Grosjean may have incurred, and at the same time wishes to state that no further application will be entertained. Any letters from Miss Falconer, or from others on her behalf, will remain unanswered."

"*Voilà!*" commented the proprietaire, as Sister Gabrielle folded and handed him back the letter. "No further hope in that quarter, you see."

"And is that the only address you have been able to find?"

"Absolutely the only one. Now, you see, this money will carry us on for a few days—my own expenses, I mean, nothing more; and for you, ma sœur, there is nothing; I wished to point it out to you."

"That does not matter; we are never paid. I mean we make no fixed charge; all whom we nurse, rich or poor, are expected to make some offering to the convent, according to their means, and the offerings of the rich pay for the expenses of attending on the poor."

Still, as Sister Gabrielle so bravely explained this, there was fading from her mind a hopeful little vision which she had been entertaining all this time, of her own triumphant return to the convent home bearing a substantial "offering" from the inmate of one of the biggest and grandest hotels in the Riviera.

"Well, we must await the course of events," sighed M. Grosjean in a dissatisfied fashion. "If the lady dies, which would be the simplest solution of the difficulty, I shall bury her with this"—waving the ten pound note in his hand—"*et tout sera dit.* If she lives—*hélas!* there will be a long convalescence."

"Does not the consul sometimes help in these cases?" suggested the nun.

"If she were well, he could have her conveyed back to England—as a pauper; I do not know of anything else that he can do. However, I will see. Meanwhile please see if you can find any letters or papers among her things which may give us some clue to her friends. *Bon jour, ma sœur.*"

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Sister Gabrielle went back to the little north room *au troisième* with a sad heart; and as she approached the bed to administer some nourishment at the appointed hour a thrill of pity and compassion came to her as she passed her hand under the hot, restless head, and held a spoon to the parched lips.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" she whispered to herself. "Homeless and friendless—I wonder why?"

As if the words had touched some chord in the sufferer's mind, she began to murmur some words, more connectedly than any the nun had heard hitherto. "Why? Why? Who knows why? Was it my system? It is a good one, yes! Yet listen: *Rouge perd—perd encore—toujours le rouge qui perd*—and those others, they win, and they do not need it as I do. . . . Which do you say is the lucky man? . . . I will ask—him—to give me a number—a number—" and her voice trailed away again into silence.

"I suppose she has been to that dreadful Casino," innocently thought the nun. "Will she die, I wonder? Perhaps I ought to say something to her about it, if a gleam of consciousness comes. It is useless to send for a priest, as, no doubt, she is a Protestant. Is she, though? Well, if she were a Catholic there would surely be something to show it—some medal, scapular—something."

So, seeing that her patient had lapsed into quietude, she set to work to empty the big trunk which, with innate delicacy, she had hitherto refrained from touching, though M. le Proprietaire's rough hands had already tossed and tumbled about its contents. Now, knowing that for its owner's sake it was incumbent on her to seek information, she carefully examined every corner. Dress pockets, the little work-case, an empty card-case, two or three French novels of the usual yellow-covered kind, some torn sheets of paper dotted over with figures, the meaning of which Sister Gabrielle did not fathom, and vaguely supposed them to be "accounts," old concert programmes—was there nothing of the past among all these tumbled heaps of fine linen and lace, gloves and wraps, mostly old and worn, but still dainty in texture; no scrap of identity to be found anywhere?

As she pondered and puzzled over this strange absence of any clue to the sick woman's identity, which she began to think must be intentional, the feeble voice began again its monotonous, broken words.

"It is only life that can fear dying. Possible loss means possible gain . . . gain? I never gain—it is all loss, loss, loss!"

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"Could I not reach that bewildered brain?" thought Sister Gabrielle, rising from her kneeling position beside the trunk and going over to the bed. She took in her hands the crucifix which hung at her side and pressed it to the parched lips of the sufferer, whispering in low tones the word "Jesus." To her surprise the touch of the crucifix seemed to come to those babbling lips as a familiar thing, or perchance an awakening memory; the fevered hand clasped it round, and the murmuring voice began anew: "Sacred Heart . . . Heart of Jesus . . . mercy!"

"She is a Catholic!" said Sister Gabrielle to herself, speaking aloud in her astonishment. "No one but a Catholic would say that. And yet no scapular, no medal, no slightest token of religion anywhere. Poor soul! I fear she has forgotten God."

Presently she gave food again, and noticed afterward that the patient seemed falling into a stupor.

"Yes," said the doctor, who came in shortly afterward; "it is the crisis. If she awake from this stupor she will be saved."

"Otherwise . . . she will pass away in it?"

"Probably." And he nodded farewell with a cheery air, as if to say that their watching would shortly be over.

Sister Gabrielle sat down beside the bed with an anxious heart; doubly so now that she guessed, or fancied, that a soul was there before her which, with all its sins upon it, was standing very near to the threshold of eternity. She took up her rosary and half mechanically began to say it, watching the while with eager eyes lest any change should come. But hours passed on, and the long night; and it was not until the morning sun was pouring its full flood of radiance through the unshaded pane that the sick woman opened her large, languid eyes wearily, but with full, tired consciousness, upon her watcher, and whispered faintly "Who are you?"

CHAPTER III.

So the crisis had passed and she was saved!

Many a better life, to all human seeming, cherished and watched with passionate devotion, might have failed to struggle through the hour of trial; but this woman, whom apparently no one wanted, with no place in life as it seemed, no means even of subsistence, had retained her hold on life and was now

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slowly but surely coming back to strength, and—to what? Was it, as Sister Gabrielle thought to herself as she watched her patient, lying propped up by pillows, with sad and troubled eyes turned towards the window, hardly speaking save to utter a brief word of thanks from time to time for services rendered; was it for the "one more grace" so often given that she had been thus brought back from the very gates of death?

One often wonders, watching beside a sick bed or mourning some irreparable loss, why, where "one is taken and the other left," an Infinite Wisdom seems to choose those whom human love and human needs most cling to, rather than those who, like this sad-faced patient, seem of little use. Perhaps, like the subject of that unconsciously bitter remark which haunts one in its very simplicity of truth, they have "outlived their usefulness"; as was said of some old woman, a mother who had toiled all her life out for children and home, and now was no longer wanted there—"because, ma'am," said one for whom she had spent herself in youth, "she is of no more use—she has *outlived her usefulness!*"

"You will soon be able to get up now," said Sister Gabrielle encouragingly, as she took from the patient's hands an empty cup and lowered her pillow.

"Yes?" was the listless answer.

"Do you not care to recover?"

"Why should I?" And the dark eyes were turned on hers with an unutterable look of hopelessness in their depths.

The sister laid one hand upon the thin, trembling one before her, as she said, half shyly, half gravely, but very earnestly: "Do you not remember that God has been very, very good to you in letting you live?"

"Would he not have been better to me in letting me die?" returned the other bitterly.

"Were you so ready to die then?" questioned the nun, half fearing her own temerity, yet longing to speak the words that had been trembling on her lips for days. "You are a Catholic—I know you are—"

"How did you guess it?" broke in the other, sharply.

"You told me yourself, without intending it, in your delirium."

"Ah! that's true . . . that wretched fever; . . . tell me, did I say anything more—anything about my past, about myself?"

Sister Gabrielle shook her head.

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"Nothing that I could understand. But what has been troubling me was—was—the thought that you might die unprepared."

"Has it? You poor good little nun!" And the dark eyes softened for a moment as they turned an amused, half-sarcastic glance upon her. "You have been thinking of my poor soul, have you? Don't—it is not worth it!"

"Oh! do not say that; do not speak so. What would have become of you if you had died?"

The sick woman turned upon her pillow to look full into Sister Gabrielle's face.

"You remind me of a little pious story I once heard—I wonder whether you know it? Listen. Give me that glass of water at your side. A girl who was—well, not a very good girl—was dying, and the friends round her bed spoke to her—well—as you want to talk to me. One of them asked her '*where she thought she was going?*' She dipped her finger in some water, like this"—she touched the water with her own—"and held it up before them all, one sparkling drop hanging on its tip. 'I am going,' she said, 'where I shall call in vain for one drop of water to cool my burning tongue.' And as she spoke the words she fell back and died!"

Sister Gabrielle could not repress a shudder at the picture thus set before her; but she quickly turned the subject by fetching from a table near a cup of beef-tea which had been warmed over her little spirit-lamp, and which was gratefully, even eagerly consumed by her patient.

That evening she was again summoned to M. Grosjean's bureau.

"So it seems that your patient is recovering?" was his greeting to her.

"She has passed the crisis, yes, monsieur."

"Does she talk? Does she tell you anything about herself? You should encourage her to do so. And look here, ma sœur, I must ask you to speak to her about money matters now—my payment; it is time that she should write to her friends, if she has any, for I need not tell you that ten pounds has very nearly come to an end, even in hotel expenses; and how the doctor will be paid, I know not."

Poor Sister Gabrielle! She felt that she had never in all her life, even through the hardships of her two years' novitiate, had so painful a task to perform as on the following morning, when she essayed to convey the message of M. Grosjean to her patient. Yet she had but few words to say. "I understand,"

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was her listener's calm comment, as she strove to convey as delicately as possible the proprietor's demand. "He wants to be paid—naturally. And I—I have nothing to pay him with. He has already taken all that was here, you say?"

"Everything of value except your watch; that is here," answered Sister Gabrielle, lifting it from the mantel-piece as she spoke.

"Ah, that is well! Give it to me here, please. I may need it yet." And she hid it carefully beneath her pillow, and lay back, evidently thinking painfully, for some time.

"Will you get me some paper, and a pen and ink, please?" she said at length with a visible effort. They were brought to her, and slowly, writing evidently with as much mental as bodily pain, she traced a few lines on two separate sheets of paper, and placed each in an envelope, which she addressed.

"Will you ask the proprietor to stamp these and send them?" she asked.

"I will go down with them myself," said the nun, glad to show that her mission had been so far successful. And she ran lightly down the three long flights of stairs to the tiny bureau where M. Grosjean sat all day long, like a merry spider in the centre of his web.

"What do you think now?" he exclaimed as he saw her; "that unfortunate patient of yours is destined to bring me nothing but misfortune. Her opposite neighbor has caught the fever!"

"Dear me, that is dreadful!" agreed the nun.

"I think the doctor wishes to ask you to undertake the case," went on M. Grosjean; "you see it is very difficult to find a nurse now; there is so much illness about that they are all engaged."

"My present patient is hardly well enough to be left yet," objected Sister Gabrielle.

"She will have to be left, however," retorted the proprietor, "for I do not intend to support a nurse for her any longer. It is hard enough for me to have to keep her—which, of course, I shall only do until she is well enough to leave."

Sister Gabrielle felt somewhat bewildered and shocked at this new turn that things were taking. She had not realized before that her very presence there was, in the eyes of the proprietor, an extra and uncalled-for expense, added to the burden which poor Miss Falconer was already felt to be. As she was extremely anxious to remain near her lonely patient, she began

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to review the circumstances in her mind, and to wonder whether she might venture to undertake a second case which, being so near her former patient, would enable her to give an occasional helping hand or word of comfort to the silent, lonely woman, about whom there hung an air of mystery and sorrow.

"Who is the new sufferer?" asked she, after a pause.

"A young gentleman who, with his bride, is here on their wedding tour," was the reply. "The lady is not strong enough to nurse him alone, and the present epidemic of influenza has taken away all the nurses. I should be very glad if you would stay, since you are already familiar with the situation, and do not fear infection."

So the end of it was that Sister Gabrielle found herself transferred to the opposite room—a large, sunny south one, under strict injunctions not to divulge the nature of the illness which she had lately tended, as well as to take every precaution to isolate and disinfect the sick-room. Her patient, a tall, fair young man, of some five-and-twenty years, seemed much less seriously affected than was the case with Miss Falconer, and had the advantage of every appliance and comfort that money—and the drugs from a fashionable English pharmacy—could bestow. The room was shut in by carbolized sheets; one leading to the corridor, and one to the bedroom adjoining where his young wife remained, Sister Gabrielle whispering bulletins from time to time of his progress.

Every morning about nine o'clock—before entering upon his usual round of visits—the doctor, one of the fashionable English physicians of the place, would make his appearance by the bedside, and, cautiously pulling up his sleeve, touch with two timid fingers the sick man's pulse.

"Fever slackening? Ah, yes! That is right! Tongue, please?" and tiptoeing as far as possible from the reach of infected breath, he would cast a hasty glance at that member.

"Now, nurse, the carbolic!" And a vigorous application of carbolic soap to his hands would follow before with nervous haste he nodded farewell to his patient, and retired outside to continue his directions in the corridor. "Open the window, please, there! Ah! everything is going on well, I think, nurse?"

"Quite well, yes."

"We can do no better than continue present treatment—er—trust to nature to—er—restore vitality. (I beg your pardon, nurse, but will you keep on the *other* side of the current of air, letting it pass *from* me to you, do you see?")

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"You are rather nervous about infection, I think?" remarked Sister Gabrielle one day, tired of his endless fidgetty precautions.

"Well, you see"—he was a pompous little man, and talked in a consequential tone very irritating to the bystander—"I must consider my other patients. I have important cases on hand—most important. I am at present attending the Duchess of Oxford's little boy with measles, . . . and it is a responsible position—most responsible!"

"But your passing through the fresh air carries off any harmful possibilities, surely?" urged she.

"Ah! infection is a subtle thing!" he rejoined, dolefully shaking his head. "One may catch disease anywhere; cabs, railway carriages, narrow streets—all these are so many traps for the unwary. I assure you, nurse, when my wife and I go to England from here we carefully abstain as far as possible from touching the sides of the railway carriage, and never, never lean back in it! . . . There is nothing more you would wish to ask with reference to the patient, is there?"

This was a delicate hint, repeated each morning, intended to convey the fact that the good man was ready for his fee, which, to avoid any misunderstanding, he preferred to pocket at the close of each visit; and accordingly Sister Gabrielle would disappear for a moment into the adjoining room, and come out with the regulation twenty-franc piece in her hand.

"Good morning!" And Sister Gabrielle would retire behind her protecting sheet, and nurse her patient by the light of her own judgment for the next twenty-four hours.

Sometimes, when he was asleep and she knew that she could leave him safely, she would go quietly out, and steal into the dull little back room where Marion Falconer sat day after day in a broken arm-chair, essaying her strength by pacing slowly and painfully from chair to bed and bed to window, gazing out with large and melancholy eyes upon the changeful hues of the mountain beyond and the cleft valley, whence a snow-swollen rivulet trickled downwards to the sea; the only breaks in the monotony of these long, dreary hours being the infrequent trays of comfortless meals thrust into the doorway by a hasty hand, and the few moments' chat with her former nurse. The doctor had ceased his visits, having pronounced her out of danger, and, perchance, perceiving small chance of obtaining his fee. Every day when Sister Gabrielle entered she would turn her wistful looks towards the doorway, with "Are the letters come, do you know? No letter for me, sister?"

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And Sister Gabrielle would shake her head, with some hopeful word which indeed she hardly felt. But the silent, almost awful reserve which encased the sick woman was a barrier which few, and certainly not that timid little nun, could break through. She would hover round her wistfully, and glance at her with shy, appealing looks as she talked in broken sentences of unimportant matters, longing all the time to speak to her of what in very truth she was *waiting to say*—but waiting in vain.

"Is there any English confessor here, I wonder?" she suggested one day as an opening for conversation. "Or perhaps you go to confession in French?"

"Or perhaps not at all?" suggested her questioner, with a faintly ironical smile.

"Would you not like to see a priest, after—having been in such danger of death?"

"I? Oh, no! not at all. Besides, I thought the danger was past?"

"The more reason you have for gratitude," returned Sister Gabrielle quickly, glad even of this slight opening for speaking out her heart.

"This is a great deal to be grateful for, is it not?" spoke Marion Falconer, with a quick little sweep of her hand round the bare room.

"Life *is* a great thing to be grateful for," she answered, "and the future lies in your own power."

"The future?" For once Miss Falconer's indifferent reserve seemed broken through, as she rose and paced with weak, uncertain steps about the room. "What is my future, do you think? Oh, you poor little innocent, ignorant soul! do you know what my life is—what my future is? Look at me! Have I a friend in the world? Is there one single hand that I can grasp or cling to for help, in all the universe? Have I an acquaintance even who would not, if they heard of my death to-night, say 'What a mercy that she is gone'? Look! I am waiting—waiting in a sick despair—for answers to my last appeals for help; and they will not come—I know that! And by-and-by, when I am a little stronger, or the landlord is a little more tired of waiting for the money that never comes, I shall be politely told to go, and leave my worldly goods behind me—such as they are," she added with a dreary little laugh: "and then—when I walk away from this door—what do you propose that I should do then?"

Sister Gabrielle was silent.

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"What is left to me but to do what the fever failed to do? I am thinking over it, every day as I sit here, trying to decide how it is to be. Will it be poison? That is very painful—and besides, I shall have no hole of shelter to crawl into to die; one can't die out in the open street. Will it be the sea? I don't like the sea; it is shallow and difficult to reach, and one is ignominiously rescued. I am not a man, and I have not the stereotyped revolver of Monte Carlo usage; so—"

"Oh, please!" gasped Sister Gabrielle, "don't talk like that. I know you don't mean it, but—"

"Not mean it?" returned the other with a grim little smile, which somehow carried conviction with it. "Well, I hope the proprietor will 'not mean it' when he turns me out into the streets, in a day or two. Perhaps you will kindly make that remark to him?"

Sister Gabrielle stood dumbly looking at her for a moment, feeling as if no words were adequate to touch that profound despair. Suddenly her hand, moving mechanically downwards, encountered the rosary at her side, and with an impulsive movement she unfastened and laid it upon Miss Falconer's lap; then, putting both arms round her neck, she kissed the unresponsive cheek; and turning, hurried from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

In very truth Sister Gabrielle did not in the least guess at her former patient's past or even present life. The ravings of fever, the pencil notes and jottings lying here and there, every indication which would have enlightened a more "worldly" person, passed by her unnoticed and uncomprehended. All that she did take in, however, of the poor wanderer's pitiful and solitary state made her yearn, with the tenderness of a true womanly soul, over that forlorn one to whom by some mysterious overruling of Divine Mercy she had been brought to minister. In after years she used to say that she had never realized until then the terrible inequality of rich and poor against which so many thousands have impotently and wrongly rebelled. In one room sunshine, and comfort, and love—all combining to make human suffering light—in the other poverty, want, despair: within a stone's throw, each to each. And in both rooms the same great, underlying need which, if supplied, would have enriched and ennobled both—the same lack of faith and God.

The mission of those who have devoted their lives to the

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service of the sick and dying is, without doubt, primarily the healing of the body; but there is surely with them also an underlying apostolate of ministration to souls. Among the poor this work is ostensible, almost easy, we would say. With patients of the upper class it is hardly less needful, and requires far more tact, delicacy, and courage for its exercise. If all were known, there have been not a few conversions from heresy as well as those from indifference and sin, wrought by the ministrations of a "nursing sister"; and even those who seem to reap but little benefit from the spiritual side of their ministration, are loud in praise of its temporal advantages.

The second patient whom Sister Gabrielle had been called to tend was a big, light-hearted, muscular young Englishman who, when his time of convalescence began, seemed to live in a perpetual state of half-amused annoyance at the untoward illness which, for the first time in his cheery, irresponsible life, had come upon him. "Queer, isn't it? to feel so weak," he would ejaculate, lifting a feeble hand and arm into the air and pinching its softened muscles amazedly. "How much longer is this sort of thing going to last?"

"Oh! you will soon be sitting up by the fire if you go on as you are doing," the sister would assure him.

"Yes, and then begin to crawl out-of-doors, wrapped up in shawls, like all the rest of the poor creatures Minnie and I used to laugh at!" he continued. "The idea of my being laid by the heels in this wretched place, where three-quarters of the people are consumptives, and the fourth Monte Carloites!"

"What, do you mean gamblers?" ejaculated Sister Gabrielle with awe. "Are there any of *those* here? Not in this hotel, surely?"

"Well—I should think you might tell that better than most!"

"I?"

"Considering that you have been nursing one of them—have you not?"

"You don't mean—" and then all at once a light broke upon her bewildered brain, and she understood the meaning of her perplexities.

"That lady opposite, whom you nursed; she is one of the regular old stagers—frequenters of 'the tables,' you know."

"I did not know it. How did you?"

"They told me down-stairs—the landlord, I think. I declare I should like to make her acquaintance, and get her to teach me the ins and outs of these wonderful 'systems' they talk so

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much about. Don't seem to have done much for her, though, do they? I heard she was just about cleaned out!"

"I am afraid she is," answered Sister Gabrielle, gravely. And her thoughts went off again to the problem which was exercising them night and day: how to help that soul which lay at her door, as it were, in sore need of rescue.

"Can you spare me for half an hour, do you think, to go into the town?" she asked of her patient.

"Oh, dear, yes! by all means, nurse. And you might get me some papers at the same time."

So she hurried off; for a thought had come to her of the way to continue her apostolate of souls. Her destination was a well-stocked "librairie," or book-shop, which she had noticed once before, as announcing itself to speak English and provide the newest English books.

"Do you sell rosaries?" she asked them; but they only stared in perplexity, and showed her a variety of objects, from penholders to artificial flowers.

"Rosaries—'chaplets,'" she insisted, and could not show them her own, because she had left it on Marion Falconer's lap.

"*Madame demande un chaplet*," explained the shop-boy, retiring to giggle with his confrère at the back of the counter.

"No, we do not sell '*des objets religieux*,'" explained the master, coming forward.

"Where can I find some?"

"*Ma foi! je ne sais pas.* Perhaps up in the old town—not here."

No, not there. Not where *the English church*, with its parsonage and garden; English-speaking shops which 'closed on Sundays,' and held notices of every variety of Protestant service; where the English influence and English religion were paramount, and Catholicism a thing of the people, a superstition of the aborigines, to be sneered at like Hinduism in India, and its attributes kept well out of sight.

So she left the fashionable quarter—the Mentone as it is known to the world of to-day—and toiled up a steep little dingy street to the vicinity of the parish church, where, after some difficulty, in an odd little shop, which sold wools and gloves and a few fly-blown old religious pictures, she succeeded in finding the object of her search.

"I am later out than I expected to be," she explained as she made her reappearance, rather breathless and tired, in her patient's room. "I could not find what I wanted except in

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the old town. And now, when I have made you comfortable, may I leave you again for a few minutes?"

And soon she was knocking at the door of Miss Falconer's room.

By this time, it should be said, Marion Falconer had sufficiently recovered strength to be able to put on her walking things each morning, and creep slowly down-stairs and out into the bright, warm sunshine. Sister Gabrielle had managed to disinfect her room, and she was only deterred from taking her place with the rest of the world down-stairs by the dread of receiving her sentence of dismissal from the landlord. So that on this still, warm and sunny afternoon Sister Gabrielle was not surprised to find her standing before the tall gilt mirror over the mantel-piece arranging her bonnet and veil to go out.

"I have come to redeem my rosary—by bringing you another," said the nun, smiling brightly as she entered; "you will not mind my giving you one, will you? For as I have not seen one among your possessions I fancy you must have lost yours."

"I have indeed lost it—many years since," replied Miss Falconer, with a wan little smile, as she turned from the glass and took the sister's two outstretched hands in hers with a sort of grave tenderness with which she now always received her. "You are very good to think of it—and of me, as you do."

"It is a poor, commonplace little one," said the former speaker; "only for your use until you have a better one." And she placed a small red rosary in the other's palm.

"*Red! Rouge gagne!*" exclaimed Miss Falconer, almost gaily, as she took it. "Is it an omen—may I take it so, I wonder?" Then, seeing the shocked look on Sister Gabrielle's face: "Oh! I horrify you, I know, dear sister. I cannot help it; all my thoughts turn one way! Will it please you better if I tell you that I actually used your rosary last night?"

"Yes indeed, I *am* glad. But do not let me keep you now; you are going out."

A shade fell over the transient brightness of Marion Falconer's face as these words recalled her to herself. "Yes, I am going out," she said, "and you will not like to hear where!"

"Tell me."

"In the first place, the sentence has been pronounced; the landlord informed me this morning that I must leave to-morrow."

"Oh!" gasped Sister Gabrielle, "what will you do?"

"I am going to try one last chance—one last throw for fortune."

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"What do you mean?"

"Listen. I pawned my watch this morning, and got this for it," showing some gold-pieces in her worn, shabby purse. "With this I am going, *for the last time*, to Monte Carlo."

"Oh, *don't!*" broke in her listener.

"I shall stake it all—in a way that will double, treble itself, if it wins; and if I win I promise you I will play no more; yes, I know that is what you are asking me. I shall have enough then to support myself for a few days while gaining more strength to seek employment."

"And if you lose?"

"Then . . . don't ask!" she answered abruptly.

"But—but why not live for those few days on what you have there?"

"Because I must, must, *must* have one throw more! I cannot help it, the madness of it is upon me; you cannot understand the irresistibleness of the temptation."

"I am afraid you are resisting grace," said Sister Gabrielle sadly.

"Don't say that, but wish me good luck! There! Good-by—and—and, pray for me!" She bent down and kissed the cheek of her new-found friend, and taking up the long-handled sunshade, with which she supported her still somewhat uncertain footsteps, she quitted the room. Sister Gabrielle took up her own large rosary, which lay upon the table near, and knelt down to say a portion of it "for that soul which is in danger of losing grace," as she whispered, before she left, with slow and saddened steps, that dull and cheerless room.

CHAPTER V.

It was somewhat early on the following morning—perhaps about eight o'clock or so—that Sister Gabrielle, coming for a moment out into the corridor into which all the rooms opened, found herself face to face with, almost knocking against, in fact, a little group of men who were entering the room in front of her, No. 27. "Why, that is Miss Falconer's room," she thought; "surely that unfeeling landlord has not turned her out already!"

In another moment the identical individual himself appeared, his usually smiling appearance having given place to one of grave concern; and, without noticing the looker-on, he passed her and went after the others into the room. A vague feeling

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of uneasy surprise drew Sister Gabrielle to linger just within the doorway of the room she had quitted and now re-entered, with some faint idea of catching and interpellating the landlord at his exit. Presently they came out, talking low, and still not observing her; and she heard M. Grosjean address the foremost gentleman, a quiet-looking, elderly Englishman, as "Monsieur le Consul." Presently, much to her surprise, she saw them close and lock the door, and a young man, who acted as the consul's aide or secretary, proceeded to affix seals to it in a very business-like manner, while his superior slowly paced up and down the corridor conversing in a low voice with the landlord. When the official seals were duly affixed they departed, and silence again reigned throughout the place.

Sister Gabrielle went back into the room and rang the bell once, twice, for the femme de chambre; then came outside to avoid speaking in the invalid's room.

"Did you ring for hot water? Here it is, ma sœur!" said the lively chambermaid, whose services had considerably improved in attentiveness since Sister Gabrielle had begun to require them on behalf of a rich Englishman instead of a lonely and impecunious "demoiselle."

"What does that mean?" whispered the nun, pointing to the sealed-up door.

"Ah, yes! It is dreadful, is it not?"

"I do not know; . . . what is it? What has happened?" almost gasped her listener.

"*Quoi, vous ne savez pas?* She is dead, that lady who was there."

"*Dead?*"

The girl nodded. "Some accident, I do not know what it was rightly. Some say, indeed, that she destroyed herself. Anyhow she was to have left to-day, and now—*voilà!* . . . Are you ready for the coffee yet?"

"Yes—no—I mean yes, bring it," said Sister Gabrielle confusedly, her eyes still fixed upon the two great splotches of red wax, stamped with the English arms, which seemed to grow larger and larger before her eyes. And then she had to control herself and go in and attend upon her invalid, who was very vivacious, and talked of going for a drive, and getting disinfected, and casting aside this horrid old fever. And then, for the first time, she found herself hailing with positive pleasure the doctor's well-known tap at the door, listened patiently to the scraps of chat and questions of news with which the

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patient plied him, as the only representative of the outside world whom he could at present reach, and followed him as sedately, to all outward appearance, from the room as on any other occasion.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as on closing the door behind him he caught sight of the red seals opposite, "that is the room, is it? Sad business, eh?"

"Tell me what it is, please; I do not quite understand what has happened. Have you heard it all?"

"Just met the consul as I was coming up here, and he told me. Some lady, one of those regular Monte Carlo people who come to stay here and go up every day to 'the tables'."

"To—to gamble, you mean?"

"Yes, yes, *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, and so forth, you know. The sort of people who go in for it as a profession, a means of livelihood, you know."

"Yes—well?"

"Well, this person it appears used to go up there every day (only she had been ill lately and had not gone), and yesterday evening, as she was returning home, on arriving at the station and alighting from the train she—well they don't know whether accidentally or on purpose, but at all events she got entangled as the train was moving on—and killed."

An exclamation of horror broke, involuntary, from the lips of the nun. The doctor suddenly turned and faced her.

"Why—why—wasn't that the very woman you were nursing before you took my patient—the first case, from whom he was supposed to have caught the fever?"

She nodded, unable for a moment to speak.

"Then, bless my soul! you'll be wanted at the inquest most likely. They are trying in vain to find out anything about her—who she was—her relatives, friends, anything. I must remind the consul!"

"Oh, pray, pray don't!" breathed the nun, to whom the word "inquest" meant unutterable horrors.

"But you must, you know!" he persisted. "I suppose you know all about her?"

"Indeed I know nothing, nothing. Ask the landlord if I am not fully as ignorant as himself."

"Oh! well, excuse me, but that's not possible. You who were with her, night and day, for weeks . . . At all events, I shall tell the consul!" And, full of importance, he hurried away down the stairs, and she heard his footsteps die away in the distance.

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An hour or two passed, and she went about her work as usual, with a sickening horror at her heart and a dreary longing to hear more of the tragedy which lay, as it were, at their door. Then a tap and a whispered summons came, and she found herself standing before M. Grosjean beside the still sealed door.

"You know what has happened?" he said to her very gravely. "Can you tell us anything about—her; anything which may be of use at the inquest?"

She shook her head. "You know that I never heard anything of her past or of her friends; you asked me that before."

"When did you see her last?"

"Yesterday."

"Morning or afternoon?"

"Afternoon. I went in to see her, and found her dressed to go out. She went while I was there."

"So you were almost the last person to speak to her, hereabouts at least. Well, how did she seem?"

"Much as usual. Perhaps rather brighter than usual."

"Did she tell you that I had given her notice to leave?"

"Yes."

"What did she say about it?"

"She said that she was going to 'try her luck' once more."

"And did she say what she would do if she lost?"

"No." Thankful indeed was Sister Gabrielle to be able to speak that "no." She knew what was the underlying thought in the questioner's mind, the scarcely defined dread in her own; and there rose up in her mind a wild desire to combat that suspicion.

"Well, you can tell me nothing more?" questioned M. Grosjean. "It is very perplexing. One does not know what to do. The consul has telegraphed to the lady who wrote once before—you remember? The only address we have."

"You . . . they will not want to question me—elsewhere, will they?"

"Oh, I suppose not, unless the consul wishes to see you."

"Do tell me, please"—she hesitated as to how to word her inquiry—"how do they think it happened?"

"They say that either she missed her footing and fell under the carriage, or—" he shrugged his shoulders with a significant gesture.

"She fell down, I am sure of it!" responded the nun eagerly; "you know she was still very, very weak from her illness; I have often seen her stumble in going upstairs."

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"Ha! yes, that is true. I must tell them that! You see, it is very disagreeable for me; people saying that she was in despair—that—that I was hard upon her, in fact. I do not think so; do you? I really could not keep her for ever."

"No," said his hearer mechanically; and within herself she was thinking, "one cannot expect a hotel-keeper to be merciful; but what an awful, awful thing it would be to drive a fellow-creature to despair!"

"Monsieur Grosjean," she called softly after him as he was turning away, "one thing I should like to ask you."

"*A votre service, ma sœur?*"

"Where is—*she?*"

"The body, you mean? In a room near the station. It will be buried to-morrow."

"I should like to see her once more. Would it be possible?"

"Why—yes, I suppose so. I will write a line which you can present to the people of the house, and they will admit you. Come to my bureau down-stairs when you want it."

"Thank you."

She went in to her patient, who was tranquilly unconscious of the tragedy, and told him she was going out. Then, exchanging her indoor for an outdoor veil, she set forth duly furnished with an order for admittance from the landlord. It was a lovely morning, the sunlight sparkling on a thousand ripples over the sea, the clear blue headlands standing out distinct and fair along the coast, Bordighera and San Remo and all the Italian coast on the one hand, and on the other the white gleam of fair, foul, Circe-like Monte Carlo, like some vile, beauteous traitress, laughing beneath the warmth of the sun.

"What a beautiful world God has made, and how man has destroyed it!" she thought to herself, as we all have thought when we gaze on the loveliness of earth and sea and sky which men call "the Riviera." Even Sister Gabrielle—though she was a somewhat prosaic little soul—felt uplifted for a moment into a feeling of that delight in living, that contentment in the mere sense of existence, which so seldom visits the inhabitants of any duller clime, and which one pictures to one's self as the true key-note of human joy in the old Greek times. And this all-pervading beauty and entrancement of nature in early summer helped to bring a sharp, painful shock to her mind as she crossed the threshold of the darkened house indicated in her paper of directions, and knew herself in the presence of death.

"You knew the *povera donna?*" questioned the gaunt, black-

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haired woman who guarded the death-chamber, and reached down with one hand a key from the wall above her, while the other arm supported a little swarthy "*bambino*" swaddled in rags.

"Yes, I knew her," answered the nun, gathering, though imperfectly, the sense of the *patois* speech.

The woman turned the key and signed to her to enter the room beyond, where, on a humble bed, lay a shrouded form. Yes, it was Marion Falconer. The sad, dark eyes which she had watched so often turning in hopeless longing towards the light were closed now, in everlasting rest. The poor, thin hands were folded peacefully upon her breast, and as Sister Gabrielle laid her own warm one upon them she started, for there beneath her touch, twined tightly among the stiff fingers, was the little red rosary she had given.

"Yes," nodded the woman, noticing her start of surprise, "it is a chaplet. It was found clasped in her hands when she died, and I placed it there. One would have thought she had been a Catholic, would not one? Only it is not so, of course, for she was an *Inglese*, and they are not *Cristiani*."

"She *was* a Catholic," answered the nun, in her broken Italian. "You must tell them so." And then she knelt and prayed, with a strange, dream-like sense of sorrow and loss, for the soul whose earthly tenement she had so long tended, until the woman grew impatient at her stay, and she knew she must return to her own work. "*You* will no more come back to that dull room, to sadness and pain, and weary waiting and anxious fears," she whispered, leaning over the quiet dead form. "Do you know now how I prayed for you? I will still pray, all my life, for your soul; and—*God is very merciful.* Good-by, dear; good-by!" And she kissed the white, cold lips, and went back into the southern sunshine.

. . . . . .

And this was all—all that Sister Gabrielle ever knew; for one's prayers are not always visibly answered in this world. And so it was that the tender-hearted little nun had never the consolation of learning (until, perchance, it was told her by angel voices in the hereafter) how the trembling footsteps *had*, even as she hoped, turned backwards like those of the Prodigal, to "arise and go to the Father," with a last plaintive appeal to Mary on her lips and in her heart as she clasped the little rosary, when the Divine Mercy, more merciful than its creatures, answered that appeal by a brief and all but painless death.

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HOLY WEEK IN SPAIN.

BY ALQUIEN.

WHO has not heard of the Holy Week ceremonies and processions of Seville?—the most gorgeous, the most extraordinary, the most interesting in the world! Formerly, before the usurpation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, the Eternal City stood first, as is natural, not only with its Holy Week but with all its religious ceremonies; but since the dominions of the Holy Father have been wrested from him, and he is virtually a prisoner in his own capital, they have been discontinued, and Seville stands unrivalled in the Catholic world for the pomp and diversity of its Holy Week pageants.

Spain, although each day becoming better known, as each day she is taking a higher and more important place among the countries of Europe—thanks to the noble and wise policy of the late, deeply lamented King Alfonso XII.—and the years of peace and prosperity she enjoyed under him, and still enjoys under the regency of his virtuous widow, yet stands sufficiently out of the beaten track to be but comparatively little travelled even in these days of steamboats, express trains, Cook's tourists, and universal sight-seeing.

It may not come amiss, therefore, to those who have not had the opportunity of visiting the country and seeing the ceremonies for themselves (particularly now, when the eyes of all the world are fixed on the land which played so important a part in the discovery of Columbus), if I copy for their entertainment a few of the jottings from my journal in Spain relating to the celebration of Holy Week, both in Seville and Madrid. I give the precedence to Seville, having chanced to spend my first year in Spain there.

PALM SUNDAY.

This afternoon the first of the processions took place. We had seats in one of the fine balconies of the *Ayuntamiento* (Town Hall), overlooking the Calle de San Francisco. All the balconies and windows were hung with colored velvets and stuffs, and filled with people waiting to see the pro-

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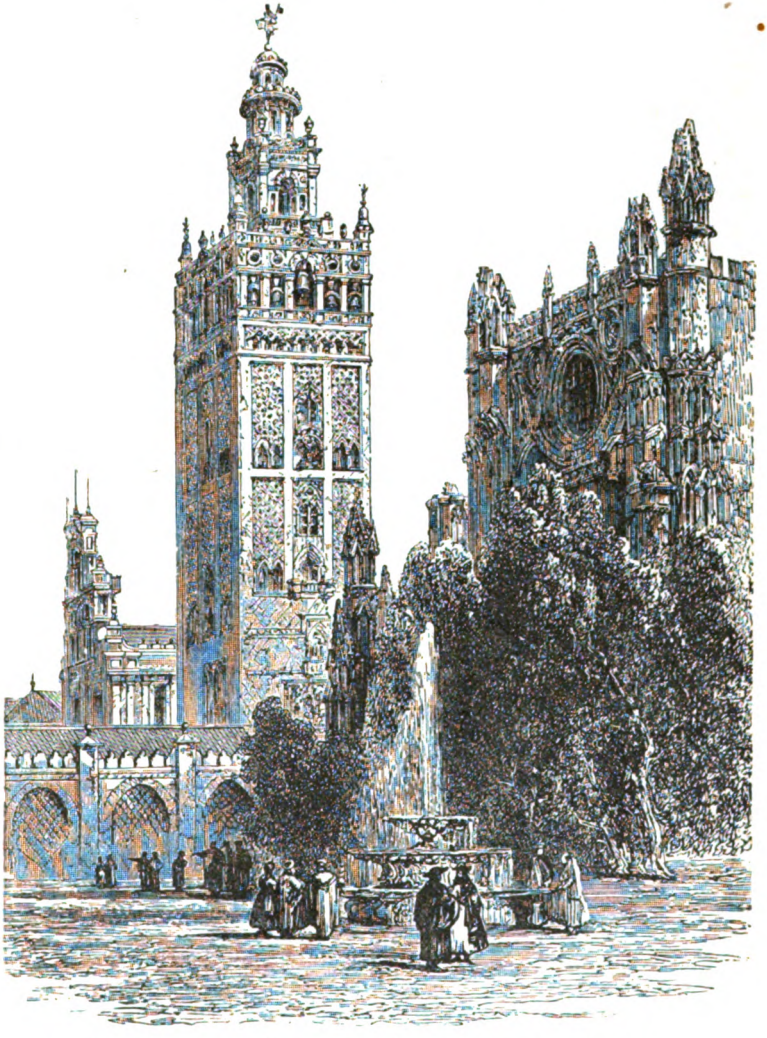
cessions pass. Down below, too, a dense human mass surged backward and forward at both sides of the street, each small unit in the great whole struggling and pushing in frantic endeavor to get the best place in front. The long tiers of wooden



THE GIRALDA—A FAMOUS OLD ARABIAN TOWER IN SEVILLE.

benches and iron chairs, erected for the occasion and hired out at fancy prices for the week, were also packed as tightly as human ingenuity could devise.

It was past five o'clock before the first of the processions made its appearance. First walked two men dressed in white

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robes, the long trains of which they carried over one arm, displaying white stockings up to the knees and buckled shoes. On their heads were high, peaked, sugar-loaf-shaped purple caps, with a flap or mask of purple silk falling over the face and completely concealing it, having only two holes for the eyes. In one hand they carried a long, lighted candle, in the other a white wand. These were the Nazarenos (Nazarenes), who came to clear the way for "Christ to pass."

When they reached the spot where the Queen Mother, Isabel II., was sitting, they bowed low, and asked her in a loud voice if "Jesus may pass." Her Majesty, having made a sign to signify "Yes," they turned back to desire the procession, which was waiting a short distance off, to proceed. They then returned with several other Nazarenes, some running, some walking, all clearing the way right and left with their wands. Behind them came an enormous gilt altar or stand, on which were the life-size figures of our Saviour bound to the pillar, and a Jew with uplifted scourge, surrounded by lighted wax candles in gilt candlesticks. The lower part of the altar was draped with black velvet, which concealed the thirty or forty men who were carrying it.

The Nazarenes tapped the altar with their wands, and it stopped opposite to the queen's balcony. After a few moments her Majesty made a sign for them to go on; the Nazarenes tapped again with their wands, and it was borne slowly away on the shoulders of its invisible bearers. After it marched from fifty to one hundred men dressed as Roman soldiers, in magnificent costumes; short tunics and cloaks, heavy with gold fringe and embroidery, long, white silk stockings and gold sandals. A military band, its members in similar attire, marched at their head, playing a requiem.

Then followed incense-bearers and clergy with crosses, banners, etc., each person carrying a lighted wax candle.

After an interval of about a quarter of an hour the next procession began to come in sight. It consisted of two *pasos* (as the images are called); one, our Lord before Herod; the other, the Blessed Virgin accompanied by St. John. Both these images are real works of art, being exquisitely carved in wood by the celebrated sculptor, Roldau; but they are disfigured, like all the statues in Spain, by being dressed in real velvets, silks, and laces. Our Lady's costume on this occasion was of black velvet, with a long train of the same, embroidered with angels in gold relief; a white coif like a nun's covered

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her head. St. John was decked out in crimson and gold; our Saviour in a white robe, with a gold cord round the waist.

The custom of dressing the statues in Spain dates back for centuries. It was introduced by one of the first Christian kings and has been kept up religiously ever since by the people, who consider it the greatest mark of respect they can show them. So their want of taste must be forgiven in consideration of their faith and simple piety.

After these *pasos* came the usual Nazarenes (with white instead of purple caps), soldiers, Jews, high-priests, clergymen, crosses, banners, and incense as in the preceding procession.

During Holy Week each parish church sends out a procession consisting of one or more *pasos*, with accompanying Jews, Romans, and Nazarenes (who are members of the different charitable confraternities, and parishioners of that particular church), and each procession forms one entire scene or tableau of the whole Passion. The costumes, etc., often cost thousands. The parishes vie with each other as to which procession shall be most gorgeous and brilliant. All start from their parish churches, passing through the principal streets to the cathedral, where they end. They make one great mistake, to my mind, in the order of the processions. As they are sent out according to the precedence of each parish church, it often happens that, instead of beginning with the first stages of the Passion, going consecutively through them and ending with the Crucifixion and Burial, as they could so easily do, the effect is spoiled by some of the later scenes being represented before the former; the taking down from the Cross, for example, before the Prayer in the Garden, and so on. These processions being intended to place before the faithful, in the most vivid manner possible, during Holy Week, the sufferings endured by our Saviour in the various stages of his Passion, it would seem natural that the very secondary question of precedence should be put aside, and the parishes come to an understanding between themselves that the *pasos* should be sent out, not according to the antiquity of the church that owns them, but according to the order of the scenes which they represent. But the parishioners consider their dignity, or rather the dignity of their church and *pasos*, is involved in the matter, and absolutely refuse to give up the rights they have enjoyed from time immemorial.

On Monday and Tuesday there were no processions.

On Wednesday the ceremonies began at five o'clock A.M. in the cathedral and lasted till eleven. One of the most solemn

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and beautiful sights I have ever seen took place there during High Mass—the Breaking of the Veil. As the priest pronounced the words of the Gospel, "And the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, from the top even to the bottom; and the earth quaked and the rocks were rent," a roar of cannon shook the cathedral to its very foundation, and the white veil which hung from roof to floor at the back of the altar was torn down the centre from "the top even to the bottom."

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! went the cannon overhead, from the wide cornice overlooking the dismantled, black-draped altar, shaking the church like veritable thunder; each flash lighting up the rows and rows of pillared arches and long, majestic aisles, always sombre and solemn, but doubly so today when, instead of the usual blaze of light from the innumerable lamps and candles of feast days, the darkness was made more perceptible by the three mournful-looking black candles that stood on the altar. The effect was startling—wonderful! The sudden explosion in the midst of profoundest silence; the momentary flood of light; then darkness denser than before, silence more profound from the contrast, to be followed by another flash and crash again and again, was almost terrifying. In the afternoon we again went to the *Ayuntamiento* to see several processions pass. They lasted from three o'clock till dark, and were so much like the Sunday's ones that they do not need description. There were three Crucifixion *pasos*, the Blessed Virgin again with St. John, and *Nuestra Señora de la Piedad* (Our Lady of Pity) surrounded by the other holy women. Behind each Crucifixion walked a man in a purple habit, with a rope round his waist, bare feet, and a mask on his face, carrying a ladder. The usual Nazarenes, soldiers, music, clergy, incense, etc., accompanied each procession.

As each *paso* went by a voice in the crowd sang a few bars of an extraordinary kind of Andalusian chant or lamentation (*saeta*), which had a most striking and plaintive effect. The singer, whoever he was, had a very powerful voice, which rose high above the murmuring of the crowd, and could be heard distinctly all round. After each couplet he stopped (in the Andalusian style), and a shrill female voice took up the chant and sang another couplet. This was to represent the women of Jerusalem lamenting over our Lord.

The day's ceremonies finished with the *Miserere* in the cathedral at ten o'clock at night. It was exquisitely sung, and most impressive.

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HOLY THURSDAY.

This morning up again betimes, and off to the cathedral. After High Mass the Blessed Sacrament was carried in state from the high altar to the sepulchre, or *monumento*, prepared for it. Cardinals, bishops, and priests accompanied it in solemn procession, as also Queen Isabel and the infantas, with white mantillas on their heads and carrying lighted candles in their hands.

The sepulchre, erected temporarily in the middle of the cathedral, was an immense structure of white and gold, reaching from floor to ceiling. It was composed of three stories, each of a different style of architecture—the first Doric, the second Ionic, and the third Corinthian. Each story was supported by sixteen pillars, four at each side, the four sides being exactly alike, with figures of the patriarchs all round. The figures at the top were, of course, of colossal size, the cathedral being so lofty. The great cross at the top touched the roof. In the lowest story was a magnificent solid silver tabernacle of the same shape and style as the *monumento*, with its three stories and its four sides alike, in the centre of which the Blessed Sacrament was deposited. Three hundred and thirty-six lamps hung round, which with the thousands of wax candles with which all available space in the three stories was filled, made the sepulchre one blaze of light, gold, and silver.

From the moment the Blessed Sacrament is placed in the sepulchre on Holy Thursday—here, as in Madrid—no carriages or vehicles of any kind are allowed to pass through the streets; the soldiers carry their arms reversed, as for a funeral; nor can they salute with them even the king. The flags are hoisted half-mast high, the trumpets are muffled, and the bells silenced —a great clapper being used instead—until the *Gloria* is sung on Holy Saturday.

All through the afternoon there were processions through the streets, much the same as those of the preceding days. The *pasos* were different, the same ones never being sent out twice during Holy Week; but there was nothing particularly remarkable about them to need description.

We were told that the most gorgeous and interesting of all the processions would take place at three o'clock in the morning; and we accordingly decided, in spite of our really hard labor of the days before, and all that we still would have to go through until Easter Sunday, to go to see it.

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The streets through which we walked on our way to the *Ayuntamiento* were as crowded as if it were three o'clock in the afternoon instead of three A.M.

This procession is called the *Silenciosa*, every one in it keeping strict silence from the time it sets out until it finishes. Many of the nobles and grandees of Spain walk in it dressed as Nazarenes. As they wear masks over their faces nobody knows who they are, and they are most careful not to let themselves be recognized even by one another.

The *pasos* were splendid, and the costumes of the Roman soldiers of extraordinary magnificence. The heels of their boots and hilts of their swords were of gold, and their tunics embroidered in gold and precious stones.

GOOD FRIDAY.

To-day throughout Spain every one dresses in deep mourning. In the morning there were the offices and Mass of the Presanctified in the cathedral, and in the afternoon some very interesting processions, one of which, the *Santo Entierro*, I must describe.

After *pasos* of the crucifixion and taking down from the cross, came a superb mausoleum of solid silver gilt, containing a crystal case, through which could be seen Montaire's exquisitely carved figure of the dead Christ.

This was followed by a number of women dressed in black, with thick veils covering their faces, carrying lighted candles; a woman dressed in white, with a bandage over her eyes, to represent Faith; another as Veronica, with an open handkerchief in her hand, and her long hair falling to her feet and covering her face completely. These were people who came to fulfil an *ofrecemiento*, or vow, they made to obtain some favor, or in thanksgiving for one already granted.

Next came a guard of Roman soldiers; at their head a little boy mounted on a beautiful horse, which he sat splendidly, although he rode without stirrups. The horse was unshod on account of its being Good Friday. This was the Centurion. His dress was superb, his tunic and cloak literally blazing with precious stones. As he passed the queen his horse went down on its knees, as a royal salute, then rose and passed on. Soldiers followed, playing a requiem, with muffled trumpets and drums. Then came another *paso*, *Nuestra Señora de la Solidad* (Our Lady of Solitude), dressed in black velvet; her mantle, six or seven yards in length, was held up by four or five women,

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dressed in black and with veils concealing their faces, who walked behind. Then bishops, priests, and acolytes with incense, crosses, and banners.

The queen and we of the royal party left our seats and, with candles in our hands, accompanied the procession until it reached the cathedral.

HOLY SATURDAY.

The Holy Week ceremonies finished this morning by the taking away of the black veil in the cathedral.

A long black veil hung from roof to floor, concealing the altar. All was dark and sombre; no lights, flowers, or ornaments relieved the gloom.

Suddenly, as the priest intoned the words *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, a volley of cannon thundered through the cathedral, and, as if by magic, the great black veil was drawn aside, and there stood the altar white and dazzling, one blaze of light, gold, and flowers, while a thousand sweet-toned silver bells were set ringing, the organ pealed forth a flood of harmony from its metal tubes, and the choir triumphantly sang "Glory be to God on high!"

HOLY WEEK IN MADRID.

Madrid celebrates her Holy Week ceremonies in quite a different manner from Seville.

There are no gorgeous pageants or processions through the streets, except the royal procession on Holy Thursday; everything is carried on inside the churches. All is devotional, stately, royal, as befitting the capital of Spain and the headquarters of "his most Catholic majesty."

The most interesting of all the ceremonies are those which take place in the Chapel Royal of the palace. The following pages from my journal were written during the Holy Week, April, 1885, when King Alfonso XII. was alive* and assisted at them in state, with the queen and royal family.

PALM SUNDAY.

This morning there was what is called *capilla publica* in the Chapel Royal; which means that the king, queen, and royal family assist at Mass publicly and in state in the Chapel Royal, instead of privately in their tribune or oratory.

The ceremonies began at eleven o'clock. A few minutes before the hour the king and queen passed in procession through

* King Alfonso died November 25, 1885.

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the long gallery leading from their apartments to the chapel. In front walked one of the king's own servants; after him the *gentiles-hombres de casa y boca*, the *mayor domos de semana*—so called because each one is a week at a time on duty at the palace—and the grandees of Spain. Then came the king, queen, and infantas. The king wore his gala uniform of captain-general, with the orders of the Golden Fleece, the collar of Charles III., and Grand Cross of San Fernando. The queen and infantas were richly dressed, and wore white mantillas. Immediately after them came the *camarera*—mistress of the robes in England—the *mayor domo mayor* (lord high chamberlain), *damas* and chamberlains in attendance, aides-de-camp, and the colonels of the halberdiers and horse guards to-day "on guard" at the palace. Last of all came the band of the halberdiers, playing a march. The gallery was hung with splendid tapestry, and lined on both sides with halberdiers, dressed in snow-white breeches, black gaiters, and red-faced uniforms, with halberds presented as their majesties passed.

At the door of the chapel the royal *cortège* was met by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo, the Patriarch of the Indies, and chaplains of honor. A raised daïs, with a crimson velvet canopy, richly embroidered with the royal crown and arms of Spain in gold relief, stood a little below the altar, at the left. On it were two arm-chairs, or thrones, covered in crimson and gold like the canopy, for the king and queen; and a little to one side, facing the altar, two cushions for them to kneel upon. On the right of the daïs were chairs for the king's sisters, the infantas, and two rows of velvet-covered benches for the camarera, damas, grandees, etc., etc. On the other side, facing the daïs, sat the *mayor domos de semana*, whose duty on this occasion was to serve the cruets, etc., during Mass. These functionaries only serve Mass when either a cardinal or a bishop officiates, which always is the case at *capillas publicas*. At each end of the bench upon which the *mayor domos* sat stood two halberdiers presenting arms. They were relieved by others every quarter of an hour. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo and the Pope's nuncio sat nearer to the altar, in front of the *mayor domos*, and at the end of the chapel, facing the altar, a benchful of chaplains of honor, in their crimson silk robes and long trains. While the High Mass was being chanted, the Patriarch of the Indies stood at the foot of the daïs, and repeated aloud for their majesties the words of the ordinary. A chaplain of honor did the same for the infantas.

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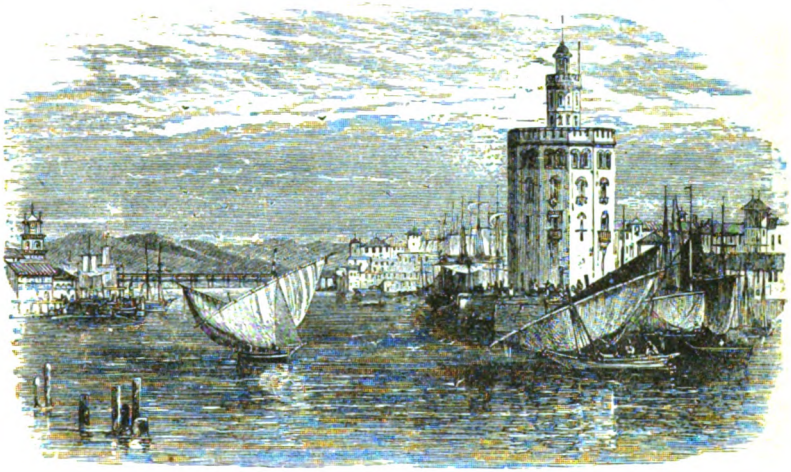
So far the ceremonial of to-day was the same as that usual at all *capillas publicas*. After this comes the part peculiar to Palm Sunday.

After the blessing of the palms, which took place before Mass began, the king and queen went up to the steps of the altar and received each a palm from the hands of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo. When they had kissed his eminence's ring, and made a low reverence to the altar, they returned to their seats on the daïs. Then two and two, the infantas, the ladies and gentlemen of the household already mentioned, and the chaplains of honor, all went up and received palms. The infantas, as well as the ladies in attendance, curtseyed low,



THE TORRE DEL ORO IN SEVILLE.

twice to the altar (coming and going) and each time they passed the king and queen. The poor ladies who have, of course, to curtsey to the infantas as well, find it no easy matter sometimes to achieve this feat gracefully; as between trying to manage their trains and the long palms, which are so flexible that they keep perpetually bobbing up and down in their hands, it is quite a *tour de force*.

The effect of these long, waving, golden palms during the procession, which took place after the first gospel, was splendid. The church seemed a moving forest of them. The cardinal-archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament under a magnificent canopy, embroidered with gold and precious stones, the four gold poles of which were held by halberdiers, a guard of the same walking behind. After them came the Patriarch of the

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Indies, cardinals, bishops, and officiating clergy, the nuncio, chaplains of honor, and acolytes with incense. Then the king, queen, infantas, ladies, gentlemen, *mayor domos*, and officers, all with long golden palms. It is impossible to give any idea of the brilliant effect of the procession as it went slowly down the church and out into the tapestry-hung gallery.

The mingling and blending together of so many colors and hues, the rich vestments, the gorgeous uniforms, the burnished halberds bristling in the midst of a forest of golden palms, was dazzlingly beautiful.

Having gone all round the gallery, the procession again entered the church and High Mass proceeded as usual.

HOLY THURSDAY.

To-day's ceremonials are the most interesting of all.

Of the *capilla publica* with which they began it is needless to speak, having already described one.

Immediately after High Mass was finished came the *lavatorio* in the grand *Sala de Columnas*, when the king washed the feet of twelve poor old men, and the queen those of twelve old women.

At two o'clock precisely their majesties and the infantas entered the Hall of Columns, accompanied by all the cardinals, bishops, and clergy who had assisted at the *capilla publica*, the grandees of Spain, *mayor domos*, chamberlains, ladies and gentlemen in attendance; the king in uniform of grand gala, with orders, crosses, and decorations; the queen in full dress, her long court train borne by her lord high chamberlain, a magnificent diadem of diamonds on her head and wearing a white mantilla. The infantas and ladies who accompanied them were also in full dress, with court trains, jewels and ornaments; the trains of their royal highnesses being borne by *mayor domos de semana*, while the ladies carried theirs over their left arms.

Round the hall several tribunes had been erected for the infantas, their suites, and the members of the *corps diplomatique* in Madrid, who are always invited to see this ceremony.

Down the centre of the hall were two raised platforms. On the one at the right sat the twelve old men in a row, dressed in a complete suit of new clothes given to them by the king. A long table, laid for twelve persons, stood at some distance. On the other side sat the twelve old women, also dressed in their new clothes, the gift of the queen, with their table laid before them. A little way off was an altar with a crucifix and

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two lighted candles on it. Standing before it, the Patriarch of the Indies read aloud the words of the Gospel relating to the washing of the disciples' feet by our Lord. When he had finished reading, the lord high steward tied a little embroidered band, fringed with gold, round the king's waist, as a symbol of the towel which our Saviour girt about him, and his majesty, followed by the lord high steward carrying a gold basin and ewer, ascended the platform.

Then, kneeling down before each old man in turn, he poured a little of the water from the ewer over the feet, which he then wiped and kissed. At the other side the queen was performing the same office for the old women, in exactly the same way, attended by her *camarera mayor*. When the last foot was washed the king led the old men, one by one, to the table, and put them sitting at it; while the queen did the same with her old women.

Then their majesties served the twenty-four fortunate old mortals to a sumptuous fish dinner (it being Holy Thursday no meat was allowed), consisting of fifteen dishes and fifteen *entremets* for each one of the twenty-four. They were allowed to take the eatables away with them, as also the plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, glasses, and the loaf of bread and large flagon of wine which was given to each.

The grandees of Spain in attendance on the king, forming a chain, passed each dish from one to the other till it reached his majesty, who laid it down before its owner; then a servant, who waited at the other side of the hall, took it and packed it into one of the twenty-four large baskets prepared to receive it. The queen and her ladies did the same on the other side.

Considering the number of dishes that had to pass through their hands (1,400) their majesties got through their work in a wonderfully short time. By half-past three all was finished, the last dish packed up, and the old people sent home with their baskets and a purse each, with twelve gold-pieces in it. Many of them sell their baskets just as they are, before leaving the palace gates, preferring the money they get for them (an *onza*, about £3 15*s*.) to so many delicacies that they can neither understand nor appreciate. There are always more people to buy than baskets to be bought, as it is not every day one can have a dinner such as the king has, and dressed by his own cook.

Before finishing with the *lavatorio* I must relate a little anecdote illustrative of the well-known generosity of the queen

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mother, Isabel II., which was told to me by one of her own ladies, who was present at the scene.

Years ago, when Queen Isabel was on the throne, one Holy Thursday, as she was washing one of the old women's feet, a magnificent diamond bracelet which she wore fell into the basin.

The old woman picked it up and gave it to her majesty, but the latter, with her characteristic large-heartedness, handed it back to the astonished old dame, saying, "Keep it, *hija mia;* it is your luck."

At four o'clock in the afternoon the great event of the day takes place, when the king and queen, accompanied by their entire court, go on foot, in state, through the streets of Madrid, to visit seven sepulchres or churches where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. The same churches are visited every year—San Isidoro, Santa Maria, San Gines, Santiago, San Justo, La Incarnacion, and the Chapel Royal, which is always the last. Once the procession sets out, all the seven churches must be visited; it never turns back even if it begins to rain, as sometimes happens. If it rains before the hour fixed for the procession to start, then of course it does not take place; but once started, it makes the round of the churches despite the weather.

As the clock struck four the royal *cortège* walked down the grand staircase of the palace, between two lines of halberdiers, and out into the *Plaza de Armas*, where, as also all along the route by which they have to pass, the troops are formed at both sides. Fresh sand is laid down in the middle, so that the ladies' long-trained dresses and light shoes may not be soiled as they walk over it.

The windows and balconies are hung with colored velvets and cloths, and crowded with dark-eyed *Madrileñas*, with white mantilla and ever-fluttering fan. Down below the crowd is so great, at both sides of the streets, that the troops and *guardia civiles* have hard work to keep the centre clear for the procession. No wonder all Madrid is out-of-doors to-day, in her holiday attire. It is not every day such a sight can be seen.

As the stately procession slowly moves along, under the large arch which leads from the *Plaza de Armas* into the *Calle de Santiago*, one mass of light and color as far as the eye can reach, let me try to give an idea of the effect of the whole, by describing how it is formed and in what order.

First walk the kings-at-arms and heralds, the ushers, *gentileshombres, mayor domos de semana*, grandees of Spain, chamberlains,

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and aides-de-camp not on service to-day, the chaplains of honor, monsignores, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, the Patriarch of the Indies, and the king and queen—her majesty's train borne, as in the *lavatorio*, by her *mayor domo mayor*. Behind the king and queen come the infantas, their trains borne by their *mayor domos;* and after them the ministers, the lord high steward, the *camareras*, *damas*, chamberlains, and aides-de-camp on service. A line of halberdiers, with halberds on their shoulders, walk at each side of the royal party, and their fine band marches behind playing a requiem.

As no carriages are allowed through the streets on Holy Thursday, the king's splendid state carriages, the finest in any European court, are absent from to-day's procession; but the royal stables, etc., are represented by the coachmen, postilions, outriders, and grooms, in their gala liveries and powdered wigs, who, with the master of the horse and the equerries at their head, close the procession. Six beautifully carved and painted antique sedan chairs are carried, ostensibly in case any of the royal party should get tired or ill, but really because they are objects of art, and add greatly to the beauty of the procession. The *escolta*, or royal escort of horse guards, ride behind, with their long, white-plumed helmets and their brilliant armor gleaming in the sun.

The effect of so many different uniforms and bright colors, the rich dresses of the ladies, their magnificent diamonds and other jewels, sparkling and shimmering as the sun's rays touch them (for the sun is shining up above in the perfectly cloudless blue sky on this April day as only it can shine in the sunny south), is wonderfully fine.

As each church is reached, those at the head of the procession wait at the door till their majesties, infantas, and ladies pass in; then all follow. They go out in the same order; and so on until the seven churches are visited.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Every Good Friday the king pardons some prisoners condemned to death.

The names of all under sentence are brought to him by the ministers some days before, when his majesty carefully goes through their different cases and selects those whose crimes are least aggravated.

The ceremony of pardoning them takes place in the *capilla publica*, during the Mass of the Presanctified, when the king

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goes up to kiss the cross. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo brings him a bundle of papers on which are the names of those he has decided to pardon, tied with black ribbon, asking him at the same time if he wishes to pardon them.

The king takes off the black ribbon, and, handing the papers back to the cardinal, answers in a loud, clear voice that can be heard distinctly through the whole church: "I forgive them, as I hope God will forgive me."

Never did the young king look more noble and kingly than when he pronounced these words, which came straight from the depths of his kindly, generous heart.

During the afternoon, from twelve till three, the "seven words on the cross" are preached.

The Chapel Royal is so dark that on entering one can see literally nothing. After awhile, however, as the eyes become accustomed to the darkness, one begins to distinguish, far in the distance, the outlines of three life-sized crucified figures, our Saviour between the two thieves. The altar has been taken away, and nothing is to be seen but mountains and rocks behind the three mournful figures. After each "word" is preached the choir sings, to full orchestral accompaniment, Haydn's "Seven Words."

During the last, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit," there is a rolling as of thunder, and flashes as of lightning through the church.

. . . . . .

On Easter Sunday there is a curious custom in the palace worth mentioning—the eating of the paschal lamb.

When the *capilla publica* is over, their majesties and infantas, accompanied by all who have assisted at it, go into one of the rooms, where a table is laid with a white cloth covered with flowers, in the centre of which stands a whole roast lamb. Plates of many-colored eggs, bread, and salt are placed here and there on the table, and a crucifix between two lighted candles. One of the chaplains of honor holds a missal, from which the Patriarch of the Indies reads a blessing over the lamb, eggs, bread, and salt. The servants then cut up the lamb, and their majesties and all present are helped to a small bit of it, which they eat standing. The rest of the lamb is always given to the halberdiers. It is their right from time immemorial.

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UNDER THE TI-TREES.

A CONVERT'S STORY.

THE teacher sat in the quaint little school-house, with the hum of the children's voices in her ears and a vision of straight desks and parallel forms before her eyes, but she neither saw nor heard. The blackboard was opposite her, with its quotation from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" written with white chalk in a round hand; the modulator and its hieroglyphics stared her in the face; there were the customary school works of art—marvellous samples of black and white—hung on the wooden walls, and the daily routine went on as usual. But the children knew that the school-mistress was dreaming through her mechanical task; some of the younger and more mischievous were taking advantage of her listlessness; an older one, who had buried a little sister last year, said: "Hush!—her heart is down among the ti-trees."

She did not hear. Nothing reached her save the rustle of the wind through the sedges, and that was carrying her back to the days when a tiny voice used to whisper "Mother." When the children left—those other children who called some one else mother—she roused herself, conscious of relief with the unwonted stillness, and crossed over to the high window. The blackboard met her glance as she moved, and the words "Life is but an empty dream" struck her. "Empty dream!" she moaned, standing with drooping hands by the window; "yes, all an empty dream—a bitter dream down there among the sedges."

And the wind sighed among the reeds, bearing along with it an aromatic perfume like that of the old English black currant; a flock of white cockatoos floated and screamed over the distant range; the mocking laugh of the kokaburra pealed from the trees near by; and, down below, the creek was murmuring its little tale to the sedges and maiden-hair.

She had thought it a lovely scene the first time she gazed on it, just three years ago that very day. Time was, indeed, when the notion of spending her life in such a dull nook would have appalled her; but life changes us all, and she saw rest and peace

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in this characteristic Australian valley, with its grazing cattle and its fields of golden maize shut in by precipitous, rocky yet wooded hills. Rest and peace for herself, and a happy home for little Willie.

They had been gentle and kind, these homely valley people, though they sometimes glanced curiously at her and her baby boy. None asked for the explanation that she never volunteered. It was enough for them that the low-voiced schoolmistress had a sad face and was a devoted mother, though looking but a girl herself. They were all human enough to detect a history lurking in the soft, dark eyes, and to decide privately among themselves that Willie's father, whether alive or dead, was a ne'er-do-well. The teacher never spoke of him, perhaps had folded his memory away with her girlish visions of happiness; he was only a name now—only "little Willie's father," and little Willie was her world.

The few men of that thinly populated valley seemed to realize this. In their freest moments there was never any joking about the quiet little teacher—winsome though she was and "too good for the place," as they averred. "Little madam" stood on a higher level, and made them feel sheepish. But little Willie was the pet of the valley, and not a man in it but would have risked his life to save mother or son.

So life had run on placidly and monotonously till that race day when the champion rider of the valley, dashing past to be in at the fun, pulled up suddenly in front of the school-house to watch the children filing out, while the sunshine fell on the fair hair and black dress of their teacher. She glanced up with interest, guessing him to be the hero of the hour; he gazed back gravely, with a sense of old memories dimly stirring within him. For the "Rider" had not always been a rough bushman; his childhood had been spent with people of culture and refinement in the old country, and something about this simply dressed woman recalled associations that had been cast aside in a wild youth. The Rider was unprecedentedly thoughtful all that day, and was considered quite mean in the matter of "shouting," which had hitherto been one of his most attractive points. A week later he exhibited still more extraordinary symptoms: he was to be seen one morning walking through the orange plantation up to Mrs. Sims's cottage, where the schoolmistress lodged, and there he deliberately inquired for a room.

Mrs. Sims's breath was taken away; when recovered, she used it with withering effect "as how 'tis but one spare room

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I have, and that's little madam's; and more betoken we don't drink round this way, and the hotel's the better place for you."

To which the Rider responded meekly that he had lost his old thirst, and wanted to talk farming with Mr. Sims; and if the good mistress had no objection, he would make free to spend a night or two in the corn-shed—'twas fine weather.

Mrs. Sims was silent with amazement, till the sudden sight of toddling Willie brought a dark flush to the Rider's cheek; then her woman's wit divined the truth, but she hesitated and glanced at her guest.

"Are you sure it's all right—about—well, about his father? You know we never heard aught—or asked aught—"

"Tut," interrupted the Rider; "blank the father! 'Tis the mother I want to win. You'll say a kind word for me, Mrs. Sims? I've been wild enough, God knows, but a woman like that could make anything she liked of me if she loved me; I've had no such chance before. You'll say the word?"

Mrs. Sims debated; she was reckoned prudent and worldly-wise, but contact with the school-mistress had brought out the slumbering spiritual side of her bush-woman's nature and the Rider's words touched her; true enough he had had no such chance before, the chance of a sweet woman's purifying influence, and there was no saying what it might do for him. Heaven knew he had sown enough wild oats to settle down upon for life, and his selection might be made the finest in the district if he chose, and there was little madam too, who would be none the worse for a good home and a protector; so at last she spoke:

"I'm thinking there's one might say a better word than mine; she dotes on Sonnie there."

From that moment little Willie's staunchest friend was the bearded, rough-handed Rider. "Sonnie" revelled in city toys, rode on the backs of mighty steeds, went to market a-cock-horse on a pair of broad shoulders, and clutched the oars of the Rider's gray-and-red boat. Small wonder then if Willie's mother took kindly to the boy's chum, whose ways sometimes reminded her of the city manners she had once dearly prized; and at last it became understood all over the valley that the wild Rider was wearing the curb, and that the school-house would soon lose madam.

It was all so sweet to her, to this girl for whom life had seemed to lose its illusions, who was living in a child's future at an age when others live in a rosy dreamland. So sweet to be wooed and watched over by one who would care for the

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boy too; so sweet to note the Rider trying painfully to divest himself of his acquired bush ways, and know that this was done for her; so sweet to wander down by the creek, or in the unnatural moist stillness of the ti-trees, and listen to the tender words of which her young life had been empty; so sweet that perhaps—well, little Willie was not less dear than before, but he was no longer her all.

And one fair autumn eve they three had wandered down to the creek, down where the maiden-hair hung in pale-green masses over the reflecting water; the hum of the locusts was in the air, a kingfisher flashed across the rushes, a faint sound reached them from among the ti-trees as the echo of a passing bell. At last little madam's voice broke the silence:

"I must go on; I have a message to give for Mrs. Sims."

"Let Sonnie go," said the Rider; "he knows his way about."

"'Es, moder," lisped the child, "'et me do 'ike a big boy."

She demurred with a mother's tremors.

"The child's safe enough," urged her lover; then he added in a whisper: "we are never really alone, darling."

She gave in at that; with one last kiss the boy sped away, and the mother listened to the Rider's love-tones, which the sedges caught up in rustling whispers. How beautiful life was, with the evening's hush and the morrow's hope upon it!

Suddenly the mother's heart stood still: "Hush! what was that?"

The Rider laughed: "The crows, my girl; 'tis their hour."

She shook her head: "No, something has happened; I heard or felt something. Oh! if the child—Willie? little Willie?"

She had bounded away with that cry, rushed through the adjoining paddock as fast as her beating heart and failing limbs could carry her, and there—yes, there, by the fence, was her darling, pale, senseless, a great bruise on his sweet forehead, and the Rider's favorite mare standing close by!

She had him buried down among the ti-trees. She was sorry afterwards to have laid him in so sad and sunless a spot; but at the time the oppressive gloom harmonized with her own misery; the cry of the bell-bird seemed to her like a church's chime near her darling, and she knew of a spot close by where she could gather golden immortelles to lay on the tiny mound.

So they left him beneath the ti-trees where the wild doves gather.

When she came back, with her set white face in its black

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frame, good Mrs. Sims took the shrinking, girlish figure into her big, motherly arms and burst out crying for sheer sympathy: "My poor dear, my poor dear!" she sobbed, "don't take on like this; you've been the best mother that ever was, that we'll all say, and what has to be has to be, my dearie, and fretting won't mend it; and 'tis for the best, sure, sure, and mayhap you'll see it by-and-by."

"For the best!" broke passionately from the pale, stiff lips; "my darling's murder for the best!"

"Eh, my poor dearie, who knows?—he might have come between your happiness—another man's child, you know—I've seen it myself. But there; here's one that can talk to you better than I, and comfort you too in time . . . it takes time, dearie—and—and—I'll just leave you together."

Then, for the first time, little madam noticed the Rider standing beside her, and felt his strong arm about her; she turned, bewildered.

"What did Mrs. Sims mean?" she wailed.

"My poor girl, my poor darling! she put things badly. Of course that could never be—dear little Sonnie could never have come between; but now you see he has brought us closer than ever."

"Sonnie! my Willie?"

"Yes, sweetheart; I loved him dearly, and he has left you to me . . ."

She pushed him away and stood like a stone: "He has come between us! Surely you understand?"

". . . Margaret!"

"He has come between us for ever. I sent him to his death while I stayed with you—your mare killed him; do you think I can forget?"

"My girl, my own girl, this is madness! It was an accident—his own father might have caused it in the same way."

"His own father? A brute who never cared for mother or child? Yes! But you—you—I forgot the child for your sake; we murdered him between us. . . . Go!"

"Margaret, will you murder me too? Has your sorrow killed your love—this sorrow that binds us closer, that makes you dearer than ever? I will not believe it; don't ask me to give you up—you, my one life's blessing!"

"Go—I think I am dead. I feel nothing, see nothing but my boy's face; . . . my darling, killed by me—by you. Go!"

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After that she knew nothing for days. When she grew strong again, able to renew school duties, they told her she had been light-headed with fever, and that the Rider was going mad with the drink.

And all this was what she was thinking of that summer afternoon as she stood at the open window. At last, growing restless, she put on her hat and wandered down to the ti-trees. Yes, there it was among the ferns and mosses and lurid red lichen of the morass, the tiny mound that was the one sacred spot on earth for her; the yellow immortelles she so often renewed were smiling brightly beside a bunch of faded maidenhair and flannel-flowers, while the church chime of the bell-bird rang through the overhanging gloom. In the far distance sounded the heavy thud of horse's hoofs.

And this was all life held for her.

Back to the school-house, wearily remembering some neglected duty—back to the dreary forms and desks that show up shadowy in the twilight. Was life to be all forms and desks till she reached that rest under the ti-trees? She strikes a light, and it falls on the dismal regulations hanging on the dull walls—the instructions to visitors, to teachers, to parents, the everything-by-rule system of her halting, dragging lot. Suddenly she falls on her knees, and, with streaming eyes uplifted to heaven and hands raised in supplication, she wails: "O holy Mother of God, help me! Thou who hast known all sorrow, be a mother to thy sinful child; intercede for me, for there is naught but stubbornness in my heart, and bitterness against the will of my Heavenly Father! Blessed Virgin! the child was my all; the light of my existence, a very part and parcel of my being; what is there for me to live for now?" . . . The blackboard comes within her range of vision, and then, lit up by the dazzling rays of the full moon, she sees the heaven-sent message: "The grave is not the goal. Let the dead past bury its dead." She bows her head and murmurs, "Thy will be done." Awestruck, she gazes on the heaven-sent message, and heeds not a form which silently enters the room and kneels at her side. "Margaret," whispers a voice, "thy God shall be my God. Wilt thou not save my soul from perdition?"

Silently she puts her hand in his, and from the ti-tree morass comes the knell of the bell-bird.

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EASTER CAROL.

ALLELUIA! He has risen,
Christ the Lord and Christ our King!
Alleluia! He has risen;
Triumphant joy! 'Tis so we sing.

Out of the night of sorrow He cometh,
Out of the grave of silence and woe.
Lo! see the light of the day as it dawneth—
Glorious Easter joy doth bestow.

Alleluia! He has risen,
Christ the Lord and Christ our King!
Alleluia! He has risen;
Triumphant joy! 'Tis so we sing.

HENRY H. NEVILLE.

New York.

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SULPICIAN CHURCH AND SEMINARY AT OKA.

A RETREAT AT LA TRAPPE.

BY W. L. SCOTT.

ON the picturesque shores of the River Ottawa, before it divides to embrace within its mighty arms the island of Montreal, there stands, nestling in among the Laurentian Hills, the Trappist Monastery of Notre Dame du Lac des Deux Montagnes. The nearest village is Oka, about three miles away, conspicuous from the river by its pretty church and seminary, monuments to the zeal of the good Sulpician fathers, and its Stations of the Cross, planted on the steep and rugged mountain-side by the early missionaries, and still visited yearly by thousands of pious French-Canadian pilgrims. Coming from Ontario, where everything is so new, one is impressed and even overawed by the antiquity of the Oka mission, with its parish register running regularly back for over two centuries, its silver statue of the Virgin and Child, presented to this very mission by Louis XIV. himself, and its numerous old French paintings, sent here for preservation from the vandals of the French Revolution. But at the monastery, where some twelve years ago all was in a state of nature, and where the present buildings are scarcely more than two years old, one is nevertheless carried back by the life one sees to an antiquity compared

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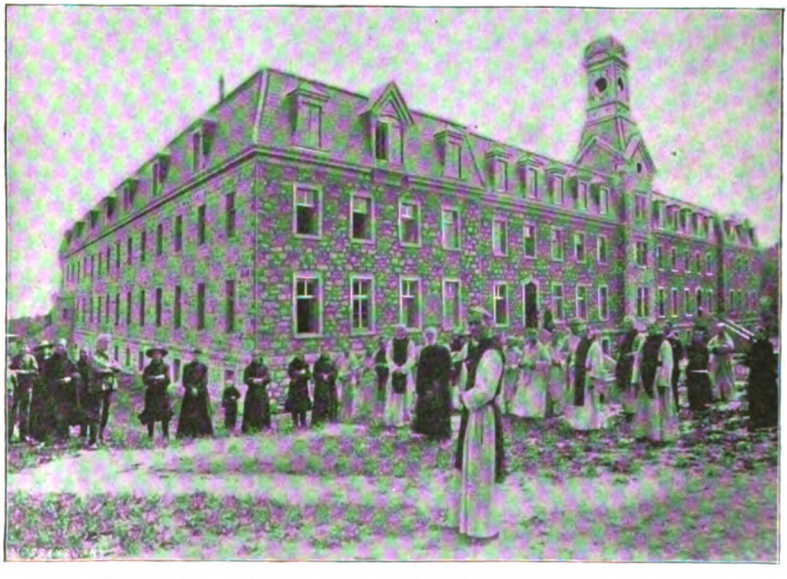
with which the oldest records of the mission are but of yesterday—back for twelve hundred years before the first Sulpician grounded his canoe on the shore of the Ottawa; back far into the dawn of Christianity, into the beautiful ages of faith!

I had frequently heard of the monastery on the shores of the Lake of Two Mountains, and had formed a vague idea that a visit to it would be likely to prove interesting; but it was left for a chance journey of pleasure in the summer to bring this about.

August of that year found a party, of whom I was one, encamped on an island in the Ottawa not far from Oka, and a trip to the monastery was naturally looked forward to as one of the chief features of our visit. Accordingly, one beautiful summer morning we set out in our canoes, and after a paddle of five miles arrived at Oka village, where we easily obtained conveyances to carry us on to our destination. Arriving there we saw before us a long, narrow, two-storied wooden building standing in the centre of a very considerable vegetable garden,



In the new Stone Monastery one Wing is set apart for Guests.

every part of which, even to the refuse-heap, was neatness itself; and where might be seen, here and there, a white or brown-robed figure patiently laboring at his silent task, but with a look of perfect peace and contentment shining from his countenance, such as is not often found outside the cloister.

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We were received by the "guest-master," or monk charged with the reception and entertainment of visitors, and were by him shown over the building, our innumerable inquiries being answered with a patience and good-nature surprising when one remembers that the ordeal must be for him one of constant re-

THE WORKING-DRESS IS WHITE, WITH A BLACK SCAPULAR.

currence. For here let me say that hospitality is a traditional characteristic of the order, and one right royally carried out at the present day. Whether your visit extend for hours, days, or weeks you are most welcome, and the best that the monastery can afford is at your disposal. In the new stone monastery, of which I shall speak presently, one whole wing, called the hospice, is set apart for guests; and the first question asked by the porter is, "How long do you intend to stay?"—not, as one might suppose, in an inhospitable spirit, but with a view to the making of immediate preparations for your accommodation. Nor is the hospitality of the monks by any means confined to Catholics; all are indeed welcome; and I may mention that a well-known Anglican clergyman of extreme High-Church views, and himself somewhat of an ascetic, occasionally retires there for a week of prayer and mortification, and, not content with the ordinary rule prescribed for guests who are making a re-

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treat, conforms rigorously during his stay to the severe rule of the Trappists themselves.

Probably the first thing that strikes one on entering the monastery is the bareness of the rooms and walls. If we except the rooms set apart for guests, which are comfortably furnished, there is scarcely even a chair or table to be seen, and not a picture, save that in the cloister there is a set of Stations of the Cross of the very simplest and plainest pattern. But even more striking still is the quaintness of everything one sees—the wooden latches to the doors, the wooden spoons and forks in the refectory, the carved wooden stalls in the little chapel, and, most picturesque of all, the enormous leather and brass-bound breviaries, with the lines of the chant nearly an inch wide, and some of them printed entirely by hand by means of stencil-plates.

As the old wooden monastery through which we were then shown has since, thanks to the untiring exertions of the monks, been replaced by a handsome stone structure more in keeping

The Trappists are Farmers, and excellent Farmers they are.

with the growing needs of the rapidly-increasing community, it will be more to the point to describe the latter than the former. The monastery when completed will form a hollow square enclosing a considerable courtyard, but at present only two of the sides and a portion of the third have been erected. Of

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these the western wing forms the hospice already alluded to, while the central and eastern portions are occupied by the monks themselves. The remaining wing will be devoted to a handsome chapel, or rather church, when the funds at the disposal of the monastery will permit of its erection. Meanwhile a temporary chapel in the upper story of the east wing is used. The three great centres of monastic life within the building are the chapel, the cloister, and the chapter. The cloister, the study of the monks, is a long, narrow room or hallway running around the three sides of the building and looking out on the enclosed courtyard already referred to. The chapter, the official meeting-place of the community, is a square room forming a sort of annex to the chapel, and bare of furniture save for a wooden bench fixed around the walls, and a rough wooden throne or seat in the centre for the abbot.

At one side of the main building stand ample and extensive barns and stables devoted to the accommodation of the stock, of which the monks possess an exceedingly fine show, and to the storing of the produce of the farm. On the other side, turned by a picturesque little mountain stream, are grist and saw mills, for the community supply themselves with both flour and lumber. There are also creameries, cheese-presses, and wine-vats, besides other necessary outbuildings, the whole forming quite an imposing array. At the entrances to all the buildings are affixed notices to the effect that women will, under no circumstances, be admitted, this forming the one exception to the universal hospitality of the monks. From the enumeration of their outbuildings it will be evident that the Trappists are farmers, and support themselves by the sale of the produce of their farm. And excellent farmers they are. I have been told that in the time that they have been at Oka they have worked quite a change in the appearance of the whole country-side, not alone within the limits of their own demesne, but likewise in the farms of the habitants for miles around, who have adopted their methods and followed their example with most gratifying results. That their example is worthy of imitation will be evident from the merest glance at their neat and well-kept fields, their trim and regular stone fences, and the marked absence of waste and rubbish from about their premises, to say nothing of the excellence of their stock, and in fact of all the several products of their farm. The success they have met with will be the better appreciated when I say that twelve years ago they came to Oka, a party of ten without money or capital of

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any kind. From the Sulpicians they obtained a free grant of about one thousand acres of land, but almost entirely uncultivated and even uncleared, and so rough as to make profitable cultivation appear little short of an impossibility. Charity brought them a few head of cattle, some seed and food for immediate use, and from this humble beginning they have grown to a community of some sixty souls, occupying a monastery which cost over eighty thousand dollars, having about five hundred acres cleared and under cultivation, over two hundred head of cattle, besides horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry, and employing during harvest-time about sixty or seventy hands in addition to the members of the community. They are, moreover, at present arranging for the establishment of an offshoot at Lake St. John, P. Q., where a considerable tract of land has been donated by the government.

Although our visit lasted only about an hour, it created in me so deep an impression that before it was over I had fully made up my mind to take the first opportunity of returning and spending a few days of quiet retreat in the holy solitude of La Trappe. What a beautiful thing is a retreat!—a time devoted exclusively to prayer, and to a careful examination of ourselves and of how we are progressing in the great business for which we were sent into the world. Yet to those who have never spent any time in a religious house the real beauty and value of a retreat must be largely unknown. Many of the secular confraternities, happily so common among us, hold annually what is called "a retreat," but which is more properly a short "mission." Incalculable, indeed, is the good brought about through the instrumentality of the mission; yet to my mind no mission, however eloquent the preacher, is capable of producing the lasting impression that is frequently the result of a retreat in a religious house. For in the latter case one is entirely cut off from home, business, friends, and daily avocations, and has, in short, for the time being severed every tie that binds him to the world. The advantage of such seclusion for the purpose of entering into one's self is obvious.

It was some months before time would permit of my carrying out my intention, but at length, in November, I wrote asking whether I could spend a few days at "Notre Dame du Lac." The answer was not long in coming. "Our doors and our hearts," they wrote, "stand open to receive you"; and so indeed I found it during the two retreats I have since had the happiness of making there, one in the old wooden monastery and

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one a year later in the handsome stone building I have just described. And it is in the hope that some among my readers may be induced to share that happiness that I have essayed a description of my experiences.

Before, however, attempting to describe those days of holy quiet, let me say a few words respecting the order whose guest I was.

Many are the errors passing current even among well-informed Catholics regarding the life at La Trappe, and of these one, perhaps, of the commonest is the idea that the Trappist rule is a novelty, tolerated indeed by the church, but, owing to its extreme severity, refused the formal approval of the ecclesiastical authorities. Nothing could be further from the truth. The rule followed by the Trappists is the oldest of all rules—first both in time and excellence, the model of every religious legislator, the rule laid down for his followers by St. Benedict at Monte Casino nearly fourteen hundred years ago. The visitor to Oka, at the end of the nineteenth century, sees realized before his eyes the life of Saint Benedict and his companions at the beginning of the sixth. How vividly does this thought bring home to us the lasting good that, under the grace of God, one man may accomplish—Saint Benedict after fourteen centuries still living in his works! Who shall be able to calculate the extent of sanctity and self-mortification, of glory to God and peace to men, born of his rule during the long course of fourteen centuries?

For the benefit of those of my readers who may be unfamiliar with the history of monastic institutions, I may perhaps be here permitted a short historical digression. The monastic life, as is well known, is at least as old as Christianity, but for the first five centuries of the church such congregations of cenobites as existed were without fixed rules, were practically mere voluntary segregations of pious laymen, and were subject to very great fluctuations both in numbers and fervor. Saint Benedict, through the instrumentality of his famous "rule," drafted at Monte Casino, in Italy, in 529, wrought so radical a change in monastic institutions, and placed them on so firm and satisfactory a basis, as to deserve to be considered the founder of monasticism. But time too often dulls the first fervor of a religious community. Saint Robert, when, in 1098, he became Abbot of Molesme, found the Benedictines, excellent men it is true, but interpreting their rule in a milder sense and living a life much less mortified and austere than that of the companions

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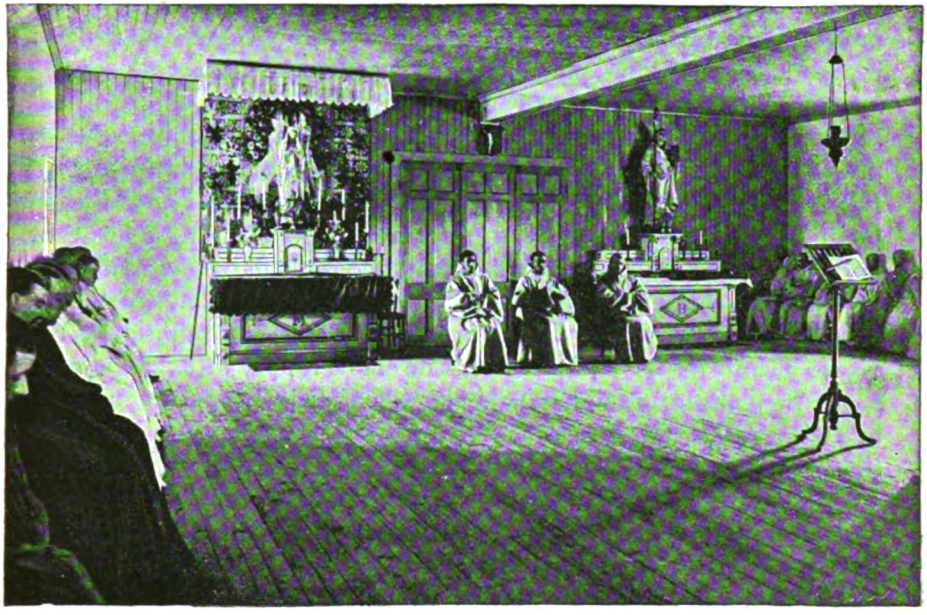
and immediate followers of Saint Benedict. He accordingly resolved to exert himself to renew the rigor and fervor of the rule as followed in the early days of the order, and with that end in view retired to the desert of Citeaux, and there founded the Cistercians, or Order of Citeaux. With this order the rule of Saint Benedict was retained without alteration or addition, but was interpreted in its original and strict sense. As, however, the decadence of the Benedictines had been largely due to the complete independence of each monastery, a new system of government was adopted by which all their monasteries were



In the Chapel.

united under one head, the Abbot of Citeaux, and were submitted to a system of mutual visitation. The dress also was changed from black to white, and devotion to the Mother of God was made a special feature of the new order, it being adopted as an invariable practice to dedicate every monastery to her honor. Under St. Robert and his immediate successors, St. Alberic and St. Stephen Harding, and especially under the great St. Bernard, the new order developed with such prodigious rapidity that at the death of the latter saint it numbered some five hundred monasteries, scattered over the whole of Europe. So great was the influence of St. Bernard on this de-

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velopment that he may justly be looked upon as one of the founders of the order.

But all things human are subject to decay, and a day came when even the austere and saintly Cistercians had need of a reformer to recall them to their first fervor. The cause, however, which operated most powerfully in bringing about this decadence was one beyond the control of the monks—the system, namely, of the appointment of "abbots commendatory" by the temporal rulers of the state. Under the rules of the order an abbot is elected by the monks of the monastery over which he is to rule, and the election must then be confirmed by the pope; but with the increase in wealth of some of the monasteries the right of appointing the abbot was frequently usurped by the king, and the title conferred on some court favorite without any regard to his fitness for the office. The result may easily be imagined. Men were appointed who were priests only in name, and frequently not even that. Disorder reigned supreme, and the enforcement of the rule became impossible. Strange to say, the reformer came at length in the person of one of these very abbots commendatory. Armond-Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, created in 1638, while yet in his fourteenth year, titular abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Notre Dame de la Maison-Dieu de la Trappe, after a youth spent in pleasure and debauchery, was at length converted, and in 1664 instituted a vigorous reform of the order. He restored the greater part of the primitive austerities in all their original rigor, and demonstrated by personal practice that the penitential life of the monks of the middle ages was no less suitable to and possible in modern times.

No summary, however brief, of the history of the Cistercians—or Trappists, as they are now more commonly called—would be complete without at least a passing reference to the preserver of the order during the trying times immediately following the French Revolution—Louis Henri de Lestrange, known in religion as Dom Augustin, Abbot of La Trappe. Expelled from France, the wanderings over Europe of the little band of Trappists, with Dom Augustin at their head, reads like a romance. But the sun at length came out from behind the clouds, and he lived to lead them back to France and to La Trappe, lived to see the order spread in a way that, considering the austerity of the life, is almost phenomenal.

De Rancé had departed somewhat from the Cistercian constitutions, and had introduced some slight changes in govern-

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ment. Dom Augustin abandoned these and restored the constitutions in their entirety. The difference gave rise to two, or rather three, branches of the order, two of which followed the form of government laid down by De Rancé, and the third that of the Cistercian constitutions pure and simple. Happily our Holy Father, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning, has brought about the fusion of these branches into one harmonious and powerful whole.

The growth of the order during the present century has been, as I have said, phenomenal. The nineteenth century is not usually considered an age of severe mortification, nor might it be thought that any rule of life could survive fourteen centuries and still retain its popularity. Yet, while at the fall of Napoleon the order was almost extinct, it has in the seventy succeeding years grown to a membership (including Trappist nuns) of over three thousand, living in some fifty-five abbeys and priories. The greater number of these are in France and Germany, but there are two in Ireland, two in England, two in Italy, one in Turkey, one in Algiers, two in the United States (Gethsemane, in Kentucky, and New Melleray, in Iowa), and two in Canada. These last are Little Clairvaux, at Tracadie in Nova Scotia, founded in 1814, and that at Oka. To these are shortly to be added two new foundations: that at Lake St. John already referred to, and one at St. Norbert in Manitoba, an offshoot from the Abbey of Bellefontaine in France.

But what is this "rule" so often referred to? Time will not permit of a lengthy description of it, but a short summary cannot prove otherwise than interesting. Probably the most striking feature of the life is the silence, which is absolute and perpetual. The idea of this is very beautiful. The voices of the monks are put to one use, and one only, that of prayer! How little need they fear that terrible account of "every idle word" that we shall all one day be called on to render.

There are, of course, some necessary exceptions to the rule of silence, but they are strictly limited. The abbot, prior, and sub-prior are allowed to speak and may be spoken to by all, but none of the monks may speak to each other; when some such communication becomes absolutely necessary, the two monks who require to speak go before one of the superiors and communicate the desired message through him. It might be thought that while at work in the fields or in the outbuildings the exchange of words connected with the work on hand would be a matter of constant necessity, but such is not the case. While

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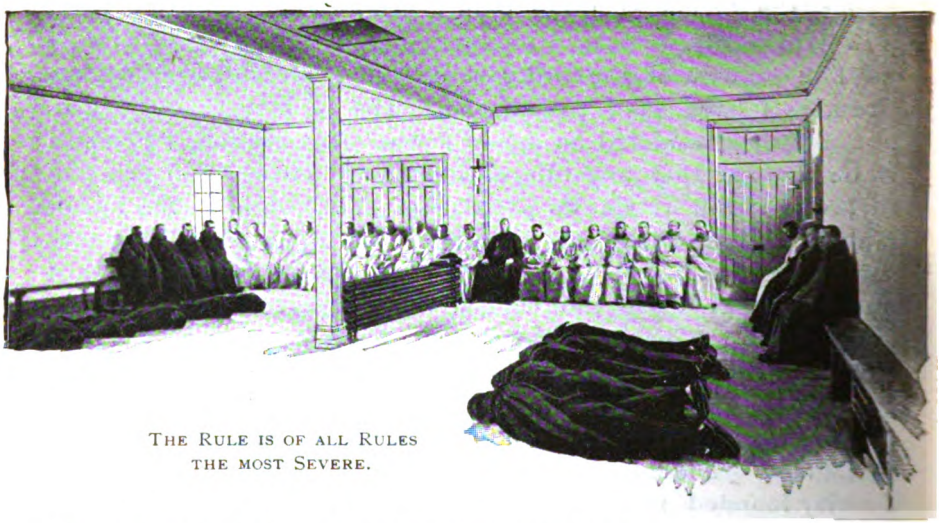
engaged in their labors the monks are grouped in parties of five or six, and one of their number is placed in temporary authority. He indeed may speak to the others whenever the nature of the work imperatively requires his doing so, but they cannot under any circumstances speak to him, even to ask him for directions.



THE RULE IS OF ALL RULES THE MOST SEVERE.

The officers of the monastery are permitted to speak to strangers in the course of their ordinary dealings with the outer world, and the guest-master is not only allowed to speak to the guests of the monastery, but is even obliged by the rule to make himself as entertaining to them as possible. But there are five places in the monastery—the dormitory, the refectory, the chapel, the cloister, and the chapter—where even the few exceptions I have enumerated do not prevail, and where the silence may not be broken even by those in authority, unless, of course, in a case of urgent necessity.

The time of the Trappist is divided between prayer, manual labor, study, and sleep. An hour, or even a moment, devoted to recreation is a thing entirely unknown to his calendar. I might add eating to the list, but he devotes so little time to that very necessary occupation as to make it hardly worth mentioning. His meals vary in number and time with the various seasons of the year. In summer, when his out-of-door work is of course the hardest, rising at two in the morning (as he does all the year round), he takes his first meal, which you may call as you please either breakfast or dinner, at half-past eleven; partaking at four of a light collation, consisting as a rule of a little dry

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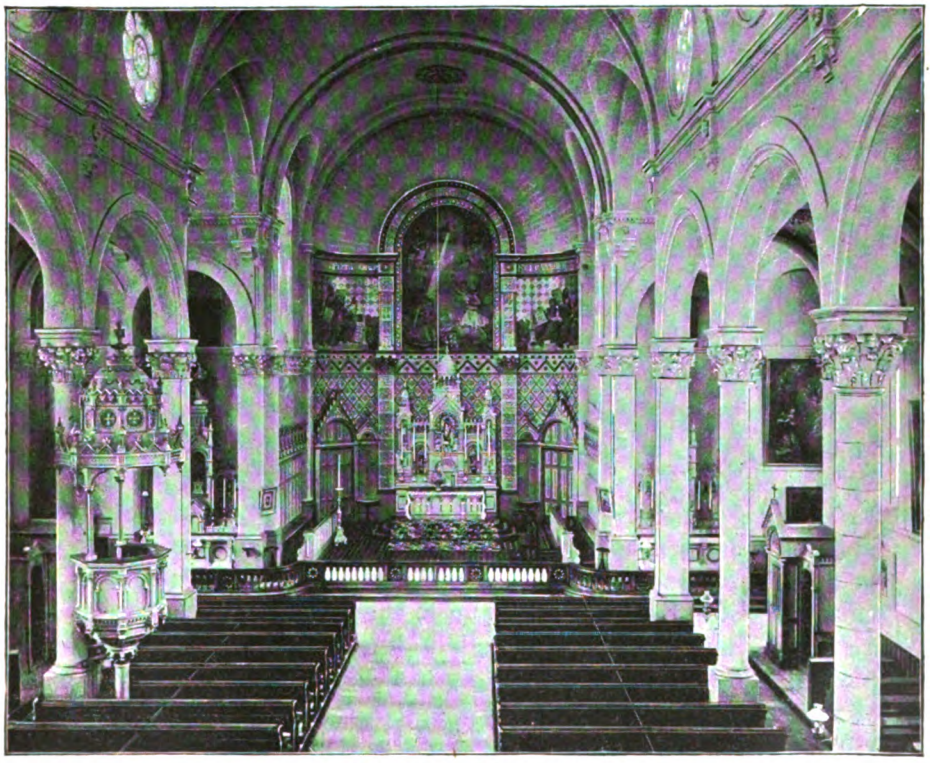
bread and water, though other articles of diet, such as fruit or vegetables, may occasionally be added, at the option of the abbot. From September 14 until Ash Wednesday he takes his first and only meal of the day at half-past two in the afternoon, when he has been up for twelve hours and a half. During Lent his fast is still more rigorous, his one meal being postponed until half-past four, when he has been up singing his office, working, studying, and praying for fourteen hours and a half. And yet we in the world, when indeed we fast at all and do not find a pretext for exemption, grumble at having to wait for our breakfast from seven or eight until twelve! I used particularly to pity the monk who was cook for the hospice, and was obliged to prepare breakfast for the guests at six, and dinner for them



The Village Church.

at half-past eleven, and had still several hours to wait before tasting food himself.

Nor is the fare of the Trappist, when his meal hour does come, calculated to tempt the palate of the fastidious. It is composed on alternate days of a thick soup or broth made of

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vegetables of various kinds boiled in water, eked out with coarse dry bread, a little salt, and a cup of water; or of boiled rice and milk. Occasionally home-made cider is substituted for the water. Meat he never tastes, unless while in the infirmary; nor fish, butter, cheese, or eggs, although the last three are produced in plenty at the monastery. I can easily imagine the thoughts of some of my readers, who perhaps were beginning to think of a visit to Oka, at this recital; but let it not be imagined that the Trappists restrict their guests to their own meagre bill of fare. Meat they do not serve to any one in the monastery, unless he be an invalid; but amid the abundance of the *menu* I, for one, never missed it. Milk, butter, and eggs, such as one gets only in the country; excellent bread; vegetables of every variety and in every form; soup; stewed, fried, boiled, etc., etc., and really most tastily done. Most delicious boiled rice, cheese, fruit, both preserved and fresh, tea, cider—all find a place on the hospitable board which the Trappist lays for his guests. While in the monks' kitchen the sole aim seems to be to provide what will sustain life, the cook of the hospice has, on the other hand, apparently studied cooking as a fine art, and brought his studies to considerable perfection. I can therefore promise that visitors to Oka, whatever else they may do, will certainly not starve.

But to return to the daily life of the Trappists. The hours for the several offices, prayers, and works vary with the varying seasons and with the amount of work to be done on the farm; but I will do my best to give a general idea of a day at the monastery, choosing in preference the fall of the year, as that was the season when I made both of my visits. Two o'clock in the morning is, as I have said, the general hour for rising. On Sundays, however, when Matins are sung instead of being merely recited, they rise at one, and on special feasts, called "doubles," when the office is unusually long, they rise at midnight, and are then, it must be remembered, up for the day. As the monks sleep in the habit worn during the day, their toilet does not occupy much time, and at five minutes after the ringing of the bell for rising every monk is in his place in the chapel, ready to commence the office. And here let me say that this sleeping in their habits is one of their severest penances. The guest-master, who had been forty-six years in the order, told me that it was the only rule that he could never grow accustomed to. The Trappists, before each portion of the canonical office, recite the corresponding portion of the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin," and their first duty on going to the chapel in

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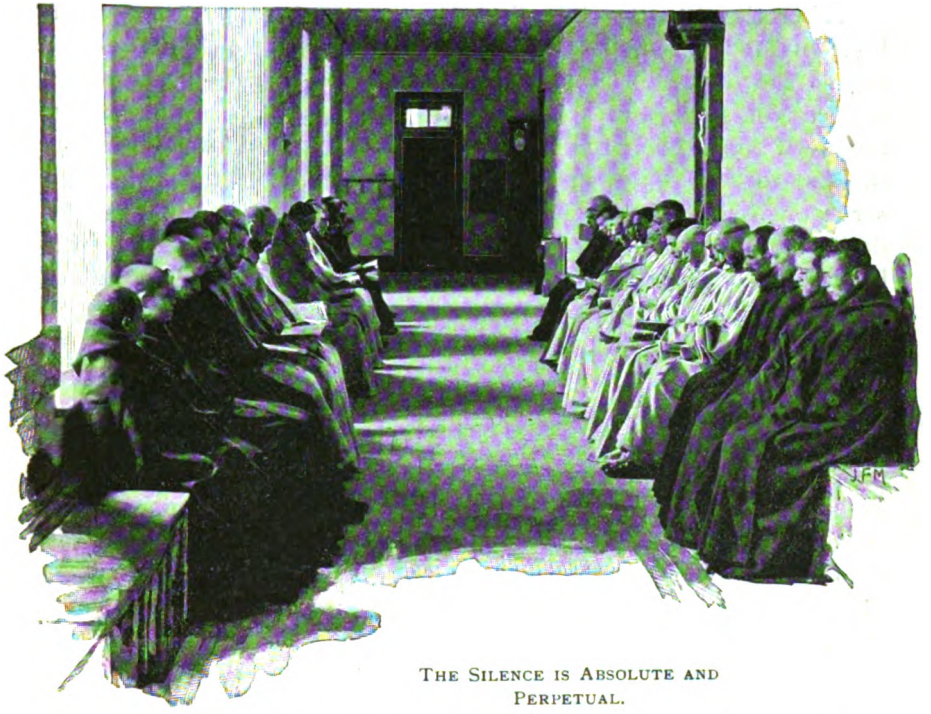
the morning is to recite the Matins and Lauds of the latter. This occupies half an hour, and is followed by half an hour of silent meditation. The monks are obliged by their rule to commit to memory the "Little Office," and also all portions of the canonical office of frequent recurrence, and to recite or sing them without lights. The chapel is, therefore, for the first hour in darkness, broken only by the flicker of the tiny flame that tells of the presence of Him to whom they speak. Nothing can be imagined so weird and at the same time so devotional and impressive as this



The Silence is Absolute and Perpetual.

scene. The dim chapel, the altar-lamp serving only to accentuate the darkness; the ghostly white-robed figures, with their graceful folds of drapery scarcely visible in the surrounding gloom, and through it all the plaintive yet ardent voice of most devout supplication, combine to produce an impression not easily effaced. Even in the daylight the voices of the Trappists lifted up in prayer preach a sermon to the heart more eloquent and more effective for good than many a one decked out with brilliant thoughts and rounded periods. For while the recitation of the office is one of the Trappists' most ordinary duties, it never seems to become a matter of mere

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routine. There are sixteen distinct offices during the day, each of which begins with the words "Deus in adjutorium meum intende; Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina," and yet every time these words are uttered—very slowly, the monks standing, but with their bodies bent down to a horizontal position—they convey a depth of heartfelt supplication which is touching and edifying in the extreme.

The "Gloria Patri" at the end of each psalm is said or sung in the same manner, and with an air of humility and devotion well befitting the sacred words, but unfortunately not always found accompanying them in the world.

After the "Little Office" of Matins and Lauds and the half-hour of meditation, that is at three, two, or one o'clock, according to the day, the lamps are lighted and the canonical Matins are said or sung, and are followed by the Lauds, the whole lasting until four, when the monks separate, those of them who are priests to say Mass at the various altars, and the others to serve or assist, or else to attend to some other duty of the day. At half-past five all reassemble for the office of Prime, lasting about twenty minutes. At a quarter past seven Tierce is said, and is followed by the conventual Mass, at which the whole household assist. This is usually a low Mass; but in winter, when time will permit, grand High Mass is sung. During this Mass a custom prevails which struck me as very beautiful and devotional, and which I think might be followed with great profit in our parish churches. Immediately after the elevation the whole community bursts forth simultaneously, and as if instinctively, into the hymn "O salutaris Hostia," in joyous welcome of the Guest who has just descended upon the altar. At Masses in honor of the Blessed Virgin the "Ave Verum," and at Masses for the dead the "Pie Jesu Domine," are respectively substituted for the "O salutaris."

After Mass the manual labor of the day begins for the choir monks. The lay monks, who are exempt from attendance at most of the offices, have already begun theirs at three, after the morning meditation. During the summer months they are also exempt from attendance at the conventual Mass, and attend instead a Mass said at three for their especial benefit. All or most of the skilled labor about the monastery, such as butter-making, cheese-making, etc., as well as the exclusive care of the cattle and live stock, is entrusted to the lay monks, the choir monks reserving for themselves only the most ordinary labor. And this is shared in by all from the highest to the lowest. A friend of mine once

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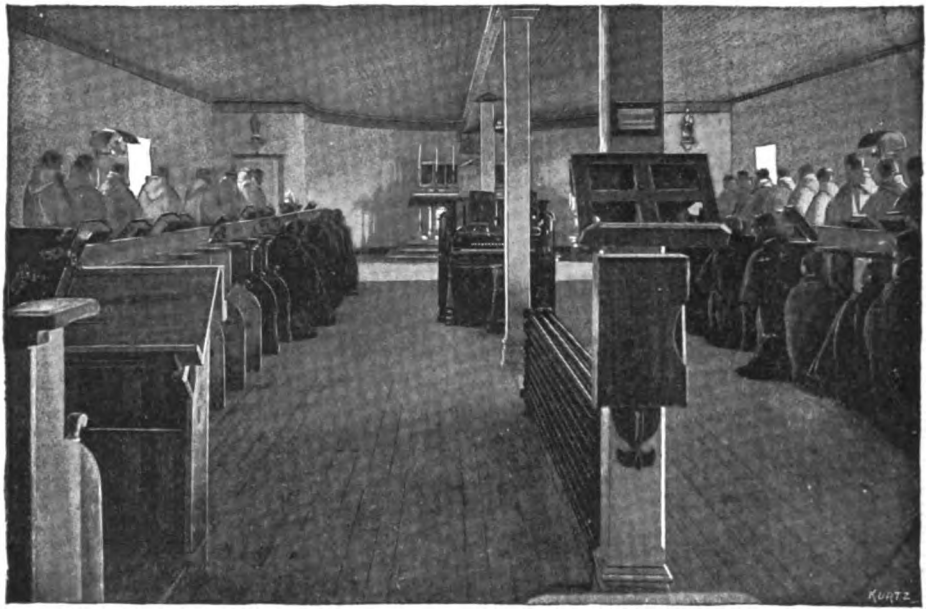
called to see the abbot and found him in the act of carrying a couple of pails of water to the cook. On one of my walks over the farm I came on five of the brethren filling in with clay a trench in which a water-pipe had been sunk; they were all choir monks, the party including the prior and other priests. Although it was then about one o'clock, and they must therefore have been up and fasting for nine hours, they seemed to be working with at least as much energy and effect as average laborers. At a quarter to twelve the monks again assemble in the chapel for the office of Sext and the Angelus, after which



At Ten Minutes past Two None is said.

they return to their work. At ten minutes past two None is said, and the monks repair to the refectory to partake of their well-earned repast, the first, as I have said, of the day. The remaining two offices are Vespers and Complin, said at a quarter past four and twenty-five minutes past six respectively, except in summer, when the latter office is said an hour later. After Complin follows the most striking and characteristic prayer of the Trappists, the singing of the "Salve Regina." This it is that invariably impresses the visitor far more than anything else at the monastery. I will not attempt to describe its beauty, for to me it is beyond description. It is a chant peculiar to the Trappists, and one which I have never heard elsewhere—very, very slow and solemn, but with a fulness and

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earnestness which fairly raises one out of one's self. The effect is heightened by its being sung without lights, with the exception of two candles placed on the altar.

Perhaps some musician following in my footsteps, too critically cultivated to appreciate a chant whose chief attraction lies in that tenderness and pathos which flow from the heart, may consider that I have painted in too high colors the evening hymn of the saintly Trappists to their Mother. To such a one I would recall (but with no intention of thereby disparaging the excellent voices of the Oka brethren) a legend, old no doubt but none the less beautiful, of a certain monastery where the monks, aged and worn with prayer and mortification, yet never failed, as their closing duty of the day, to lift up their poor weak voices in loving salutation to the Mother of God. One day a novice came craving admission to their house and order —a novice with a fine, clear, rich voice, so powerful and yet so sweet that when he raised it in the "Salve" the poor old monks were fain to hold their breath and listen, fearing to mar the beautiful effect with their harsh croakings. But if the voice of the novice was beautiful, the novice knew it and was pleased and gratified to note the impression its beauty created. That night, when the monastery had sunk to rest, there came to the cell of one of the poor old monks a messenger radiant with the brightness of the skies, saying: "I have come from the Mother of God; she bids me to ask why this evening you omitted your wonted hymn of praise. Every evening, in all the years that the monastery has stood here, the 'Salve Regina' has ascended from it like sweet incense before her throne; but to-night she heard it not!"

At seven in winter and eight in summer the Trappist retires, but even in his sleep his mortifications follow him. I have already spoken of his sleeping in his habit; but this is not all. It is popularly said that the Trappist sleeps on boards. This is a fiction, but a fiction so near the truth that it is scarcely worthy of correction. In fact his bed is of straw; but had I not seen it and felt it, I would scarcely have believed that straw could pack so hard.

In giving this sketch of a day at La Trappe I have not, in all cases, filled in the time between each of the offices, as the duties vary so much at the different seasons, but such time is, in each case, taken up with either manual labor, study, or private prayers, the hours of study being shorter and those of work longer among the lay than among the choir monks.

There are numerous other interesting features of the rule

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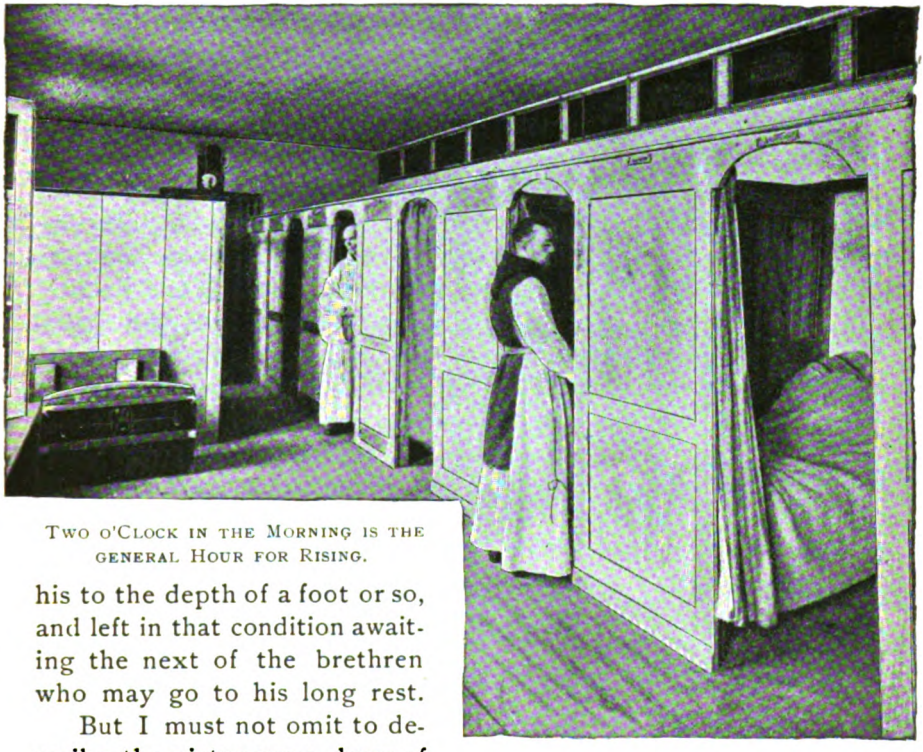
to which I should like to refer, but I have, I fear, already drawn too largely on the patience of my readers in this connection. I will, however, mention one thing not in the rule, though it is one of the customs one hears of most frequently as characteristic of the Trappists. It is said that they are obliged to dig a little of their graves each day, and to sleep in them at certain intervals. This tale is entirely without foundation. It may possibly have originated from the fact that whenever one of the community is buried a grave is opened next to



Two o'Clock in the Morning is the general Hour for Rising.

his to the depth of a foot or so, and left in that condition awaiting the next of the brethren who may go to his long rest.

But I must not omit to describe the picturesque dress of the order. The working dress of a professed monk is white with a black scapular. During the hours devoted to study, and while in the chapel, a very full white garment is worn over this, descending in graceful folds to the ground, and with wide and long flowing sleeves; the whole presenting, as I have already said, a most graceful and picturesque appearance. In the novices the scapular is white instead of black, and the over-garment is a sleeveless white cloak reaching almost to the ground. The dress of the lay monks is of similar make, but dark brown in color, the over-mantle being a sleeveless cloak, short in the novices and long in those already professed.

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And now I have, as far as space will permit and words allow, described the Trappist and his daily life, yet the sketch gives no just idea of the actual man himself. The reader has doubtless pictured him as unsociable, gloomy—even perhaps morose and severe. Nothing could be further from the truth; and this is one of the greatest of the many surprises awaiting one at La Trappe. He is the very picture of peaceful happiness and contentment, nay even of gaiety, and his smiling bow, when he meets you by chance in the corridor or on the farm, is so friendly and sociable that, though he may never address a word to you during your visit, yet when you leave you feel that you are parting with a friend.

The Trappist, too, is an enduring and conclusive answer to the objector who, when fasting and other forms of penance are spoken of, cries out against the sin of voluntarily injuring one's health. The Trappist rule is of all rules the most severe, and of the novices who attempt to enter the order a large proportion are forced to withdraw before completing their novitiate. Yet of those who persevere the majority are strong and healthy, are rarely ill, and live to an extreme old age. At the time I last visited Oka there had been only two deaths in the community in the eleven years that had then elapsed since the establishment of the monastery, and the one death I have since heard of was due to an accident. The latter case was that of a novice who had both legs taken off by some machinery with which he was working. He lived only long enough to receive the last Sacraments, and to pronounce his final vows, which he begged to be allowed to do in order that he might die a Trappist.

But what has become of the "retreat," the subject of this article? I fear I may be accused, and with some apparent reason, of deviating from the proper subject of my paper. Yet do I not plead guilty to the accusation; for the impression created by much of what I have been endeavoring to describe forms, in my opinion, by far the most important factor in the success of the retreat. To go to La Trappe and see its inmates—see their piety, their mortifications, the holy peace of their lives; hear their heartfelt prayers and their exquisite chants, and experience the saintliness which is stamped on all their actions, and which seems to pervade the very air you breathe in common with them—all this, even with nothing else, is calculated to create an impression more vivid and more lasting than any other form of religious exercise I have experienced. But there is much else besides this. The conducting of private retreats is the direct way—their constant prayers and

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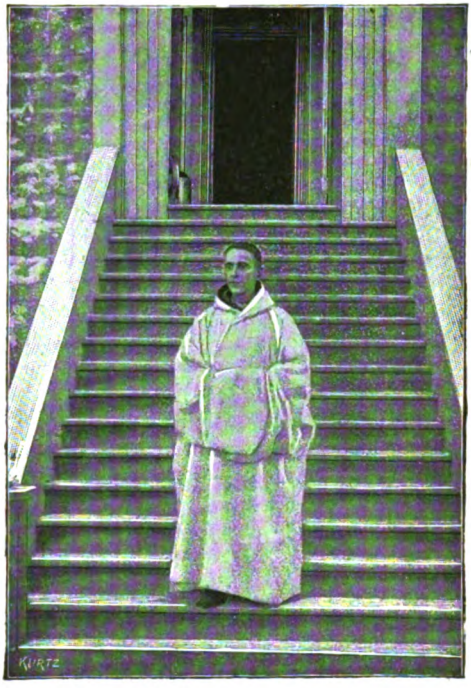
their powerful example being the indirect—in which they give spiritual succor to the outer world; and one of the first questions you are asked on arriving is whether you intend to make a retreat. On answering in the affirmative the abbot assigns you a spiritual director, who will thenceforth do all in his power to aid you in reaping abundant benefits from your visit. One of his first pieces of advice will doubtless be that you are not to attempt to follow the fasts of the monks, or indeed to fast at all; but that you are to eat three good meals a day, in order that you may not be distracted or disturbed in your devotions by the endeavor to practise severities to which you are not accustomed. He will then lay down a little rule of life for your guidance, conforming more or less to the general rule of the house. In the matter of getting up in the morning you may largely consult your own inclinations. If you do not propose to attend the various offices in the chapel you need not get up till five; but I would strongly advise any one with any knowledge of Latin to follow all the offices with the monks, and your director will lend you a breviary for that purpose. The prayers laid down by the church for the daily use of her priests can hardly be improved on; and the beauty of the words is, as I have already said, immeasurably enhanced by the touching pathos of those pious voices. It would, however, be useless to attend the little office of Matins and Lauds at two, as the chapel is in total darkness, and you could not therefore follow the text. I was told I might have my own lamp lighted during this office, but my little light down at the foot of the chapel seemed such a desecration of the holy darkness that I put it out and never brought it again. The best hour to get up at is half-past two. This gives one half an hour to dress,



THE TRAPPIST IS THE VERY PICTURE OF PEACEFUL HAPPINESS.

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and be in the chapel at three for the commencement of the canonical office. Half-past two sounds rather startling as an hour for rising, but it must be remembered that one goes to bed at seven, which gives seven hours and a half for sleep.

The most important office performed for you by your director is what he calls preparation for meditation. Three times a day he comes to your room and spends half an hour in an instruction which practically amounts to a sermon preached for your special benefit. When he leaves you you go on your knees and meditate for an hour on what he has said. This sounds alarming, and is certainly difficult at first. I shall not soon forget my first experience of it. I went carefully over all the points in the discourse, amplified them, enlarged on them, found the floor getting very hard and my knees very sore, felt that I must have been kneeling for at least an hour, and thereupon looked at my watch, to find that I had been on my knees just fifteen minutes! But that was only the first time, and one soon gets used to it; and I need hardly say what a very excellent practice it proves to be. Then there is free time which one can spend in private devotions, in walking over the farm, or else, if so inclined, in giving a helping hand with whatever work is just then going on.

Of the interior delights—the spiritual joys and consolations of the retreat, how can I speak? Let them rather be imagined by my readers, or better still, experienced by those of them who are fortunate enough to be able to do so. One thing I will say. It has frequently been declared, and I firmly believe it to be true, that no one can go to La Trappe and return home unchanged. The change wrought by your visit may be greater or it may be less, but it will be sufficient to mark an epoch in your life. You will have received an impression too profound to be easily, if indeed ever, effaced. They tell of a young man, not many years ago, a votary of fashion and pleasure and an unbeliever, who, seeing a Trappist on the street, and being attracted by his peculiar dress, was led from pure curiosity to pay a visit to the monastery of Aiguebelle, in France. Struck by what he saw he decided to remain, first for a day, then for a time sufficient to allow of his instruction and reception into the church, and finally for his novitiate. He has never passed out of those gates he entered so lightly on his mission of curiosity, and is still a happy inmate of the monastery of Aiguebelle.

And now for a few practical instructions as to how to get to the monastery. N. D. du Lac is situated on the road be-

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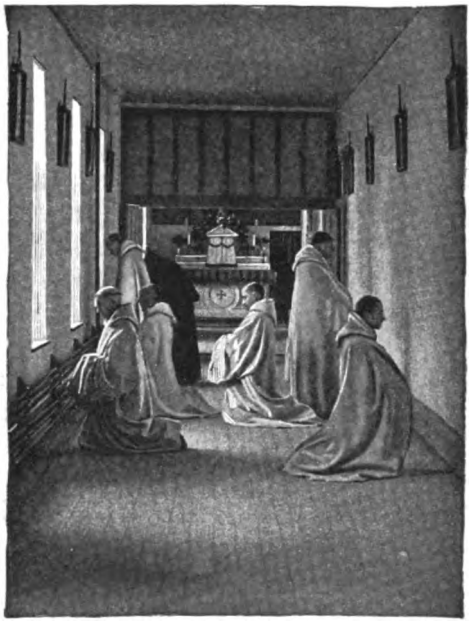
tween Oka and St. Eustache, and may be approached from either of these points. St. Eustache is a station on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but is eighteen miles from the monastery. Oka, the better objective point, is on the Ottawa River, and may be reached in summer by steamer either from Montreal or Ottawa, or at any season via Como, a station just across the river on the Montreal and Ottawa Railway. From the village of Oka to the monastery is an easy walk of about three miles; or if you do not feel inclined for walking, you may get a lift on one of the abbot's farm-wagons if one chances to meet the boat, or a conveyance may be hired for a reasonable sum. If you go it would be advisable, though not perhaps strictly necessary, to write to the abbot beforehand to ask when it will be convenient to receive you, as guests are many and the accommodation, though considerable, is of course not unlimited.



MAKING THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

You will be received as a guest, and absolutely no charge will be made for the accommodation afforded you. Nevertheless, as the monks have had a hard struggle to pay for their new monastery and other improvements, and are extremely poor, I would strongly urge a donation, in keeping with your means, to the funds of the community.

And now I must bid a reluctant farewell to the Oka monastery and its silent but saintly and happy inmates; yet not, I trust, without having awakened in my readers some slight interest in this most interesting of religious orders. Would that I could, moreover, hope through the medium of this imperfect sketch to be the happy means, under God, of inducing even one of my readers to partake of the spiritual feast which I have found awaiting me on both the occasions when I have been happy enough to enter on "a retreat at La Trappe."

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MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE CELTS.*

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

ALIEN by birth and speech, this scholarly Saxon has yet the insight and the instinct of the literary scientist so keenly developed that he delves down into the rich mines of Celtism deeper than many whose sympathy must be nearer. In this age of remorseless practicality, when utilitarianism ruthlessly crushes out the mellowing influences of more merciful days, the student turns his hunting eyes towards a gracious, inviting past. Nowhere does there seem greater attraction to the apostle of sweetness and light than in the old regions of Celtism. With the unerring judgment of the poet, scientist, and scholar, he appraises at their true value the literary remains of a people once the intellectual giants of Europe; and makes a strong plea for the preservation, if only in the interest of science, of the language and literature of the Celts.

In his inimitable, crystalline diction Mr. Arnold enumerates the many attractions of this study; the rich prizes awaiting the researches of the seeker in ancient Celtic lore. His Celts are those of the broader meaning—Irish, Welsh, Breton; and from the voices of all their past he gathers grand harmonies to sound through a shallow age. Back into that deep, dim history he goes, bringing us enchanting pictures of a picturesque, poetic people; and proving to us, with his gentle logic, that much that we prize in our later literature had its genesis in that ancient race. While his researches among the literary relics of Celtism must be particularly fascinating and precious to those who are heirs to, and hold in name and descent the Celtic genius, yet must they prove almost as enticing to those divorced by race or language from any Celtic sympathy. For it is not as a national, patriotic, or local study that Mr. Arnold gives us his erudite exposition of Celtic literature, but as the exodus of a vital truth, or a procession of truths coming down to us from a too unfrequented past.

Users of the English tongue, and wedded to the belief of its supremacy and its solitary grandeur, we make little account of

* *On the Study of Celtic Literature.* Matthew Arnold.

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the Celtic influences that still linger in our intellectual life, notably in our literature. But Mr. Arnold, with the savant's wizard power, sends his divining rod down the depths of our literary elements, and brings up traces of the Celtic vein in some of our richest ores. Shakspere! The priceless mine of English thought. Where Shakspere is most fascinating Mr. Arnold detects the Celtic influence:

"The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still—the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. . . . Now, of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant, wholesome smack of the soil in them—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford—are to the Celtic names of places with their penetrating, lofty beauty—Velindra, Tintagel, Caernarvon—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. . . .

"Shakspere, in handling nature, touches this Celtic note so exquisitely that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognize his Greek note when it comes. . . .

"We have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this:

> "'Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
> By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
> Or in the beachèd margins of the sea.'

Or this:

> "'The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
> And they did make no noise—in such a night
> Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.
> . . . "in such a night
> Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew.

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. . . "in such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.'

"And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy dew of that natural magic which is our theme that I cannot do better than end with them.

"And now, with the pieces of evidence in our hand, let us go to those who say it is vain to look for Celtic elements in any Englishman, and let us ask them: first, if they seize what we mean by the power of natural magic in Celtic poetry; secondly, if English poetry does not eminently exhibit this power; and thirdly, where they suppose English poetry got it from?"

Rhyme, Mr. Arnold tells us, we owe to the music-loving Celts. Then a spirit that hovers over our poetry and makes it wonderfully enchanting, where the sweep of its mystical wings is heard, has flown down to us from the days of the Celtic division. "Titanism" Mr. Arnold calls this power.

"Its chord of penetrating passion and melancholy again, its 'Titanism,' as we see it in Byron. What other European poetry possesses it like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities—the Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion—of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, McPherson's *Ossian*, carried in the last century this vein, like a flood of lava, through Europe. I am not going to criticise McPherson's *Ossian* here. Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes which, on the strength of McPherson's *Ossian*, she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue, with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven and echoing Sora and Selma, with its silent halls!—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust

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enough to forget it, may the muse forget us! . . . There is the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact; and of whom does it remind us so much as of Byron?

> "'The fire which on my bosom preys
> Is lone as some volcanic isle;
> No torch is kindled at its blaze—
> A funeral pile!'

Or this:

> "'Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
> Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
> And know, whatever thou hast been,
> 'Tis something better not to be.'

Where in European poetry are we to find this Celtic passion of revolt so warm, breathing, puissant, and sincere; except, perhaps, in the creation of a yet greater poet than Byron—in the Satan of Milton?

> . . . "'What though the field be lost!
> All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome.'"

"There surely speaks a genius to whose composition the Celtic fibre was not wholly a stranger."

I wish I could dwell on Mr. Arnold's graceful outlining of the characteristics of the Celtic genius, as most clearly shown in its poetry. To use his own words:

"To know the Celtic case thoroughly one must know the Celtic people; and to know them one must know that by which a people best express themselves—their literature. Few of us have any notion what a mass of Celtic literature is extant and accessible . . . Of Irish literature the stock, printed and manuscript, is truly vast; the work of cataloguing and describing this has been admirably performed by another remarkable man, who died only the other day, Mr. Eugene O'Curry. Obscure Scaliger of a despised literature, he deserves some weightier voice to praise him than the voice of an unlearned belletristic trifler like me; he belongs to a race of the giants in literary research and industry—a race now almost extinct."

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Mr. Arnold gives some charming translations, both from the Welsh and Irish MSS.; some quaint legends that show much of the strange mingling of childish simplicity and lofty sentiment in the ancient Celts. He relates a suggestive story of Thomas Moore, who, with a poet's superb assurance, undertook to write the history of Ireland; but when confronted with the mere list and the array of voluminous works left by Celtic writers, without consulting them at all, told his friend Dr. Petrie: "Those huge tomes could not have been written by fools for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to undertake the history of Ireland."

Then follows a most valuable account of the best Celtic literary remains, suggestive extracts, and some passing notice of the patient, patriotic, or scientific compilers, Zeuss, O'Curry, and others. Then he gives a few philological hints, showing the relationship, the nearness of kinship, of several leading species of scientific research, Persian, Greek, and Scandinavian, with the vocabulary and the legendary lore of the Celts. It is like drawing aside a thick curtain to admit to our unsuspecting vision a series of enchanting prospects.

While Mr. Arnold, true Briton at heart, disclaims all the political hopes and aspirations of the Celts, even deprecating the efforts of the Welsh to preserve the common use of their language, considering only its claim to scientific and not practical value, he is still too conscientious a critic to overlook the immense possibilities of thorough scientific and scholarly search in the rich fields of Celtism. He gives in one succinct sentence a true key-note to some of the difficulties of Saxon supremacy:

"My brother Saxons have, it is well known, a terrible way with them of wanting to improve everything but themselves off the face of the earth; I have no such passion for finding nothing but myself everywhere; I like variety to exist and to show itself to me; and I would not for the world have the lineaments of the Celtic genius lost. . . ."

Perhaps, if some of this spirit of intelligent appreciation were a little more diffused, it might lighten the Saxon yoke that lies so heavy on Celtic shoulders, borne down by the Briton's purblind self-sufficiency and eagerness "to improve everything but himself off the face of the earth." But I fear even a touch on the sore spot of politics is foolish in the pen that aspires to dip into the beautiful ideas that Mr. Arnold awakens around

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the memories of Celtic genius. It would be almost as harsh as to bring in the noisy, blatant political speaker to rout the sacred quiet of the temple; for almost like a religion is the service that highest culture can give to the ennobling study of a magnificent, reverent past.

I will lay down the audacious pen that aspires to follow Matthew Arnold with the plea that it was tempted beyond its strength, by the beauty of his theme and the charm of its treatment.

I will close with his own conclusion, assured that after reading it there need be no excuse for the length of the extract:

"A man of exquisite intelligence and charming character, the late Mr. Cobden, used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us; and once in a speech he bewailed the inattention of our seats of learning to them, and seemed to think that if our ingenuous youth at Oxford were taught a little less about the Ilissus, and a little more about Chicago, we should all be the better for it. Chicago has its claims upon us, no doubt; but it is evident, that from the point of view to which I have been leading, a stimulation of our Anglo-Saxonism, such as is intended by Mr. Cobden's proposal, does not appear the thing most needful for us; seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism in their own breasts, than to ask us to clap the bellows to it in ours. So I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead of expiating her over-addiction to the Ilissus by lectures on Chicago, to give us an expounder for a still more remote-looking object than the Ilissus—the Celtic languages and literature. And yet why should I call it remote, if, as I have been laboring to show, in the spiritual frame of us English ourselves a Celtic fibre, little as we may have ever thought of tracing it, lives and works. '*Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood!*' said Lord Lyndhurst. The philologists have set him right about the speech, the physiologists about the blood; and perhaps, taking religion in the wide but true sense of our whole spiritual activity, those who have followed what I have been saying here will think the Celt is not so wholly alien to us in religion. But, at any rate, let us consider that of the shrunken and diminished remains of this great primitive race, all, with one insignificant exception, belongs to the British Empire—only Brittany is not ours; we have Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall. They

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are a part of ourselves; . . . and yet in the great and rich universities of this great and rich country there is no chair of Celtic, there is no study or teaching of Celtic matters; those who want them must go abroad for them. It is neither right nor reasonable that this should be so. Ireland has had, in the last half century, a band of Celtic students—a band with which death, alas! has of late been busy—from whence Oxford or Cambridge might have taken an admirable professor of Celtic; and with the authority of a university chair, a great Celtic scholar, on a subject little known, and where all would have readily deferred to him, might have by this time doubled our facilities for knowing the Celt, by procuring for this country Celtic documents which were inaccessible here, and preventing the dispersion of others which were accessible. It is not much that the English government does for science or literature; but if Eugene O'Curry, from a chair of Celtic at Oxford, had appealed to the government to get him copies or the originals of the Celtic treasures in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, or in the library of St. Isidore's College at Rome, even the English government could not well have refused him. . . . At this moment, when the narrow Philistinism, which has long had things its own way in England, is showing its natural fruits, and we are beginning to feel ashamed and uneasy and alarmed at it; now, when we are becoming aware that we have sacrificed to Philistinism culture and insight and dignity; . . . at such a moment, it needs some moderation not to be attacking Philistinism by storm, but to mine it through such gradual means as the slow approaches of culture, and the introduction of chairs of Celtic. But the hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm. . . . Let us reunite ourselves with our better mind and with the world through science; and let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among their other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministration of science, a message of peace to Ireland."

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YEARS ago the *nom-de-plume* "Lageniensis"* was familiar to the readers of periodical literature in the United States. It was chiefly to be found subscribed to metrical pieces concerning the folk-lore and the historical traditions of Ireland; and it was prized by many an enthusiast in this interesting field of research for the light which it shed on a fast-vanishing host of Celtic memories. In after years it transpired that Lageniensis was none other than the Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, now the venerable parish priest of Irishtown, Dublin. The fugitive pieces which then excited so much interest have been since collected by the author.

Father O'Hanlon's tastes seem to have always lain in the direction of archæology. He is a very distinguished antiquarian, and his works on pre-Christian and Mediæval Ireland are consequently highly prized, more for their matter than for their manner. If the gentle and venerable priest had as winning a style in literature as in personal disposition and converse, he would occupy a topmost pinnacle of fame. But he is of the homely and circumlocutory school in his prose, and his poetry, while in many places displaying a graceful fancy and a deep sympathy with nature and humanity, sometimes chooses some very awkward vehicles of expression. When it takes the epic shape, however, and tells of the warlike doings of the early chiefs of Leix in the memorable struggles of the Elizabethan wars, it becomes graphic and thrilling. Many of the fairy legends, too, possess a quaint and pleasant flavor, and transmit the spirit of Irish peasant humor in as delicate a way as the medium of an uncongenial alien tongue allows.

The profusion of notes which elucidate the topographical and historical references in these poems display the reverential antiquarian spirit in which the author always set about his work.

* *The Poetical Works of Lageniensis.* Dublin: James Duffy & Co., Wellington Quay.

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They give them a distinctive value for all those who seek illumination on the incidents and personalities of a great racial and religious struggle which has no proper parallel in European history, and out of which have flowed consequences which have deeply affected the course of history on two continents.

Dr. Nansen is one of the very few who at the present time are still filled with enthusiasm for Arctic exploration. In 1888 he made the first journey across Greenland, former explorers having been content with skirting the coasts, and at the present moment he is in the midst of an altogether unexampled attempt to reach the North Pole by following what he believes to be a current flowing from the north of Siberia to the north-east of Greenland. He spent a year among the Eskimos. The volume * now published is not merely an account of their life and habits based upon this experience, but also an attempt to awaken the public to a sense of the wrongs which have been inflicted upon this race by the representatives of modern civilization. The book is on this account written in a somewhat pessimistic and despairing tone, which may perhaps defeat the object of its author. He is also somewhat too severe upon Christianity, as he allows himself to condemn it as a whole on account of the failure of some of its least qualified representatives. But the fact that it is written with a moral aim places it above a mere book of travels or description, and the fact that Dr. Nansen is its author renders it deserving of serious attention.

To the young or old there is, after all, no species of fiction that satisfies so well as that of well-told adventure. So long as human nature is what it is, the epic, in the hands of the skilful narrator, will hold the field against all other comers, and the more real and human it is the more it must interest. Mr. W. Clarke Russell's novels stand in the forefront of this class of literature. They are chiefly of the sea, and while they abound in the technique of the sailing ship, the phraseology is at all times the necessary complement of the incident. In this adjustment of method and intention Mr. Russell shows consummate skill. In his latest work, *The Emigrant Ship*,† his gift shines conspicuously. But in other respects the work is ill-balanced. For the first hundred pages or so the interest is well sustained; but in the latter part the tale drags so heavily that not

* *Eskimo Life.* By Friedjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Emigrant Ship.* By W. Clarke Russell. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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all the author's literary art can save it from the suspicion of having been written merely to fill up a certain number of pages according to contract. The leading idea worked out is one which will be received with very mixed feelings by the advocates of the rights of women. Mr. Russell shows it to be feasible to train the softer sex to the hardships of a life at sea—climb to the top-gallant yards, clew up sails, haul at cables and chains, and all the rest of the manual drudgery. This is almost the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument, and perhaps it is with such an intent it is propounded. The literary style of the book is faultless. In it the strength of the Anglo-Saxon element in English is chiefly relied on, and the sesquipedalian monstrosity ignored as much as possible. The reading of such a book is in itself a choice exercise in the English language, leading into pastures which, to the vast multitude of English-speaking people, are entirely fresh and strange. The more the pity. There is a sturdy expressiveness in those short nouns and adjectives which none can fail to admire. Taking the work with all its drawbacks, it is bracing and healthful to read after a course of wishy-washy, finicking, drawing-room trash, full of psychological subtleties and thinly-veiled appeals to the passions of the overfed and the idle.

A seasonable gift-book has just been issued by Benziger Brothers. It is a very tasteful edition of the work of Dr. Gilmary Shea, entitled *Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints.** The binding is in a rich combination of gold, blue and black, in appropriate emblematic ornamentation, and the work abounds throughout with excellent wood engravings of the chief subjects treated. Besides the hagiologic narratives, the volume contains pointed and suitable reflections in connection with them for every day of the year.

A gift-book, we suppose for the bereaved, is the collection of threnodies entitled *A Symphony of the Spirit.*† It is a tasteful little volume in its dress, but the contents lead us to think that they have been selected with the idea of giving balm to minds steeped in fantasies of spiritualism and theosophy. The extracts culled for mottoes on the frontispiece smack not a little of blasphemy, so far as it may be conveyed by the collocation of the Divine Name with that of one of its rankest enemies—Mazzini to wit.

* *Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints.* By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Symphony of the Spirit.* Compiled by George S. Merriam. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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The *Angelus Domini** is a compilation of many poems on the Blessed Virgin made with discrimination and good judgment. The compiler, a Protestant lady, has gathered from many gardens the flowers that she arranges, with good taste, into a pretty bouquet, and places them at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin. It gives us peculiar pleasure to read the praises of our Blessed Mother bespoken by one who, though not of our faith, yet has a high appreciation of the beauty of the devotion.

I.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.†

The High-Church Anglican movement has produced a series of writers whose earnestness and devout spirit one can but admire, and whose work would be of permanent value had they the fulness and certainty of the Catholic faith. But their writings exhibit the faults and inconsistencies, as well as the better qualities, of that movement of which they are the outcome. They are tentative reachings out after the Catholic faith, but as there is no authoritative standard of doctrine in the Anglican communion, each writer decides for himself what he will consider "Catholic," and feels his way along with no absolute certainty. To a Catholic, therefore, such a book as this is only of value as indicating one stage of the High-Church advance.

The author has a charming literary style, and shows evidence of wide reading and very devout feeling. But even the party divisions in the Episcopal Church have further sub-divisions, and he has only reached the second of the three stages through which High-Church opinion has gone on the subject of Purgatory and the Communion of Saints. He therefore rejects the Catholic belief affirmed definitively at the Council of Florence, that those saints who have finished their purgation are reigning with Christ in heaven. He does not explain why those who have no further need of suffering should still be detained in Purgatory. To vindicate his Anglicanism to his Protestant readers he speaks often of the "primitive church" and "mediæval corruptions." He includes in the latter the belief in a treasury of merits, on which the doctrine of indulgences depends, and incorrectly speaks of it as having been condemned

* *Angelus Domini*; with Legendary Lays and Poems in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Edited and compiled by "A Daughter of the Church," author of *St. Luke*, etc. New York: Baker, Taylor & Co.

† *The Communion of Saints:* A Lost Link in the Chain of the Church's Creed. By Rev. Wyllys Rede. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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by the Council of Trent. He mars his work again by asserting the absolutely false Protestant charge that many Catholics give to Mary the worship due to God alone. When he objects to our asking so many things through her, we answer him, as he himself tells us the ancient fathers answered the heathen who challenged their oft-repeated invocations of the saints, by pointing out that such prayers have been "so evidently and abundantly answered as to prove that they were in accordance with the will of God." One need not go to Lourdes and the marvels wrought at that famous shrine to learn what the Blessed Mother can do for us. Every devout Catholic heart can bear witness to many blessings asked for and received through Mary's prayers.

It is almost pathetic to find an author like this assuring his readers that "the church is our guide and teacher" in this matter. What church? The Anglican? If this writer's doctrine is true, then the majority of Anglican divines have been heretics; if they are right, then he is a heretic. The author unconsciously deals a severe blow to his own theory of the Anglican communion's being a portion of the true church by the second title of his book, "A Lost Link in the Chain of the Church's Creed." Undoubtedly Anglicanism did lose the doctrine of the Communion of Saints; but that church against which the gates of hell should not prevail, that church which our Lord promised to guide by the Holy Ghost into all truth —the Catholic Church—never has lost and never *could* lose any part of its divine faith.

2.—MANUAL FOR FRENCH AND ENGLISH MISSIONS.*

A book much needed by the clergy engaged in mission-work where the population is partly English and partly French has been published by the Right Rev. Bishop of Burlington. The manual contains a series of short instructions in both languages, for all the Sundays and feasts in the year, chiefly derived from *L'Appendice ou Compendium* of the Archbishops of Quebec. As that work is mostly composed of decrees and ordinances proper to Canadian provinces, it has been found unsuitable for church purposes in the United States; hence the necessity of Bishop de Goesbriand's excellent adaptation. The fact that its publication is accompanied by the benediction of the Holy Father gives it a peculiarly distinctive value.

* *Manuel du Prêtre aux Etats-Unis, en Anglais et en Français.* Par Louis de Goesbriand, Évêque de Burlington, Vt. New York: Fr. Pustet.

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3.—THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

There is something very charming in the clear, simple, and direct treatment of the inner processes of the soul's conversion and perfection, given to the English public in this new volume on the spiritual life. It is very simple, yet at the same time it is masterful. Like a skilful surgeon, with no flourish of trumpets or any great ado, the author sets to work with the keen, sharp spiritual scalpel to dissect the various conditions of mind and states of soul, laying bare one after the other the spiritual states, and all the time the reader feels that he is looking on and following a master, one who has made the spiritual life the subject of his most intimate study.

Many people nowadays are quite satisfied with themselves if they are able to keep the Commandments, and as a consequence never strive for anything more. These same people will say that it is hard enough to keep the Commandments, never for a moment thinking that it is so hard simply because they never strive to do a little more.

We would recommend for just this class of people the study of the spiritual life, and as a text-book we know of none more charming, simple, and direct than this work that Father Donovan has given us.

4.—THE STUDY OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY.†

This book is one of three volumes comprised in a treatise on Pastoral Theology which has run into its ninth edition within a very short while in Germany. It is not merely a translation from the German, but is rather an adaptation, putting aside what was purely local in the original book and introducing the advices and recommendations of the Baltimore Councils. The English language has been singularly devoid of professional treatises on Pastoral Theology, and in the curriculum of studies in the seminary its place has been filled by some lectures by a professor; yet when we consider the importance of the field it covers, nothing less than the cure of souls in the external order,

* *A Treatise of Spiritual Life*, leading man by an easy and clear method from the commencement of conversion to the very summit of sanctity. Translated from the Latin of Monsignor C. J. Morozzo by Rev. D. A. Donovan, O.Cist. Poplar Bluff, Mo.

† *The Priest in the Pulpit:* A Manual of Homiletics and Catechetics. Adapted from the German of Rev. Ignaz Schwech, O.S.B., by Rev. Boniface Luebbermann, Professor at Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. With a Preface by Most Rev. William H. Elder, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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we wonder that more time and place have not been given to it as a scientific study. Years are spent in the study of dogmatic and moral theology. Ascetical theology is taught in conference, and practically learned in daily meditation and weekly counsel of the director of souls; but the application of all this sacerdotal knowledge in the practical work of a priest's life has been left more or less to the good sense of each priest in the circumstances in which he finds himself, or the bishop makes for him.

It goes without saying that this good sense may be informed to a very great advantage by the experience of men who have gone through long years of work, and who, by their wisdom and prudence, are in a position to advise. This is the special province of Pastoral Theology. For this reason the work of Father Luebbermann is of very great value at the present juncture. It treats particularly of the "teaching office," how the duty of preaching and catechising should be fulfilled, and for practical detail the advice is very minute. It would be pleasing if it could be said that the standard of preaching could be raised no higher in Catholic churches. As the generation of church-builders passes away, the new generation, with sharpened intellect and heart craving for religious nourishment, will demand a more abundant supply of mental and spiritual food from the pulpit. This supply must be afforded them. The new generation of priests will, therefore, be obliged to cultivate more and more the preaching instinct. According to the wise counsel of the Holy Father, the sacred Scripture must be more thoroughly absorbed and more completely assimilated, that its life-giving lessons may animate the souls of the hearers, and, moreover, the manner of conveying these salutary truths must be more and more perfected, so that the light of the Holy Spirit may not be dimmed or refracted as it passes through the medium of the preacher's mind. To achieve the former—the acquisition of a better knowledge of Holy Scripture—the latest and best book is the life-work of Father Vaughan, *The Divine Armory of Holy Scripture;** to cultivate the latter, we may recommend this new work, *The Priest in the Pulpit.*

* Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

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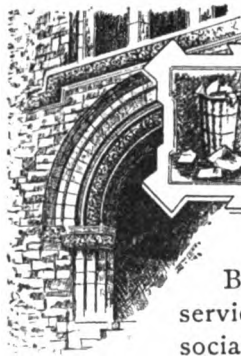

Editorial Notes

BISHOP RADEMACHER has rendered a signal service to the cause of religion and the cause of social order by taking one of the unblushing liars of the A. P. A. cult by the collar and dragging him to the public pillory. He did not do so without ample provocation. It was when the foul tongue of the libeller directed its malice against the spotless fame of the sisterhood who conduct the orphanage at Fort Wayne, and the clergy who officiate there, that he deemed it his duty to intervene. It was in a local sheet called *The American Eagle* that the villanous aspersions appeared. The bishop deemed it his duty at once to take the matter up, and the result has proved that the bishop was right in relying upon the justice and manhood of an American jury to protect the interests of decency and truth. He has been awarded five hundred dollars damages against the editor of the *Eagle*, one William P. Bidwell. All honor to Bishop Rademacher!

The aspirations of many a lover of purity and patriotic valor will be gratified by the intelligence that the Congregation of Rites have just found that the case for the beatification of Jeanne Darc has been proved. The evidence has long been in process of sifting, and a special meeting was held at the beginning of February to put the question to a vote. Cardinal Parocchi went over the whole case in an exhaustive speech, detailing the proofs of the miracles attributed to the Maid of Orleans and dilating upon her extraordinary virtues, her childlike innocence and simplicity, and the wonderful story of her behavior before the executioners who called themselves her judges. There are in existence, fortunately, the most ample records of her trial (so called), as also a detailed report of the rehabilitation proceedings which took place about thirty years subsequent to her execution, at which latter many of the witnesses at the original indictment were re-examined; and the documentary evidence, which has been kept with the utmost care, is extraordinarily clear down to the smallest verbal detail. The

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Pope, acting on the report of the Congregation, now gives leave for the introduction of the process of beatification, using, according to immemorial custom, his baptismal name of Joachim, reserving his pontifical name for the following decrees. The members of the Congregation of Rites present on this memorable occasion were Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, Prefect of Rites; and Cardinals Parocchi, Bianchi, Melchers, Ricci-Paracciani, Ruffo-Scilla, Mocenni, Verga, Macilla, Macchi, and Langenieux.

That remarkable address of Archbishop Ireland's upon "The Church and the Age," spoken at the jubilee celebration of Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore, has been printed as a pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society, and published by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore. Its price is fifteen cents a copy, but the Buffalo branch of the Catholic Truth Society is distributing it gratis in that city, and is ready to supply any non-Catholic who wishes to ask for it. This is a most commendable course, and one deserving of extensive imitation. The stimulus of a trumpet blast is the feeling induced by the reading of the eloquent archbishop's address. It is bracing and rousing, and stirs up all the sluggish energies. The church which produces men who write and preach as Archbishop Ireland preaches, the candid reader must say, is not an effete thing but as full of life as the circling universe.

Events of the gravest importance, in a moral as well as a political sense, are passing before our view in Great Britain. One of those great national crises has arisen there, and the outcome cannot but be a momentous alteration in the condition of political parties, and perhaps in the very constitution of the country. The crisis is a dual one. There is a religious and moral struggle going on simultaneously with a deadly political tug-of-war.

The religious question is being fought out at the school boards. It was impossible that the system of bringing up children in ignorance of religious and moral duties could go on for ever with such spectacles before the eyes of the English people as its results on the Continent. Every death-dealing bomb which has been flung amongst innocent people, since the anarchist movement began, was the horrible reply to the demand for an infidel education for the children. We, who are confronted with a similar trouble here, may well observe what is being done over the question by the thoughtful English people. The

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London School Board may be taken as perhaps the highest example of intelligence and earnestness in its work; and we find that body now passing a resolution to the effect that it is necessary that "Christian religion and morality" be taught in the public schools of the metropolis.

The full significance of this victory can hardly be grasped all at once. It means the overthrow of the formidable Nonconformist power on the school board—a force which for so long appeared to be as unassailable as the mass of Gibraltar. There was no greater paradox in the world than the opposition of the Nonconformists to religious teaching in the schools. The *raison d'être* of Nonconformity was supposed to be religious zeal, and desire for truth and freedom in spiritual concerns. How this motive came to be reconciled with the negation of all religion in the bringing up of the young is one of those amazing mysteries of human reasoning which drive philosophers mad.

In the political realm things have come to that sort of *impasse* which always ends in a burst-up. That long-impending fight between the two Houses of Parliament has at length begun, and begun in grim earnest. All over the country meetings of exasperated citizens are clamoring for the removal of the arrogant and irresponsible obstruction known as the House of Lords. It is little wonder that such a sentiment has been at last generally evoked. Indeed, it would seem as though the Lords were determined to prove to the people that they were, as a legislative body, nothing short of a dangerous nuisance. Nothing could possibly be more fatuous than their course of late. They have taken every occasion to demonstrate that they exist only as the defenders of class power and selfish interest. Every popular measure sent up by the present Parliament has either been flung out by them in derision, or so dissected and mutilated as to be utterly unserviceable for the purpose intended. This has been the treatment awarded the Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill. Blooded by their immunity over the rejection of the Home-Rule Bill, they have set to work to "amend" the two latter measures in the interests of the employer and the local squire in a way that shows that their creed is that property may have duties, but it certainly has rights. Hence the feeling against these representatives of a detested principle is one of white heat.

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At the head of the movement against the House of Lords stands the National Liberal Federation. This powerful body has issued its programme for the coming campaign. It is significant beyond any of its predecessors in that for the first time it takes cognizance of the deadly liquor-traffic in its platform. It demands the principles of one-man-one-vote, the payment of popular representatives, reform of the machinery of Parliamentary registration, a single day for general elections all the country over, and local control of the liquor-traffic.

These, or the more important ones of them, are the measures which it will be necessary to pass before the battle of Home Rule is finally won for Ireland. The battle may now be said to have really begun. All the signs and tokens point to the approach of a dissolution of Parliament and a rousing appeal to the country by Mr. Gladstone.

NEW BOOKS.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Officium Hebdomadæ Majoris a Dominica in Palmis usque ad Sabbatam in Albis.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
A Superfluous Woman. Anonymous.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., London:
History of England and the British Empire. By Edgar Sanderson, M.D.

LIBRAIRIE FISCHBACHER, Paris:
Vie de St. François d'Assisi. Par Paul Sabatier.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston:
The Spirit of God. By Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.

MACMILLAN & Co., London and New York:
Witnesses to the Unseen, and other Essays. By Wilfrid Ward.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Little Sisters of the Poor. By Mrs. Abel Ram. *Speculum Sacerdotum;* or, The Divine Model of the Priestly Life. By the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY of Ottawa:
Anglican Claims in the Light of History. By Joseph Pope. Pamphlet No. 5.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Prison Life of Marie Antoinette and her Children, the Dauphin and the Duchess d'Angoulême. By M. C. Bishop. New and revised edition, with portrait. *Joan of Arc.* By John O'Hagan, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature. *At Home near the Altar.* Second series of "Moments before the Tabernacle." By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. *The Household Poetry Book.* An anthology of English-speaking poets from Chaucer to Faber. Edited by Aubrey de Vere. With biographical and critical notes, and portrait of the editor.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Librarian of Congress, Mr. A. R. Spofford, is a reliable authority for the statement that in no other period of American literature has there been so much writing and publishing as at the present time. Formerly authors relied almost wholly upon the book publishers; the modern literary syndicate had no existence. The United States had ten years ago less than half the number of reviews, magazines, and periodicals now in the market. The total for 1893 is ten hundred and fifty-one, as contrasted with a total of four hundred and twenty-eight in the year 1883. The best writers are sought for by the magazines; many excellent productions of recent years cannot be found in book-form. Among librarians it is a common experience that the latest and best information on many subjects is sought for by readers, not in books but in the back numbers of current periodicals. Our Reading Circles will find ample opportunities for profitable work in magazine literature. We wish to recommend again the practice of having passages from magazines and newspapers read and discussed at meetings, in addition to the regular order of exercises.

* * *

We are indebted to Helen Raymond Grey for the following notice of a recent book by a Catholic author, which has won high praise from the most competent judges. It is entitled *The American Girl at College*, by Lida Rose McCabe, and is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. The facts set forth are the result of a personal visit to each of the colleges under consideration—Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Harvard Annex, Mt. Holyoke, and the Woman's College. While a vast number of American girls are possessed of the desire of a college degree, few of them understand how to make the choice of an Alma Mater; also, while many parents are willing enough to let their daughters study to their hearts' content, objections to and uncomplimentary valuations of the college girl are so numerous upon all sides that older people are apt to doubt for a while and ultimately conclude their girls will be better off at home, safe from being thought "queer" and "masculine" and being christened "cranks." Miss McCabe does not shrink from the points either for or against a college education for girls; but it would take an exceptionally biassed mind not to realize that, granting some faults which are still to be overcome in some college-bred women, the advantages more than atone for them. Remember the girl at college is still the exception rather than the rule, although all the women's colleges are rapidly growing. The conservatism which used to exist is rapidly disappearing, and "Progress" is now the motto of those in charge of the higher education of women. Whatever narrowness might have been decried in former times as hampering both the faculty and students of women's colleges is happily a thing of the past, and if anywhere a vestige of the early condition remains, it will soon be utterly swept away in the energetic effort of all interested in this advanced movement to give girls in every sense a "liberal" education. We should especially recommend Miss McCabe's book to parents who are prejudiced against women's colleges.

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However, the book is not an advertisement, nor merely an argument in favor of what may still be deemed a new departure. It is full of information relative to the course, requirements, rules, and expenses connected with Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, etc. Almost any one can learn something from it. For instance, we imagined we knew a great deal about girls' colleges, yet it took *The American Girl at College* to acquaint us with the fact that at Bryn Mawr there are not only the usual classes of students—*i. e.*, graduate-students and undergraduates—but a third class called "hearers." This last class is a fine opportunity for women who have left their first girlhood behind them and who would not care to attempt the matriculation examinations. A hearer must be at least twenty-five years old and qualified by certain certificates of former study.

That the book fills a want is indisputable, and that it is calculated to help many a girl to decide upon which college she might be fit to enter, giving her an intelligent outline of what she may expect at each, we feel certain. Catalogues are all very well in their way, so are the enthusiastic praises of girl friends lauding their own Alma Mater. For those who want a concise account of the merits and requirement of *all* the favorite colleges for women, and also of the co-educational institutions, there is no better source of general information and practical suggestion than *The American Girl at College.*

* * *

The many students and friends of the Catholic Summer-School will be pleased to learn that a cable from Rome was received announcing that Bishop Gabriels, in an audience with Pope Leo XIII., had obtained from His Holiness a formal approval of the Catholic Summer-School.

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., President of the Catholic Summer-School, has issued a circular in which he urges active work:

I am proud to transmit this good news to all who are interested in our work, and especially to the students of the school.

They will hail the news with joy, as another evidence of the unceasing interest with which the great Pontiff watches the intellectual movements of the age, and especially in the church in America, which claims so large a share of his love and pride.

This word will give cheer to our students and courage to our leaders. We never had any doubt as to the ultimate success of our movement. We are now certain of success, as God's blessing is on it in a marked degree, in the blessing of His Vicar on earth, to whom our school has pledged its best love and strongest loyalty.

Our hearts fill with gratitude to God for this unexpected blessing, coming to us just when our hands are lifted to lay the foundations of our material structure.

We earnestly pray that the school may be always true to the ideals placed before it, that it may be a blessing to our people and a pride to our church and country.

In God's name, under the inspiration of the immortal Leo XIII., let all unite to make it worthy of the people who have called it into existence, worthy of our bishops who have commend it, and worthy of the Pontiff who stretches forth his hand to help and guide us in its work, as an aid to our church and our citizenship.

* * *

In a communication to the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., declared very plainly the form of co-operation, besides good wishes which are without cash value, that is most urgently needed. His words were:

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The question of the future life and success of the Summer-School is now entirely in the hands of the wealthier class of the faithful. We have demonstrated that able lectures and earnest students are forthcoming in abundance, if the managers receive sufficient financial backing to enable them to change their four hundred and fifty acres into a fitting dwelling-place for the school. All that we ask is that those who can afford the expense hasten to buy building-lots from us and erect cottages. The prices of the lots range from two hundred dollars upwards, and even from a business stand-point the investment is quite safe and desirable. But here more than ever the proverb is verified:

"He giveth double who giveth quickly."

We have already received much (some of it good) advice. Now for the men who are willing to venture a little money in a great cause.

* * *

We wish that many of our friends would take the time to write an account of rare books for this department such as is contained in this letter:

Members of Reading Circles must delight in good books of all kinds. The more cultivated the taste for good reading the deeper the interest in good books. The more one concerns himself about books, editions, publishers, catalogues, writers, magazines, papers, etc., etc., the stronger and stronger grows the attraction toward libraries and books, till at last one becomes infatuated and takes on that quiet mania—not a bad mania to have if ills of any kind be good—bibliomania. If this does not suit you, I will say that by reading and studying and seeing and talking about books one becomes a bibliophile. I have just had an evidence of this in a Reading Circle man—I mean a man deeply interested in the success of the Reading Circle work. By gradual process he has arrived at that stage of "bibliophileness" to seek for the rare edition. He recently put in my hands a book published by subscription in 1800, at Liverpool, by J. McCreery, Haughton Street, *The Life of Robert Burns*, being Volume I. of the *Works of Robert Burns* in four volumes. Alas! three volumes are missing, being given away by the father of my friend to whom these volumes once belonged. By the way, did you ever notice that a love of books goes along with a love of men? The volume contains that admirable letter of Burns's, written to Dr. Moore, giving a sketch of his own life, written while Burns was suffering from that fatal illness which cost him his life—written, as Burns says, "to divert my spirits a little in the miserable fog of *ennui*." Those of your readers who find pleasure and profit in the study of the composite in character, let them read the life of Burns. By the way, there is an interesting bit of history recorded in the volume before me in regard to the effects of the legal establishment of parochial schools in Scotland. In 1646 the Parliament of Scotland made provision for the establishment of a school in every parish in the kingdom. Under Charles II., in 1660, this statute was repealed, but was re-enacted by the Scottish Parliament in 1696—"and," says the author, who wrote in 1800, "this is the last provision on the subject." Appendix I., Note A, gives an interesting account of these legislative provisions, in which reference is made to the beginning of our common-school system. "There is now," says the writer, "a legal provision for parochial schools, or rather for a school in each of the different townships into which the country is divided, in several of the Northern States of North America." There is much that is interesting and instructive in this old volume published in 1800.

M. C. M.

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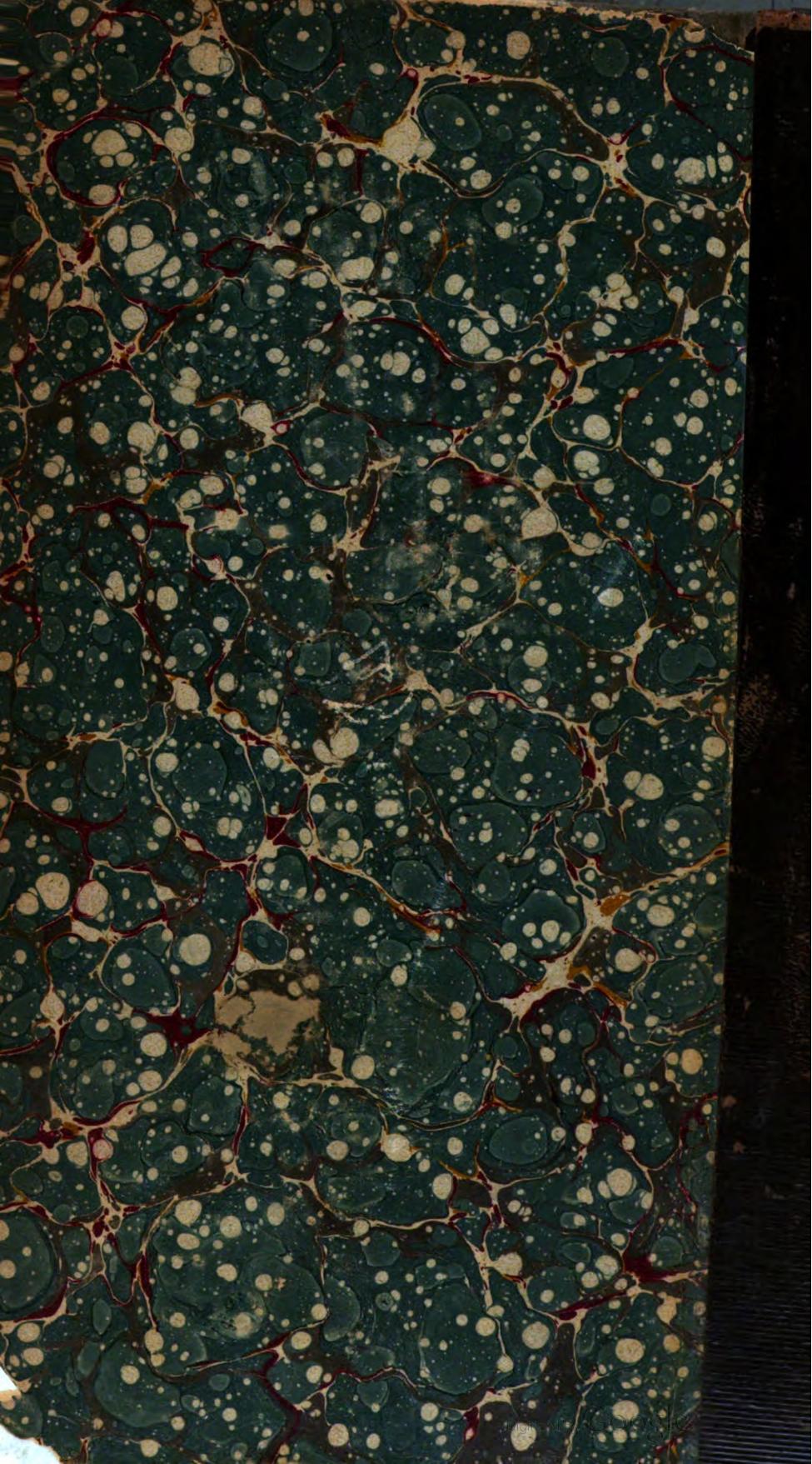
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